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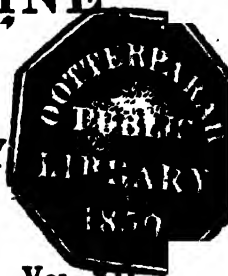
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WHIG FRIENDSHIP FOR INSTITUTIONS.

THE Whigs are not blind to the main source of their weakness: they admit that the more exalted, opulent, and intelligent part of society, is against them. They have as many thick and thin partisans amidst the upper and middle classes as their opponents—probably more; but every man, from the peer, through the professions, and down to the respectable tradesman inclusive, who is independent, or who values country above party, is hostile to the Whigs. By England they are rejected, in parliament as well as out of it; and they stand on an Irish faction, which really detests them as much as the most violent Conservative. They are aware the cause is a belief that they are any thing rather than the friends of public institutions.

In consequence, Lord J. Russell, in his late election exploits, professed for institutions, as the organ of the ministry, boundless attachment. He declared that he and his colleagues intended to preserve them in all their attributes.

His lordship's professions are clearly to be interpreted like the generality of election ones, as having a real just the reverse of their literal meaning; or we must believe that he is an utter stranger to the institutions of England, in their essential characteristics. Whether his guilt be hypocrisy or incapacity, it merits illustration.

Institutions ought to be preserved in legitimate spirit and operation, as well as form. The monarchy will be one, though it be rendered absolute;

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the church might be made Catholic or Presbyterian, and still be the national one. The ministry which, under the pretence of correcting and improving them, seeks to change them in constitutional endowment and operation, does what is in nature equal to attempting to change a monarchy into a republic.

Lord J. Russell declares especially that the monarchy is to be maintained by the Whigs, not even omitting its splendours. Here is the pith of the matter; it is believed to be in imminent danger; it is known that other institutions must fall with it. Its splendour is of minor importance—merely an auxiliary to give full effect to its constitutional rights and powers. *Are, then, these rights and powers to be preserved?* What they are, seems to be forgotten by the country as well as the Whigs; therefore it is necessary to place them before us, and examine them with reference to their public uses. We will take as low ground as the lowest Whig can well desire; disregarding names, we will claim no more for the king than we would for the head of the government, were his title president, consul, or any other—were he placed over a republic. In our eyes we have at present, saving the name, neither a king nor any other head of the government in England.

If it be true that a king is only a man, he at least must have the common feelings and rights of one. While our constitution exalts him into nothing more, it degrades him into nothing

less: it never committed the folly of incapacitating him for the discharge of his duty, and making him either cipher or menial. It limits his power, but it intends him to be the efficient head of the government—to take a leading share in the management of public affairs. He is bound by it, in the most solemn manner before God and the country, to rule righteously, to uphold laws and institutions, as though he were associated beyond advisers and assistants he could disregard or neglect, at pleasure? It only restricts his ministers as his servants.

The king is exclusively endowed with the power of selecting his ministers. This is in conformity with a rule which prevails throughout society, as essential for the proper performance of duty. The prime-minister is allowed to choose his colleagues; the secretary of state selects his subordinates; the master appoints his workmen. Lord Melbourne would think it intolerable, were he to have Tones forced on him for his brethren in the cabinet; Lord J. Russell would deem it a grievous wrong if the confidential assistants in his office were appointed by Sir R. Peel. Affairs, whether national or individual, must be managed in the worst manner, if they who are intrusted with the management differ in principle, and be hostile to each other.

In this country, and every other, national interests generally fell into a ruinous condition when the king took no decided active part in conducting them: an imbecile king was often a worse ruler than a tyrannical one. The case could not well be otherwise. A king has a deep personal interest in governing properly, while a ministry has the contrary; to a great extent they are opposed in interest, like master and servant: if he fails in governing, he employs able men and restrains them. But when he shares not in managing, he disregards public affairs; his ministers are chosen on the score of subserviency to his personal gratification, they are incapable and dishonest, and they sacrifice both him and the subject to their faction.

The blackest page of civilised history is not drawn from kings free to follow their pleasure; it is furnished by ministers ruling or using them as instruments. When the minister was practically the sovereign we find base in-

trigue, corruption, tyranny—national interest regularly trampled on to maintain and increase his power. The king held the sceptre as an unalienable right, and guilt was not necessary for its preservation; but the minister wielded it at the will of others, and he could only retain it through iniquity.

The constitution of England intends the king to be the efficient public functionary: regardless of his separate benefit, it endeavours in every way to fit him for the use of his people; therefore it expects him to perform the arduous labours it imposes on him, as well as to respect its limitations. Meaning him to be the real and not nominal head of the government, it empowers him to choose and change his immediate assistants at pleasure, in order that he may have the control over and co-operation from them, essential for the due management of public affairs. They are not to exclude him from all choice of measures and command him, because they are responsible to parliament. This responsibility only rises to defined law and duty; it relates to their advice which he follows, but not to that which he rejects: they are not bound by it to do what he is hostile to. Partly it is, not dictation, but restraint on him; principally it is to prevent them from giving him pernicious counsel, and taking from him the sceptre. It is essential for keeping them in due subordination to him, and making them his servants as well as faithful ones.

While it is utterly impossible for the most wise and patriotic king to rule properly, if he be not free to select his ministers, the power to select them cannot be placed in other hands than his, without the most mischievous consequences. The House of Commons now claims such power, but it manifestly cannot exercise it without ceasing to be a part of the legislature. If it appoint the ministry, it must practically become the executive; parliament must be a worthless name, and a faction must be despotic. The assertion that this house speaks the sentiments of at least the majority of the population is obviously false, because such majority has no share in forming it. If all had the vote, it could not possibly do so. Divided into three major parties, the least rules the other two in despite of the country.

Mr. O'Connell, in graciously giving the cabinet to the Whigs, acted for himself; he obeyed, not the majority of the people or his own faction.

The power possessed by this house to reject the measures of ministers, can, from the imperfect nature of human institutions, be perverted into one for appointing them; but the perversion is highly criminal, though it be above punishment. The constitution intends the house to be separated from, independent of, and restrained by, the executive. If the king's ministers be bad, it is to restrain them, as it has full power to do, from evil conduct; but it cannot change them without appointing worse, and, in effect, destroying itself.

The king is no longer allowed to select his ministers; all share is refused him; he is not suffered to replace obnoxious men with others of the same party free from reproach, or even to take men who disdain party bonds and criminality. The prohibition extends to all, however high their ability and virtue may be, save such as may be forced on him by the House of Commons. This is elevated into fundamental principle, and intended to be permanent. The Whigs proclaim that the ministry ought always to be really chosen by the House of Commons, and from one party alone, in utter contempt of the king's rights, obligations, and feelings.

All will, at least, admit that this is as little sanctioned by practice as it is by law. The Whigs will at any rate admit it, for they constantly charged the unreformed House of Commons with supporting any ministry, without regard to party. The charge was true touching fact, but utterly false in respect of motive. The last house contained a large number of independent men, who revered the constitution, and, consequently, made no war on prerogative; unconnected with the ministry, whoever it might consist of, they supported its possession of office, but opposed its bad measures. They bound the house to its duty, and fatal is the fruit of their exclusion from the new one. In their time, a ministry often fell from the want of strength; but this resulted from its own disunion or misconduct, and not from its deliberate overthrow by the house for the purpose of appointing another.

While the king is thus violently

stripped of this right by the Whigs, they maintain that he is bound to render passive obedience, in all things, to the ministers who may be forced on him. They who really wish to save the monarchy, will do well to trace the history of ministerial usurpation on the necessary powers of the king. At the beginning, his ministers were little better than his instruments; they sought his favour by obeying his commands: he was to prescribe policy and measure. As they grew in might through the growth of party and faction, they limited him to a negative. This they vouchsafed him until a recent period; the Whigs, with Mr. Canning, took office under an agreement with George the Fourth that a great question, to which he was hostile, should not be pressed, though they were pledged in every way to carry it. Now the negative is inflexibly refused him. Practically, the heads of a faction take him prisoner by open war, and thus address him:—"Sire, we come, in right of conquest, to be not only your ministers but your masters: you must do exactly as we please in all things; we can allow you neither opinion nor conscience." It is equally wonderful and revolting to hear the minister dilate in parliament on the slavery he has imposed on the king. "I stipulated for these great changes—I insisted on the violation of that pledge—I extorted general submission to my will." The subject who is only known to the constitution and laws as the king's adviser, never deigns to name advice; he speaks alone of despotic command; and if he received his due, he would be visited with impeachment.

In the most licentious expediency this is as injurious to the people as to the king. Whether the cabinet despot be king Grey or king Peel, or king Melbourne, or king O'Connell, he and his colleagues are the heads of a party which they rule as a general rules his army. If they be honest, they cannot be impartial. They are commonly only followed by a minority in their leading measures, and they treat the majority as enemies; they seek to serve the lesser part of the community at the cost of the greater: at the best they are men anxious to practise theories of their own, hateful to a large portion of the nation, and as likely to be pernicious as the contrary.

A limited monarchy of course means

that not only the king, but also his ministers—the whole executive—shall be limited. Ministers appointed by their tools in the House of Commons (and these will ever be their tools, either through need or bribe) can have in it no limit: if they have the king, they must also have the peers, in chains; they must be really more absolute than any king can ever be. This is not all—they must have the most weighty temptations for abusing their power, which a king can never know. The king alone can effectually limit a ministry, and consequently party and faction. His ministers are to advise, but he is to reject at discretion, and they are to refuse obedience to his unlawful or unwise opinions. Here is the mutual restraint indispensable for preventing them as well as him from being absolute.

The king, from position and interest, is much more likely to deal justly between parties than their leaders; from being only the judge of measures, he is more likely to view them dispassionately and correctly than their parents. In the nature of things, he will scarcely place himself in opposition to his ministers, except on great questions, to prevent hazardous change, and when the better part of the community agrees with him. In the general rule, it may be taken for granted that measures which have to be forced on the king will be essentially party ones, harmful to half the country, and of very pernicious character! The late king had one forced on him by his ministers, and his present majesty has been similarly dealt with. George IV. agreed with the great majority of his people. The reigning king wished to carry the Reform-bill as far as the more upright Whigs deemed prudent, but no further. Time has furnished lamentable evidence that both the kings were right—terrible have been the fruits of those measures already, and we fear the worst have yet to come. A king will rarely err in refusing his assent to a measure of his ministers,—because he will do it, not on his own opinion alone, but on that of the portion of society which is unbiassed, and which gives daily proof that it is infinitely better qualified to judge of national questions than the heated, interested, prejudiced leaders of a party.

This, then, is the present condition of the king of England.

In the first place, he is deliberately compelled by the House of Commons to employ men as his ministers whom a short time ago he dismissed for incapacity,—whose advice he cannot trust, and to whose leading measures he is hostile. His situation is precisely that which would be Lord Melbourne's, if the latter, as premier, unable to resign, were compelled to have only Tory colleagues chosen by his opponents.

In the second place, he is excluded from all effective share in governing; he is bound by sheer compulsion, at the bidding of ministers like these, to violate what his people regard as his sacred obligations, and to assent to measures which he believes to be erroneous, unjust, and fraught with peril to the throne and altar.

Who would be the king of England? Our hearts ought not to be steeled by the worthless tinsel which separates us from him; though a king, he is still a man. There was a time, but it is past; and we will waste no regret on the defunct spirit of the nation. Such is Whig affection for institutions; such is the Whig mode of preserving the monarchy! But the splendour remains; the king is not robbed of his title and palace, or even his state-carriage and cream-coloured horses; therefore the monarchy is in the highest preservation.

Well, what have the people gained; the old monarchy is in ruins, and what is the new one in spirit and powers? As ministers are no longer chosen by the king, are they virtually chosen by the people through the House of Commons? Fortunately, the question admits of conclusive reply. Very recently the self-same ministers appointed by the House of Commons were abundantly tried in office; they were despised and reviled by the people at large beyond example; and when they were dismissed, the Radicals were the most fluent in dilating on their demerits. They were charged with want of principle as well as imbecility. Are we then to insult the people so far as to suppose that they indirectly restored them to office? It is out of the question. As to the Radicals who support them, after loading them with every charge, they are a disgrace to, but not the people. With regard to the House of Commons, it is known to all that they were appointed by Mr. O'Connell; and it is equally

known that he and his tail do not owe their seats to free election. In so far as the house is formed by real popular election, these ministers were appointed, not by it, but only by its minority—a minority composed throughout of violent party men.

In truth, they were as little appointed by the people and the real House of Commons as by the king; they were chosen by themselves and Mr. O'Connell. They conquered the people through the house; then, by the valour of the O'Connell squadron, made the house surrender at discretion; and next stormed the throne with the terms—"Us or none!" If we be doubted, take at any rate their own confession. A cabinet minister avowed to his constituents that the king was against them,—the House of Peers was against them,—nearly half the House of Commons, constituted as it is, was against them,—and the influential classes of society were against them. This must satisfy the scruples of any man.

How are the ministers so chosen, who now compose the king, to be limited in power. In respect to the House of Commons, all know that the Whig side of it is their menial, and is ready to support them in any thing, however atrocious. They have under their feet the Conservatives. Mr. O'Connell alone can rule them; but it must never be forgotten that his is not a limiting power. He can command and enable them to do any thing; but he can restrain them in nothing, save the discharge of duty. He is anxious to make them despotic, according to his will, and to place them above every other restriction.

Here are ministers who proclaim that the king, the peers, the aristocracy, and the intelligent classes of society generally, are against them; and yet they regularly speak as though they could do any thing at will. They must be free from limitation who, in such a state of things, can hold office for a single hour. Either they must have the power to carry their measures without modification, or they must cease to reign. Such a government, as they form admits of no limitation.

And now what do Whig kings like these intend to do? They will preserve institutions. Well, here is the House of Peers so hostile to them, that either it or the new Whig monarchy must perish. They contem-

plate no self-destruction; this house is to be dealt with like the king. Such is the Whig mode of preserving institutions.

They profess boundless affection for the House of Commons, and declare that they are anxious to reform and perfect, as well as to preserve, institutions. On Whig and Radical doctrines, this house pre-eminently and imperiously needs reform. It rarely sustained great alteration, in order to suppress nomination-boroughs. At present one man returns some sixty members, who have no other opinion than his. In the old house the close-boroughs, by division in ownership, neutralised each other; their members could not rule it, and the majority was held by men properly elected. In the new one, the great boroughmonger keeps his forces on one side, and he governs it: the majority is held by him: in all matters favourable to change, strife, turbulence, convulsion, and revolution, he has it and the ministry under his command. The house is now really far more under the control of close-borough members than it was before the change, and their power is of a far more mischievous character.

The cause is, freedom of election is unknown in the Catholic parts of Ireland. Demagogue and spiritual tyranny will only permit the elector to give his vote according to its dictates. It necessarily follows that, in so far as the house is governed by the great boroughmonger, freedom of election is rendered a nullity in all parts of the United Kingdom.

The law prohibits every man from being a member of the house who is not possessed of a certain qualification in property. It is asserted, that it contains not a few men who are destitute of this qualification; if report can be trusted, they may be aptly called the Garret Legion. Such men, if there be any, are as little able to support the honesty as the dignity of a legislator. They are elected by the sale of their independence, and, of course, principle; they enter the house by fraud, and in it they are doubly enslaved. Knaves themselves, they seduce their betters to knavery; they create a market for the purchase of members. The peer now, without his close boroughs, may have his half-dozen missions in the "People's House," at no other cost than a tri-

sing contribution to their maintenance, and the price of the sham transfer of his property. These men, wherever elected, act with the great borough-monger.

From all this it follows that the House of Commons, on questions of magnitude, represents not the sentiments of the people at large, but the reverse: it represents only those of Mr. O'Connell and the Garret Legion. Incontrovertible arithmetic proves that if they were not in it, its decisions on trying matters would be the reverse of what they are; and, of course, that they both rule it and compel it to decide in flat contradiction to the sentiments of the people at large in those matters.

It is wholly above question that the new House of Commons infinitely surpasses the old one, in being under the control of nominees, and acting against the votes of those members who are sent into it by really free electors.

Here is glorious work for reformers; here is the splendid field for the patriot whose soul burns to establish freedom of election, emancipate the "people's house" from bondage, prevent corrupt traffic in its seats, and exclude from it the mendicants and swindlers of party.

Well,—will our Whig kings vouchsafe us reform in this momentous matter, when little more is wanted than the giving of due effect to existing laws, the wisdom of which is questioned by no man? Do they arraign it as a monstrous abuse that one man elects fifty or sixty members, lords it over the house, and commands, destroys, and sets up cabinets at will; that the minority of the duly elected members of England, Scotland, and the free parts of Ireland, governs the majority? No; reform like this is not to be mentioned; this abuse is sacred from the profanation of the most tender censure. The bondage of the house is to continue,—the scandalous infraction and evasion of law are to be tolerated,—the guilt which strips the majority of the British people of effective representatives is to be protected. This is not the worst. The institutions found in corporations are to be radically changed; and this change, like every other, is expressly intended to add largely to the power of Mr. O'Connell and the Radicals. It will enable him to elect various additional

Irish members, and gain the support of many more English ones.

The House of Commons has being of a certain kind; but unless it can be clearly proved that Mr. O'Connell ought to possess in it what he does, and saving his slaves, the people ought to have nominal representatives alone, it obviously is destroyed in respect of constitutional purposes and uses. What it is, is not wholly unknown; what it will be, when the Irish lawyer and the Garret Legion receive their projected augmentation of force, may be easily divined.

Such is Whig affection for institutions.

Here are the great institutions of government lost in essence and use, though the battered, mutilated form remains. The form is very capable of destruction, and how is it dealt with? Ministers proclaim that the king is against them, and why? Because they are the friends of the people, and seek for them what he is unwilling to bestow. They hold him up as anxious to replace them with men whom they stigmatise as bitter enemies of the people. Not content with his practical deposition, they place him before the people defenceless and naked as their enemy. Is this the way to preserve what is left of the monarchy?

These ministers proclaim that the House of Peers is against them, from the same motive—hostility to the rights and interests of the people; and that every independent step it takes is prompted by such hostility. The very form of this house, like that of the monarchy, is thus virtually assailed by them as dangerous and injurious to good government.

The cabinet, on its own avowal, as well as the best evidence of other kinds, is at open war with the king, the lords, and the genuine commons,—putting aside the excrescence found in the great boroughmonger. It keeps the commons in regular conflict with the lords and the king. It uses the king to crush the lords, and then it uses them to keep him in the dust. The wheel of government cannot make a single revolution without bringing all these institutions into crashing collision,—it cannot move without attacking them in form.

Now, how happens it that these Whig ministers are placed in this strange and portentous position? Had

they no share in expelling their predecessors? Were they, modest, innocent souls, sought—dragged from their hiding places, and compelled to take office? Had they nothing to do with the creation of those unhappy questions which place them where they are, or were they ignorant that such questions would produce such consequences? When the whole country was tranquil and content with the Peel ministry, they overthrew it, by such factious, unprincipled means as no set of men in modern times ever condescended to employ. They sought office as the highwayman seeks money, and of course they manifested for it the most indecent, ravenous craving conceivable. It was to be obtained at any cost to the country; it was taken to sacrifice institutions. They framed the questions which bound them from entering it, save as the regular assailants of the king and peers,—the public disturbers to keep institutions in incessant and ruinous conflict; the rulers to fight constantly against every institution. They became ministers by their own iniquitous efforts, with the full knowledge that, from causes of their own creation, they could not act without practically suppressing all the legitimate parts of the monarchy, and therefore with a determination to do so.

The balance of power in respect of class, interest, and party, constitutes the first of institutions—that on which every other rests. Its maintenance, until recently, was always held to be essential, by Whig as well as Tory. Our present Whig kings declare it an intolerable nuisance, and do every thing possible for its destruction. Do they ever admit that the king ought to have a restraining power against the Commons—that the aristocracy ought to have one against the democracy—that the Tories ought to balance the Whigs? They regularly assert the contrary. Here is the king unable to make a stand against the Commons, yet they do every thing possible to strengthen the latter. Here is the aristocracy beaten, pursued, and almost at the mercy of its implacable enemies; yet all their proceedings are intended to render it utterly defenceless. Here is the Tory party, on their own boasts, conquered and disabled for ever; yet nothing will satisfy them but its extermination. Let no man fall into the fatal error of believing that they merely

wish to adjust the balance, when they eternally cry, the House of Commons ought to dictate; every party but one ought to be disabled for holding office! Until they prove to us that a dictating house and a despotic party can never again decree civil war, the decapitation of a king, the suppression of a church, and the slavery of a people, we must regard them as things to protect ourselves from above all others. The Tories may be bad—they may be as vile as their traducers represent, but still we must have them in party-strength equal to the Whigs, in order that the independent portion of society may be able to choose between; or we must have a dictating house and despotic party, with the accompanying horrors. To render all parties but one incapable of holding office, is of necessity to incapacitate the upright, patriotic part of the community—all but the servile adherents of an unprincipled faction—for taking any share in selecting, influencing, and restraining rulers.

Institutions are thus assailed in spirit, powers, character, form, and foundation; armies alone are lacking to exhaust all that possibility will suffer to be employed against them. Such is the preservation deigned them by the Whigs.

The Church, though not a political institution, is one of the first national value, and the executive is especially bound to protect her. She is notoriously in great peril, and what is done by our Whig kings for her preservation? Wherever the breach is made, they raise the battery to enlarge it; wherever she is overpowered, they reinforce the enemy. She is only one Church, though established in both England and Ireland. At the command of such a voracious person as the Agitator by profession, they obsequiously allege, that in Ireland her revenues exceed her means of employing them. It might have been expected, that ministers who act in the name of that king whose oath in favour of the church is registered in a place where Whig jesuitism and guilt can have no influence, would endeavour to raise means to revenue; but we hear of nothing from them, except cutting down revenue to means. Are there no parts of Ireland which exhibit a deficiency of churches and clergymen? Are there no towns in which a

constant increase of both is necessary, from a constant increase of population? Could not the living of a parish which contains no churchmen be used by the clergy to circulate the Holy Scriptures and sound expositions of them, rear a description of ministers calculated to make proselytes, and in other ways for extending the doctrines of the church? They who have exalted themselves into the head of the church cannot notice such matters. They have inquired into the extent to which she can be despoiled, but not into the possibility of giving her extension; they have carefully collected the allegations of her enemies, but not the suggestions of her defenders. Their commissions of inquiry, swarming like locusts to blight and devour, are sent every where on the sham errand of ascertaining what repairs are necessary in an institution; they apply to its enemies; they gather the slip-slop, slanderous gossip of the old women, who, in the garb of men, intermeddle with every thing they do not understand; and they return with a fearful budget of calumny and folly, from which they deduce expedients for destroying the institution as far as practicable.

The contraction of the Church in respect of followers, is the great source from which Mr. O'Connell draws his sixty members; it is the leading cause why Ireland is disaffected and ungovernable—why its separation from the empire is sought, and brought within the circle of possibility,—why the Republicans and Dissenters of England are so powerful in the House of Commons. Establish a balance of Protestants in every quarter, and you expel both the agitator and his tail from Parliament, suppress his polluted trade, and give to Ireland law, order, self-government, and prosperity. In proportion as you may take away the church you will enlarge his power, add to his members, and augment the mass of Irish evils. If what this man does at home and in parliament be baleful in the last degree to England, the extension as well as protection of the Irish church is to the whole empire a matter of vital necessity.

Mr. O'Connell is no stranger to his own interest. He knows that if he expel the clergyman from a place, every Protestant must follow, and an insurmountable barrier will be raised against the return of either. He is aware that

if he can make it law for a place to lose its clergyman when it can exhibit no more than a certain number of Protestants, he can soon give his part of Ireland to Catholics exclusively. He has not toiled at elections to no purpose; the fact is familiar to him that the transfer of a small number of votes from Protestants to Catholics will tell greatly in a poll. What are we to think of ministers who, in taking the church into their hands, as an institution to be dealt with according to their pleasure, in despite of both the king and the peers, go to this man for counsel? We can as little mistake their character as their object; it is too much to imagine that, when they are his instruments, they dissent from his wishes.

If the state wished for the first time to introduce Protestantism into such a country as Ireland, it would commence with giving to parishes in general ministers, places of worship, and protection to such Protestants as might appear in them. These, instead of being given, are to be taken away. The only means by which the followers of the church can be retained, as well as multiplied, are to be put into a course of regular annihilation. And how is the spoil to be used? The stolen property of the church is to be employed in founding schools for Catholic children, who are to be taught in them the Catholic faith. No such thing! says Lord John Russell, mightily angered. We must deal plainly with his lordship, though he have the crown on his head. If a place contain Catholics alone, its school will find only Catholic children, no matter who it may be open to; if the Catholic priest give the religious instruction instead of the schoolmaster, it will be taught the more effectually. The property of the church is really to be employed in extending the O'Connell faith, religious and political.

The Irish law must soon comprehend England; this cannot be doubted. Then the church in all quarters will be exposed to progressive extinction.

The matters for giving this the full effect are not lacking. The conduct of ministers displays every thing calculated to alienate the people from the church, and cause them to regard her as a deadly foe. They represent her to be inveterately hostile to all measures for benefitting, and involve her

in bitter contention with the people. This is not done occasionally and for a moment; she is kept continually in the political arena to receive the fire of popular indignation. Questions are incessantly agitated relating to her which embroil the clergy with the laity, and in almost every other the clergy are held up as principals in opposing popular right and gain. Every man who picks up a smattering of Whiggism and Radicalism, or who trusts in the only newspapers which can be found in the places of public resort for the less exalted divisions of society, is bound to regard her as little better than a nuisance. The natural fruit follows,—she is forsaken religiously because she is hated politically. In the first place, then, every imaginable incitement is given to the people to abandon her; in the second, a scheme is concocted for plunging her, wherever she may be abandoned, into extinction.

Ministers in their war with the church march at the head of the Dissenters, Protestant and Catholic. If the latter have a grievance, it is to be instantly redressed; if they crave a boon, it is to be at once granted; whatever they do is right and praiseworthy. But what redress of grievance can the church obtain,—what boon can she procure? She receives denunciation, slander, attack, spoliation, piecemeal demolition, and a law for ensuring her total ruin; but nothing better.

Such we once more, and for the last time, say, is Whig affection for the institutions of England.

But though these Whig kings have usurped absolute power, they may not perhaps use it improperly in respect of other matters. We must inquire before we trust. Heretofore, ministers at least affected to treat all divisions of society with equal regard and impartiality; but the present ones display as little of the profession as the practice. In the first place, they cull from the community those whom they name Reformers, and profess to esteem and act for them alone. All beside they treat as enemies. They the impartial rulers of the empire! no, they are even honest enough to deny it, and frank enough to avow that they fight on a side to enable one part of society to make a sacrifice of the other. They call this no war of defence and protection; no, with marvellous candour they

proclaim it to be one of aggression for the sake of booty.

Now, who are these Reformers for whom they exclusively govern? They comprehend not the Tories—for a Tory, advocate what he may, cannot be a Reformer; they comprehend not the upper classes; they comprehend not the professions; they comprehend not the more wealthy part of the middle orders, and they exclude the lower ones in the body; they comprehend not the clergy and lay members of the church. None of these can obtain a single reform, so far as they are not Radicals, thick and thin Whigs, and Dissenters, who alone are acknowledged to be Reformers. The latter, when duly brought to view in the ministerial sense of the name, form a faction contemptible in every thing save the exclusive election power it possesses, and with which the mass of the population has no regular connexion.

What reforms do these Whig kings promise us? Those only which are called for by the Radicals, thick and thin Whigs, and Dissenters. The man would be laughed out of society for his simplicity, who should gravely aver that the aristocracy can procure relief from any wrong, the middle classes can gain the reforms necessary for their protection, the lower orders can obtain redress of real grievances, the members of the Church can have what is essential for the defence of their religion.

It would be well for the mass of the country if it had nothing worse to endure than exclusion from the reform feast. But the promised reforms are all sought for party objects, therefore they are not intended to give something to one man and nothing to another; they are to aggrandise one by the loss of another. What the Radicals and low Whigs are to gain is to be so much taken from general society, and as much from the lowest ranks as the highest. Let it be duly remarked, that while the labouring classes are rigidly denied all share of political privilege, inroads are incessantly made on their possessions. What the Dissenters are to pocket is to be abstracted from the property of Churchmen.

The pretended reforms are actual wrong and grievance to the country at large; their indirect fruits to it are as baleful in character as the direct ones. Ministers place themselves at the head

of the sham reformers, and attack the dwelling of every man, save the select few, for purposes of plunder. They say to the peer, You have certain possessions; we must have them; the pistol is at your head!—to the wealthy commoner, You have certain valuables; surrender them or your life!—to the Churchman, Your purse is well lined; it must be ours!—to the labourer, Your resources for the hour of need must be given us; refusal is out of the question! The people find in the reformer a robber: they will not submit without a struggle; and the fruits are division, animosity, and contention beyond precedent. It is asserted that nearly all are in favour of reform; and yet in this general unanimity the monarchy is in peril, the aristocracy is threatened with extinction, the Church is tottering, the town is in arms against the village, the better classes are at war with government, and the lower ones are execrating its measures; aristocrat and democrat, Churchmen and Dissenters, high and low, are involved in furious strife. These are manifestly the fruits of the pretended reforms; they flow from hostility to them in detail and practice. Ministers are the parents of the tremendous national scourge they constitute. If they were silent on such reforms, acted as honest arbiters between contending bodies, and refused all but real and impartial reform, the country would be filled with peace and content.

Well, the case may be better when the matters now on the anvil are completed. Evidence declares the contrary. Our Whig kings stand on Mr. O'Connell; he can dethrone them at pleasure; they are so much at his mercy, that they must be his instruments to retain office. They assert they have made no formal compact with him—and it is probable that they have evaded the commission of actual treason—that they have not created the tangible evidence for sustaining an impeachment; but that they have entered into something tantamount to such compact is a matter not to be questioned, if circumstantial evidence can establish any thing. If Mr. O'Connell the man to eat his anathemas, and pronounce that to be white which he swore to be black a few months ago, for nothing? No, he is no gratuitous labourer even in the great work of agitation. And how happens it that, of important questions,

his alone are to be attended to in the present session? But compact may be put aside; we may be sure that ministers will be willing to keep office by the means through which they gained it.

For their unknown future proceedings we must of course look to Mr. O'Connell. He, above law as he is, is in some respects a dependant—and he depends politically, and in no small degree in pecuniary being, on agitation. If he become a peaceful subject, a regular follower of any ministry, he must lose his power, his tail, his seat, and rule in parliament—and, above all things, the rent. Is he the man to strip himself naked in these matters? No; prodigious as his capabilities are in many points, they cannot rise to self-sacrifice; every one is sure that he is not: he is as little likely to descend from his throne as any other absolute monarch. To preserve and increase his precious possessions, he must wage furious war against impartial and just government, law and tranquillity, the aristocracy, the Church, legitimate party, and almost every thing the constitution has established: he must feed disaffection, convulsion, and the rage for criminal, destructive change. He knows this well, and he will not fail in performance. He is not seeking to multiply his boroughs and the Garret Legion, by means of his corporation and church measures, without intending to use them.

In addition to his measures now under the care of government, he has a multiplicity of others already prepared. There are triennial election, household suffrage, and the ballot, all of the first consequence to him, and to which various of the Whigs are even now pledged wholly or partly. There is the separation of Church and State; and the repeal of the Union is only made a matter of reserve. Will he not deign to embody into law the Radical clamour for the suppression of the House of Peers?

No man can need informing that, in so far as Mr. O'Connell can compass it, every possible evil will be brought on the empire; and no rational man can believe that the Whigs, after what they have done, will lose office by refusing to obey him. Putting aside dependence, they are to a high point identified with him in interest. They are utterly ruined with the better

part of society, and, they know it. If they do not copy him and tail in the trade of agitation,—if they do not echo the Radicals and assail institutions and laws, ranks, and interests,—if they do not demolish, confiscate, and enslave, to fence in the elective franchise for their master and adherents, they must perish as a party. They see the alternative, and resolve to exist.

With these prospects before us on the one hand, what have we on the other? In our eyes, if the king cannot, or will not, assert his rights, hope is lost. Cases similar to his are not unknown. France had a king who resigned himself to the reforming ministers of the multitude; they brought him to the death of a felon. France had another king—he still exists—who resigned himself to such ministers, and they were rapidly hurrying him to the same fate; he saw his peril, resumed the sceptre, and saved both himself and his country. In his majesty's unhappy condition, far be it from us to cast on him reflection; but if he be without the means to break the destructive rule that he must sanction whatever his ministers propose, and to make the stand which a man makes when his all is in jeopardy, the worst will happen, though he be faultless.

We have spoken with some plainness of ministers and the Whigs in general; there are others who merit it as much as they do. What brought the people of England into their present circumstances? Did some king scourge them with scorpions until they found it necessary to resort to anarchy? Did one part so maltreat another that a remedy could only be found in what barely falls short of civil war? Did ministers gain their power by fair conquest in the field of battle? No; they created their wrongs and dangers themselves, by folly, madness, and crime. They can recover what they have lost; they can restore the monarchy and settled government, security, and happiness. This they can do without shedding blood or wasting

treasure, or making sacrifice of any kind; they have only to obey common sense as well as justice, interest as well as law. Nothing prevents their application of the remedy but the causes from which they produced the evil.

Punishment has gone hand in hand with misconduct, though it has not been inflicted by what they have attacked and destroyed. They have done far more than they intended to do, and we advise them to survey what they have accomplished unintentionally. They have pulled down the limited monarchy, but they have set up a tyrant; they have overthrown the aristocracy, but they have put the Catholic priests of Ireland in its place; they have reformed the House of Commons, but they have made Mr. O'Connell its master; they have gained a nominal addition of elective franchise, but they have cast away the whole substance; they have got the title of Reformers, but they have made themselves the shame of Europe. Does more remain? Yes, more almost beyond enumeration! One matter, however, we must notice: they have thrown off obedience to the constitution and laws, but they have bound themselves to subsist on the bread and water, wear the sackcloth livery, hug the chains, and obey the rod—not of a king, not of a countryman—but of the Irish Demagogue and the Garret Legion.

In this season of Reforms, let us have a radical one here. Let some Ultra-Reformer deliver himself of a magnificent scheme for restraining his brethren from the abuse of doing what they do not intend to do, and for supplying the grievous defect which makes them blind to their own interest. Our countrymen must believe that we speak thus for their amendment, and that we seek their amendment for not only their profit, but their preservation from the greatest calamities. We beseech them to reflect before they proceed further.*

THE JORDANS OF GRANGE AND THE OLD MAIDS OF BALMOGY.

A TRADITION OF THE DOMINIE.

CHAP. I.

THERE are many Granges both in England and Scotland; and the Jordans, or Jerdans, or Jardins, as the case may be, are doubtless of as ancient a family as need to count their descent from the father of us all. The difference is, that though clever men have appeared of the name, they were less literary or genealogical in ancient than they doubtless are in modern times; so took no particular pains to preserve any record of themselves before the days when the first King David of Scotland brought many new families from the south, doubtless to civilise his wild and barbarous people. Then we find the Jordans named in the train of the great Norman baron, Robert de Brus, Lord of Cleveland, in Yorkshire, and grandfather of the celebrated hero of Bannockburn; and under him they acquired lands on the southern border, where their descendants dwell until this present day.

But the members of families cannot be all great, and greatness itself sometimes falls into decay. So, at least, it happened with the Jordans of Grange, who became much reduced in latter times. But misfortune itself served to bring out their latent virtues; and personal suffering gave a sincerity to their sympathy for others, in proportion as the power of doing good was taken from them. The last of the family that I have to tell of was a good-looking and high-spirited young man. But a warm heart and a light purse do ill together; and so Geordy Jordan fell into trouble with the women—I had better, however, tell at once how I got my story.

By the side of a clean country road, and towards the outskirts of one of those pleasant villages that I used to frequent in my wandering days, there stood, or still stands, a gaunt-looking mansion, so odd and notable in appearance as instantly to attract the stranger's curiosity. What this ugly figure of a house could actually be compared to I cannot well tell, nor is it, after all, perhaps, worth the labour of description; but this I know, that to me its *four ensemble* (as the learned

Frenchers say) carried with it a positive expression, as if the old grim building would have spoke; and I could have sworn that somebody lived inside of it, now or formerly, whose character or history was worth inquiring into. As soon, therefore, as I got into the village, I made my interrogations with my usual adroitness, and the result fully justified my intuitive sagacity.

About the original founder of this quaint-looking manse I learned several particulars that, though odd enough when told by themselves, are not quite pertinent to my present story. It is sufficient to say that the original erector was a snarling, weather-beaten Scotch laird, full of crabbed religion and angry virtue; as uncouth in his manners as it is at all necessary to suppose a Scotchman to be; and as angular in his ways and character as the ugly dwelling which, like Nebuchadnezzar's great image, he had chosen to set up. This gentleman, now sometime dead, had had three daughters, the youngest of whom only had ever been married; and married was this last without the old man's consent, so, of course, the marriage turned out unfortunate.

It might have been fortunate, indeed, and she might have been happy (at least so many people said), had the old man been pleased to befriend the youth that his daughter fancied, and to pay the marriage portion which he at first appointed for her. But this was an indulgence she could by no means expect, for she knew that her father was an austere man and of controversial habits; and having fixed her own liking thraward to his will, it was not to be supposed that Laird M'Kimp would give the young people any countenance. Besides this, Geordy Jordan, who was the young lady's choice, was open-handed and open-hearted in his nature, and yet had almost nothing to be open-hearted with; and this sort of character the old man vehemently hated. So he passed his word, which was as good as his bond, that he would give his wilful daughter *nothing*.

It is a long story how George Jordan and his young wife fought up-hill with the world for several years; but at last

things went wrong, and he went off, and a child died in his absence, and poor Mary fell sick, and all affairs turned against them; for she, being a born lady, could not submit to various things that happened, and pride and poverty have an ill agreement. Under all this I verily believe the old man *might* have helped them, if he had not given his word to the contrary, and if George Jordan had not with extraordinary "imprudence" said some warm words to the old gentleman, just before he was forced, with terrible bitterness of heart, to tear himself from his beloved wife and children; and to predict the utter ruin of the old Jordans of the Grange. But Laird M'Kimp, being a person of character, could not be imagined to break his word; far less could it be supposed that a man that was rich would give any help to one belonging to him that was poor, who not only presumed to differ with him in opinion, but had the audacity to reproach him for taking care of his own money!

So nothing was done for the young people—because, of course, *nothing could* be done—and all went to all, and George Jordan fled from the face of the country, and there was weeping and lamentation in his deserted home; and the next word that came to old Balmogy was that Geordie Jordan, the pride and boast of his reduced family, was a dead and buried man,—having been taken off by a yellow fever in the blackamoer islands of the West Indies.

When the news came home to Mary, his wife, strange to tell, there was in her desolate and distressed dwelling no lamentation at all, but only a sort of murmuring moan, as if it had been a suspiration of the spirit, coming up from the inner seat of the heart. So the poor lady gazed upon the messenger with a stony look, but said nothing; and then clasped her remaining boy to her bosom, as if she felt she was giving him a last embrace on the part of herself and his father that was gone. It was not three days after this before the widow herself was a dead and straightened corpse! and the old Grange became the property of strangers.

What the old man said when this last news was brought to him was differently reported, and different views were taken of the matter by the people of the country. Some called him hard names, and said he had been the

murderer of a happy couple, and the breaker of his best daughter's heart. Few, however, ventured such an unworthy opinion; for the laird, though known to be a careful man of his money, was a regular attendant at the kirk, and had a great zeal against all ungodliness: so that it was a hazardous matter to impute any blame to such a man in that religious and prudent neighbourhood. To shew his character in a still more amiable light, he took home to his house the orphan boy; and, notwithstanding the offence that his son-in-law and daughter had given him, gave orders that the orphan was to be brought up and educated at his sole charges, as if the poor outcast had been his own son. Having done all these good deeds, and made his will in favour of his maiden daughters, with entire power over the fortune of the boy, in case of any *imprudence* on his part (should it please the ladies still to have no issue, as was exceedingly likely), the old man died in high sanctity; and a great funeral was made for him, and an affecting sermon preached the following Sunday, to improve the occasion of his lamented death, in the old thatched kirk of Balmogy.

CHAP. II.

Having thus got over the anterior part of my story, I come now to the period when I first began to make my observations in this remote corner of the country. The ill-favoured building which first attracted my attention was only distinguished in the neighbourhood by the name of "the big house," there not being in all the village—not even including the thatched kirk—a *big house* but itself; and the Misses M'Kimp were usually called "the ladies," there not being a real born, undoubted lady in the whole place, but the old maiden inmates of this misshapen mansion. These ladies were indeed a remarkable pair; remarkable, in particular, for their uncommon virtues—virtues which, though at present chiefly of the negative sort, were so far above the pretensions of ordinary mortals, that their owners were set up as a standard and an ensample to the whole county-side.

On the coming home of the orphan boy, however, those lauded qualities had opportunity of assuming a character more worthy of the zealous effi-

ciency of virtue, and more calculated for the shewing forth, *before men*, those good works which ought by no means to be smothered under the obscuring bushel of personal modesty, or lie dormant for want of a proper field for exertion. This exemplary display, however, was destined to be peculiarly shewn forth in the strict rearing and proper education of the boy; and, as it was supposed that to a laxity in this matter the sinful imprudence of his mother was mainly to be attributed, the Misses M'Kimp determined that the youth should not only be brought up in that perfectibility of man for which maidens' bairns have ever been celebrated, but that so sharp an eye should be kept over him, that every incipient sin should be crushed in the bud the moment it made an effort to sprout up in his walk and conversation. To carry out a plan of this sort to its full extent, however, was doubtless too Herculean a task for two single ladies, had they not had assistance in cases where the authority of the sex could not be supposed to have full efficiency; especially when the young man should grow up to an age when it might hurt the extreme delicacy of their virtue to act in certain intricate cases of superintendence. Accordingly they found a most judicious coadjutor in the village schoolmaster, a respectable disappointee of our venerable Kirk, by name the Rev. Mr. M'Crocket, who, being inducted into the parish through the power and patronage of their late father, was made the chosen vessel in this interesting undertaking.

It were foreign to the grave responsibility of my tale to follow up to their full extent the educational juvenilities of little William Jordan; and how he prospered under his aunts' tuition, and fully justified to all the world the evident superiority of their judicious management; and how he went to the kirk three times every Sunday, and once every Thursday evening, carrying his aunts' bible under his arm, and in general behaving himself in the most discreet and amiable manner. To be sure there were some exceptions taken to these fair appearances; and some said they saw this thing about him, and others said they opined that; but, as they said, he was never from his aunts' apron-string, and was either becoming melancholy from over-restraint, or would turn out a fool or a

trained hypocrite. However, up he grew, one way and another, and a fine lad he was; and when he came on to the manliness of adolescence, a restless twinkle began to appear in his eye, mixed with a strange and waury cowardice of manner before his aunts, that was thought to indicate something peculiar, which time alone could shew out.

By this period the charity and good deeds of the Ladies M'Kimp had been bruited about far and near; indeed, their fame for benevolence was quite remarkable—so much so, that, like all regular professors of high good works, their door was besieged night and morning with beggars and all sorts of needy persons, such as commonly find out the gates of the bountiful. In all this, however, the ladies preserved that sagacious discrimination which it becomes those to exercise who are professed doers of good. In short, they had a way of interrogating their suppliants so closely, before taking out their purse, that they always made out a sufficient reason for giving them nothing, in pure zeal for virtue; unless, indeed, when their stingy bounty was likely to come direct to the ears of the minister, or was threefold repaid by some service that the petitioner was willing to perform. It was in this way, indeed, that they in general got their servants; whom they always, however, contrived to turn away at last, minus their wages, for some heinous fault, which, perhaps, over anxiety to please them had led the poor dependant to commit.

It was in these intromissions of good works that there came in their way a young girl, whose superior education and melting humility of demeanour, under evident misfortune, made a ready impression on their benevolent minds; for they saw that they could make convenient and profitable use of her in a general department of their domestic establishment. There was another reason for this charitable proceeding: Mary Ballantyne was recommended from a quarter which was all-powerful in spreading abroad their good name; and the girl being an orphan, and they having already a fame for kindness to orphans, they saw all the advantages that her acquirements, destitute situation, and necessary devotedness, might bring to themselves. The modest maiden was accord-

ingly speedily introduced into the big house; and when she first surveyed the ample and comfortable kitchen, and at night crept up to her humble bed near the roof, her heart beat with gratitude to Heaven and "the ladies" for this new situation, and her fortunate prospects.

What a pity that the first lessons obtained of the world should so often come to youth with bitter disappointment, and with a sad, perhaps dismaying view, of human nature. Mary Ballantyne had scarcely been well settled in the mansion, when her tender frame was hardly able to support the humiliating duties they put upon her. From the menial drudgery of the scullery, to the tedious restraints of the parlour; from the endless gratification of whims in messages without, to the irksome labours of the sempstress within, her mind was kept in constant anxiety, and her body in worrying harassment; so that, what with austere and severe catechising upon religion, the kirk three times of a Sunday, their fastidious crabbedness and harsh exaction, which often kept her at her labours until night merged into morning, her buoyant spirit began to break down.* Her heart sank in moralising despondency; and she wondered if all the pious ladies in the world could be like the good and charitable Misses McKimp.

Time, however, wore on, and her health had suffered materially ; when one day, the ladies being in a cross humour, having fallen out among themselves, the eldest of them faulted her so harshly about some sempstress matter, and reproached her so contemptuously with her original destitution, as to cause some pride of her nature, which had doubtless no right to be there, to rise so chokingly into her throat, that, as soon as the lady had turned her back, unable to control her feelings, she burst into a convulsive torrent of tears. Young Jordan happened to be at hand at the time—for in truth the manner in which the orphan girl was used had long been the subject of his secret observation—and hearing her deep and nervous sobbings from the adjoining room, he rushed in to inquire the cause of her grief. What followed, when Mary was able to speak, may be partly conceived. The explanation which his earnestness forced from her filled the youth with the deepest indignation ; for the maiden had grown up too pretty, and conducted

herself with too much gentle propriety, not to give him an interest concerning her; and sympathy for her was too new to her experience not to be received with heartfelt gratitude. He saw the feeling beaming in her eyes, through tears now flowing from a new emotion. He listened to a tale she could not hide from him. He repaid her confidence by uttering in her ears, what he never before had ventured to express, regarding those on whom he was himself dependent, and whom all around spoke of in hypocritical commendation. From this moment they found in each other an interested confidant; and their several vexations became almost a joy, from the delight they afforded in calling forth the warm sympathies of each other.

Here were doings in a place of such purity! Love, and whispering, and secret meetings, under the roof of two severe old maids—and almost in their very presence! Sympathy in the same house with Misses M'Kimp! Friendship, youthful feelings, and visions of marriage, between two portionless dependants! No wonder the world is full of sorrow! No wonder love is severely blamed, when he flies the palace and the coronetted brow, and settles in the hearts of friendless orphans. It is little wonder that virtue makes her daily plaint, in the shape of such immaculate characters as the Misses M'Kimp.

But it was *suffering*, after all, that chiefly did this — suffering on the youth's part, as well as on the girl's; though ignorance of the world, unnatural seclusion, and the chaining *surveillance* of the watchful old maids, prevented either from understanding its real source. All that William knew was, that in general he was miserable; but in Mary Ballantyne's company he was rapturously happy. He sought it, therefore, in spite of every obstacle, in secret, and with apprehension — and under circumstances, in short, wherein he ought not. Here was danger to sensibility and inexperience! seeing that the world is full of snares, which colder heads and cooler hearts cannot always resist — snares which can assume even the shape of misery — misery which may be parent of intoxicating joy — joy stolen and intense, snatched from sorrow, and born of despair — in the beginning forbidden, and in the end terrible!

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CHAP. III.

Sometime after this curious observations began to be made by the gossips of the neighbourhood; and William Jordan now went out and in with an anxious and melancholy look; grew unnaturally wise, and suddenly manly; and was seen to take often the direction to the nearest town. Mary, who ~~was~~ tall for her age, softly fair, and had large liquid eyes of deep blue, became strangely altered, both in figure and face; was seldom seen; and though, when she did appear, she seemed stout and womanly beyond calculation, there was an excited sadness in her features that was almost fearful to look at; and she evinced a terror of encountering any one's gaze, that carried in it some unknown, but ominous meaning.

One night a strange bevy was heard to get up in the parlour—it was a sough of tongues in no common tone, and a running up and down stairs, and a weeping and a lamentation; and presently after the eldest Miss M'Kimp, wrapping her cloak around her, set out upon her own feet to seek the house of Mr. M'Crocket, the schoolmaster.

"What is the matter, Miss M'Kimp? what on earth has happened?" said the good man as she entered, on observing the lady's ghastly look.

"There's much happened, Mr. M'Crocket," she said, "much more than I have breath to tell out of my own mouth. Come away, sir; your presence is wanted before my sister and myself, and also before them that I will not name, this very instant, in the big house."

"If there's any thing happened, Miss M'Kimp," replied the man, "any thing that requires a presence and a solemnity, hadn't you better send for the minister?"

"The minister, sir!—the servant of God himself o' Balmogy kirk! Do not speak o't, sir—do not offer to speak o't!" said the lady, unable to get breath. "No, no, Mr. M'Crocket—no minister or godly man can I face after this night. My character's gone, sir—ruined and undone, along with that of my pious sister. We'll never be able to hold up our heads again—never be able, after such a thing as this, to look over our own door. After all the good name that our worthy father and ourselves have laboured to gain these forty years—after all that we

said about the ill uprearing and indulgence of our late sister—after all that has been glorified about our strictness and purity,—for such a contamination to happen under our own roof!—'tis beyond speaking of! What will the neighbours say? What will the minister say? What will the kirk session say, when they come to meet in conclave about such an iniquity? Oh, what shall I do? I shall go distracted!" And the unhappy lady ended her passionate speech by setting up a lamentation before the astonished schoolmaster, that the good man considered more audible than melodious.

This, however, was only a preliminary and a preface to what afterwards took place in the big house. What the particulars were, however, could not be known; but if loud and earnest speech and shrill tongues, and high words of bitter reproach, with a running accompaniment of sobbing and tears, could indicate any thing, to one at least this was a trying night. William Jordan's voice was at intervals heard in low beseeching or bitter imprecation, the meaning of which was scarcely made out; but next morning, before any one was astir in the village, Mary Ballantyne, more dead than alive, was secretly hurried from the pure dwelling of the ladies, never to return to that place more. William Jordan was soon after removed also from the house, and placed under the custody of David M'Crocket, the schoolmaster.

It was not to be supposed that such virtuous ladies as the Misses M'Kimp could be able to shew their heads without their own door, or even be seen through the glass of their windows, until the sough and sound and general talk that naturally followed so dreadful a misfortune had somewhat abated. They would not even come down to the passage to cheaper a salmon-trout or a skate from old Nanze Hadie, the fishwife, for fear of her rough and rankolous tongue; and were convinced, after she was gone one day, that, in addition to all their other losses and expenses on the late unhappy and disastrous business, the fishwife had drawn from them a good groat of overcharge for their shamefaced forbearance. Accordingly, the next time they heard her at the door, they ventured down stairs to make their own bargain; at which the rankolous woman was fell

glad, having come to their gate primed and loaded with mallet, to give them a "breeze" of her long tongue, anent the laughter that was abroad at the effects of their boasted upbringing of their nephew, and the general fama about him and the lassie.

"Sixteenpence happenny, and no a farthing less, for the mother and the twa bairns," said the woman, holding up a limber salmon over two small trouts of the same species. "I might hae gi'en you them for the fyfteen, if ye had behaved like Christians to the puir young creatures that ye hae worried to a harassment wi' your auld maids' perjinks, and then turned adrift to the bare world, to drive them to a desperation. But since ye dinna ken how to pardon a faut come o' your ain mismanagement, ye shall just pay the odd three halfpence for my fish—take them or want them."

"What do you mean, Nanze?" said the younger Miss M'Kimp, a red streak flushing up her cheek at the woman's freedom: "I wish you would consider what ye say."

"Ye ken weel enough what I mean, Miss Nelly," said the wife, "and I hae considered what I say. Do ye think common folk are to tie up their tongues, because gentles 'll no hae their fauts spoken about, while the puir and the helpless maun be the sufferers? I serv'd your cankered father, that's dead and awa; and I serv'd your genty sister, the best o' the whole o' ye, whose heart ye broke amang you, because it wasna as hard as your ain; and now ye are doing your best to break twa young hearts, that the north blasts o' the world has driven under your lee, because they committed a natural misbehave, that auld maids should say extraordinar little about. I red me it would be lang to the day or the likes o' you would fa' into a curcudeugh wi' a bonnie lad. Deil a bit, that I should say it, ye ne'er were ony temptation, for a' your gear. My son Jock, that's a common fisher lad, would look at your primp wizand faces as I would at an auld stock-fish. Ay, I'll speak out! And ye would pretend to judge o' the unguarded hour of a warm heart and a bonnie face; before experience has taught whaur the serpent stings; and ye would drive that weel-far'd lassie frae your door, like a common ill-doer and limmer, and punish the orphan fur

deeds o' your ain eggng on, and the whole town crying shame upon you! Fy upon you, lallies!—I say sixteen an' a happenny is o'er cheap for the fish after that."

"Ye hae a salt tongue in your head, gudewife," said the eldest Miss M'Kimp, answering this speech with extraordinary humility; "but if ye will set up your crockets to jaw me, and take the part of that audacious slut that's made an abomination of my house, surely ye'll not defend that young villain who degraded himself in a concernment wi' the like o' her."

"Villain, indeed!—your sister Mary's braw bairn a villain!—the last o' the Jordans of Grange a villain!" exclaimed the wife—"my sooth, that's aspeak! after the way the laddie has been trysted since his mother's head was laid aneth the grund. Deil a bit, I didna think he had sae mickle spunk in him, considering the way he has been bound up and hauden down in the auld house, and tether'd to your apron-strings, as if he werna a man-child, but a petticoat lassie. Troth, I hae some hopes o' the callant yet, although he has been misleert wi' puir weel-far'd Mally Ballantyne, that used to speak to me sae ladylike when I came to the door. No that I would say that the foolish creatures hae not committed a great fault; but, dear me, they are but young, and the heaviest o' the sorrow they'll hae to bear themselves; and its no for puir cauldrie mortals like you to send such as Mally to shame and despair, and a brawshield like Willie Jordan to a reckless lot—and all for the sake o' the shelter of a virtuous house, and a calm word of forgiving consideration, till they have time to gather sense as weel as siller. Its nae wonder its an ill worl', when the like of you take upon you to be righteous, and the punisher o' sins that ye ne'er had ony temptation to commit yoursels. Na, ye needna stand there glowering at me. I wouldna gie that crack o' my thumb for your custom," added the angry fishwife, suiting the action to the word, "compared to speaking my mind for the friendless in the day o' their trouble. And ye would break the heart o' the like o' Mally Ballantyne, fusty auld things! that ne'er had a lad of your ain to gie you a temptation, and hae nae mair feeling than the steel poker. Gie me back my fish, and I'll take them to another door; for the

siller would bring a curse wi' that came frae the hands o' them that havena the hearts o' human creatures."

"Woman, you are a randy and a scold!" cried the eldest Miss M'Kimp. "Go about your business, and never let me see your face here again."

"Woman! Dinna woman me, Miss M'Kimp," said the fish-lady, calmly: "I'm an honest man's wife, that has brought up a large family—which is more than ye can say, although your bairn-time be bye; and I hae a right to know something about the faults and feelings o' young people. But before I would hae it on my conscience to hae turned the like of Mally Ballantyne on the wide world, and see her lying in the house of a stranger, as I saw her yesterday, nae further gane, wi' a heart breaking in woful repentance, and a sore hour fast coming upon her, I would lose a' the gear that ever your cankered father left you, and leave mysel' as bare as the pith bairn—that the unwilling mother will soon bring into a sinful world. Come awa', my bonny trout," she added, taking the fish and putting it back into the basket; "ye hae less to answer for, I'm thinking, than them that have more ado."

With this the wife shouldered her basket with an angry toss of her head, and only regarding the ladies with a contemptuous curl of her mouth, and a scowl of one eye over her shoulder, she made off with a flounce, fish and all, without ever trying to make a bargain. "Go about my business, indeed!" she muttered as she went: "I've sold fish, lass and wife, afore the dry auld sticks could kaim their ain heads; and I'll sell fish to better folk when they are snarling at ilk ither like crabbed cats, and hae little gude o' that worl's gear of whilk they haud so keen a gripe; and I'll hae a loud prayer at my ending, and a warm tear o'er my grave, when they hae the ban o' the poor and the orphan's curse to choke them, maybe, when they come to the dead-thraw." And in such terms the angry carlin kept talking to herself, until she had entered the open street of the village.

CHAP. IV.

It might be a month after this, when (transferring our scene to the inner apartment, or spence, of a small house towards the coast) we find a very young woman, with a face pale as her white

night-clothes, and melancholy of expression as the figures that seem to weep round a marble monument, hanging contemplatively over an infant that lay asleep on her lap. The time was night, and the dim flame rising from a small iron lamp, or cruisy, which hung above the fire-place, threw a thick and feeble ray round the low-roofed room, whose bald simplicity of furnishing, and bare walls, contrasted humilatingly with the tasteful apparel and delicate features of the female who sat like a statue by the curtainless bed.

What the thoughts of Mary Ballantyne were, concerning the probable destiny of the infant that slept unconsciously on her knees, may be partly conceived. They could not be very cheering, in reference either to herself or the baby, as evinced by the hot tears that she occasionally intercepted as they coursed down her cheeks, and would have fallen on its little face; when she was aroused from her sad and bitter musings by a hard and hasty knocking at the door. A natural start prepared her for some one's approach, and in another minute the wavering light of her cruisy shone upon the tall figure and sharp features of the eldest Miss M'Kimp.

The stiff, stern maiden, stood for a moment near the door, threw a keen and curious glance around her, and over the person of her humbled victim, and then, without speaking, took a chair and sat down directly opposite her. A shudder of awakened recollections and sinking shame came over the unfortunate delinquent, when encountering the hard, stern look of her mistress; and, straining the baby to her bosom, she seemed to prepare, with fearful anticipation, for some new trial.

"Well, young woman! what think ye o' yourself now?" said Miss M'Kimp, with a wicked glance at the sleeping infant. "You see I am here to visit you, for all the shame and disgrace ye've brought upon my character; and I'm just come to inquire what ye mean to do wi' your bastard bairn."

A start, as if from the plunge of a poniard, accompanied on the girl's part the utterance of this last sentence. "Mistress," she said, mildly, "that was a cruel word, that my ear is not yet used to, and canna thol without a wince. As for my poor baby, what

can I do wi' it but strive for it, and work for it, while I have strength? I know I have done ill—very ill; and I know I have vexed them that never knew a sair heart like me: but as to any affront on your good name, mistress, I have borne the sorrow and I'll bear the shame, and I'll ne'er be burthensome to you or yours."

"But after what has happened, Mary Ballantyne," said the old lady, "it will be better for you to leave the country-side."

"So I will, mistress: I have made up my mind to that already."

"I am glad to hear that your repentance is so far sincere; but ye must also promise to hold no more correspondence with William Jordan. Na, ye need not start! for ye know, Mary, that although this has happened, ye ne'er can expect to be my nephew's wife."

"I am sensible of that—quite sensible o' what you say," said the unfortunate girl, placing her hand on her bosom to keep down the choking in her throat; "and I would not hurt William Jordan's prospects, for weel I know how he is situated with you; and I have already proven—proven with bitterness—that I am willing to give him up, and take the shame and the sorrow entirely on myself. Oh, Miss M'Kimp! if ye knew what I have suffered since I came to this cottage; when I heard him at the door, begging and beseeching to see me; and when I would not let him in, for fear he would shake my resolution, you would pity me—pity me, if I were your mortal enemy. But I stood against my weakness. I refused to see him, or to return him one word of kindness; although when I heard his step watching at my window, and his sweet voice pleading to speak to me, I thought my heart should have burst out of my side: but I overcame it—I overcame my feelings for his sake, and my own punishment; and I will never seek to meet him more."

"Since that is the case, Mary," said her mistress, "and if you mean to keep this resolution, the next thing you must do is to give the baby up to me, and I will take the keeping of it at my own expenses."

"Gie you up my bairn! gie you up the baby from my breast! and me parted from William and a'! No, no, mistress; ye must not ask me to do

that. Wherever I go, my baby shall go with me; and I will work for it, and struggle for it, if I should die wi' it in my arms."

"That's a foolish speech you have now said, Mary Ballantyne," said the maiden; "and just like the talk of a lassie o' sixteen. A pretty sight it would be to see one wi' your face going about the country, working as a scamestress or a servant, wi' an ill-come bairn at her back, like a soger's hizzy! Na, na, ye must gie us the child, and we'll take care o't, for a monument to our ain punishment and the satisfaction o' the kirk."

"Oh, Miss M'Kimp! do ye really mean me to part with my baby?" screamed the girl; "and William and every thing gien up for ever! Oh, dinna speak o't, mistress! Dinna ask me to do this, to break my heart! I hae no one now to love but itself! I darena think o' them that hae had sympathy for me, because I was a sad and an oppressed orphan! My heart is broken already wi' shame and repentance! Oh, my bonny baby! how can I part wi' you? In whose bosom will ye be when I am wandering about the world? I cannot do it, Miss M'Kimp! I wanna do it! I will work for it on my bare kirk—I will beg for it—but oh, let me struggle for my bonny baby!"

"Wha would hae thought o' such a work as this!" said Miss M'Kimp, her cold feelings almost touched by the distress of the girl; "and me offering to do you a good turn! Beg for it, indeed! Would we ever allow our nephew's bairn, however it has come, to be begged for about the country like a common outcast, and to be brought up to its own misery and your downfall. Na, na, Mary Ballantyne! that would be a waur disgrace than a' that's past. You are but young, and ken nought o' the world; but if you mean to turn an honest woman, just leave us and William to take care o' the baby, and go, as you've promised, and seek your fortune, as if yought o' the kind had ever happened."

"And does William Jordan ken o' this, and wish me to gie up the baby?"

"Him ken o' this? Weel I wot no! Troth, we ne'er consulted him; and as for what he wishes, what should he know about managing an affair about a bairn? It's weel for both you and him, that wiser heads than belong

to either devised a way to get you out o' this scrape. It's for fools to get into trouble, and wise folks to help them out o't. My nephew shall know all that's necessary when the bairn is in proper keeping, and you out o' the country. Come, Mary, make no more ado, but give up the baby; and, do you hear, give no intimation concerning this to our nephew, to set the young man clean mad, and gie us the trouble o' another scene like this."

"And so I must part wi' my sweet bairn!" cried the girl. "God help me! this is the sorest trial of all; but if it's for its own good—if ye'll mind it, and educate it, and let William Jordan see after it, and call it Mary after its unfortunate mother, and tell its father, that when he looks in its face maybe he'll think of one that—". Oh, I shall never be able to bear this!"

The struggle continued until it rose almost to convulsions, as the unhappy young woman kissed and wept over the baby; when, throwing herself back in her chair quite exhausted, Miss McKimp snatched the infant from her arms, and turned towards the door.

"Mistress!" she screamed again, springing up, and catching the other by the arm, "oh, let me say to you one thing—one word only before we part! When this baby grows up to have a woman's feelings, never reproach her wi' her mother's shame, or throw in her teeth the misfortune that she derives from me. Mind this, lady! oh, mind this! for often have you reproached me wi' the poverty that I could not help, and wi' my orphan condition that ye professed to pity."

"Yes, I promise, Mary—I do promise," said the old maid, still more affected with the girl's distress; "and, indeed, I confess that I *might* be too harsh upon you sometimes, when my temper was up: but ye know that it is right to be strict wi' young folk, and truly, wi' a face like yours, there was danger in the past, and there *will* be danger in the future. But if ye behave yourself, and be a proper woman, I ne'er shall hinder you yet, when William Jordan gets a wife, to come and see your puir ill-fortuned babbie."

"Oh, mistress!" she cried, holding the other by the garment, "if ye had but spoken to me as kindly as you do now, and not harassed and bawled me, as ye often did, this trouble would never have happened to me! But,

farewell now! And, oh! if ye would ever know a mother's feelings, or desire the prayer of a repentant lassie, be kind, be good to my sweet baby!"

The woman of the cottage was obliged to interfere with her help to tear away the mother from her infant, until she sunk exhausted into a chair. How that night was passed, need not be made matter of attempted description. Next morning she was seen, shortly after sunrise, pale and weak, and with a little bundle in her hand, walking towards the sea-shore, by the help of old Nanze Hadre, the fish-woman, on whom she leaned. Thus assisted, she was led on her way towards the nearest sea-port; where, it was said, she took shipping for some place abroad, but in what capacity, or where she sailed to, remained unknown in the east country.

The state of William Jordan's mind, when, arriving at the cottage next day, on a second attempt to see her, he found she was gone, no one knew whither, is a subject that must be left entirely to the fancy. At first he fled from the village, determined to seek her over the world; and did several other foolish things, in the wild rashness of youthful impatience and a distracted spirit. But all his efforts being vain, he returned to his aunts' house, haggard and unhappy, reproaching them with her supposed or anticipated death, in terms of bitter and bold imprecation.

Time, however, and succeeding cares, and the occasional soothing of the sight of the baby, gradually allayed the fever of his mind; and while years rolled over, bringing the plaus of manhood, a pang of regret, and an occasional prayer for her if living, kept up in his mind the constant remembrance of "poor Mary Ballantyne!"

CHAP. V.

The village of Balmogy was really a pleasant place. Its long main street was diversified by a fine unstudied irregularity, in some parts narrowing to a snug closeness in the columns of houses, and in other more pretending parts the sides retiring back, as if in genteel dread of coming too close in contact; while now and then they elbowed off into crooked lanes, making altogether an extraordinary variety in aspect, considering the size and surface of the space occupied. Then

there was the kirk, a yard deep with straw-thatch, and standing on a high plot of ground, a little apart from the other houses; and there was the head inn, a grand building, with its great swinging sign-board, shot half-way across the street, for fear the passer-through should miss seeing it; and its two clumsy logs of wood, set up on each side of the door by way of pillars. There was also the inn-yard, with its big gate and its ample area—the resort of all the idlers and half-hostlers within five miles; and near it the “louping-on stane,” with its well-worn steps, for the accommodation of those equestrians who, on a market-night, might be either too stiff, or too much disabled by the strong waters of the inn, from climbing to the saddle in the legitimate fashion.

But as years passed on, many changes came gradually to give some alteration to the outward form of Balmogy. The houses in the narrow part of the street having fallen under the ban of an upsetting surveyor, were lifted from their places, as we may say, and set back into the middle of their own gardens, without the least regard to the laws of old association; the louping-on stane was razed to the ground, by the zeal of an innovating pavior; and the great sign of the Marquess of Rockingham, which had swung over the village within man’s remembrance, was at length laid low, and gave place to a neat painting between the front windows, representing his reigning majesty, nobly seated on a grey horse, with a wooden roller in his hand. These startling changes chiefly took place by the zeal of a new dynasty of landlords, who, in the person of Thomas Stirrup the first, of the head inn, had in the interim mounted the publican throne of Balmogy, and began his reign shortly after the former events of our tale. This person became a great man according as the town, by the opening of a new coal-pit in the neighbourhood, and the discovery of a slate-quarry, began to be enhanced in wealth and consequence.

But the greatest acquisition for the old village was a new villa, almost as fine as an Ephesian temple, built by one Mr. Menzies, a great merchant; which, together with the beautiful grounds with which it was surrounded, and its elegant porter’s lodge almost opposite her door, seemed set up as if out of mere spite, exactly over against

Miss M’Kimp’s old awkward-looking mansion. As these symptoms of improvement began to bring visitors to the place, and a recourse of travellers to the head inn, several persons started into being that never had been heard of before: there was even a new minister came in, in the place of old Mr. Doitre, the clergyman, now dead; and this new Mass-John, besides various other innovations in doctrine and practice, tilled the mountain of thatch from off the kirk, and supplanted it with a roofing of new-fangled slate; at the same time giving open countenance to the march of intellect, in the shape of various novel and upsetting people: so that, from this moment, the old aristocracy of the place, in the persons of the venerable Misses M’Kimp, began to be visibly on the decline.

One day, during the progress of these events, the lounging idlers of the presiding hostelry were all put into an agreeable bustle, by the sight of an unusual vehicle rattling up the dull street of the village, and duly stopping at their inn-door. A feed of corn for the horses, and a dram of *aqua* for the post-boys, was all the custom that the landlord expected from this godsend; or, at most, a relay of horses for the next stage, or a flying luncheon for the inside gentry. What was his surprise and joy, however, when, though early in the day, a blackamoor servant, with a gold-laced hat, handed a single lady out of the carriage, and a whole baggage-waggonful of trunks, portmanteaus, and bandboxes, began to be untied, and were borne into the lobby of the head inn. Here was a customer, such as seldom graced the village of Balmogy, evidently meaning to take up her abode at the Royal King George — perhaps even to stay for some time. It therefore behoved Mr. Stirrup to descend from his dignity, and offer the lady the very first-rate attention.

In this attempt, however, both he and his wife were entirely baulked by the retiring reserve, if not the high state and dignity of the stranger lady; who kept herself so surrounded by blackamoor people and maiden servants, that no one could penetrate so much as to speak to her. Her attendants, however, by no means remained entirely in the inn, but went, as if in quest of something, frequently about the village: she even went out herself

more than once in her London-vehicle, as if to make her observations; while, in the meantime, she lived at the inn in a style of real yet unostentatious magnificence. This conduct, along with the respectability of her establishment, and the liberality of her expenditure, began to excite the curiosity of the villagers as to whom she could be, and what could be her errand to these parts. All that they could pick out of the servants was, that her name was Mrs. Gerrard, that she was a widow whom they had accompanied from the East Indies, and was very rich; but her inducement to come to a neighbourhood where there were so few attractions for one of her rank remained a mystery. The next thing known of her at the inn was, that Mr. Menzies, who had built the grand house at the town-end, being in London, she had taken for the whole summer his splendid mansion, and set gardeners and workmen to prepare it for an elegance, exactly opposite the windows of the old "big house," and without the least regard to the fine feelings of the very neglected Misses M'Kimp.

"The lady" and her establishment soon adjourned into the villa, and now it was evident to the maidens opposite that the whole world was going wrong, and all the people had conspired to vex them; for the strange lady not only went frequently past their door, and out and in by the new porter's lodge—black servant and every thing, just to spite them by the sight—but even all the tradesfolks within twenty miles seemed to forget that such beings as themselves were left in existence, and ran constantly for orders to the grand lady. This was not all; for the next news they heard was, that the new minister of the town—a high-flown fellow, who kept a gig, and had a smart madam of a wife that never would let them and the minister get acquainted—had been actually visited by Mrs. Gerrard; and they soon after saw from their window both of them enter the porter's lodge, and go bowling up the lady's avenue. This to them was particularly vexing, because in Mr. Doitre's time—the good old minister, who spoke broad Scotch, and never offered a sermon under two hours' length—they had always preserved a high ascendancy in the neighbourhood. Now, however—at least,

since this lady came—they could hear nothing but Mrs. Gerrard this, and the grand lady that; and, as people never lay the blame of any misfortune on themselves, they could not divine how it was that they had fallen into such cruel and contemptuous neglect.

"What think ye o' yoursels noo?" said old Nanze Hadie, the fishwoman, stopping one day, more for spite than for trade, at their doorstep. "I trow your noses are put out o' joint noo, since ever the new lady came to the braw place. And yon's a lady, something like a lady!—nane o' your stinky skin-my-nails, that winna let a puir body live, but a real gentelwoman, that does some gude wi' her siller. Na, ye needna purse your mouth at me! for I carena whether ye buy or no. I ne'er cared a herring-scale for your custom, since ever ye turned awa' the puir orphan lassie, Mary Ballantyne. Ough, Miss M'Kimp, but that was a black job! It's no wonder the folk o' Balmory hae turned their backs upon you, though ye *did* take charge o' the bairn. But it's weel ken'd it was no for love or kindness ye did that. God bless you, my bonny dow!" added the wife, her eye catching as she spoke the light figure of a pretty girl of fifteen, that came tripping down the stairs; "it just does me good to see your sweet face! I would give the bravest ring all my mid-finger to ken that your mother was alive and weel. But time and chance happens to a'; and so, if ye're for nae fish, I'll carry them to the new-come lady. She'll soon buy them frae me, and nae priggung, my troth!" And off went old Nanze, "skreighing out" the stave,

"Merry lives the fisher's wife,
Wi' creel and wi' cobble, O!
Flings abast baith care and strife,
Clean o'er the cobble, O!"

And her strain was heard long after she had entered the porter's gate of Saughfield House.

The Misses M'Kimp from this time sat constantly at their window, watching every person that went up to or came from "the big house" (for theirs bore this name no longer), and fretting themselves to death with spleen and spite because they could not get acquainted with the lady. This was in reality a sore trial to them, considering that they had all their lives been considered the first, if not the only gentry

of the place. And yet they had seen the lady, too, and remarked that she had more than once looked curiously and wistfully up at their windows. At length, unable to contain any longer, while they saw her visited by several desirable persons, they determined to avail themselves of ancient privileges, and to make bold to call as neighbours and introduce themselves. "And what for no?" said they, in consultation on this step; "are not we the oldest residents of the place, and the best quality in it, too? She ought to be very glad to get our acquaintance, my troth!"

Accordingly, they one morning dressed themselves in the highest style of maiden particularity, and prepared to set out to the big house. Never had they taken such pains with their high toupees and ruffled cuffs, and their moth-eaten silk of the former century, and their diamond-headed pins a foot long, to astonish by their appearance this vaunted lady. Having distracted the house with these labours for full three hours, and finished their powder-puffings to their own satisfaction, they drew their tawny mittens on their long lean arms, and away they sailed forth to honour the lady by a visit.

"This is a curious new-fangled fashion," said they, when they had got up the long avenue, and at length stood between the elegant pillars of the door, "that folk must drag at a brass-handled bell, instead of knocking wi' a knocker or tiring at a pin, as used to be done in our father's days! But the world's turned clean heels o'er head now, and that's the reason we're so disrespected."

The black servant himself did them the honour to open the door, and they were quite taken by the heart to see the spaciousness of the hall and the elegance of the staircase, compared with the awkward mean *trance* of their own dwelling. Still more were they struck, when put into an apartment, with the superb elegance of the modern furniture; and, scanning every thing round them with an old maid's eye, they particularly remarked the extravagance of the carpet; how that, whereas in their own dining-room, and every house that understood Scotch economy, it lay like a patch in the middle of the room, for the comfort of those who sat round the table, here it went up to the very door, and was carried into the

remotest corners and window-sills, where it could hardly be noticed. They never had seen such wastery! Though here they sat for a considerable time, taking an inventory of every thing around them, the lady did not condescend to come in, to them, but they were walked by the blackamoor man into her presence, in another apartment.

Considering the splendid comfort with which she was surrounded, they were somewhat surprised by the apparent humility of demeanour with which the lady received them. And yet she was a woman of a natural dignity, appearing but little more than thirty years of age; her features handsome, if not striking, a little embrowned by the effects of an Indian climate; and she had that sort of look of subdued thoughtfulness which indicated to one skilled in the human face, that, though now living in ease and affluence, she had not entirely escaped the experience of trial. A beautifully made bodice of plain but rich silk confined a figure a little inclined to fulness; and dark hair, simply parted in front, and surmounted by a modest widow's cap, completed a costume more becoming than ostentatious.

"We beg your pardon, madam, for this uncommon freedom," said Miss M'Kimp, her ~~pre~~meditated flourish of patronage put entirely out of her head by an unexpected impression; "we have heard of your coming to 'his town, and as we are quite neighbours, and the society fit for such as you is but very limited, being single ladies ourselves, without any encumbrance, we have come to shew ourselves neighbourlike, and to offer you the hospitalities of our acquaintance."

The bow of acknowledgment, and the suppressed smile with which the lady received this speech, had more of archness in it than was at all relished by the dignity of Miss M'Kimp; especially when, without any direct reply to their invitation, she contradicted their assertion as to their want of encumbrance, by inquiring after a young lady whom she said she had noticed several times seated at their window. "A relative, no doubt," she said; "perhaps a niece?"

"Yes, madam. But, indeed — no, not exactly a niece; merely —"

"I hope I am not too inquisitive," said Mrs. Gerrard, politely and natu-

rally surprised at this evident embarrassment; "but, if it had been convenient, I could have wished the young lady had accompanied you."

"That would not have done, madam — would never have done," said the eldest Miss M'Kimp, primly, "for certain reasons."

"Certain reasons, ladies?"

"Yes, madam; the young person is just kept by us out of charity."

"That is an excellent reason, I conceive, both for keeping her and for bringing her here," said the lady; "and if I can judge any thing from a young person's appearance, you are most happy in the opportunity of bestowing your benevolence so worthily. You seem to occupy yourselves in doing good to your fellow-creatures."

"It's a duty we have delighted in these thirty years, madam," said Miss M'Kimp, beginning to feel at home; "and no one knows what it has cost us, what between this lassie and what between her mother—ungrateful slut!"

"And her mother, too, was ungrateful for your benevolence?"

"Black! black! besides being a limmer that I ought not to speak of—a perfect limmer of wickedness; and this bairn was the upshot o't. And what I did for that female no tongue can tell: took her into my house for charity, heaped on her kindness above kindness, and money above money, and, even when her shame came to be known, did for her every thing beyond measure; and then, when she left the country, took her bairn hame, and brought her up at my own expenses. Yes, madam, you may be astonished; and you may think that we were the encouragers of unseemly iniquity by our very kindness: but charity suffereth long, and so we met with nothing but ingratitude and persecution from the neighbours."

"This is the melancholy fate of virtue like yours," said the lady, with an odd sort of expression. "But what became of this young person's mother, who, as you tell me, behaved so scandalously?"

"We never heard aught of her since she went off by the sea, but no doubt she came to some worthless end."

"And the child has been wholly dependent on you?"

"Altogether and entirely, as I may, with her father. But—"

"But— And the maiden has

pleased you well?" added the lady, with a sudden expression of concern, as if gulping down some word that she was ready to say.

"Middling—tolerable," said Miss M'Kimp, surprised at the stranger's continued questions. "Lassie bairns are ill to bring up; and young folk are a fasherie in a weel-concerted house."

"You will excuse me," said the lady, laying her hand on the bell, "an aching in my temples must plead for me on this occasion; suffer me to request a visit of this young lady, and, in the meantime, I must wish you a good day."

"Did ever mortal flesh see the match o' that?" said Miss Nelly M'Kimp to her sister, as soon as the blackamoor-man had grinned them out of the door. "You for a lady! to hirsle us off without the smallest ceremony, and never so much as to ask us back again, but to keep speering and talking about that foundling lassie! I could bite my fingers off that ever we went near her."

"If she doesna think it worth while to invite us, the feint o' one foot Mary Jordan shall go to her," said Miss M'Kimp. "I'll take special care o' that!"

CHAP. VI.

When the maidens arrived at home, Mary had been waiting for them, with the utmost anxiety, to hear all the news about the lady. When, with many bans and angry expressions, in consequence of the "fuff" in which they had left the house, they let out the startling fact that she, the humble dependant, had been invited, and they not, the girl's heart was lifted to her mouth with joy; and bright visions of promise began to flit through her fancy as to the possible result of so unexpected an interview. It was not, however, without much pleading, and many tears (after a second invitation, with a present of fruit, had come from Mrs. Gerrard, by the black man), and a strong representation on the part of the girl, that through her acquaintance themselves might obtain an invitation to Saughfield, that she was permitted to break through the angry resolve of Miss M'Kimp. Next day, however, having dressed in her best, she proceeded up the long avenue; and with a heart palpitating with the undefined

hopes of youth, and the anxieties caused by discontent with her present situation, she was at length ushered into the presence of the lady.

The manner and look of Mrs. Gerrard, when her visitor approached her, was such as to fill the latter with involuntary astonishment. Bidding her draw near, this remarkable stranger gazed in the face of the bashful girl with a strange indication of suppressed emotion; then taking her familiarly by the hands, a burst of tears came rolling down the lady's cheeks, which her visitor could scarce refrain from answering by a similar indication of involuntary feeling. Excusing herself, however, for betraying this sudden emotion, by saying that, from an unexpected resemblance, Mary forcibly reminded her of one long since beloved, the lady dried her tears; and composing herself on the sofa, began to ask Miss Jordan some very peculiar questions.

"Is your mother then dead, that you are thus situated?" she said.

"I am told so, madam," said Mary, affected; "but I know not for certain. Alas! I never saw her since I can remember; and I am not allowed to speak of her in my aunts' house."

"But you have a father alive?"

"Oh yes, madam; a kind, good father!"

"Who lives——"

"In the neighbouring town, and often comes to see me."

"And is married?"

"Oh no, lady! He says he never will be married."

"For why?"

"It is on account of my mother, whom he often speaks of; who died, he fears, far abroad. I have seen him cry so, and be so affected, when he told me concerning her. The Misses M'Kimp say she was bad, very bad; but my father says it is not so. What would I give, lady, to have a mother!"

The lady turned away her head, and the astonished girl heard stifled sobs behind her handkerchief.

"Perhaps you have lost a child something like me," said Mary, simply, not knowing what to think. "I dare not cry about my mother before my aunts."

"They do not use you ill, do they?"

"No, not to say ill, madam, particularly of late; but it is so very, very hard to please them, and they are so dreadful about a small fault, that they

often make me ill by what they say, particularly when they call me——"

"What?" And the lady almost started from her seat.

"I shame to tell you, madam, only I am so unfortunate. When they are angry, they call me an outcast and a——a bastard!" screamed the girl, hursting into tears. "And they say they are keeping me on charity, as they did my mother. But of late," she added, sobbing, "they are a little better to me, and I have got off the dark closet and the bread and water; which to me was dreadful."

The lady rose, and walked in an agitated manner across the room.

"And does your father know of this usage?"

"Oh no, lady! for they are kind to me when he is by; and although I am making free to tell it to you, because you are so good as to inquire, why should I vex my poor father with such a tale? for he has no house of his own to take me to, and cannot do what he would with me until he gets more fortunate; for the times, he says, are bad. Besides, I hope my aunts will not be so hard on me as I grow up."

"Why, my sweet girl?"

"Because I am now able to be more useful to them, both in the house-work and at the needle."

"These are good reasons for abating their tyranny," said the lady, bitterly. "However, do not despond, and I will try if I can befriend you." Saying this, Mrs. Gerrard went and pulled the bell. "I have you any objections, Mary," she continued, coming forward again, "to allow me to be of service to you now? that is, to oblige me by letting me do for you a present kindness?"

"I should be most ungrateful, madam; but my aunts, and perhaps my father——"

"I will save you from all blame, my child. To-morrow I must see you again; but, in the meantime, will you go out with me in the carriage?"

Mary assented, though confused, and almost crying with joy; but before she could well collect her thoughts, she and the lady were seated side by side in the chaise, and riding on their way to the large town that lay seven miles beyond the village.

Various additional communications took place on the road, and at last, entering the town, they stopped at a

grand warehouse, containing all manner of objects of a lady's desire. "Do not be concerned, my dear," said Mrs. Gerrard, as they stepped out, "I am only going to buy you a dress."

One thing was laid aside after another, and one elegance was refused for another more becoming, or more rich in texture, until the girl became alarmed, and began to tremble with some undefined suspicion. But when, after purchasing all this grandeur, as Mary thought it, and driving off to a jeweller's, she next began to toll down her endless gold for several tasteful trinkets,—then, placing a chased chain round her neck, above her plain apparel, the lady insisted upon her wearing it from that moment for her sake,—Mary became perfectly confounded, and now found tongue to refuse, not only this trinket, but the whole that had been purchased; saying, after begging many pardons, that they were quite unfit for such as her, and that her father, besides her aunts, would be displeased at her taking presents from any lady who was so much a stranger.

Mrs. Gerrard was startled by this speech, so reluctantly made by her youthful friend, evidently never having anticipated such an objection.

"Excuse me, dear lady," continued the girl, "but my father is a gentleman, although obliged at present to leave me thus; and I must not take any thing, even from you, until I get his consent."

A blush of sudden emotion overspread the face of the lady, as she contemplated with admiration the trembling speaker. "You are right, my child—quite right," she said; "but do not fear that I shall give good reasons for kindness for you, childless as you see I at present am. This chain for the present, however, I must beg you to wear; and as to the other things that I have bought for you, I shall fully satisfy both your aunts and your father."

With some reluctance, Mary suffered the chain to remain; and the lady having made her purchases, took her up, and with a beating heart she was driven back towards the village.

"This is a bonny business, Nelly," was Miss M'Kimp's cry at home, to her cross-grained sister, long before the time we speak of. "This comes o' my indulgent kindness to that ungrateful slut! Ye see how I'm trysted

for my yielding temper; for the cutty made this grand visit a pretence for idling from home the whole day, and so much work to do! If I had known, I would have seen her greet her een blind before I would have let her off, for a' your foolish preaching, Nelly."

To this Miss Nelly retorted with her usual snarl, and they were high in the midst of a regular "miff," when they were astonished by the lady's carriage stopping at the door.

"So, she's come to pay us a visit. Weel, it's nothing but what we're entitled to," said Miss M'Kimp; "but that's very kind of her—very condescending for a lady wi' a carriage. Run, Nelly, and receive her at the door, while I hasten to change my cap."

They bustled off by different ways; but what was Miss Nelly's astonishment, when, instead of the lady that she expected to see, down rattled the steps of the carriage, and out leaped their slip of a dependant, Mary Jordan.

"Is thy een marrows?" exclaimed Miss M'Kimp, putting her head out at the bed-room window above; "and the lady no coming after all! and that hinner Mally shaking hands wi' her, ton, as if she were a born miss—and see how the blackamoor bows to her! And there's the lady off without ever looking over her shoulder! Weel, is that not aggravating!"

"Here's a bonny doing!" said her sister, ushering in the terrified girl; "naething but idling in coaches, and buying of grandeur wi' this great lady. What's that about your neck, ye forward cutty?"

"Nane o' your huddling, ye gipsy!" cried Miss M'Kimp, in a fury of spite; "I insist on seeing this very moment what's that ye lae around your neck."

Mary, frightened into tears, simply narrated what had passed between herself and the lady; and, in confirmation, shewed the chain which she had insisted on her wearing.

"Real gold, as I shall answer!" exclaimed they both, examining the chain, "and ho the least civility to us—and she to drive away without ever entering our door! The whimsicality of these high dames is quite unaccountable; and, really, this insult is most audacious."

The two ladies had not well recovered from the effects of this fume, when a double messenger came to the

door, and a whole cargo of bundles and bandboxes was delivered to the servant, politely addressed to Miss Jordan.

"My word," exclaimed Miss McKimp, unfolding the silks and dresses, and holding them up with astonishment, "here is more value and assortment than is in my whole wardrobe!—and all this grandeur to you, miss, without a pin's present to us. It cannot be—it's for no good. How do I know but this is some fine lady from London, bribing you with this elegance for a bad purpose? But I shall take care of you, young madam," she went on, while the poor girl trembled at her frown; "your mother's doings shall not be repeated in my house."

"What is that you say?" exclaimed the deep voice of a man, who had entered unnoticed amidst the excitement: "Is this, aunt, language for you to hold to my child?" William Jordan said: his fair face reddening with indignation as he spoke. "Mary, my love," he added, looking at the dresses, "what is the meaning of all this?"

His loquacious aunts spoke out both together in telling the tale of the lady.

"I see it all, and think it very improper, Mary," he said, "very improper for you to accept these presents from an entire stranger."

"I could not help it, sir," she exclaimed; "believe me, I argued against the lady's intentions; but she insisted, and said she would herself fully satisfy you and my aunts."

"Satisfy us—I cannot comprehend this. There is something not right here," he said; "these things had better be returned instantly."

"Oh! do not, sir, be in haste—do not think bad of this kind, this beautiful lady," cried the girl, passionately: "if she is not good and virtuous as she seems, I will never believe in looks or words more."

"Maybe," said Miss McKimp, covetously fingering the silk, "she means part o't for us, as is more like. It's a pity to send back such pretty things until we are sure."

"The circumstance is altogether remarkable," said William. "I have heard much of this lady, both in the village and beyond. Yet I will have no mystery. My daughter shall not be the subject either of reproach for her mother's sake, or of suspicion for her own. I will at once go myself, and

have an explanation with this extraordinary stranger."

CHAP. VII.

Upwonted feelings affected William Jordan's mind as, unusually excited, he hardly knew why, he proceeded up the pleasant avenue towards Mrs. Gerard's villa. His thoughts concerning his daughter, whenever he allowed them scope, were always most painful. Those for the past were sad—sad as connected with one whom he never could sever from his recollection; and those concerning the future, for himself at least, were broken-spirited and bitter. Even the calm and quiet beauty of the evening, and of the green parks and tasteful pleasure-grounds around him, only made him melancholy. The fragrance of the sweet-briars and honeysuckles, which adorned the earthly paradise of the fortunate lady, somehow reminded him of his mother and father, who died of broken hearts for want of a little of this world's wealth. And when the evening song of the blackbird whistled softly through the grove, his feelings were touched even to tears; for, by some strange emotion of overpowering nature, it reminded him by a heart-bursting association of one who had been driven forth on the world, and to death, perhaps, in a foreign land, for too much love to him; and putting his handkerchief to his face, as these rushed into his mind, he merely sobbed out, "Poor Mary Ballantyne!"

Arrived at Soughfield House, and having sent up his name, with a request of a moment's speech with the proposed benefactor to his daughter, William's message did not receive an immediate answer; and as he waited and observed the elegance and perfect style of every thing around him, his mind began to misgive him strangely as to the purpose and effect of his errand. Convinced that he had been too hasty in listening to the insinuations of his aunts, he would willingly have left the house, if shame had not prevented him, and have waited for this lady's voluntary communication. It was not, therefore, without extreme embarrassment that, the servant at length appearing, he was desired to follow him into her presence.

"I ought to have informed you, sir," said the man, as they passed through the corridor, "that a sudden indisposition since her morning drive has been

the cause of her delaying you so long, it having almost made her doubt whether she should be able to receive you."

Glad of this opportunity, William was about to excuse himself and turn away; but it was now too late. The servant was already at his mistress's door; and turning the handle, he was admitted into her apartment.

The room was partly darkened by blinds and curtains; an open writing-desk and a half-finished letter appeared on a table; and he could but indistinctly perceive a lady seated on a couch at the further end, who rose and, bowing slightly, received him in silence. His first words were more embarrassed than he had ever anticipated. They consisted of a brief acknowledgment for her unexpected and unmerited attention to his daughter. "

There was a hesitation in her reply, and it was uttered in so low a tone, that the only thing he could say next was an allusion to her indisposition, of which he had been informed, and to the indelicacy of his present sudden intrusion. "But, madam," he continued, "if you will permit me to urge, that my daughter is now my all and my dearest tie to existence, you will perhaps excuse the anxiety that induced me to see you before I could allow her to retain gifts, too valuable to be presented to such as her from ordinary motives."

"Tis true, sir," she said, "and I owe you the desired satisfaction. The motives that have drawn me towards this young girl are, I confess, different from those that pass every day between strangers. And yet I do not feel myself able at this moment fully to explain them. I was attempting to do so on paper," she added, pointing to the writing-desk, "when your entrance interrupted me. But perhaps it is as well. I have been told, sir, that this young lady has no mother."

"No, madam—no mother," said William, a sudden palpitation coming over his heart.

"And is not very happy where she is, she tells me."

"I believe not, madam—not exactly as I should wish her."

"Now, sir," she continued, "can you not conceive that one in my situation, who has sufficient of the world's goods, but have no person or thing to share them with me, no one at home with whom I can love, might be

desirous of the society of such a girl as your daughter? There is nought, I think, surprising in this; particularly when my lonely situation as a widow is considered." She paused a little, and then went on: "My life from my early youth I have spent abroad. Yet I have no relations there who can attract my interest. I have neither taste nor spirits for common society. I want a being on whom to fix my sympathies, and with whom I can have the happiness of reciprocating kindness. Will you second by your consent my interest for your daughter? Will you let her come and live with me? Will you give me the opportunity of making her happy, and of fetching her forward into life, in the way her amiable spirit deserves? If you will do so, sir, I will be your everlasting debtor; and all I possess she and you shall be left when I am gone."

William sat petrified, and unable to speak, astonished both at the tenor of the lady's speech, and the deep feminine earnestness with which it was uttered. Besides, there were some of the tones that went home to his heart, calling forth old recollections that almost took away his breath in the quick beating within his breast; and it was only the dark hair, and other contrary circumstances, that checked his thoughts in a channel which was nearly unmanaging him. "This proposition is so unexpected, madam," he at length said, "and so serious, that I do not feel myself at once able to reply to it. But—"

"With respect to myself," said the lady, somewhat recovering her composure, "though I am but little known here (and I wish to live retired), I will, through the clergyman of the town and other channels, give you sufficient information respecting me, to enable you to decide whether I am a proper person to be intrusted with your daughter. As this is the first, and may be the last time I may see you on the subject," she added, "permit me to say, that if you agree to my proposal, your daughter shall, while generally living with me, have always as much liberty as is consistent with her duty to you, her parent; while I will strive to act towards her as if—as if I were—her own mother."

"Her mother!" repeated William, starting from a sudden thought: "but if her mother, after all, should yet return? No, lady!" he added, vehemently, "her mother was a poor girl, destitute

and servile, in my aunts' house; but she was my first and only love, and I cannot—never can—part with her child. Madam, you are kind, deeply kind, both to her and me: but she is all my comfort in this world, all that I have hope for, and all that I wish to labour for—all my remembrance of poor, dear, unfortunate Mary Ballantyne!—Excuse my agitation, madam," he added, starting up—"excuse my freedom. I cannot part with the society of my child—I cannot with honour take valuable gifts from a stranger—I cannot suffer my poor daughter to be vainly lifted above her condition. You will be so good, madam, as allow me to return you this gold chain;" and he laid the article down on the table.

"William," screamed the lady suddenly, "can you really be so cruel?" and frightened, as it appeared, at her own unconscious words, she seemed ready to faint.

"William!" he repeated after her, and stood rivetted to the spot.

"Yes, yes—William!—why need I try to conceal myself from you? Changing the colour of the hair, and receiving you in obscurity, will not hide the feelings of the heart. Give me my daughter—give me your own friendship—for I am nought but the poor guilty orphan, Mary Ballantyne!"

Words do not generally convey a sufficient idea of scenes like that which now followed.

"And why would you, my dear Mary," he said, as he embraced her, "attempt to disguise yourself from me, to deprive me of the bliss of this delightful moment? Surely, though you would not see me when I watched for you at the cottage long ago, we did not part in any anger, that I should be excluded from your friendship now, when these pleasant, painful days, are all over."

"It was no desire to avoid you, William," she said, "but a natural wish, now as my circumstances are altered, to keep concealed from the world, to banish even from your remembrance, that weakness of my youth, which has involved me, as no doubt I deserved, in so many and such severe sufferings. But deserved reproach is better, I see, than the uneasiness of disguise, which I could ill have supported with you and my daughter. So I am happy, after all, that you have discovered me; and, in parti-

cular, that you have given me opportunity of seeing, unknown to yourself, how well you deserved my first affections, as well as now my everlasting and abiding esteem."

He sat for a minute or two contemplating her in silence, tears of joy coursing down his cheeks, and crowds of old recollections choking his utterance. "Now you will know me better," she said, taking off the dark Madonna's plaiting that had sat on her brow, and shaking out a streaming quantity of her own fair hair—~~at the same time drawing up the blinds that excluded the light.~~ "Many changes have taken place, William Jordan," she continued, "since you and I parted, that dreadful night when I, guilty and distracted, fled to the shore-side from your aunts' house."

"And you left the country, Mary, without seeing me; and never let me know where my desponding fancy or my anxious inquiries were to follow you. Oh! had you known what I suffered then, and what I have suffered since—ever, ever thinking of you—you would have sacrificed something of your own feelings to give some satisfaction to mine."

"Of all things, William, do not attribute what I did to want of feeling regarding you," she exclaimed; "I would have sacrificed my life for you: but in truth I feared to sacrifice you to myself, and wished you to forget me, as I endeavoured to forget you. But, if you have patience, I will tell you in a few words all that has happened to me since the time we parted."

"When I agreed to give up our child to your aunts," she went on, "I thought that at least, in the shape of remuneration for my services, they would have given me the means of getting decently out of the country. But although they knew my destitute condition, and have boasted to me no later than yesterday how they heaped upon me kindness above kindness, they left me on the wide world without a farthing, except what the mere benevolence of strangers afforded me. What I suffered when flying towards the coast, and when seeking from place to place a channel for my industry, as well as protection from my own feelings, and from the grossness of the world, it is not for me to try to express. But ultimately I was taken into the service of a family about to proceed

to India, and was treated with a kindness that restored me to myself, and astonished me into a new opinion of human nature. The result of this good fortune, soon after my arrival in the East, was an enhancement of my situation and prospects, which seemed to introduce me into a new world. Why need I dwell upon my story? It is not for me to tell how fortunate I was in my efforts to please my benefactors, and how I was honoured by a degree of esteem, which once, as the humble dependant of the Misses M'Kimp, it seemed impossible I should ever experience from the world. At length, brought gradually forward to a station far above my merits, I refused an offer, which caused me at first much distressing embarrassment. This was the hand and fortune of an elderly gentleman, to whom not only myself, but the family with whom I lived, owed the deepest obligations.

"Here was a trial to my most cherished feelings—for to this marriage, so evidently advantageous, I was urged by all the friends which my efforts had procured me. This occurrence forced upon me the painful ordeal of confessing to Mr. Gerrard, my worthy benefactor, as was my undoubted duty, that sad misfortune of my youth which had caused me so many sorrows; and even that affection for you and my lost child, that still I was sensible lay at the bottom of my heart. So far, however, from these matters causing him to spurn me, as I had anticipated, he looked upon my error with compassion, and would by no means hear of its being made a plea for my refusal. In short, after many conflicts with myself and my best friends, I became his wife. But Providence had intentions towards me which neither of us foresaw. His death took place in the third year after; and I found myself, upon that event, possessed of his whole fortune.

"You may conceive, after this, with what mixed recollections I set off to visit once more my native land. You may judge with what anxiety I sought out these well-remembered scenes, and made my first inquiries. You may imagine my feelings when I first saw my daughter, now almost a woman, and heard what she told me concerning you.

"But this subject is too agitating for me," she continued. "Do not ask more of me at this time. Come again

to-morrow, William, and bring Mary with you; and bring even the Misses M'Kimp also: but say nothing as to what I have told you until I see them myself. Come all of you and dine with me, and let our dear girl be dressed as she ought in the things I sent her. There, now, take the chain with you again—you will not refuse it now. Good night, William, and let me compose myself after this unexpected scene."

"God bless you, Mary!—my Mary Ballantyne still!"

This was all William could utter. He could hardly believe his own words. He hasted home to his aunts in a sort of giddy confusion, like one beside himself. His daughter he found waiting for his return with the most intense anxiety. He was obliged to suppress his joy, to save appearances before Miss M'Kimp; but he embraced his child over and over again, until she began to cry with pleasure at the result of his visit to the lady. But when the innocent girl learned that she was to keep all that had been sent to her, that her father had brought back the gold chain, that she was even to dine next day at the lady's own table, and perhaps to be allowed to live with her entirely, she could hardly contain her spirits, and seemed like one almost wild with joy.

The Misses M'Kimp would have scolded down her buoyant feelings, but in truth they had not time. They had too much to do with themselves. Such a turn in their affairs was beyond belief. To be asked actually to dine with this grand Mrs. Gerrard, and at such a noble house—they that had not *dined*, in the proper sense of the term, for more than four years—and to have for dining acquaintance such a magnificent lady, that would put out of sight all the topping people in the place! It was more than astonishing—they were not at all ready for such an event. The cares of the occasion were tremendous—they must sit up all night in active preparation.

CHAP. VIII.

Few of all concerned had any sleep that night; and though most that occurred after this may no doubt be imagined, some particulars may not: so we still take up the tails of the story to tell how they all looked next day when they went to dine, and what

happened at the first grand interview between the Misses M'Kimp and "the lady."

The antiquated plaitings and puckerings of these virtuous maidens, having been hastily refreshed for the occasion by candle-light, did not look at all so well next morning as had been anticipated. But Mary Jordan looked absolutely superb. And when she stood beside her father, who arrived early to meet her, and was surveyed by him with a father's pride, in a dress such as he had never seen her in before, even the Misses M'Kimp were struck with their mutual appearance, and said they looked more like brother and sister than those who stood in actual filial relationship. At length all were ready; and William Jordan, his manly countenance now brightened up by the buoyancy of his spirits, taking his daughter's arm, took the lead of the stiff maidens, his aunts, and away they sailed towards Saughfield House.

When they were ushered into the apartment where Mrs. Gerrard was, the Misses M'Kimp's attention was so much absorbed by the elegance of the changed dress of "the lady," and the delighted familiarity with which she received their humble *protégée* and their nephew, compared with themselves, that they scarcely had leisure to look at her countenance. The first glance, however, in her face, now divested of the widow's cap and the dark hair, so confounded, in particular, the eldest Miss M'Kimp, that she was unable for a moment to believe the evidence of her senses. She stood quite aghast, looking first at her and then at her daughter—neither herself nor her sister being able to speak.

"Do I remind you of any one, Miss M'Kimp?" said Mrs. Gerrard, with dignity. "Perhaps you think I bear some resemblance to one upon whom you have, as you say, heaped kindness above kindness. You look surprised. I merely mean the ungrateful orphan, Mary Ballantyne."

"It's not possible!" said Miss Nelly M'Kimp, after a moment, and whispering to her sister; "it's a moral impossibility—and yet it's just her; and see how our Mary flies into her arms!"

"My mother! my mother!" screamed the astonished girl; "and are you indeed my own, my long lost mother? and am I to have a real mamma at last? and such as you, that my heart from

the first so warmed to!" and the girl, dropping from her mother's arms, fell at her feet, and sobbing aloud, clasped her knees.

"Rise, my dear, my precious child!" said Mrs. Gerrard; "if you have been tried in your early years, much more have I; but I hope you will never suffer as I have done."

"Speak to her, Nelly," whispered Miss M'Kimp to her sister—"speak to her yourself; for this is really a scene I never expected; and my cheek burns wi' shame."

"This is surely a great dispensation of Providence, Mrs. Gerrard," said the former, taking courage: "who would have thought that ever you would come to this o't, when you were a puir lassie in my house—especially, when ye ken what ye ken. And though we were may be a wee tough upon you in thae days, and spoke o' you yesterday wi' rather a hard mouth, surely ye'll no think upon it now, if being ane o' the precepts o' the Gospel to forget and forgive."

"And a good precept it is, Miss M'Kimp," said the lady, smiling; "but it is not proper that I should forget to tell you now, that though I did ill, very ill, while in your house—for which I have been made to suffer, and that sorely, as all ill-doers will—much, much of the blame lies at your door, from the usage I, a helpless orphan, received at your hands, and the inconsiderate tyranny you exercised over my feelings. Even now I could not look you in the face, from the shame of my misfortune, but that my extreme youth at the time, and my ignorance of the world and of myself, when I had no one but William here to sympathise with me in my depressed state, may partly excuse a transgression, which might have led to my entire ruin, as it has done many others, instead of the comfort I now enjoy. But these are painful remembrances, which I am unwilling to revert to; and if William here, who has suffered so much for my sake, will forget and forgive also with me, I wish nothing from this circumstance but a warning to all who have the charge of the helpless and the dependent, as well as to thoughtless and warm-hearted youth."

"There's great sense and reason in your speech, mem," said Miss M'Kimp; "and if ye'll just let bygones be bygones, and bid us now and then to

your house, and never cast up aught of the auld story, we'll pay you every respect from this day forward, as ye're weel entitled to; and more than that, whatever ailler we hae gathered thegither, there's William, our nephew, and there's your fortunate bairn that we've brought up, and there's yoursel — ye'll get it a' amang you when we're dead and gone."

The whole group stood looking at each other in silence; and even the maiden ladies, now quite overcome by the unexpected scene, and surprised into joy at their own virtue, put their handkerchiefs to their eyes and began to weep. The emotion was infectious. It was almost overpowering, as first commencing with such as them; and their nephew, and "the lady," turning together towards the window, let silent tears tell the tale of their mutual feelings.

"There's one thing left yet," said Miss McKimp, drying the eyes that had not been so moistened for forty years; "marriage whiles brings troubles and whiles brings joys, but it southers at least a' youthfu' sins, and pleases the Kirk. O! if I could just live to see you young folk, that hae had such lang affection, man and wife yet."

The lady, still more than William, started involuntarily at this suggestion;

but some words, that required to be said about their daughter, some ardent expressions on his part with which they were mixed, and some weeping avowals on hers, soon served to settle the point. They knew each other from youth; and, arrived now at years of discretion, they made considerate allowance for the dispensations of life.

The remainder is easily told. It was a happy marriage that soon after took place at Saughfield House, and a gay occasion for the admiring people of Balmocky. A great change was soon after observed in the old maids themselves, when under the daily influence of those who, no longer unfortunate, and living at last in blessed peace and wedlock, were the means of introducing to this secluded neighbourhood a rational liberality, and were no longer remarked upon as "maidens' bairns."

As soon as the now fortunate squire of Saughfield was properly settled, he bought back the former property of his ancient house; and thus, with wealth at command, and on a solid foundation of domestic felicity, these two, after all the mishaps of their youth, became the means, especially by the eventual marriage of their beloved daughter, of again building up the fallen fortunes of the respected family of the Jordans of Grange.

OF POLITICIANS, PUBLIC OPINION, AND THE PRESS.

BY MORGAN RATTLER.

It was a saying of Voltaire, a great practical philosopher, as his personal success in life, no less than his writings, abundantly proves, and I do believe in the better sense of the word a reformer,

"Qui n'a pas l'esprit de son âge.
De son âge a tous les malheurs."

To which a great statesman, and certainly a sincere and rational reformer, Mirabeau, added

"Et l'esprit de sa position."

Now, it appears to me that, of all the ministers who have presided over the destinies of this country since the days of William Pitt, Sir Robert Peel is the only one who seems thoroughly to have understood "*l'esprit de son âge et l'esprit de sa position*." I speak not of the *ancient* Whigs who have before, or after, or during, their several brief

tenures of office, exhibited little other talent and no other *esprit* excepting those expressed in the following couplet, which a wit in a *vaudeville* declares to contain all the requisites for a modern politician:—

"Le talent de chasser les autres,
Et l'esprit de les remplacer!"

But, in my opinion, even such men as Mr. Canning and the Duke of Wellington were lamentably deficient in a pervading apprehension of the spirit of the age, and in a true sense of their own position. The angry monosyllabic protest of the one against all reform in parliament was almost as unwise as the more solemn declaration of the other, which in truth broke up his ministry, and handed over the country to the Whigs. In these times, when so many of the barriers against popular

power have been broken down, it is most unstatesman-like to provoke clamour and violence, by pronouncing an eternal denial of any wish of anybody of the people, no matter how small may be that body, or how absurd may be that wish. You at once render that particular party, which is sure to have its fanatics, desperate; thenceforth your war with them is *à l'outrance*; you strengthen them with the show of persecution; you introduce them to the sympathies of their fellow-countrymen; the more hopeless their struggle, may appear the more highly is their gallantry esteemed. Their very defeats are fraught with advantage; the silly, the ignorant, the hot-headed, the ill-conditioned, are betrayed by an honest English feeling into lending first their approval, and finally, perhaps, their assistance, to the weaker side. The bolder, the more desperate may be the fashion after which the faction conduct their enterprise, the better is it for them, the worse it is for you. They break the laws: too many of the people will be inclined to think that they are justified in so doing, because your declaration has left them no room for hope. You vindicate the laws; you punish the wrong doers: and what is the result? You at once invest them with the grace and dignity of martyrs, and earn for yourself the titles of persecutor and tyrant from the unreflecting multitude, who invariably forget the offence in pity for the offender, and hatred of the sharp and visible exercise of the governing power. You afford, moreover, a rallying point to all the disaffected, a common watchword to all political intriguers and political visionaries—to all the specious or exalted traders in patriotism—to all the miscreant dealers in and disciples of disturbance. Every man lends his aid to the struggle in the one direction, each hoping that he may be eventually able to shape the triumph to his own ends. All this is true now, and was true before the passing of the Reform-bill. The people are not, and were not, to be governed by the pressure from above—by the display of force—by the debasing address to their personal fears—by the obstinate attempt at intimidation; they had become fully conscious of their own power, and it is only by an appeal to their reason that they can be prevented from exercising that power idly or mis-

chievously: it is thus only, in a word, that they can be governed; and this the more especially since the Reformation, by which all the barriers potent to control their will have been virtually removed. Hereafter it is only by a calm, affectionate, and confiding appeal to the good sense and good feeling of the people of England that a minister can hope to govern them in troublous times (and none other, alas! appear to be indicated within the whole expanse of the sensible horizon of European politics). In troublous times, I say, and when the million may happen to be elated by opposition to some dominant whim or fantasy of the hour. The battle of the minister is no longer to be fought in parliament alone; he never will be again able to carry on the business of the country by majorities. Public opinion, always the strongest and most terrible sanction in the affairs of private life, now bears with irresistible weight upon political affairs. Is this, under the circumstances of the change in the constitution which has taken place, to be regretted? No! I should exclaim, most emphatically, No. When a question is fairly brought before the people,—when they have heard both sides—when they have deliberated, like the ancient Germans, on the two occasions, under the influence of strong excitement, and after that excitement has in some measure passed away, their decisions will be as free from error, as frequently just and right, as is permitted to humanity in the mass. Henceforth, I repeat, the minister should look with a most anxious eye to public opinion: its pressure on him will be enormous; but if he be able to bear himself upright—if his principles be well explained and truly acted on, like the pressure of the atmosphere, it will be equable in all directions around him, and innocuous. Now, the English minister who first perceived and acted upon a conviction of these facts was Sir Robert Peel; and by so doing he has formed a new and prevailing era in the political history of our country. He saw the darling fault of the old Tories—of the aristocrat Tories, I should say—and of their followers, of various ranks, down to the patronised adventurer in scribbling or spouting, (and patronised because he is the obsequious servant of his master and his caste, the insolent, pampered, literary

menial to all other classes of God's creatures)—a fault into which they have been cradled, and which has still stuck to them up to the present moment, from generation to generation, like the leprosy of Gehazi. I mean their exclusiveness: their sensitive shrinking from contact with the people; their avoidance, if not their actual contempt, of public opinion; their calm disdain for the people's censure; their cold sufferance of its applause; their utter impassibility to the emotions of ordinary men. We had a notable example of this during Sir Robert Peel's arduous struggle against a combination of adverse winds and frothy waves, such as was never before witnessed since the days of the piquè *Æneas* and the slighted *Dido*.

Qua data porta ruunt et terras turbine
perflant,
Incubere mari totumque à sedibus imis
Unà Eurusque Notusque ruunt creber-
que procellis
Africus, et vastos volvunt ad littora fluc-
tus.

And up at last comes

stridens Aquilone procella
— fluctusque ad sidera tollit,—

the wet, hissing, soul-chilling tempest being under the immediate direction of Mr. Daniel O'Connell; the whole being under the management of Lord John Russell, who consented to play the *Æolus* upon the occasion, and pre-
side over the

Luctantes ventos tempestatesque so-
noras

of the Irish Tail, and the rump of English Whigs and Radicals; and who in the process must have so well earned his *pulcherrimam Deiopeiam*—that truly Protestant lady*—that I doubt much, when he got her, if he had a single puff left in him.

Poor Sir R. Peel, however, was sadly put to it, not only to man but to trim his vessel. Some who could come, and might have rendered good assistance, did not come; but this, after all, was not a matter of much consequence, for it related only to the manning of the ship; and Peel, unlike

the pious gentleman who formerly found himself, during a real storm, in analogous circumstances, neither took to snivelling nor to whining, to sighing a sigh or praying a prayer, but shewed that he could of himself manage the vessel, and,

"In spite of spite, ALONE maintain the day."

But, unfortunately, he was obliged to take in ballast, and a quantity of that which he took in was necessarily leaden ballast—pigs of lead; and this certainly had the advantages of intrinsic weight, of compactness and quietude; but, then, whenever it did, in their stormy course, get a shake, it was sure to do some mischief; and whenever it was raised from its place it was certain to fall heavily, and with tremendous damage to the hulk. Now, after this preliminary explanation, I may go on to state the notable example to which I alluded. In the late opposition there was a sort of Radical popinjay, whose gaudy plumage shone in glaring contrast to the sad hues of all the animals around; but who, it is now announced, will not condescend to be ornamental to the new administration after their own fashion, because they will not suffer him at the same time to be useful after his own. But, dropping all unseemly similes about popinjays or pigs of lead, this Radical gentleman attacked a Tory lord, for having some months before declared upon the hustings that he hated the very name of reform, he being now professedly willing to follow Sir Robert Peel in that course of reform which he had considered expedient. To the great amazement of every body, the noble lord denied positively that he had pronounced the anathemas against "the very word reform," which had so long passed current as his; and which will be, notwithstanding his disclaimer, remembered as his so long as he shall be himself remembered; nay, peradventure he may be indebted to it for a living memory against which no time shall prevail, his name descending impaled upon the saying to the most re-

*The phrase is Lord John's: it is of double meaning; it is perfectly oracular, and much resembling in style and quality certain of the responses which Panurge received, when curious touching his marital destinies. Upon uttering it, small Johnny wept, bitterly, denoting thereby, on the part of his woful lady, a sympathetic and foregone conclusion. It is lamentable when a creature breaks down, after being put to such a shift!

mote posterity. Yet it seems he never used any expressions which could bear the sense, or rather nonsense, of those which were put in his mouth. He had been misreported, or misrepresented: the house laughed! He was asked, why he had not contradicted the statement which had for months circulated as widely and as freely as the common air. He answered, that he had not contradicted it, because he did not think it worth while to repudiate the calumny, and because, forsooth, he considered it unbecoming in a member of parliament to explain his words or account for his conduct in any other place except the House of Commons. These were not the exact words, but they accurately convey the purport of his defence. He disdained to set the vulgar million right as to his august opinions, by a line in a newspaper, or a word at a public meeting, even in election time, when he might plead to himself and friends the license of the mob's saturnalia, for condescending to avail himself of the opportunity of unbending into an explanation. No; he let the party to which he was attached suffer, in the anxious agony of their election-struggle, all the odium of his speech; he permitted the slime of its silliness so to stick and harden on himself, that although I personally believe the truth of his denial, yet I am convinced the people of England do not; nor do I think that, under the circumstances, they would have given credit to one risen from the dead, or to an angel from heaven, much less to the noble viscount, who, they had determined upon in their own imaginations, judging from this passage of his oratory, delivered at such a time, must be a positive Colossus of fatuity! *Ex pede Herculem*. Nevertheless, when at last properly evoked into explanation, he exulted in the dignity with which he had theretofore, at all risks and losses, maintained an aristocratic silence; and no doubt we all sympathise with him as deeply as we do with that king of Spain who suffered himself to be done to death by a roaring fire, rather than violate the etiquette of a Court, which

was so accurately and so religiously disciplined.

This is a recent, it may appear to be an extreme, case: perhaps it is; but still the feeling which was its inspiration exists in the breasts of the noble multitude, however modified it may be in its individual exhibition. They shrink from all familiar, from all ordinary, contact with the people; they severally affect, if not the seclusion, at least the separateness, of an Abyssinian king. Their feelings generally, I do believe, are kindly; they are willing to be the solace of suffering humanity,—to mingle with the crowd as benefactors, or leaders, or persons in authority. They do not mock the joys or griefs of the vulgar; that would be ungentlemanlike, and it would be troublesome; but they most religiously abstain from sharing in them. Thus have they in themselves a species of self-concentration which is calculated to disturb the complacency of others; and they, with scarcely an exception, practise an unchanging and indiscriminating courtesy which admits of no degrees, and in which there is not the slightest touch of cordiality, and which clearly shews that the great lord regards all classes of people, and each individual of these classes beneath him, with precisely the same calm eye, the same unresponding heart. All ~~is~~ without the circle of his order and its following are to him alike. Nothing can greatly exalt, nothing greatly depress, any one of them,—so vast is the distance from which he gazes downwards. He is like Charon on his peak of Parnassus, before the eloquent Arziphont has pronounced the words of power,—

Ἀλλ' ὅνδ' αὖ τοι ἀπ' ἐξέταλμ' ἔλκευ ἢ πρὶς
ἱερῆς,

Ὅρ' ἢ γινώσκῃς μὴν εἶναι ἧδὲ καὶ ἄνθρωπον.*

He can discern nothing distinctly from the height; men to him are all very, very small—*πάντα σμικροῦς*; nor has he yet evinced the hearty desire of the ancient ferryman for a more accurate knowledge. He has not yet declared, *Ἐβουλόμην δὲ σὺ πωλεῖς καὶ ἔρη αὐτὰ μόνον, ὡς περὶ ἐν γραβαῖς, ἔρη, ἀλλὰ τοὺς ἀνθρώπους*

* Literally, The muck, though in sooth for thee, from thine eyes have I taken, which erstwhile lay there, that well you might discern whether God indeed, as also whether man. Metrically—

Vanish the mist now spread before thine eyes!

Know well the figures that before thee rise,

Be they of men of mould, or heaven-born deities†

αἰνέει, καὶ ἡ ἀρετὴν αἰνέει, καὶ οὐκ ἀγνοεῖ.* In a word, the individuals forming the highest caste of the Tory party are in a false position. It is well that they should be brought to perceive it speedily.

Thus, if they would condescend to reflect without prejudice, they must observe that we are at present labouring under an unhealthy and dangerous state of society. It may be true, in accordance with the opinion of "the cankered Bolingbroke," that kings gain in respect and awfulness by the infrequency of their appearances before the multitudes they govern. But the feudal system is now utterly broken down, and with it political polytheism has for ever disappeared. The people in their several districts never will again bow down at the shrine of a mute idol,—no matter of what ancient reverence it may be—no matter how profound and solemn the mysteries with which it was wont to be cultivated and surrounded—no matter how deeply and religiously hoary Superstition may have sanctified all its precincts. The *genius loci*, the spirit of the place where in olden time the idol was reared, is now all powerless, except within the realms of poesy; in the stern realities which furnish forth the world of politics there is no longer a spot "tabooed;" there is no longer fane, or shrine, or image, held in blind, unsearching reverence. The spell of names has quite lost its power. To rule the people now-a-days, you must be of the people. Thus it was in the early times of savagery,—thus is it now at this period of extreme civilisation. Knowledge has brought us back to the fitting and natural state of things; all the monstrous productions of the successive struggles from primitive night and ignorance to the late bursting forth of the grand, intellectual light of wisdom, knowledge, and power, have crumbled into dust. The antique barriers which impitiously and irrevocably divided mankind into castes have been all swept away; the institutions and the policy which lent them strength, and enabled them to hem in and bear down hopelessly the hereditary multitude of bondsmen, to whom neither knowledge, nor valour, nor honour was permitted, have been all laid prostrate, or have suffered change;

the edifices, military and ecclesiastical, which were the "gigantic symbols of the system, and of the state of society and of mind under that system, may remain, but the thought and the spirit, the feeling and the soul, which animated them are fled. The Press has, since its establishment, been gradually achieving all this; it has been working as a subtle solvent, extending always its operations beyond the object for which it was exhibited, and still going on and onwards amidst difficulties and dread opposition, until at last it had dissolved the frame of the antique policy of states, and altered the whole aspect of the social system. In the process it became (so far as we at least are concerned) free. And in a country where the Press is free no man can be a slave; no citizen can long be oppressed, or degraded, or slighted, either by the legislature or by his fellow man. With a free press, then, and a free population, it is only by personal exertions and by intrinsic merits that a man can hope to direct the multitude of his countrymen; he must mingle with them, and hold converse with them,—he must sympathise in their hopes and fears, their joys and sorrows. To hold oneself apart in solitary grandeur, like the stern Jupiter of the Pagans, and hope thus from on high to govern Englishmen, by simply fulminating at them your commands, is now-a-days as wild an imagination as any in the antique mythology. It should be regarded, in common with the old religion, as altogether obsolete. The Lord, when he appeared upon earth in his character of teacher, guide, and Saviour, put on the form, assumed the attributes and qualities, exhibited the sympathies, and suffered all the conditions, of humanity.

These things, I would again say, for the period I have mentioned, and up to the advent of Sir Robert Peel, were never before felt, and known, and acted upon by any minister, and his following Whig or Tory. Sir Robert Peel came into power neither as the leader of a faction nor the idol of the rabble; he took office as the minister of the people; he proposed to govern the British empire by their support,—he hoped to gain that support by addressing himself in a straightforward English manner to

* But I wished not cities and mountains themselves alone, as in maps, to see, but the very men themselves, and what things they do, and in what sort they speak.

their good sense and their good feeling. The son of the cotton-spinner could address himself frankly and confidently to the people, "which," in the words of Victor Hugo, "is not malicious because it is strong—which is not envious because it is great."—"Qui n'est pas haineux parcequ'il est fort—qui n'est pas envieux parcequ'il est grand." He gave a complete exposition, through the public press, of the principles he advocated and the course he intended to pursue. So far forth as he was allowed by the combined factions, he proceeded in that course with precision and with safety, and with unexampled speed; and he never once forfeited or paltered with a principle he professed. Respect for the constitution as it stands, altered by the Reform-bill of his adversaries, induced him to retreat from a situation to which, proud as it was, he added dignity. He retired before the miscellaneous rabble of the opposition like the lion Homer loves to draw before the crowd of clowns and curs, leaving them stricken with fear, and wonder, and the awe of admiration. A good man struggling with adversity was said to be the grandest moral spectacle in human nature; but, surely, still more sublime was it to see a good man maintaining singly a struggle which involved the fortunes of the mightiest empire—the peace, the happiness, and the hopes of the noblest people—in the world; and, peradventure, still more sublime again is it to see him now rising refulgent from his overthrow, and standing forth in the loftiest place that human being can occupy,—the individual to whom his country clings for support—the mortal whose mission upon earth henceforth is deemed to be that country's salvation.

But since that retirement, and previous to his return over the necks of those he has rendered well nigh impotent of evil, he has taken another opportunity of explaining generally his views and feelings to the people. The admirable address in Merchant Tailors' Hall is an appropriate successor to the speeches on particular subjects delivered in Parliament; it leaves few points untouched that a rational Conservative would desire to have put to the country. Had I heard it before I commenced this paper, I probably never should have attempted to glance at the subjects of which I have been

treating; but the circumstance of being able to speak with perfect unreserve, without regard to parties or individuals, and the conviction that, by taking the substance of passages in the speech as a theme whereon to dilate, some further good might be effected, have led me to proceed according to my original intention. Sir Robert Peel has solemnly warned that exalted class of Tories of whom I erstwhile spoke, that to preserve their power they must popularise themselves.

"Prodigious ~~actions~~ may as well be done

By weaver's issue as by prince's son."

There will be no place for a mere lordling in his next administration,—no, nor for a mere *millionaire*! He will feel that one honourable, true-hearted Conservative of ability, however poor or humble of station—one man like himself—one gentleman of God Almighty's own aristocracy—would be worth to him a wilderness of monied or of titled monkeys.

"Plebeia Deciorum animas plebeia fuerunt Nomina."

Sir Robert Peel has also offered his advice to other classes of Conservatives, who also stood in need of it.

On the part of the Tories generally, even of those engaged in the bustles and struggles of life, there is in the possession of principles the purity of which they know, and the truth of which they are inclined to believe, cannot be honestly or sincerely doubted,—a sort of self-satisfaction, which tends considerably to alienate them from all who may be to any important extent opposed to them, and to create an indisposition to all attempts at the conversion of the political misbeliever. Averse to the labour, and not yet alive to the necessity of exercising the new duty of proselytism, he abstains, in coldness or in pride, from all appeal to the reason and good feeling of the people when misled; and he shrinks from all contest with the demagogue precisely upon the same principle that, bold as he ever was of heart, he would in his schoolboy-days have shunned a conflict with a sweep. He is too apt to determine upon letting things take their own course, with something like a contempt for consequences, in the conviction that, after a time, common sense must prevail with the people, and their eyes be opened to their

delusion; or else that things must go on and onwards from bad to worse, until at last there is a civil commotion, in which he and his party must be triumphant. He never for an instant entertained the heresy that it could be otherwise.

But Sir Robert Peel assures them of present success, if they will but labour in the mode he points out to them. There must be no coldness, no exclusiveness, he says,—no listlessness, no shrinking back,—but, above all, there must be no despondence. They must endeavour to recover their influence amongst the people, and through them in the House of Commons, in which it is still possible the people may be represented, and against a decided majority of which it is impossible, as it would be unconstitutional, that the country should be governed. They can only regain the confidence of the people by going forth amongst them, “and giving a frank exposition of their principles,” by refuting calumny, dissipating error, and tearing asunder every web of sophistry our enemies have spun. The quarrel between the people of England and the Conservative party was an unnatural one; the reconciliation will not be difficult, and it will be sincere. Both have suffered by the separation. The high places have been defiled; every interest in the country has, to a certain extent, been injured by the troubling of men’s minds.

The Conservative party is the only national party at present existing in the state; perhaps, indeed, the only body of politicians which at all deserves the name of party. The Whigs have ceased to be a party; they are now only a faction: indeed, at all times their proceedings were carried on in the mere spirit of faction. The paramount object with them has always been to get their set into place; their policy and their practice have always been essentially un-English. Our fathers were well aware of this: the whole history of Whiggism proves it. I speak not of distant days, when Tory meant Jacobite, and Whig a partisan of the house of Hanover, but of times more nearly approaching our own, when Jacobitism was of necessity no more, and when, although the names were continued to the two great parties, yet, from the altered circumstances of the kingdom, in its relations at home and abroad, and a

variety of other causes, the principles of both were changed, and they became, in fact, two new parties—the one national and conservative, the other anti-national, and eager to destroy. The whole conduct of the Whigs in office tends to establish the same facts with their earlier history. The Tory, of whatever grade he may be, loves his country—he is proud of it; he prefers its people, its laws, its institutions, to all other upon the face of the earth; he never contemplates the atrocity of “deriving benefit from England’s injury;” he will make personal sacrifices for the common weal; but he never dreams of gratifying the dictates of a sordid ambition at the cost of the bulwarks of the constitution. The Whigs, on the contrary, have proved their willingness to submit to the utmost possible degradation, and to encourage the most dangerous and desperate projects, for the purpose of retaining place—*place*, mark you! for to enjoy that they will even consent to pawn its power! Are they not even now under the absolute domination of the Irish agitator, whom they not long since denounced, in the speech from the throne, as a public enemy? Ministers of England, are they not the abject slaves of a foe to English connexion with Ireland—of one who is striving to dismember the British empire? Protestants, are they not the despised tools of a man whose darling object—the only political object which he has consistently pursued through life—is the destruction of the Protestant church? The answer must be in the affirmative. And I then ask, Can any set of persons be more deeply sunk in the slough of ineffable disgrace? But this has been their last exhibition of their worthlessness and meanness. Watch them during their struggle for power. “I would give half my fortune,” cries one Whig duke—to do what? To restore tranquillity and the hope of happy days to the country? No! to turn out Sir Robert Peel. Another duke, the levathan of ecclesiastical plunder, would be content to disgorge one-half of it for the promotion of the same purpose. Anarchy rather than Sir Robert Peel, shouts forth a third Whig duke, to put to shame the inadequate expressions of the patriotism which burned in the breasts of the former two. These, however, are only the noble patrons of

the active politicians of the faction, who are in their own way quite as ready to make noble sacrifices! Lord John Russell has been spurned from South Devon. Wilson Croker's prophecy is fulfilled! And the friends of Lord John Russell intimate that, notwithstanding all his speeches, and writings, and protestations, and pledges, the little lord has straightway become a convert to the ballot! Certainly he has since opposed a motion on the subject, but this precisely in the same style of manner and feeling that a stale coquette would decline the embraces of a rough and stalwart clown, whom she held in physical apprehension. But had we turned him out of Stroud, he would have become an advocate, not for the ballot only, but for annual parliaments and universal suffrage. Think you, too, that our dainty foreign secretary would hold his seat in the House of Commons, and his place in office, dearly purchased by a general war? Not a whit! Or that one of our great financiers—I mean the Thomsonian fructifier—would be scared from his presidency by apprehension of a general bankruptcy! Not he, indeed! No! Sooner should national faith, honour, glory, peace, be slung to the winds, than that one of our pure young Whigs should deprive the sovereign and the people of the benefit of his services!

The country will now have to choose between the Conservatives and the Whigs as leaders of the van of the Destructives. If it be not our own faults, the people of England must perceive that, under a Whig government, there can be no stability, no security, no confidence in our relations, foreign or domestic, or even in the private dealings between man and man. The Bank may be quite sacrificed to-day, all our remaining colonies to-morrow, the East Indies utterly on the next day, the funds on the following day, Ireland on another! It is clear the Whigs are ready to barter every thing for support, however precarious or contemptible. An hour's tenure of office is cheaply purchased at any price,—a day's to one of these modern Phaëtons is worth little less than the conflagration of the universe.

The people, too, must have, ere now, observed that, while liberty is on the lips of a Whig, tyranny is engraven on his heart's core. They will re-

member that the Whig attains power by agitating and exciting the multitude. He is, to adopt his own phrase, borne into office on the shoulders of the people. *But when the sword of authority is in his grasp, how does he employ it? He slaughters, ruthlessly slaughters, the very persons to whom he owes his elevation, when he finds them in the paroxysm of the democratic frenzy which he has himself created. The people will remember this; and they will not forget their Utopian economy in opposition, and their profligate expenditure in place,—their magnificent promises, and their paltry subterfuges, when pressed to their performance. As to the English Radicals, or Irish tail, or, the Martineau philosophers, who form the sections now pushing forward the Whigs from behind, they cannot deceive any body. It would be idle to waste words upon them; their views and motives are notorious. I repeat, then, the people of England have to choose between the present administration and a government constructed by Sir Robert Peel. I have spoken freely of the faults and failings of all classes of the Tories, in the hope they may be amended; but I am bound to say that those of the Whigs are, in truth, of a far deeper dye, and are absolutely engrained. The Tories of highest caste keep aloof from the people; the Whigs of the same order hate the people: all Whigs, even while they use the evil passions of the multitude, hate the people, and regard them as mere rabble. But they generally wear a mask of flattery. Small in number, they are great in diligence. While out of office, they pander to the popular clamours of the hour; make the press speak trumpet-tongued in their praise; and are always sure to welcome to their ranks every intellectual gladiator who may be at the time for hire,—every writer or speaker, however infamous his character or principles, who may lend his aid to the support of their cause—that is to say, to the aggrandisement of themselves, and their advance to power. And they make it a point, whenever opportunity offers, to reward their advocates nobly. Witness the cases of Brougham and Macaulay! If these men had been Tories, they would have still been no better than they ever should be, and that is greasy scribblers for newspapers and magazines. Sir Robert Peel, on taking office, shewed that he was fully

conscious of the error into which the Tories had fallen, in neglecting literature, and thinking lightly, if not absolutely, slighting the literary men of their party. In his own person, he pursued a course altogether different. He set an example which I trust will be followed generally. Henceforth the Tories must not be content with the consciousness of thinking and doing that which is right, but, "by a frank exposition of their principles," and by constant overt acts, they must place themselves above the suspicion of doing that which is wrong. There must be no supineness, no despondency amongst us; we must contend popularly for place and power—the power of preventing others from doing harm—the power of doing good ourselves,—which, as Lord Bacon observes so beautifully, "is the true and lawful end of aspiring; for good thoughts (though God accept them), yet towards men are little better than good dreams, except they be put in act, and that cannot be without power and place, as the vantage and commanding ground." Not only must this "frank exposition of our principles" be carried on by personal appearance, but associations must be generally formed throughout the country, as rallying points for Conservatism, and the press must be enlisted in our cause, that the utmost possible publicity may be given to our opinions and proceedings. This last is a matter of the utmost importance, and cannot be too strongly urged. Sir R. Peel indicated it in his speech at Merchant Tailors' Hall, but neglected to follow it forth; perhaps in deference to the prejudices of some of those around him. In pursuance, therefore, of the plan I have set down for myself, I shall accordingly conclude this paper by considering the mischiefs to which we are at present exposed, the benefits we might achieve, and by dilating upon the subject generally. Let me do so in a grave and solemn strain.

At present, the Tories labour under the disadvantage of which the lion in the fable complained so bitterly; their enemies are the painters; the periodical press is, generally speaking, under the control of their political opponents. When, therefore, we consider that to deceive is "as easy as lying," since even truth may be so told as to convey a false impression,—and when we bear in mind the shameless art that have

been at all times practised by the revolutionary party, we must at once perceive that the Conservatives are of necessity exposed to every species of misrepresentation which malevolence can suggest. Thus do we constantly find that their principles are misrepresented, their motives misconstrued, their words mistated, their characters traduced, their actions falsified,—all things, in fact, relating to them suffer change in the murky and distorting mirror wherein they are displayed; loyalty to the sovereign, affection to the Church, attachment to the constitution, become, alas! the while, devotion to tyranny, to superstition, and to antique abuses: even the love of country, that natural feeling of the human heart, is transformed into an abstract hatred of liberty throughout the world. And, moreover, every thing that Englishmen have been taught to cherish from their cradles, is described as dear to Tories only for the blemishes which disclose themselves to the microscopic gaze of some narrow-minded theorist, who is ambitious of winning notoriety as a Reformer. If a Tory were fancifully to breathe a wish that the rose of England might be preserved in all its original fragrance and beauty, that wish would be attributed to a perverse and mischievous affection for the thorn at its stem.

That the words and deeds of Tories have been, and yet are, grossly and wilfully misrepresented, is notorious, from their repeated reclamations in and out of parliament; and all men must confess with sorrow that a deep stain has been cast upon our periodical literature, and in some sort on the nation itself, by the atrocious attacks on private character, which have been of late years so frequent in the journals,—attacks from which neither rank nor sex nor glory can protect the enemy to revolutionary change.

It cannot, therefore, be considered otherwise than strange that the Conservatives generally have not ere now felt the necessity of setting up some fairer and truer mirrors, in which their principles, their sentiments, and their actions, might be reflected, without the blackening tinge of hate; and this not from any selfish feeling, but from a just regard to the community. The soil which slander might for a time affix to them, either as men or members of a party, must speedily pass away. As far, then, as mere personal feeling,

were concerned, it might be disregarded utterly; but, meanwhile, infinite mischief may be done,—the bonds of society may be loosened; for that which has a tendency to bring the exalted and the good into hatred or contempt even for a moment, or to insinuate into the minds of the people even a flitting fancy that the most valuable institutions of the country are unnecessary burdens, which, while they crush them to the earth, are upheld by those only who flourish in their misery, is highly dangerous. It unsettles the minds of men—it disturbs old convictions—it leads to a confusion of principles, which is liable to perpetual increase from every circumstance of panic, or distress, or excitement, or aught that in any degree affects the condition of the people; and, finally, it leads on and onward to that total “anarchy of doctrines” in all things relating to man in his moral and social position, which must inevitably produce that worst of all calamities—anarchy in the state.

The great mass of the people busily engaged in the toilsome and active pursuits of life have little leisure to form opinions of their own upon abstract questions. They either surrender themselves to the guidance of others, or, seeking to decide for themselves, they do so under heavy disadvantages. Their field of view is limited,—they see effects, but they have neither the means nor the opportunity of ascending to the consideration of causes; appeals, therefore, to their passions, founded upon some effect which is present to their eyes and obnoxious to their feelings, have of necessity the greatest weight with them. They are not skilful to detect a sophism; they are not in a position to deny an alleged fact, or to refute a specious proposition, or of themselves to remove a question from the false lights in which it has been put forth. They can see an immediate advantage, but they know not it is fraught with future ruin. The flowers are before them, but the precipice which these sweet nurslings of the spring overhang is hidden from their view. Hence comes it that your demagogues (mean and degraded creatures though they be) are so dangerous to the peace, the prosperity, and the safety of the empire; and hence is it, also, that still more dangerous are those Radical journals which make their way to the hearth of the most secluded cottage, laden with all

of evil that could possibly result from the virulence of the most blasphemous and seditious demagogue, sublimed by the excitement of a mob.

For now-a-days, although few men read books, all men direct their attention to the newspapers. The appetite exists,—it must be gratified. Be convinced of this—offer no opposition, but ask yourselves, May not the appetite be so gratified, that good and not evil shall be the consequence?

Instead of journals in which the religion of the Lord is assailed by solemn sneer, or ribald jest, under the cover of attacks upon his church and on his servants,—instead of journals which inculcate contempt for every thing that is poble, and dignified, and great, and hallowed in our recollection,—instead of journals that labour with a demoniac cold-bloodedness to render the poor man discontented “with that station of life into which it has pleased God to call him,” and teaches him to regard all those above him as his oppressors and his enemies—even the landlord to whom he is bound by the multitudinous ties of old family connexion, and repeated benefits—and the clergyman who has ministered unto him in joy and sorrow, and whose venerable image should be fondly associated in his mind with the memory of every sweet and solemn passage in his existence,—instead of such journals, might not all classes of the people have publications of a very different description placed within their reach—publications which should afford at least the same degree of entertainment and instruction, and yet at the same time inculcate piety to God, “peace and good-will to man,” obedience to the law, respect for the constituted authorities, and reverence for the institutions under which the country has enjoyed unexampled prosperity and glory?

Undoubtedly the thing might be done; and shame is it to the Tories that they have suffered the poison so long to circulate throughout the land, without providing the antidote, and administering it in the speediest and most effectual manner.

The Radical press of London has too long reigned well-nigh paramount in the provinces; its opinions, its principles, its falsehoods, its calumnies, its exhortations to crime, and blood-guiltiness, and rebellion, are transmitted to every corner of the Britains; where they cannot make their way on

the original ponderous broad sheet, they are borne on the lighter foolscap of the provincial press; and with a most extraordinary self-abasement does that provincial press in too many instances truckle to the two or three London journals. Like Mrs. Shandy, few of the country papers have opinions of their own; all is right, perfectly right, if it pleases the oracles of Cockayne. It is true that in days of yore (namely, before the reform mania had commenced, and party speculators had aught to gain by pandering to the blind passions of the people) the greater portion of the country press was to be praised for passive Toryism—for giving circulation in its columns to the Tory effusions of the metropolis. But with the change of governments aided by popular excitement, there came most punctually a change in even these passive politics of the country papers, and the greater number of them despoised the CONSERVATIVES exceedingly, and endeavoured to attach themselves to the *acquisitive* party in the state. Some papers remained true, and some have repented their errors, and of these I would speak in all kindness; but the majority of the provincial journals are, even now, merely conduits for the effusions of the London Whigs and Radicals. The leading articles are either transformed bodily and acknowledged, or else cut down and altered so as to pass for original productions of the rural editor. In one shape or other, however, either as "shaft or bolt," they are, in the old archery phrase, "shot at rovers through the land." This is evidently a state of things which should not be suffered to continue; and I submit, that the most earnest means should be taken by the wealthy and well-disposed to bring it to a close. Unless this be done, your personal efforts and your Conservative Associations will be of comparatively little avail. In this nineteenth century we must have the aid of a powerful and most widely-diffused press, or we never can obtain a perfect and permanent success.

The great difficulty has already been,

encountered successfully. In London there are, even now, abundant organs for the expression of Conservative opinions. And if the proper exertions were made in the various parts of the country, there would not be a spot of England or Ireland in which the truth might not be heard, and sound opinions inculcated. I earnestly press this matter on the consideration of my brother Conservatives.

MORGAN RATTLER.

P.S.—Since I concluded the foregoing pages I have met with a passage in Coleridge's *Table-Talk*, which I shall quote entire for the benefit of the party which Sir Robert Peel leads. The right honourable baronet himself has already acted, and did act throughout his administration, in the spirit of the philosopher's advice.

"There are many able and patriotic men in the House of Commons—Sir R. Inglis, Sir R. Peel, and some others. But I grieve that they never have the courage or the wisdom (I know not in which the failing is) to take their stand upon Duty, and to appeal to all men as men—to the good and the true which exist for all, and of which all have an apprehension. They always set to work—especially, his great eminence considered, Sir R. Peel—by addressing themselves to individual interests; the measure will be injurious to the linen-draper or to the bricklayers; or this clause will bear hard on bobbin-nets or poplins, and so forth. Whereas their adversaries, the demagogues, always work on the opposite principle: they always appeal to men as men; and, as you know, the most terrible convulsions in society have been wrought by such phrases as *Rights of Man, Sovereignty of the People, &c.*, which no one understands, which apply to no one in particular, but to all in general.* The devil works precisely in the same way. He is a very clever fellow; I have no acquaintance with him, but I respect his evident talents. Consistent Truth and Goodness will in the end overcome every thing, but inconsistent good never can be a match for consistent evil. Alas! I look in vain for some wise and vigorous man to sound the word Duty in the ears of the present generation."

* "It is with nations as with individuals. In tranquil moods and in peaceable times we are quite practical: facts only, and cool common sense, are then in fashion. But let the winds of Passion swell, and straightway men begin to generalise, to connect by remotest analogies, to express the most universal positions of Reason in the most glowing figures of Fancy; in short, to feel particular truths and mere facts as poor, cold, narrow, and incommensurate with their feelings."—*Statesman's Manual*, p. 18.



Young's Faust
R. Gorton

TRANSLATOR OF GOETHE'S FAUST

Published by James Fraser 215 Regent Street London.

No. LXII.

LORD FRANCIS EGERTON.

It has been laid down by the sage O'Doherty, that "The man who writes any thing, except for money, is an Ass;" but, granting that the rule is a sound one, we are disposed to consider Lord Francis Egerton as an exception. This *littérateur* has, we believe, a small competency of about 90,000*l.* per annum—with Bridgewater House for a *piéd-à-terre* here in town—Oatlands, hallowed by the recollections of Mary Anne Clarke and black-eyed Mercandotti, for a box—and we know not how many cool old châteaux, for autumnal recreation, in the provinces, besides. He is, moreover, an indefatigable M.P., and, in spite of the bad example of his brother the duke, a sturdy Tory; likewise he is a good fellow, fully alive to all the delights of society, from "wine and women," up to "sermons and soda water." He is, accordingly, a general favourite with all classes whose favour is most to be coveted,—with Theodore Hook and the wits—with A. B. C. X. Y. Z. and the beauties—and with Howley, Philpotts, Carr, and all the other ornaments of the episcopal bench. And being himself witty, good-humoured, a tall man of his inches, as handsome a fellow as you can pick out in the round town, in the very flower and vigour of his days too (anno ætat. 35), and a most stanch and pious disciple of Mother Church, to say nothing of his having the best cook in London after Ude, there can be little doubt that he might enjoy all the aforesaid honours and luxuries, even had he never incurred the smallest risk of blotting his fingers by any thing more serious than a sonnet in an album, or an autograph upon Duchess Coutts. Yet his lordship is rather a voluminous author; and nevertheless, and notwithstanding, that we dare swear he never extracted one copper from the till of John Murray—he is on no account to be numbered, like the Morpeths, Mulgraves, and Johnny Russells, among that mighty army of paper-consumers, whose claim to come under the Linnæan class *ASINÆ* it would be a violation of conscience to disallow.

In fact, laying Byron and Mahon aside, we look upon the youth opposite as the most decent lord-author of this generation. His *Faust*, notwithstanding all that has been done in prose by Hayward, and in verse by Anster, to say nothing of such brainless and tuneless ragamuffins as Blackie, Syme, &c. &c., his *Faust* holds its place. We are inclined to the opinion lately expressed by Heraud, or Wordsworth, or Taylor, or some other first-rate poet, that from no other one *translation* would a stranger to the German tongue form so high a notion of old Goethe's merits. The lyrics are really beautiful; and the whole story of poor Margaret is brought out so as to fill the heart, if you have one, and the eyes, if you be under seventeen.

His own best verses are those on the *site* at Boyle Farm—then the "proud alcove" of the De Roosess, but now dignified by the learned leisure of Sir Edward Rugdenshaw Sugden, Knt. Others, in a similar vein, are diffused over the bowdours of Mayfair—rivalling in acceptation the tip-top felicities of Præd, Fitzgerald, Lady Blessington, and Mrs. Blackwood. *Quid datur ultra?*

The solemn labour of translating Raumer's History of the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries is, we believe, the last of his lordship's literary achievements—and we beg to offer him our respectful thanks for the same; though, if ever we come to have the third part of his rental, we shall patiently submit to hear all the world braying at us upon our successful termination of any similar exploit.

We see by the papers that our lord has just set up a yacht. On this head we feel more disposed to sympathise with his taste. By all means let him enjoy his princely fortune in every possible shape and fashion,—dance, ride, sail; for the evil days are at hand, and behold Bridgewater House will lie very convenient for his serenity the Second or Third Consul,—Joe Hume or Charlie Buller, to wit; while beneath the gilded ceilings of Oatlands will resound the Babylonian melodies of your brother translator, Bowring; who, after all, would hardly be more absurd as a Secretary of State, than the noble subject of this essay would as "the English master" in some Hamburg gymnasium. Yes, Lord Francis, live and lie fallow!—let *ede, bibe, lude*, be the word for the present. There will be time enough for authorship; and who knows but we, unassailable by revolutions, may have the satisfaction of bolstering you up occasionally by our certain guineas per sheet in due season.

THE CONTINENTAL TOUR OF MASTER PETER GILPIN, OF LONDON,

ADDRESSED FROM PARIS, TO MISS MARY JONES, OF TURNHAM GREEN.

DEAR MARY JONES ! I'll keep my word —
 I promised you my tour ;
 But, oh ! you can't imagine what
 I've since had to endure.

I've been to many a wondrous place,
 Seen many a wondrous sight ;
 And hardly dare expect that you'll
 Believe one half I write.

But, dearest Molly ! I'm not changed
 By all that I have seen ;
 I'm just the same as when I left
 Your pa's, at Turnham Green.

That is, I mean to say my heart ;
 For, as for all the rest,
 You'd scarce have known me had we met —
 I've gone so queerly drest.

I got a large hat at Leghorn,
 My hair curled *à la Siren*,
 And wore no neckcloth round my neck,
 To make me look like Byron.

Such was my travelling costume
 For summer, in the south ;
 But, here, I let what beard I have
 Sprout out above my mouth —

And wear a stiffened black cravat,
 And little hat aside,
 Tricolor'd buttons in my shirt,
 And waistcoat opened wide.

I've spurs, too, though I cannot ride ;
 My coat's as tight as wax ;
 Which, only when we're by ourselves,
 I'm suffered to relax.

But, never mind about my dress,
 'Tis half to please my aunt ;
 And when she's gone, I'll please myself
 In all that now I can't.

Indeed, when travelling along,
 I *couldn't* write to you ;
 There's such a rout when one's "*en route*,"
 One knows not what to do.

The dirty inns were all alike ;
 The towns seemed all the same ;
 We just took time to search the book
 And find each ugly name.

But, sometimes, we were sadly plagued
 With something to be seen ;
 And then I often wished myself
 With you at Turnham Green.

They'd make us climb long flights of stairs,
To see some boasted view,
Not half so fine as Hampstead Heath!
Upon my word, 'tis true!

And once, in coming up the Rhine,
They took me in to go
Quite up a hill, that I could see
Much better from below.

'Twas called the famous Drachenfeldt:
And when I asked for why;
The only answer I could get
Was, "Byron once passed by."

Some travellers must see every thing,
Or never are content;
So, after that, I shunned such folks
Wherever else I went.

We paid a shameful price to see
The Three Kings of Cologne:
There's nothing but an iron cage,
With bits of rotten bone!

They boasted much, too, of their wines,
And said they'd every sort;
And yet — methinks you'll scarce believe —
They'd not a glass of port!

At length we got to Switzerland,
And then began to climb
By frightful precipices, which
Some people call sublime.

I had determined not to stare
At any thing I saw;
But could not help it at the Alps,
Whose tip-tops never thaw.

But still they cannot be compared
To our own hills and groves;
For, though they're very high, they're like
A row of sugar-loaves.

The Simplon road goes winding through,
With dangerous places round:
For my own part, I much prefer
A drive on level ground.

And then, for that which sounds so fine,
"The blue Italian sky!"
Oh, how I longed for London smoke!
I thought that I should fry.

I got a blister on one cheek,
Another on my nose,
And, when I went to bed at night,
Was stung from head to toes.

They wanted me to go to all
The galleries in Rome,
But, when I'd been to two or three,
I chose to stay at home.

For why go gaping every day
 At pictures 'gainst a wall?
 When you've seen one lot, 'tis the same
 As if you'd seen 'em all.

Then Trajan's pillar's but a post
 To our own monument:
 Indeed 'twas disappointment all,
 At each place where I went.

The Vatican's made up of stairs,
 And galleries with props,
 And rooms stuck full of stones, and things
 One sees in curious shops.

There paintings, tombstones, images,
 Are ranged in many a line;
 And one, without arms, legs, or head,
 They tell you's wondrous fine!

The Colosseum's nothing like
 The one we have in town:
 There's only one side standing now,
 The rest has tumbled down!

The famed Pantheon can't compare
 With Brighton riding-school:
 I thought the guide had shewn me wrong,
 Or took me for a fool.

They say St. Peter's is more fine
 Than our St. Paul's, but why
 I cannot tell; though this I know,
 It does not look so high.

I don't know what we should have done
 Throughout our tedious stay
 At Rome, unless we'd met the Browns,
 And that passed time away.

At Naples, too, as if for spite,
 Vesuvius wouldn't smoke;
 Pompeii's only heaps of dirt;
 And Virgil's tomb a joke.

And Herculaneum's but a hole,
 Down which you go with lights:
 But, long before we got there, I
 Was tired of seeing sights.

And Pæstum was a shocking bore
 That gave us aching bones,
 Jolting, three tedious days, to see
 Some stupid rows of stones!

And Baia and the country round,
 Where guides point every minute
 At something which one can't make out —
 There's really nothing in it.

The bay's just like another bay;
 And Pausillippo's grot
 Is but a tunnel in a hill,
 Through which the jarvies trot.

The heat then drove us back near Rome,
 In hopes of getting colder :
 The pope 's just like the other priests,
 Only a little older.

We lodged at Tivoli ; and there
 Some famous man, or poet,
 Of ancient Rome, once had a house :
 So they pretend to shew it.

At Florence I got angry quite —
 I'd scarcely passed the door
 Of its famed gallery, ere I saw
 The things I'd seen before.

The same stone images and busts,
 All standing cheek by jowl ;
 Old, ugly heads, not fit to make
 An English barber's poll.

But that's the way they take you in,
 At every place you go
 To see great daubs against the wall,
 And statues ranged below !

Talk of a Venice gondola !
 'Tis but a clumsy wherry,
 With black-cloth cabin, like a hearth
 That takes a corpse to bury.

The city stands quite in the sea,
 So has no fine approaches :
 But the most curious thing of all
 Is — they've no hackney-coaches !

The Bridge of Sighs, which, they pretend,
 Poetic minds arouses,
 Is nothing but a little room
 That's stuck between two houses !

And the Rialto's but one arch
 Across a wide canal,
 Where butchers, fishmongers, and Jews,
 In filth and noise cabal.

Their vaunted sign, stuck on a pole,
 Is really most absurd —
 The winged " Lion of St. Mark !"
 'Tis neither beast nor bird !

They talk a deal of Lombardy ;
 But all that I shall say
 Is, 'twas so hot, that we were all
 Half-melted by the way.

We met the Jones's at Milan,
 Where they've some pleasant drives ;
 And there again we found the Browns
 And Smiths, with both their wives.

They boast of the Cathedral there ;
 And, really, 'tis a sight
 For those who've seen but few : for me,
 I think it much too white.

We saw Lake Major and its isles,
Which scarcely are worth seeing;
And bronze St. Carlo* by its side,
Like a great human being.

We stopped at Turin one whole night,
But got there very late;
However, I found time to see
The streets were all quite straight.

And then we crossed the Alps again,
'By going up and down
Over Mount Cenis; and, at Aix,
We took up Peter Brown.

Geneva's nothing, were it not
For watches, seals, and rings,
And chains, and ——— No, I won't tell; but
I've bought you several things.

We went to Chamouni, because
They said that we *must* go;
And, though the sun was blazing hot,
Saw lots of ice and snow!

You see I've mentioned only things
Of which folks talk and write;
Were I to tell you all I saw,
'Twould fill your album quite.

I shan't pretend to write of France,
Which everybody's seen;
And so, from Switzerland to here,
Skip all the towns between.

Well, here we met the Browns again,
Aunt Dobbs, and Uncle Twigg:—
My aunt has purchased three silk gowns,
And uncle sports a wig!

I've nothing more to see; but still
A winter here, they say,
Gives one "the finish." So, it seems,
We are obliged to stay.

That I have travelled I am glad,
Because I feel I've got
A something, though I really can't
Describe exactly what.

But you will see when I come home.
I think I shall despise
The fellows who have always lived
Beneath our cloudy skies.

Yet, Mary, pray believe it true!
'Mid all that I have seen,
There's nothing half so dear to me
As you and Turnham Green.

* The colossal statue of St. Carlo Borromeo, at Arona.

THE SOMERSET HOUSE ANNUAL. .

A POEM, says Horace, is a picture. Is not the converse of the proposition as true? Poet and artist, however, would both err, if they carried either maxim to extremes. Darwin and Fosbrooke wrote poems on the principle of using only precise images of picturesque effect, chiefly founded upon the sense of vision. We know not that either can be said to have prospered in so partial an aim, and must be ignorant of this branch of literature altogether to assert that it is or has been approved by the judicious. It has been justly said, that the very remembrance of "blind Thamyras and blind Mæonides" might have induced hesitation before such a theory was adopted. A poem, therefore, is something more than a picture, since it admits of images derived from the ear, the taste, the touch, and the smell, as well as the eye. In a similar manner a picture, though it may be truly said to be a poem in a certain sense, is at the same time something different. It may, indeed, suggest impressions of all the senses; but its direct province is with the sense of vision, and only through the medium of sight may it excite the soul.

The president of the Royal Academy is commendable, not only as a painter, but as a poet, and will therefore take the above observations in good part. We indeed hope that the motto to this year's catalogue, *Non seppon tutti far bene tutte le cose*, &c. (which is, by the by, far more to the purpose than generally happens), may not be applied by the malicious as a reflection upon the president himself, who is far from being a proficient in "*tutte le cose*," and is less to be commended for what he produced with his pencil than for what he once executed with his pen. If there be any thing that can reconcile us to the neglect of theoretical studies, it is Sir MARTIN SHEE's own example; which demonstrates how little they of themselves alone conduce to superiority in practice. He affords a still more striking instance than his predecessor, Sir Joshua, of the difference between laying down doctrine to others and adhering to it ourselves. With enthusiastic admiration of Michael Angelo

upon his lips, Reynolds affected an entirely opposite style of art, and founded his merits upon qualities scorned by the great Florentine master. So, too, does Sir Martin appear entirely to forget his counsels and precepts, as soon as he takes his palette in hand. Never very powerful, he is this season more than usually tame, whether the fault rests with himself or those who have sat to him. In his large portrait of the king, the grandeur of drapery and robes has been in his favour; but in all the rest he stands lower than some others in the Academy. His colouring is rather plausible than meritorious, and too indiscriminate withal; nearly the same complexion prevailing in every face: while to none has he imparted much of character or expression. His portrait of Lady Vivian (No. 57) looks neither like truth nor flattery, but has a kind of wax-work air about it and a vagueness of drawing that are very far from captivating ourselves. Our wonder increases, however, when we find the President venturing to challenge a comparison with his immediate predecessor, whose charming and animated portraits of children, replete with the most winning graces peculiar to that age, are so strong in the recollection of every one. The two children in No. 108 are intended to look particularly innocent, nor do we deny that they do so; yet there was no occasion to make their innocence of such a sheepish cast. Both (the elder one especially) seem to be over-acting the part the artist has given them, to a degree that borders upon silliness: so far the portrait of Sir J. Campbell's son (No. 161) has the advantage of them, and, although not particularly striking in itself, is quite as good as any thing Sir Martin exhibits this year.

Out of several hundred pictures in this year's exhibition, there are hardly half-a-score that can claim to belong to historical or poetical painting; and some of these might be more correctly termed *anecdote pictures*: for beyond such subjects very few now-a-days aspire. We require not to be told, that even productions of this description are preferable to much that has hitherto been palmed upon the world

under the imposing title of historical painting, while it has, in fact, been little else than 'graphic bombast, unmeaning show, and pompous frivolity. Equally ready are we to admit, that among the more familiar subjects—those which do not aspire even to the dignity of *anecdote*—there are many that may be viewed with pleasure *en passant*, yet no great number which a collector would care to possess; although we observed none of those low, vulgar "comicalities" upon canvass, which we have frequently met with, and which seem intended only to be translated into "popular prints," to attract a crowd at a shop-window. We may deceive ourselves, but we trust that the day for such manufacture is going by; and, indeed, it is astonishing how it could ever have obtained patronage—that is, purchasers—since people rarely buy pictures without the intention of displaying them, and no one could hang up "furniture" productions of this class without betraying the vulgarity of his own taste. If those who give us mere graphic buffoonery conceive, either that they are treading in the steps of Hogarth or countenanced by his example, they err most deplorably. Hogarth was frequently coarse, but not often vulgar; his unpolished energy was that of a mind which, conscious of its integrity of moral purpose, disregarded mere pharisaical decorum—the decorum that is more scrupulous as to expressions than as to meanings, and is less shocked at immorality attired *comme il faut*, than at the honest reprobation of vicious feeling and criminal indulgence. Some wholesome, although homely-expressed, ethic lesson, discovers itself in nearly every one of his productions; and although we neither admire nor defend his indelicacies, as such, we do not consider them as the offspring of a corrupt mind, or likely to corrupt by seductive allurements. He did not exactly paint, indeed, *virginibus puerisque*; neither

did Shakespeare himself always so write: still a depraved taste alone will direct its attention to, and especially single out from their works, what is objectionable in itself, and, by separating such parts from the rest, exhibit them distinct from the antidote of their context. Perhaps none of our modern humourists of the pencil have ever been guilty of the offences against propriety which Hogarth allowed himself; most certainly they have never, like him, attempted to instruct, to warn, to correct: their utmost ambition is to divert by graphic farce and joke; yet even when they do exhibit some cleverness on the part of the painter, jokes upon canvass are apt to become wearisome and dull as soon as the first surprise has worn off.*

When, by first descending to them himself, a man can elevate such subjects to a higher grade, and infuse into them (as Hogarth did) some strong redeeming quality, he may safely be left to pursue that track; yet, unless we are greatly mistaken, most of those who conceive they have a talent for it, do so on no better ground than their consciousness that they have no talent for any thing superior—that, in any thing more elevated, their failure would be signal.

We have said that there are this season very few pieces that aspire to the rank of legitimate historical painting. Is not, then, the lion of the exhibition, WILKIE'S "Columbus in the Convent of La Rabida," to all intents and purposes an historical subject? It is an admirable picture, nevertheless; and if not quite equal to any work of any master, old or new, is yet, at any rate, one of the best ever produced in this country. It has all the action, all the expression, the subject admits—is founded upon an anecdote of high historical value—and were it a group of portraits by a contemporary of the characters here introduced, would then possess an historic interest of the strongest kind:

* The late Michael Sharp may be said to have completely wrecked himself upon this fatal quicksand of vulgar drollery. With talents that promised to raise him to distinction, and which, had they been properly directed, would have earned for him an honourable reputation, he chose to enter upon the meanest and most contemptible walk of his art,—to paint ~~coarse~~ fun and whim; until at length he sunk into downright imbecility both of ideas and execution. Many of his later productions were no better than *maculatur*,—what no one would give house-room to, except it were in a servants'-hall, or else in the "travellers'-room" of an inn. Nevertheless, some of them were puffed off at the time of their appearance; but it would not do: poor Sharp fairly painted himself down; and at last went out of the world without a single newspaper saying "Good bye" to him.

for such, in fact, they might almost be taken. There is an air of veracity so forcibly impressed upon the whole, that the artist appears to have drawn from actual observation rather than from his own ideas. There is a quiet, unaffected simplicity, that is truly captivating; no aiming at effect, no theatrical display, no mere filling-up, none of that exuberance that is frequently poured forth in order to catch attention, and divert it from the pauperism and meagreness of the painter's imagination. The colouring is forcible, yet sober; the execution truly admirable, finished, without being at all laboured, and free and masterly, although the reverse of negligent. The details are most happily managed, most carefully worked up, yet not in the least obtrusive. There is, for instance, a silver tankard upon the table, which, although kept duly subordinate, as a mere accessory, would, if detached from the rest, form a very fine bit of "still-life." There are two minor subjects by Wilkie, the "First Ear-ring" (No. 8.), and "Sancho Panza in the Days of his Youth" (No. 122). The former of these is in a rather light and sketchy manner, and equally slight in subject,—a familiar incident, yet happily told, and expressed with a sufficient relish of comic humour. In the tanned-hide urchin we are presented with a well-conceived image of the future squire to the renowned Quixote, the antithesis to his master in chivalric enthusiasm, yet confessedly his co-partner in fame. He is altogether, nationally and phrenologically, marked out for the cunning, anti-romantic Sancho—the lover of good cheer and shrewd proverbs. This little picture is a charming specimen of colouring, is freely handled, and, although not highly, is studiously finished.

Unless our memory deceives us, EASTLAKE's "Peasants on a Pilgrimage to Rome" (No. 114) is a subject that has been before, although differently, treated by him; and is one too congenial with his penchant for Italian peasantry and their costume not to exhibit much of his peculiar talent, and that to advantage: at the same time it does not please us so well as most of his banditti groups, which had a certain quality of originality our eye misses here. The scene, however, is picturesque enough, and conveys a more honest than flattering idea of

Catholic devotion of that frequently sincere, though superstitious and idolatrous feeling, which calls up so much transport at the first coming in sight of the "Holy City."

UWINS also treats us with a tid-bit of Catholicism in No. 283, the "Festa della Madonna del Arco;" but there is a great deal of puerility in this artist's works—one of the hundred who paint Italian subjects in the same manner.

In his "Vow of the Ladies and the Peacock" (No. 270), MACCLISE is not only not sparing of figures, but actually prodigal of them; and may almost be said to have put a quartetto of pictures upon one canvass. It does not often happen that our artists afford any occasion for complaining of exuberance; but we do think that in this instance the subject would have been all the better had there been less variety and more unity in it,—there being too much by-play, too many episodic groups, that divert attention from what should be the principal point of interest; and this want of unity is the rather felt because some of the episodes are treated more *con amore*, as it appears to us, than the main action. The picture is of a most ambitious order, nevertheless, and exhibits equal promptitude both of mind and hand. Great mastery of pencil is displayed, and wonderful facility of execution. There are beauties in this production of no ordinary quality; it manifests equal fertility of ideas and ability in embodying them; an eye for colour, and facility of design; invention and character. After all, too, Mr. MacClise's error—if error it be to have put forth too much strength—is of a sufficiently laudable kind; nor should we be sorry to find it infectious, as there are many who would be greatly benefited by receiving the contagion. He is inspired with the true spirit of romance—an imagination overflowing in action, and expending itself recklessly from a consciousness of inexhaustible opulence. The "years that bring the philosophic mind" will find him a master indeed in this most delightful of the arts.

It would be no very great compliment to ERRY to say that even the most ordinary of his damsels eclipses the Pandora who is to preside over the Soanean museum. It is rather through excess than from deficiency of blandishments that his females are apt to

offend—at least to startle the prudish. Some of them are “archetypes of voluptuousness”—more “gymnastical”—*οἱ τοῦ γυμνασίου ἀπογυμνασμένοι*, than is altogether becoming, except in an academy of the living model; for Etty too frequently indulges in a prurient obtrusion of nudity upon the eye, as if willing to ascertain to what length his admirers will allow him to proceed. “Venus and her Satellites” (No. 94) is not altogether so striking an instance of this as some productions before exhibited by him. We apprehend, however, he would not be mightily pleased were he to be told there is nothing whatever in it to stimulate the fancy. In fact, it breathes an air of Idalian luxuriousness all the more seductive for being refined into bewitching elegance. His “Phædria and Cymocles” (No. 310) is not in a more splendid, but in a more boudoir-like style—for “meretricious” would seem too pointed an epithet; and the amorous pair who are so closely entwined together in their tiny mother-of-pearl boat—perhaps the better to preserve its balance, seem to be altogether denizens of a holiday world, where people can live most jollily without any more substantial fare than transports and kisses. Etty is apt to *poetise* with his pencil much after the fashion that Darwin piqued himself upon *painting* with his pen, rather too flowerily and lusciously: they cloy us with sweets till we feel surfeited and out of conceit with them. This artist’s ladies are addicted to attitudinising more than decorum warrants; yet few of them throw themselves into such unseemly postures as one of those in No. 325 (“Wood-nymphs Sleeping”): we might almost fancy that satyrs as well as the graces occasionally inspire him, and direct his pencil. As we cannot notice every one of his subjects, we shall, in addition to the preceding, mention only “the Bridge of Sighs, Venice” (No. 235), for a peculiar moonlight effect, in which the painter has perhaps sought to encroach too much on the poet’s province. He has endeavoured to give sentiment to stonework, and make colours perform the office of words. While Turner delights to fling a misty indistinctness over his most sunny scenes, and introduces in the broadest light of day, figures, buildings, and other objects, of such hazy, air-

woven tenuity that they seem to flicker before our eyes, Etty has here shewn a noontide glare and garishness contending with night for mastery. As the moon itself is not visible, only the intense violet-blue of the sky, with a star sparkling upon it, informs us what is the luminary whose beams are thus powerful. Every outline is so sharp and cutting, the colours so “uncorrupt” and clear, that this picture has the look of being a piece of inlay work or veneering. It would be doing injustice to this great artist were we to pretermitt his “Warrior Arming” (No. 287), which is characterised by a grand and noble expression, and a fine head of antique chivalry, testifying a master’s mind and hand. It is, in fact, a specimen of the *beau idéal* which cannot be too highly praised.

We regret to say that HILTON has but one subject; and our regret is not unmingled with disappointment at being obliged to add that, instead of being an historical one, it is of a kind which possesses neither novelty nor interest in itself. “Nymph and Cupid” is as trite a theme as the Roman Catholic “Madonna and Child.” It is, however, a fine picture. There is an exquisite tone of suavity in the colouring, and not a little *naïveté* in the figure of the infantine Cupid; if we are not mistaken, he bears a striking similarity of physiognomy to Sir Joshua’s Puck. Still, however creditable the work is in itself, it is not commensurate with the artist’s powers, who must have felt himself in the situation of Hercules employed at the distaff.

For admirable propriety and correctness of execution, we have few artists who can more safely be recommended as a model than EDWIN LANDSEER; and he may all the more safely be pointed out as such, because exempt from any of those obvious peculiarities upon which a copyist can fasten. They who could follow him, would hardly need any other guide than the one he has chosen, and to whom he faithfully adheres—Nature itself. The felicity with which he expresses its most delicate and evanescent *nuances*, is a secret he could not divulge, were he ever so much inclined to do so. It consists in something very far superior to mere accuracy, for, like a mirror, it softens and irradiates what it reflects. With powerful truth of local colouring, he knows also how to combine the most

captivating general colour, and a liquid transparency of tone that is most grateful to the eye. That department of the art which he has selected for himself, is very far from being the most elevated or the most intellectual; but it must be admitted that he has conferred upon it, if not positive dignity, a refinement of which it might be thought scarcely susceptible: and it is more meritorious to ennoble a lower rank of art than to degrade and vulgarise a higher one, as generally happens when our painters attempt subjects that call for intellectual qualities, for passion, or imagination. No. 303, "Favourites, the property of H.R.H. Prince George of Cambridge," would alone justify all that we have said of Landseer. Much is it to be wished, that every one of those who undertake to paint "ladies" or "gentlemen," would exhibit along with such subjects the spirit, the truth, and the happy *non so che*, which give such interest and animation to those portraits of a dog and horse, and to all the accessories of the composition. As generally represented, portraits of horses, however satisfactory they may be to those who look at them with the eye of a groom or a jockey, are graphic abominations, fitter to swing upon sign-posts than to be hung up in gilt frames. But it is to "A Scene in the Grampians—the Drover's Departure" (No. 167), that particular attention must be directed. This is the crowning picture of the exhibition. Here, in exquisite developement, we detect all Landseer's peculiar excellences. It is impossible to praise the grouping too highly; both men and animals are equally well executed. Every part is so beautifully detailed, that no specification is possible of distinct beauties, else we would select the hen defending her chickens against the little dog. The execution, it may be safely said, cannot be surpassed. Cows, bulls, sheep, all are lifelike—nay, all are living. In fine, though there be no particular point of interest, the entire performance is full of elaborate and characteristic finish.

This is lofty praise—yet let us not be misunderstood. This picture is the best, certainly, in this year's academy:

it is, however, not the best in that wider school, the world. It is far from being a key-picture; and, if this be not such, we must look in vain for one in the present exhibition. This is a sad want. We have nothing, consequently, by which to compare and contrast the different works. Of the most worthy productions, cleverness is the proper characteristic. If this be all we can say of the greater efforts, what shall be now said of the less? Reader, permit us a few remarks.

Had Mr. Bell succeeded with the notable scheme he would fain have prevailed upon Sir John Soane to patronise, it is possible that the same principle would by this time have been extended to the other arts, and painters, as well as architects, have been debarred from practising, unless duly qualified by taking a degree, and obtaining a diploma. Similar testimonials of professional capability might also very properly be made a *sine qua non* in the case of those who practise either as poets or novelists; for that there are quacks and interlopers in all these professions, as well as in that of architecture, no one who is in the least acquainted with them can doubt. Nevertheless, it may be questioned whether any real advantage would be gained by such a scheme, or the public at all better secured against impostors and pretenders than at present. Unluckily, no one has yet hit upon any infallible test as respects taste. There is no unerring standard of orthodoxy in such matters; consequently, that must be left altogether out of the question, and the candidates could be examined only in what appertains to the mere mechanical part of their respective pursuits. A diploma for painting might, indeed, be reasonably refused to one who could not draw a decent outline; an ignorance of grammar would afford just ground for sending back a candidate ambitious of setting up as a manufacturer either of poetry or of fashionable novels; and an aspirant for the honours of translatorship would hardly be allowed to pass his examination, if unable to construe a sentence in any of the languages from which he purposes to overturn foreign books into his own vernacular tongue.*

* Had such wholesome regulation existed, Bowring would never have set up as translator-general from all the tongues and dialects throughout Europe. Almost every one of his "specimens" bears strong internal evidence of the manner in which

When we find so many inferior productions admitted into exhibitions, it would be altogether preposterous to suppose that a college for artists would exclude candidates on the mere grounds of insufficiency, while a Royal Academy makes no scruple of receiving, and so far giving some sanction to, things that are as little creditable to them as judges, as to the ability of their authors. We believe the evil must be left to correct itself. When the public shall cease to tolerate mediocrity on the one hand, and sheer extravagance on the other; when it shall demand a higher intellectual tone—more study on the part of artists—a more sterling and equable degree of merit in their works,—we may begin to hope for a change, which now we dare hardly anticipate.

To say the truth, we have strong doubts in our own mind whether, as at present conducted, the different annual exhibitions are altogether calculated to bring about such a result. Undoubtedly they give a certain stimulus: the question is, whether that stimulus is a salutary one? Exhibitions themselves are almost certain of being encouraged: they afford a cheap amusement, and every visitor is sure of the pleasure of hunting after something to his own peculiar taste; yet unless he bring some judgment along with him, he is not likely to be burdened by any that he will carry away after lounging an hour or so amidst an indiscriminate mass of pictures. That there must be a vast alloy of mediocrity, including much that does not rise even to the level of respectability, may be inferred from the number of productions annually received; else, were quantity any criterion of merit, England would at this moment rank as high for its proficiency in painting as almost any other nation, ancient or modern. The Royal Academy, and not that body alone, but those who have the management of other exhibitions, err not a little in reversing a sound maxim, transposing it into the

new reading of *multa hand multum*. Convenience, rather than any discretionary principle of selection, seems to be their guide; since, without attributing to them such a degree both of unfairness and bad policy as to reject what is good, they certainly do condescend to hang up a very great deal that has nothing to recommend it to public notice—most probably for no better reason than because they can thus fill up many vacant spaces, and cover all their walls from top to bottom. In our opinion this system calls loudly for correction; for admitting that an alteration in it would not increase the number of good works, it would be a positive gain to decrease the number of those which verge upon the ignominious distinction of being very bad. Exhibitions would no longer be clogged, as they now generally are, with so many pieces of painted and framed canvass, whose only merit is that they operate as foils to what deserve the name of pictures—causing even mediocre performances to appear respectable, in comparison with themselves. Were some little regard paid to quality, some preliminary ordeal established, it might be better both for the profession and the public—certainly more creditable to those who officiate as caterers for the latter on such occasions. Artists—or we should perhaps say professional persons—would then have a twofold stimulus: they would be aware that they must exert themselves in order to make their performances pass muster; and they would also work with the consciousness of knowing that nothing could be rejected for want of room, and that admission would imply—which at present it does not—some acknowledged merit. Specious cleverness and dexterity rather abound than the contrary; but then it is for the most part a species of cleverness whose after-performances seldom fulfil its earlier promises, and a dexterity that settles down into a mere knack of practice. However

they were manufactured; otherwise the blunders into which he has frequently fallen would be more unaccountable than they now are. Not long ago, a German journal, then recently established, upset the *übersetzer*, by confronting some *soi-disant* translations by him from the Lettish with the originals,—printing the latter in one column, *verbatim* German version in another, and Bowring's translation in a third. In many instances the ideas were as dissimilar as they could well be; still, we do not say that the Doctor intended to impose upon his readers; we rather suspect that he was imposed upon himself: at all events, it seems he imposed upon himself a task to which he was unequal,—a fine illustration of the value of the Bell system of diplomas!

successfully it may stake with the public at first, talent of this description rarely maintains its lustre long, but is neglected for something newer to the town, if not more deserving of its favour. Strenuous application in the path he has chalked out for himself, and study with the mind no less than with the hand, are indispensable even for the most gifted, if they would do justice to themselves, and not accept ephemeral applause instead of permanent fame. Now it unfortunately happens that the ambition which looks to the former, rather than to the latter of these objects, is fostered more than there is any occasion for by the system of public exhibitions of pictures. Artists are apt, and not unnaturally so, to prefer the ready cash of popularity to the long-dated bills of sterling reputation; and, in order to secure the popularity, the taste of the many must be consulted in preference to that of the few. Accordingly we are of opinion, that although we have some able painters, they are more indebted to themselves for being so, than to such institutions for having made them so.

"Our heart is woe" for TURNER. The "Burning of the Houses of Lords and Commons" (No. 294) is a great curiosity. The light is that of an English November day, while the flames are of more than November dulness. As the poetic style disdains to be cramped by matter of fact, we must, we suppose, excuse Mr. Turner for his pictorial amplification of the scenery, and the daring licenses and liberties he has taken with perspective, which do not exactly become one who is a professor of it. "Keelmen heaving in Coals by Night" (No. 24) is thought highly of; it is nevertheless a failure. The night is not night; and the keelmen and the coals are any thing. The "*Ehrenbreitstein*" (No. 74) is, however, beautiful. His "Venice" (No. 155), on the other hand, is a piece of brilliant obscurity; where, depending entirely upon colour, he has dispensed with drawing and form, as unnecessary for his purpose. As Mr. Turner seems to be afflicted with a singular delusion, and to fancy that in order to be poetical it is necessary to be almost unintelligible, we would recommend him to go, and not only look at, but attentively study a "Venice," of a very different character from his own—that exquisitely fine scene of the

"Grand Canal," by Harding, in the Water-colour Exhibition. That is the genuine poetry, both of nature and of art, in such subjects! The architecture is beautifully expressed with all the feeling of a painter: while the buildings are lucidly defined, no parts are harsh or obtrusive, but all made to contribute to the general effect: there is a powerful breadth of execution, and the colouring is glowing and brilliant, at the same time that it is free from artifice or exaggeration. We would further advise him to make use of the same opportunity, and examine Cattermole's pieces there; in which he may observe a masterly freedom of execution and original vigour of colouring, combined with a no less masterly intelligence of form.

PHILLIPS displays great power as a portrait-painter. There is an unaffected vigour both in his drawing and colouring, accompanied with a gracefulness of composition that, independently of likeness, renders his works highly pleasing as pictures; at the same time that it is impossible to question their fidelity as likenesses, the individuality of the persons being so markedly expressed. Mrs. Preston (No. 38) is a fine specimen of his talent; a charmingly painted figure of a lady, who, although past her first bloom, retains attractions which the artist's pencil appears to have done justice to, without exaggerating them. A chastened elegance of taste displays itself throughout; and whether it be that of the lady herself, or of the artist for her, the style of her dress offers a model of simplicity combined with richness. The prevailing colours are so chosen as to set off the complexion to advantage, and nothing can be more happily imagined than the *ensemble* of her whole attire, which preserves a most felicitous medium between that frigid plainness with which some painters rather *drape* than dress their sitters, unwilling, perhaps, to have any thing at all to do with so mutable a concern as fashion; and that excess of finery with which others heap them, in hope of thereby making them look like persons of consequence. No changes of fashion can possibly render obsolete the beauty of dress which is truly becoming in itself; and in this respect the artists of the present day have a decided advantage over Sir Joshua and his contemporaries, who, unless

they chose to put their female sitters into complete masquerade, had to contend with the most preposterously unnatural sophistications of the female form* and face.* It is true, Mr. Allan Cunningham would fain persuade us, that there is much "simplicity of costume" in Sir Joshua's portrait of Mrs. Molesworth; nevertheless, in our opinion, not only the dress but the whole figure is exceedingly quaint and formal, if compared with any thing short of an Egyptian mummy.

There is also great merit in GEORGE PATTEN'S "Portrait of William Dickenson, Esq. late M.P. for the county of Somerset" (No. 286). It is, *par excellence*, a portrait. The same observation is in a degree applicable to his "Rev. R. Dalton, late minister of St. Jude's, Liverpool" (No. 138). Of both it may be remarked, that they are free from all that is foreign to the purpose of the picture. Neither is filled up with trash, as is the case with every other portrait in the rooms, with the single exception of Wilkie's. But this artist has higher claims than these in the minds of those who recollect his "Cymon and Iphigenia" last year. They will seek with anxiety his "Venus caressing her favourite Dove" (No. 194). Tenderness is the prevalent expression of this exquisite picture. Grace and gentleness constitute the character and sentiment of the composition. The attitude of the Venus, and the flattered sense of complacent gratitude with which the bird returns the attention of its mistress, is indicated in the action of the head, neck, and wing. Too much praise cannot be bestowed on what, for want of a better term, we will call the Calibre of Form—that noble and ideal style of limb by which the Elgin marbles are distinguished. The flesh, as to colour, is conceived in the same spirit as the form, and removed from the common and the actual. The subdued tone of light and shade, so far from impairing what would be extermied by a vulgar mind the richness of the effect, contributes to what is really and properly to be so termed in the estimation of the judicious. This work influences

the mind like a picture of Correggio's, without his inaccuracy of drawing. The perfect and gentle gradation of light from the head to the feet gives a varied effect to each part, and preserves a due subordination from the principal point of interest in the centre, where the light highly illuminates the neck and shoulders of the Venus, and glances over the dove, which she is caressing, and melts in tender tints into the background of foliage, which, though deeply subdued, possesses the transparent juiciness of Rembrandt. A few more brilliant touches in the centre were advisable; the effect, on account of the excessive softness of the whole, being drowsy overmuch, and wanting in firmness and decision of contrast. We have before given this artist credit for the classical walk which he has assumed; and we were particularly impressed with his merits in this respect, when we found that in this exhibition, as in the last, he stood alone in his attempt, and, so far as he has prospered, in his attainment. It only remains to add, that the chastity of the style and tone of feeling and thought in which the picture is conceived and executed, bestows upon it a refinement which will recommend it to every spectator of cultivated taste, capable of enjoying the higher beauties of the fine arts.

Concentrating their forces forms no part of the Royal Academy's tactics, otherwise they would have selected HART'S "Richard the First and the Soldan Saladin" (No. 395), as one of the ornaments of the great room, instead of hanging it up in the ante-room, where—we cannot say it is lost—but it does not make the display it would have done in the other. Mr. Hart is particularly happy in his choice of subjects,—for, while he selects such as favour his peculiar *forte* in respect to romantic costume and accessories, he takes care that they shall not be deficient in historic importance and value. Although a matter of very secondary importance, it may be added that the dimensions of this picture are such as to render it not unfit for a moderately spacious apartment; though, as for the matter of that, we are inclined to question

* If Mr. Pitt's tax on hair-powder was the cause of that article being banished from the toilette, or even one among other causes, the premier would deserve the thanks of his countrymen, and particularly the painting part of them, for that most essential service; although we suppose that such desirable result did not at all enter into his calculations.

whether size, as is generally alleged, operates unfavourably in regard to the cultivation of historical painting among us, when we behold canvases ample enough to cover the side of a wall, if not an "acre of ground," occupied with "family groups," in which there is no grouping whatever. In fact, there is a performance that nearly answers to this description hanging opposite the picture we have been speaking of.

ALLAN is an absentee—not from the walls of Somerset House, but from Scotland, which he has exchanged, and certainly without at all bettering himself, for a warmer, yet to him less genial clime; where he seems to feel himself so little at home, that we did not recognise him in the "Moorish Love-letter" (No. 49). As a bit of pictorial romance, it is less romantic than any of Lewis's Spanish scenes at the Water-colour Exhibition, which are marked by a descriptive vivacity and unaffected energy truly delightful.

If Allan be a deserter from Scotland, KNIGHT—who, by the by, is as good a knight as any of those enrolled among the academicians—has travelled thither for a subject, and, what is more to the purpose, has treated it excellently well, for his "Tam O'Shanter" (No. 406) might have inspired Burns himself, had this painting preceded his poem in its date. The pencil of the artist has most successfully identified itself with the pen of the Scottish bard. We need not the quotation given from the latter to convince us that Tam is "o'er all the ills of life victorious." His countenance, his attitude, attest it; nor do we remember ever to have seen the reckless gaiety of inebriety more ably expressed—with power, but perfectly free from vulgar coarseness, on the part of the artist. The whole scene, too, consisting of only four figures, is well conceived; and the effect of the light thrown upon them from the fire is exceedingly well managed. We almost fancy that we feel the cheerful blaze which irradiates the countenances of this merry quartetto group. The warmth of illumination reminds us of *Skalken*.

Far be it from us to reproach the national taste for the encouragement it gives to portrait painting—being of opinion, with the author of *The Doctor*, that it has its source in the more amiable feelings of our nature; we only censure the taste for exhibiting indis-

criminately things that are recommended neither by their merit as pictures nor by any interest attached to the individuals whose faces they represent. Among *Burns's* eight portraits—for he this year exhibits no other subjects,—those of Charles Kemble and Mrs. Austin are attractive in both these respects; not so the one of Mrs. Jameson, whose appearance little corresponds with the image we had formed of her from her writings. Wilkie's portrait of the late Rev. Edward Irving is a very singular production. It is, notwithstanding, deserving of consideration, as doubtless the qualities in it to which we might feel willing to object were not accidental, but elected. The artist evidently did not mean to give a mere likeness, as not a single feature resembles the original; yet the expression is so perfect, that none can doubt a moment for whom it is intended. This effect is very remarkable: nothing, at the same time, was so like and unlike. The head, in fact, is ideal, and is treated in a Rembrandt style—the face being greatly enveloped in shade and illuminated by reflection. Wilkie has undoubtedly a right to a caprice of this kind, however we might deny it to an inferior artist. His portrait of Sir James McGregor is excellent.

BEECHY has done more service to his brother knight than to the exhibition,—his portraits serving well enough to keep Sir Martin's in countenance. Miss Emma Roberts, on the contrary, he seems to have put quite out of countenance,—so little does the face he has bestowed on her resemble that which *Lover* has given her.

T. C. THOMPSON has an excellent whole-length of the Bishop of Derry (No. 469), that deserved to have occupied a place in the great room, instead of being hung up amidst the flutter of drawings, miniatures, and medley subjects in the Antique Academy. It is in a bold yet chaste style, carefully pointed, and free from all trickery and artifice. His portrait of Mr. Spring Rice was one of the best works of its class exhibited last season, yet was not allowed to be seen to the greatest advantage; although, had it exchanged places with some that were more conspicuous, the visitors would have been double gainers thereby. We should not at all object to there being so many places which the eye can never explore, were we

sure they were invariably assigned to those productions which seem intended for modest retirement and shade. Instead of which, however well they may observe their own bye-laws, the Academy do not attend to the laws of composition,—for they frequently thrust into the back-ground what would bear to be displayed, and drag into the fore-ground what might very judiciously be put as far out of sight as possible. They have poked poor old Coke (No. 222) quite into a corner; yet we do not blame them for that, because, although he looks rather miserable there, and as if conscious of the affront, we are not quite certain that he would cut a better figure any where else. Had they treated OLIVER'S "Portraits of Sisters" (No. 334) after the same fashion, or rather put them topmost, above all the crowd, we are certain that, however displeased the artist might have been, the ladies would have had no reason to complain of any injury. In giving this hint, we are perfectly disinterested, since it is we who should have been losers, and have been deprived of the amusement of contemplating one of the most seriously droll productions in the whole exhibition. Doubtless the Academy would rather receive such subjects from Mr. Oliver as his "Mouse and Filberts" (No. 240)—not quite so delectable a combination as "Wine and Walnuts"—or his "Puss" (No. 373), than any other kind of portraiture. What sort of a subject was turned out to make way for his Grimalkin we cannot divine; since, notwithstanding she is far more comely than either of the two ladies, we should as soon have expected to find living "pusses" as this painted one within the exhibition-rooms of the Royal Academy. Nothing can be more disagreeably and uncleverly natural,—for it has no more pretensions to rank as a work of art than a stuffed cat with artificial eyes would, which is exactly what it looks like. In the great room there is the head of a lap-dog, a beautiful little spaniel, by Edwin Landseer (No. 130), which is the very antipode to "Puss." That it is more natural, more deceptive, than the last, we dare not affirm; but, although it shows little more than the animal's head, with a bit of blue riband round its neck, it is quite a picture,—not a *miniature*, such as, when samplers were in date, a school-girl would have

worked upon;—it has all the living expression of nature, set off by the happiest execution of art. However, if any old ladies wish to have their favourite tabbies' likenesses taken to their perfect satisfaction, we would recommend Oliver to them rather than Landseer: we cannot afford to spare the latter for such humdrum work as that. Mr. Oliver may shew exemplary discretion in treating the public, as he annually does, with plates of walnuts and baskets of filberts; and, as we have said, doubtless the Academy hang up his pictures of that kind with the view of excluding, if possible, his portraits: in which latter he evidently gets quite *ultra crepidam*, and exemplifies more strikingly than is desirable the undeniable truth couched in their motto. There are likewise many others, whose performances would serve as a literal—by far too literal a translation of the same; inasmuch as they convince us it is not every one who understands every thing, namely, every thing that he has occasion for in a single picture. Some succeed well enough in painting objects, who are utterly unable to produce any subject; others give us colour with the omission of drawing, or else, *vice versâ*, drawing with little more than dead colouring. There are those who paint entirely for effect at a certain distance, closer than which the spectator should not approach, if he would not be shocked by trowelling and daubing; while the pictures of others require to be very closely looked into indeed, in order to detect all that exactitude in their minutiae which constitutes their chief recommendation. Rarely, indeed, are we struck by any of that poetical invention which may be applied even to the most prosaic materials, so as to invest them with all the charm of novelty; not because foreign to nature, but because the artist knows how to bring out and set in the most forcible light those qualities which most others having but imperfectly felt, have still more imperfectly described. Portrait painting itself, which seems least of all favourable to it, far from excluding this kind of invention, admits of it in a higher degree than the generality of those who practise are aware. A happy turn of attitude, be it ever so little, from any of those usually employed, an attention to characteristic air and expression, will go far

towards producing a decided originality.

As an academician, LESLIE ought perhaps to have had precedence of notice bestowed upon him; yet, as we are not very methodical in our examination, he will hardly consider what we have done him an intentional slight. He has two pictures, both of which are very cleverly painted, and shew much ability; and are, withal, of a class likely to captivate the multitude,—of course we mean the multitude who pay their shillings at Somerset House; yet, in our opinion, both the subjects are of an ungrateful kind, being hardly worth the pains that have been bestowed upon them. Neither of them is by any means so well imagined as his “Sancho and the Duchess,” or the “Dinner Scene at Page’s House;” nor do we think that even as pictures they are in any degree superior or equal to that of the “Grosvenor Family.” In that of “Columbus and the Egg” (No. 89), the incident upon which the subject is founded is little more than an episode in a showy banquet scene; and in itself is one of those which rather lose than gain any thing by being represented to the eye. “Gulliver’s Introduction to the Queen of Brobdignag” (No. 131), is even more objectionable,—for the Brobdignagians appear no other than ordinary-sized people—and all perfectly English ones, by the by—while Gulliver himself might be mistaken for a tiny puppet, instead of a living figure, placed upon the table, and which they are all admiring. The surprise variously expressed on the different countenances is well hit off; and the whole is in that respect so pleasingly natural, that we only regret the artist did not either invent or select some less trivial subject for the exercise of his pencil. The subject perhaps is better suited to the style which Mr. Leslie has fallen into of late than one more dignified would be,—for it is almost too deceptive to observe the due bounds of pictorial illusion. It is possible to make pictures too much like realities,—so much so, that the figures become akin to waxwork and real dresses.

By way of turning to one who affords

a sufficiently strong contrast to Leslie, let us look at the poetical compositions painted by HOWARD, for three compartments, or rather small panels, in a ceiling of Sir John Soane’s Museum (Nos. 243, 4, 5); though we certainly should not have conceived them intended to be so placed, since they are evidently fitted only to be hung up according to the usual mode. However, they will not suffer much by being fixed where they can hardly be distinguished. We had hoped that this style of painted poetry was now utterly exploded, and sent into banishment with the *Damons, Strephons, and Chloes*, who used, some century ago, to figure in rhyme, much after the fashion Mr. Howard’s figures here do upon canvass. His ideas may be remote from prose,—most assuredly they are not couched in the usual and intelligible language of the art; but of poetical sentiment, vigour, or expression, they appear to us to possess not a particle. Pandora,

“whom the gods
Endowed with all their gifts,”

has received none at the hands of the painter; neither do the divinities themselves, as depicted by him, appear to have had any excellence to bestow upon her. They are all wonderfully tame and insipid creatures; and the colouring is no less flat and insipid than the figures,—gaudy without being gay, and weak without being sober. Whether this Pandora is intended to be a hieroglyphical personification of the museum it is intended to grace is more than we affect to know; but we surmise that, had the artist been left to choose his own subject, he would have exercised his imaginative and poetic powers upon the apotheosis of Sir John himself.*

We have seen better pictures by ROBERTS than his “Cathedral of Burgos” (No. 359), although seldom a finer architectural subject, or a more interesting specimen of the Gothic style. The colouring is heavy, and totally devoid of transparency in the shadows; and his outline much enfeebled by being clogged with paint, instead of being kept well defined, without being offensively harsh. Spme-

* This august ceremony took place a few weeks ago, when the knight was liberally incensed with more than classical adulation; or he may be said to have received the honours of an *ante mortem* canonisation, being assured by one of his flatterers of obtaining “the grace of God!!”

times, too, he is given to sin very disagreeably against perspective, without a perfect knowledge of which an architectural painter is like a navigator steering without compass. However, we trust that this is not the only subject Burgos Cathedral will afford him, and that he will do more justice to that edifice on other occasions; and we would advise him to be less afraid in future of giving the full expression to its details. There is a picture of Ionic Ruins, by his friend Maddox, in the Suffolk Street Exhibition (where, we should remark, he himself this year plays the truant), that may serve to convince him it is possible to preserve outline and minutiae without impairing breadth or degenerating into hardness. In Roberts's picture there is an opaqueness of tone, both in the lights and shadows, that diminishes much of pleasure we should otherwise receive from it; and an engraving from it would no doubt shew to greater advantage than the painting itself does. Notwithstanding that his style of painting architecture holds a middle course between those of Turner and Etty, Roberts has not hit upon an exactly happy medium. We miss the distinct articulation, if we may so express ourselves, which architecture requires.

CONSTABLE, on the contrary, is generally all articulation, even in landscape; his "Valley Farm" (No. 145) is a strong sample of this peculiarity. As Etty's picture conveys the idea of veneering, so does Constable's seem to be executed in tessellated work, or mosaic; it being rather spotted with paint than painted. It is, therefore, more remarkable for spirit and sparkle than for breadth; it has brilliancy, but it has also too much glitter. Now although we hold it to be of very little importance how an artist obtains the result he seeks, whether by the usual means, or others he has discovered for himself, we must confess that we do not admire artifices so barefaced that they are detected as soon as we look upon the picture. Far easier is it to produce *curiosities* in this way, than a work of genuine art. Thieving was not considered immoral by the Lacedemonians, yet to be detected in the act was ignominious; so, too, all kinds of tricks and artifices may be tolerated in painting, and only then severely reprobated when they happen to be found out. However, Mr. Constable will hardly

do much harm to others, whatever he may to himself; for his manner is not likely to make many proselytes. Still we would not have him imagine, that his oddity of manner blinds us to his merits; for merits he undoubtedly has. If through whim he is voluntarily unnatural, he also shews that he can both feel and express some of the most lovely qualities in English rural scenery; and although his skies are too literally "pure marble air," he at the same time makes us sensible of the fresh and refreshing breeze.

MR. T. SYDNEY COOPER's cattle-piece (No. 365) deserves to be pointed out, as a fine specimen of the pictorial treatment of animal portraiture. We should think that a connoisseur in "Stock" must be delighted with the fine marking and character of the bull and cows, while a connoisseur in painting must be equally so with the beauty of the grouping and composition, and the admirable colouring and handling of the piece. That a man gifted with such powers as are here displayed should have ever been reduced to the necessity of making lithographic drawings of bonnets and caps, would seem almost incredible, had not Miss Mitford vouched for the fact in a very interesting anecdote, introduced in her new work, entitled *Belford Regis*. Unlike this Mr. Cooper (for he must not be confounded with the namesake, the R.A., who is also an animal-painter), there are many who might be recommended to take up what he has, we are happy to say, laid down for ever, and confine the exercise of their skill to the likenesses of fashionable caps and bonnets.

We have seen some very superior things of their class from MULREADY's pencil, but "The Last in" (No. 105), the only picture he exhibits, is hardly worthy of the reputation he has gained by them. Though the name given to it is unintelligible without seeing the picture, the latter would not be very well comprehended were it not for the title bestowed on it in the catalogue. We are to suppose that the village pedagogue is ironically complimenting the loitering urchin who has just spoken into the school-room for his punctuality of appearance. So far this piece of familiar tragic-comedy is natural enough, in the ordinary sense of the term; yet there is a lack of that which art should add to nature, so as to render what is

trivial as an incident valuable as a subject. In the picture itself, there is little either to captivate the eye or excite admiration.

Other names require notice, though brief. STANFIELD'S "Scene near Levinza, in the Gulf of Venice" (No. 8), is marked by his usual manner; and his "Fisherman's Abode at Mazzetto; Torcello in the Distance" (No. 315), is decidedly pretty. PICKERSGILL'S "Portrait of the Duke of Wellington" (No. 166), is the best of the three portraits of his grace in the exhibition. A. E. CHALON has some splendid specimens of fashionable portraiture. Ross's are all beautiful. For the rest—the unmentioned, we mean—let them be satisfied with having escaped being distinguished by us even *en passant*. Were the Academy to consult its own character, and the interests of art, more strictly than it does at present, it would be less liberal of its passports. The system pursued by them certainly tends to dilute their exhibitions, and impoverish the flavour of them; and has, moreover, a tendency injurious to art itself; except, indeed, it can be shewn, that as in arithmetic the number of ciphers give an additional value to the other figures, so do the numerous *nulls* that are allowed to display themselves among a paucity of good pictures, increase the sum total of aggregate talent and merit. Whether a change of habitation will produce any corresponding change in the habits of the Royal Academy, or whether they will carry the latter along with them to their new domicile in Trafalgar Square, time will ere very long prove. At all events, it is to be hoped that the pictures will have more elbow-room there, so that, if not actually more select, they will form a more orderly assembly. With this and other good wishes for their improvement, we here take leave of them and their sixty-seventh annual; in which we have certainly met with several, though comparatively few, handsome embellishments, and offer in return these illustrations of our own.

In conclusion, we would beg to remark, that though we think they might be far better managed, we are ready to allow that annual exhibitions are to a certain extent serviceable in a country where it is nearly they alone which keep up any kind of public attention to the fine arts. Were it not for the

fillips thus periodically administered to them, the arts would, if not exactly go to sleep, seem to be in a very drowsy condition among us. Painting is literally, a dumb art in England? it has no regular organ of communication, no specific journal devoted to its concerns, as is the case with almost every other pursuit. As far as singularity can confer distinction, it is pre-eminently distinguished by refusing to avail itself of similar aid in an age when fashion and railroads, phrenology and jockeyship, music and corn-laws, have their representatives in the congress of periodicals. Of the several attempts hitherto made to establish something of the kind in the service of the fine arts, every one has failed, and that, too, in a very short time. This certainly does not say much either for the public spirit of artists as a body—and they now form a tolerably numerous corps—or for the interest taken in the subject by those who affect to have a sympathising taste for all that is connected with art. At the same time we must acknowledge, that if very little encouragement was bestowed on any of the publications alluded to, by some of them very little was merited, so carelessly were they conducted, and so little did their contents agree with their professed object. When the editor of one was obliged to eke out his pages with a list of most vulgar and stupid puns on the names of living artists, or to transplant into his periodical the whole of such an exceedingly rare and unknown *morçeau* as Sir Walter Scott's "Dick Tinto;" when another thought fit to enliven the dulness of the fine arts by such very lively and appropriate papers as "On Arrest for Debt," "Effects (of capital) on the Wages of Labour," "Repeal of the Stamp-duties on Newspapers," &c.;—it was plainly telling their readers how affairs stood with them, and what must speedily be the result of such admirable management. Accordingly, the very last of them, after boasting of the great and increasing patronage it was receiving, suddenly expired in a plethora of doggerel rhyme and balderdash, entitled "The Painter's Progress;" whereas it ought rather to have been called "The Stoppage of the Editor's Career." That any similar experiment will be made again for some time to come is not likely, since, although the cause of failure has in

almost every instance been palpable enough, such a repetition of it has thrown some discredit on the attempt itself, and has led to the disagreeable conclusion that there exists very little relish for the fine arts as a study deserving serious attention.

Perhaps our artists themselves have no great inclination to encourage that which ought in turn to foster criticism. The majority of them practise quite empirically, with no more than a smattering of general principles; certainly without that comprehensive grasp of theoretical knowledge, and that earnest application to it, which should ever go hand in hand with practice. To this neglect of scientific preparation is to be ascribed much both of pedantry on the one hand, and plausible yet empty superficialness on the other; since originality—at least, sterling originality—is likely to abound most where the mind has been assiduously cultivated and well trained. For want of this, few care to aim at more than some one particular quality—merit it may not always be—which they consider not only their *forte*, but of such excellence in itself as to atone for all other deficiencies. Instead of studying colouring in its whole compass, many are apt to manifest a predilection for certain of its effects and phenomena, to the exclusion of every other; and, in regard to some, we might add, almost to the exclusion of whatever else

is required in a picture. Exactness in costume is expected to indemnify the beholder for the absence of all other learning—to make amends both for inanity of subject and for the inanity with which such subject is treated; or else the interest of materials is thought sufficient to conceal the painter's own poverty of ideas. The most glaring violation of perspective, and other absurdities in composition, are indulged in, as if the neglect of preparatory knowledge of that kind was rather a merit than a defect—an indication of a mind superior to ordinary drudgery; consequently, a proof that the artist is guided by the intuition of genius. Hence mannerism is the besetting sin of the greater number who addict themselves to the arts, fancying they have received "a call;" and they seem to trust more to chance and circumstance than to studious exertion for success in their career.

It is to be feared that the present English school (if school it may be named, where every one follows his own whim and fancy) estimates colouring, and general catchiness of effect, more than is altogether prudent; because it is pursued to the neglect of what is equally essential, both as regards the other manual parts of the art, and that finer spirit of it which ought to predominate above all the rest.

M'VICAR'S BALAAM-BOX.

INTRODUCTION.

SECTION FIRST: TALES OF MYSTERY.

It is now about three years since the editor of the following series of tales received a letter from Angushshire, stating that his dearly beloved nephew, Mr. James M'Vicar, the writer, had been for some time past dwining, and in a bad state of health. What rendered the circumstance more calamitous was the fact of his being the only child of my late respected elder brother, and that, failing him, I would myself be the almost sole remaining relict of the once-flourishing family of our name, that from generation to generation had so honourably tenanted the farm of Crumble-dykes. A second letter prepared me for the catastrophe which was overhanging the young man; and in a third, sealed with black, was announced the woful intelligence that he was gathered to his fathers. Another proof of what Horace, long ago remarked—

"Debemur morti nos nostraque."

Being uncle of the deceased, and his nearest blood relation, the excellent youth had timeously set his house in order, and had executed a will in my favour, whereby he left me a free gift of all and sundry of his goods and chattels—a fortune, indeed, far more bountiful than it had indeed ever entered into my heart to conceive, would fall to my lot in the evening of my days; and which at once enabled me to throw off the toilsome servitude which, in the shape of "teaching the young idea how to shoot" had occupied thirty-five years—the larger and better portion of my existence.

The fact is, that my father dying while I was yet a little boy, my brother James, at that time about sixteen, undertook, with the assistance of my mother, who was an excellent manager, to keep on the farm, at least till the expiry of the lease, eight years of which were yet to run. The trade, however, was a bad one, and by no means what it had once been; so to make ends meet was all that could be accomplished between them. They were determined, notwithstanding, to do full justice to me, whom having destined

for the clerical profession, they did their utmost to bring forward in my learning; my mother declaring, that if she only could live to see my head wagging in a pulpit, she would give up the ghost in contentment. It will be seen in the sequel that Providence did not see fit, however, to gratify her in this honourable wish; for while attending my first session at the Marschal College, Aberdeen, after my removal from the grammar-school of Dundee, I was called home to the death-bed of my brother, who was rapidly sinking under a consumption superinduced by bodily fatigue and exposure to the inclemency of the seasons.

After he was removed from us, we held sweet council together, my mother and I; and were sorely baffled in what way to turn our thoughts, or cast our bread on the waters of this world. To continue in the farm, which was at best a bad bargain, was not to be thought of, the more especially as the landlord had generously consented to take it off our hands. So, by advice of neighbours, it was resolved that we should sell off the stock, and turn all that we could into hard cash. In the course of a few months this was accomplished; and though our capital did not amount to much, yet after all lawful debts were discharged, the residue enabled us to take and furnish a decent house in an adjacent small town, where, young as I was, it was agreed upon that I should try my hand at opening a school.

Two or three years, however, passed on ere I could find my way in this new career, so as to make the ends of income and expenditure meet; for although my room was well filled with scholars, every one having the laudable ambition that their children should be at least initiated into the mysteries of reading and writing, yet many of them at the quarter's end had not wherewithal to pay me, nor had I the heart to withhold from the unoffending young things the blessings which might flow from my instructions; poverty being in such a great majority of instances more

a misfortune than a fault. At last my mother died also, and I laid her honoured head in the grave, with the proud consolation that I had done the utmost in my duty towards her; and that although for her sake I had allowed the once dearly cherished prospect of one day becoming a minister of the gospel to escape from my thoughts, yet that I had ample reward in the consciousness of having striven to perform to the letter the injunctions of the fifth commandment given to Moses on Mount Sinai,—holding all selfish considerations as matters of lesser moment.

Yet, although by frugal management we had kept beyond the necessity of contracting debt, and had, with a scanty income, by laying the head of the sow to the tail of the grice, made matters to answer with us, I had found it impossible to lay up any savings. Moreover, my home became, after this dispensation, extremely lonely; and as neither my temperament nor circumstances led me much into society, for more than a twelvemonth I lived the life of the hermit described by Parnell in the *Scots' Beauties*—although, being surrounded by human beings, I could not apply to myself the line,

"Far in a wild, unknown to public view;"

nor even that which makes metre with it—

"From youth to age," &c.

Although the next couplet, which says,

"His food the fruits, his drink the crystal well,"

would literally apply—if for the former was, on Sundays, substituted a moderate allowance of beef or mutton; and for the latter, on the same occasions, a tumbler of twopenny.

It was not, therefore, to be wondered at, that the parish school of Barehugh about that time falling vacant, that I should have become one of the seventeen competitors that put in testimonials on the occasion; for that, all the others declining a public examination, I should have been the successful man. Although I thus gained a bloodless victory, and, untried, the post of being a fearless scholar, a student, and a man of letters, lay in my way, from the parish-clerk being content with it, and nature had fashioned me for a timber tune. It so chanced, however, that the lots of the heritors

having fallen on me, I contrived to manage the mystery of singing in a manner that, however grating it might be to the ears of cognoscenti and amateurs, was yet sufficiently intelligible as to tune as to enable the congregation, with proper attention, to follow me. But it was some time before all opposition ceased as to my being the most proper person for filling the precentor's desk; and I remember being terribly put to the blush one Sunday forenoon by an old woman, to whom one of the enemy had given a dram, and sent up to church into a seat directly facing me, and within a few feet of my nose. No sooner had I given out the line, which was intended to be arranged to "The Martyrs," than she set up a hooly-looing and howling, by the way of symphony, that completely deprived me of my self-possession, a commodity in some demand on these occasions. We persevered, notwithstanding, through the first verse, she bellowing worse second to my bad first, until, the dissonance being no longer tolerable to the congregation, who were in convulsions, I stooped down, and whispered to her in a low voice, "Don't sing so loud, my good woman, or else you will put me off the tune." To which she replied, loud enough to be heard by all about her, "Troth, my man, that would be beyond my power, as ye never were on't yet."

By this windfall of good luck I fell into a free cottage and garden, besides seven pounds per year, occasionally augmented a little by the fees of registration and recordership.

The parish being small, and by no means over-peopled, my pupils seldom mustered more than from twenty to twenty-five, some of whom came from considerable distances, and rendered my attendance in winter a matter of scanty import as to emolument: but I was thereby left more leisure for my improvement in the elegant pursuits of scholarship. I not only drew up an English Grammar for beginners, on what I then thought, and still think, a very superior plan, but the *Eclogues* of Virgil, each line marked according to its particular scanning—works both of which appeared to me much wanting at the time, and which I have been more than once urged to publish in print by those who are considered far from incompetent judges.

Year after year passed over my head

in this rural seclusion, and to enliven my health and banish tedium I more than once thought of a matrimonial connexion; but my means never increasing, the idea became fainter and fainter, and I settled down into a confirmed bachelor. The daughter of one of my neighbours came in every morning to read up my room, kindle the fire, and put on the tea-kettle; so my leisure had little else to do than be devoted to the *belles lettres*. Most of my spare time without doors was spent in the decoration of my little garden, the which I took great pleasure in setting in order, watching the monthly succession of vegetables for the pot, pruning the trees and bushes, and improving my selection of flowers, many of which were beautiful of their kinds, and some rare. Indeed I have been more than once told that the medal given by the gardening society for the best hyacinths would more than once have fallen to my door, if I had just had the courage to venture upon the competition.

In this humble, yet comfortable seclusion, with all my little wants and wishes satisfied, so far as pecuniary considerations went, it may easily be conceived, therefore, that I could scarcely foster any other idea than that of spending the remainder of my days there; and I had purchased a bit of burying-ground, just by the gable of my own house, wherein my bones might be laid to rest. But fate, it seems, had otherwise ordered it; and as I remarked in setting out, the death of my dear nephew, James M^r Vicar, who had more than once taken a ride across the country from Aberdeen to see me, left me in a state of comfortable independence. But although the necessity of my continuing my labours of teaching during the week, and of singing on Sundays, was thus happily discontinued, it may be readily conceived that I did not remove from the scene of twenty-eight years' exertion without some feelings of reluctant delay; but these were lightened by the consciousness which I could not conceal from myself of my constitution not being so strong as it had been, and that at all events a few years in natural course must render me incompetent for the duties which it behoved me to perform. At the same time I felt that there were many younger, and consequently abler men, looking forward to

a settlement in life, ready and anxious to succeed me in my public post, and to whom my remaining in it could only operate as a let or hindrance.

Accordingly I resigned; and when it was known that I was about to do so, my old scholars, many of whom had grown up to be thriving farmers around, and the heads of families, proposed giving me a farewell dinner. Upwards of forty attended, and my health was prefaced by a quondam pupil in a speech that would not have disgraced Demosthenes himself; and before sitting down he presented me with a ram's-horn mounted with silver, made into a snuff-mill, and decorated in front with a shield, on which was graven a neat and appropriate inscription.

That I felt this mark of respect deeply may be easily supposed, and in some measure it was a compensation to me for the numberless and wearisome hours during which I had exhausted my patience in hammering knowledge into many an impenetrable head; and I daresay, by the Christianly-minded, it is to be forgiven, if on that evening I forgot myself so far as to have been prevailed upon to sit so long, that when I attempted at last to rise and come away the power of my legs was incapable, and I was seen home by two of my friends, the trio all the way joining in the loyal anthem of "God save the King."

On the day following I left Bareheugh, and it was like leaving a second place of nativity. Indeed, had it not been that the burden of old age was beginning to press on my shoulders, and two or three new upstarts of families pretended to think that my system was growing antiquated, I verily believe that I would have continued in my ancient profession of teaching, although it had been done without the hope of fee or reward.

It is now more than a year since I began to play the part of a gentleman; and say what may be said against it, I am quite of opinion, after a fair trial of both sides of the question, that nothing is like a snug comfortable independence. That there may be great danger both to soul and body in a superabundance of riches I can readily conceive; but I cannot for the life of me make out how the comfort of being removed beyond the fears of want should ever operate on a well-

regulated mind, further than as a ceaseless incentive to gratitude towards the Giver of all good. Perhaps that man is equally virtuous whose heart prompts him to administer to the necessities of others, what his own scanty means yet deny, the will of giving being present, while the power of doing so is withheld. But were riches a blessing in no other light, they are surely one in that of enabling us to exercise the divine virtue of charity, and thus blessing ourselves while we bless others.

I must confess, however, that I have been, so speaking, like a fish out of the water, and have often scarcely known what to make of myself since I shut my shop, time pressing on me, from the grievous lack of stated occupation. In the spring and summer season, I have found considerable diversion in my old employment of gardening; and having built a stable behind my house, which is my own property, I have kept a pony, riding having been recommended to me by the doctor for the benefit of my health. It is a canny beastie; and I can now trot about the country-side without much risk of jeopardy, though it sometimes boggles at men breaking stones on the road-sides, and when I offer to touch it with the spur.

The only drawback in keeping the galloway has been from the necessity it entailed of keeping a lad also, to currycomb and saddle it for me; and out of the three I have already had, marriages have had to be made up between two of them and the servant lass; and as to the present incumbents, I could not swear for them. But of course there is no state of society without its drawbacks.

Such having been, as Gray says in his *Elegy*, "the even tenor of my way," it may readily be surmised that I have not given this outline sketch of my life from its having been a remarkable one, but just to make the reader aware what sort of person he has to deal with. Having, to wile away the tedium of my winter evenings, corrected and rewritten my English Grammar, and also the *Eclogues* of Virgil, with the scannings, together with a free translation of the first book of Horace's *Odes* into English prose, I was fain to have them committed to print, knowing the great advantage they could not fail to be to the student; and at the request of a friend they were submitted

to sundry booksellers in Edinburgh and Glasgow, who, I daresay to their own pecuniary prejudice, most unaccountably looked on them with coldness, and returned them each with the answer, that nothing now would take with the public except it was either in the political or fancy line. One booby had the impudence and profanity to write in pencil at the end of the *Eclogues*, with the scannings of each line, "D—d trash."

This was a death-blow to my hopes as an author. I had never been much an admirer of poetry, from having been timber-tuned; and having always been led to regard fictitious writings only as the pastimes of over-sentimental lads and boarding-school young ladies, whereby the latter were led to elope from their keepers with militia-officers, all for the love of scarlet and gold lace, and the former became fops and fools.

It so happened, however, that in looking over the trunkfull of law-papers, the quondam property of the deceased, and which were dead letter and mystery to me, I fell in with a small portfolio containing papers in his handwriting, purporting to be striking incidents from his own life. With some of these I have been much pleased; and as they are now my own property, I can see no harm, as a pastime, in giving them *seriatim et verbatim* to the public, whom I hope they will interest in like degree, while my more serious hours shall be dedicated to the correction and revision of my *Eclogues* with the scanning, and other weightier matters of the law.

With the advice and assistance of my opposite neighbour, Mr. Puff the tobacconist, at whose shop I regularly call twice a-week for a crack, and half an ounce of Prince's mixture, I have classified and arranged them according to the gist of their contents, a serious one and a comic one, both relating severally to the same principle of mind, after the plan, as that gentleman tells me, of one Miss Joanna Baillie's plays on the passions. The serious ones are all by my ever-to-be-lamented nephew, and the comic ones are partly Mr. Puff's and partly my own. In fairness, I daresay I ought rather to say that the groundwork of the narratives are mostly his, and that it has been my principal province to look over the grammar. However, I occasionally speak out my mind, in a note or so.

Now, then, to business.

THE YOUNGER SISTER.

It is now some eighteen years ago that a family, which had shortly before come to this country from the West Indies, took house in our street, and domiciled amongst us: it consisted of a mother and two daughters.

The mother, Mrs. M'Queen, was an old, withered, weather-beaten little body, of slender frame, with two clear, black, twinkling eyes, a hawk nose, and wrinkly features; putting one in mind of the ideal of an ancient sybil, or of a Scotch witch. When she spoke, her tiny countenance lighted up with animation, and her words came fluently and fast. She did not seem occasionally to be destitute of observation or good sense; but ever and anon, mixed up with her discourse and descriptions, there was a flippancy, and at times an incoherence, which seemed less to say that her faculties were impaired, or her intellects weakened, than that she had long bidden adieu to that moral standard which nature has set up in the heart for the guidance of our principles. I mean not to infer that she at all gave licence to indecorum in speech or manner,—quite the reverse. She had been educated an Episcopalian, and rigidly adhered to all the forms and festivals of the Church of England; read her prayer-book; and, as far as external demeanour went, was a devout Christian. It appeared rather that a long residence in the west, where custom had seared her to behold without sympathy or feeling all the degradations which slavery imposes upon a portion of our fellow-creatures, had, by blunting the moral sense, rendered her at length an inadequate judge between right and wrong; yet left her the trappings of that holy religion, the beauties and truths of which had been instilled into her early mind, however little may have afterwards been their power of influencing her conduct.

Of the two daughters, one was dark and the other fair; the former was the oldest. She was of slender make, and about the average female height; quick and lively in her motions, with a rapid utterance, and a volubility in her discourse sometimes not altogether feminine or pleasing. It was a little curious that her thoughts, like those of her mother, seemed almost always to

run in the same channel; and she seldom, talked of any thing else than the West Indies,—its harbours, and towns, and slave-owners, and rum-merchants,—of the number of negroes they had kept on their property,—of their habits, hours of work, recreations and treatment,—of their wives and their little ones, the severities which were necessary to keep them to their tasks, and of their revenge, cowardice, cunning, and bloodthirstiness. Whatever topic of conversation was introduced, something or other seemed to afford a handle for turning it upon this repulsive and sometimes disgusting subject. If a little child passed in the street,—“Oh, they had just such another in Barbadoes, which they had brought up in an outhouse, on rice and milk, the mother having died of a fever, on her husband's being sold to another planter, on a remote island. It was a funny little creature, with curled woolly hair, and fine white teeth,—that used to lie in the kennel with the watch-dog Caesar, and roll about on its back in the straw, till it was seized with small-pox, and was found dead, after having been missing for a week, in a cellar under the kitchen.” Then the mosquitoes, and the lizards, and the black snakes; there was no living for them by day,—it was worse by night. You could not in sultry weather contrive to swallow a morsel, save under crape, without carrying myriads of winged animals down to a living death. Behind every door was coiled a reptile; and when you entered your sleeping-room, you were duly saluted with a serpentine hiss. As to the mangoes! but who would attempt to describe the flavour of a mango to one who had never tasted them; and for the shells, and the flowers, and the birds, and the berries, and the dried seeds,—but they had lots of these to shew the visitor, as proofs how the western world delighted in hues and stripes—bright, varied, and beautiful as the rainbow.

Along with this tendency to be eloquent on the wonders of the realms they had left, this family exhibited in many things an almost infantine simplicity with regard to that in which they had now taken up their abode: The mother could only talk of the ways

of the world, and the manners of Britain in her youth, some fifty years ago, ere with her young husband she left her native shores to become a denizen of another sphere; and the daughters seemed to know little more of the European modes of life save what had been reflected on them from the reports of their mother. Not that they were deficient in common politeness,—far otherwise. Their fears seemed always to be that they might fall short of that courtesy which they owed to those about them; and, in consequence, they sometimes attempted to make up, by an overstraining at the outward shows of *politesse* for that habitual ease and affability which is the pure result of good sense, good taste, and proper feeling.

Of the younger sister I have yet said nothing more than that she was of a florid complexion, with bright yellow hair. Her eyes were of a soft blue; and, altogether, her countenance, which was a good deal freckled, indicated cheerfulness and good-humour. She was taller than her sister, and, on the whole, rather handsome.

Of the early history of this girl, on whose fate the interest of this little narrative hangs, I could only learn a few scattered, but these rather striking, particulars. It appears that when little more than a girl, she had been addressed by a young gentleman abroad; but never could clearly ascertain whether the connexion had been thwarted by the displeasure of her friends, or whether his affairs had become embarrassed, or, indeed, why it had been broken off, if such really was the case. At all events, the lover shortly after died; and, after struggling for awhile with her feelings, the young lady became frenzied, and was for some time kept under restraint by her family,—how long I never was able to ascertain. At the period when I saw her, which must have been some ten or twelve years after this circumstance, time had exerted his soothing influence, and not in vain; and, as I have just remarked, the general impression of her countenance was not that of despondency, but cheerfulness. What may have been the original tone of her mind, I have of course no means of ascertaining; but it was evident that it was far from being fixed or determined. She was, moreover, and exceedingly apt to be startled by sudden noises, or im-

pressions of any kind; and yet could pass from what appeared to affect her with sorrowful emotions to whatever excited laughter with a rapidity that was startling, and far from being pleasant. In some extreme instances, it even conveyed an impression of silliness.

Having now the old lady and the two daughters sketched out before us, it is only necessary to say that in their settling on our neighbourhood I found it incumbent on myself to call upon them, as a matter of courtesy. Circumstances, however, occurred which drew us into more familiar acquaintanceship,—as, being ladies, there were some matters of business which I saw I could be serviceable in volunteering to arrange for them. It was at the May term that this family settled among us; and after many interviews, in which the preceding traits of character developed themselves to me, the season wore into December.

Half forgetful that these ladies were Episcopalians, I made a call on Christmas-day, and found only Mrs. M'Queen at home, the daughters having gone to chapel. I was solicited to remain, however; and in a short time they returned. After wishing each other the congratulations of the season with mutual heartiness, somehow or other, as it generally fell out, the conversation took some turn which led to the introduction of the West Indies, and a parcel of splendid dried seeds and berries which had arrived from the agent on their property only two or three days before was produced by the younger sister. Part of these I was solicited, or rather compelled, to pocket; many of the specimens are curious and beautiful, and are in my possession at this day. After I had taken my leave, I was called to from the landing-place at the head of the stairs, by Miss Sophia, regarding the loan of a book about which we had been speaking, and which I had promised to send them. She seemed all playfulness and good humour. Alas! I never heard,—but tush! of that anon.

It was then, as I have said, the depth of winter. The weather had been for some weeks boisterous and rainy; and, although it had in some degree cleared up into frost, was still variable and uncertain; cloudy days and whistling nights, with falls of snow, and intervals of tinkling black

ice. The harvest had been a bad one; provisions were high, and the consequence was that disease had prevailed among the lower classes to an unwonted extent. Every thing seemed to render more gloomy the already sufficiently sombre aspect of external nature; and even the hilarity of a Christmas eve was insufficient to dispel the pervading cheerlessness of the season. The morrow was the Sunday.

Some hours before daybreak a loud knocking at my door aroused me from sleep. Before the servant had time to appear, I pulled up a front window, and called over. It was a request for me to come with the least possible delay to Mrs. M'Queen's, as one of the young ladies had been taken alarmingly ill, and they were anxious for my making arrangements for sending an express to a relative of the family a few miles distant. I obeyed this injunction with all the alacrity in my power; but by the time I had hurried down the street, and gained admission, found that a surgeon, who had at the same time been sent for, was in attendance.

"What of your patient; what is the matter?" said I to him hurriedly, as with an anxious countenance he came out of one of the sleeping apartments to the sitting parlour.

He gave his head a shake. "It is all over, sir. The young lady must have been dead for at least an hour: it is a little mysterious, this business."

I was as thunderstruck. "Not possible," I said. "This is really dreadful. I saw Miss Sophia yesterday in health and spirits."

"Her death is not the less certain on that account, however," added the surgeon. It is a curious and perplexing case; and, if you have no objections, I should like you, before leaving the house, to visit that apartment with me," pointing to the sleeping-room he had just left.

While we were speaking, I heard at intervals the voice of the elder sister, as it were occasionally breaking out to herself in incoherent ejaculations. The sounds came evidently from the room alluded to—wild, fitful, and startling. More indistinctly, and from an opposite quarter, I could now and then hear a low, murmurous sound, rising into a chatter or a giggle. This struck me as coming from the bed-room of the old lady.

On our calling in the servant, and

interrogating her, she appeared agitated, and said that she had heard some noises while in bed; but these at length ceasing, and after a considerable pause, she could not distinctly say of what duration, as she was half asleep, the bell was rung violently for her. When she went into the room, she was told that Miss Sophia had fainted; and saw her sister in bed with her, supporting her on her breast, and bathing her temples. That she had continued for some time assisting her in the same task; but that from the first she had noticed and remarked the lifeless look, and chilly feeling of the body. That for nearly an hour this course was pursued,—the elder sister expressing some wonder and impatience that their patient was never like to come round; and that she had at length suggested to her the propriety of calling in medical aid, which was at once eagerly assented to.

In obedience to the request of the medical gentleman, I proceeded to the fatal apartment. Never shall I forget my feelings on entering that room. It was before daybreak on a gloomy December morning, and every thing wore an aspect of utter cheerlessness,—little needing this melancholy catastrophe to add to its horrors. On a side-table stood a candle, whose black smoky wick shewed it to have been long un-snuffed; and on the bed were both the sisters—the living and the dead. The features of the latter, who was maintained half in a sitting posture by her sister's knees, wore almost the placidity of sleep, save that around the mouth there was that swollen appearance peculiarly indicative of death. Her eyes were closed, and her long yellow hair, which had partly escaped from under her cap, lay in dishevelled ringlets over her shoulders. It is dreadful to think that only a few hours before I had seen those features lighted up with smiles, and had listened to a voice which was now hushed for evermore! On the body and neck were black or purplish patches, which to my unpractised eye bore a resemblance to contusions; but these my medical friend assured me were far from being unequivocal evidences of external injury, and were always very large and perceptible in cases of sudden death, accompanied by venous congestion.

Before leaving the house, I undertook to get information conveyed by

express to the nearest relatives, and promised to call in the evening.

It is now necessary to give some idea of the geography of that part of the house connected with the details of this story. Suppose then a large parlour, which, besides its general entrance-door, has one near its eastern and another near its western angle, each severally communicating with sleeping apartments in these directions. In the eastern slept Mrs. M'Queen, in the western the eldest daughter.

On Christmas night it appeared, from the account of the servant, that Miss Sophia went to bed with her mother; whereas, from the account of Miss M'Queen, we were led to infer that she had come into her bed-room to sleep with her, and that after remaining there for some time she felt unable to compose herself, and had, after midnight, left her to go to her mother's apartment. From what could be gathered from the almost incoherent rhapsodies of the old lady (who seemed in a few hours to have made a rapid stride towards her dotage), first one inference was deduced, then its opposite; and at length it was evident that nothing satisfactory could be collected—every thing she said being vague and indistinct.

According to promise, I made my visit in the evening, after having passed a day of wretched anxiety. The sudden demise was, of course, the sole subject of conversation, and, regarding it, one circumstance was adhered to by the elder sister. This was, however, an unaccountable one, being that she could not remain comfortable upon her sister's leaving her; and that, after some broken and unrefreshing sleeps, she could not resist getting up in the dark, and groping her way across the parlour; in so doing she stumbled, and fell: it was over the body of her sister, which was stretched on the carpet.

I could never make out, notwithstanding all my endeavours to the purpose, what steps were taken on this discovery, or how the corpse was conveyed into the adjoining room; as the servant only allowed that she was summoned after Miss M'Queen had been for a considerable time using means to restore suspended animation, ~~and that~~ ^{the} old lady being confined to bed,

I did not see her on this occasion; but heard her frequently pulling her bell, and could casually catch the tones of her cracked voice. In the manner of Miss M'Queen there was a singular mixture of absorbed attention and frivolity. At times she was silent, and it was evident from her eyes that she had been crying; while, anon, she spoke in a rapid and hurried manner about her sister, the West Indies, the weather, or the news of the day. She occasionally left the room abruptly with a candle in her hand, and went alone into the apartment where the body was laid out, and then in a few minutes would come back—listen as if she heard a sound—and again entered into conversation on indifferent topics.

The occurrences of the day rendered me more nervous than any thing which has happened either before or since, and vague doubts were continually crossing my mind. Over all hung the veil of impenetrable mystery.

Concomitant circumstances tended to render this still more perplexing. Surmises were now hazarded, which before I had never heard a whisper of—the servant evidently knew more than she cared to disclose—and the family inhabiting the next house to that in which the catastrophe happened, averred that they had been repeatedly surprised by noises during the night, and that on the fatal one these had been both loud and frequent. The many tongues of rumour were all loosened on the subject, and imputations were laid at the door of the mother by some, and of the sister by others; while not a few shook their heads when the name of the victim herself was mentioned. All, however, was mere surmise, or nearly false and unfounded conjecture. No one, perhaps, knew so much of the particular circumstances as myself; and I knew only enough to render conjecture hazardous, and all conclusions uncertain.

The funeral took place on the last day of the year, and, along with the more immediate relatives, I was invited, as a mark of attention, to attend an hour earlier than that fixed on for the interment, that I might be present at the reading of the funeral-service; which, from the inclemency of the weather, it was resolved should be done in the house. The scene was most impressive. Neither of the ladies

appeared; and after the "earth to earth and dust to dust" was pronounced the clergyman laid two sealed packets into the folds of the shroud. These, I afterwards learned, were, the one a bundle of letters relating to the early attachment which we have before alluded to, the other contained two or three little presents (a book, a ring, and a miniature) made to her during the same season. In a sealed note, dated some years before, although not discovered till after her decease, she had desired these to be laid with her in her grave.

I have already confessed, that few circumstances in my life ever affected me so deeply as those I have now related; and for a long time they continued, day and night, to haunt my imagination, opening up a maze of doubts and horrors, and throwing a gloom over existence.

When the feelings are deeply excited, all objects are adventitiously coloured, be it in the hues of joy or grief; and perhaps it was from this very reason that the funeral-scene in the churchyard had for me an unwonted impressiveness. It was the last day of the year, and, as may be supposed, all nature wore the dull and cheerless aspect of winter. It had rained incessantly during the previous night, and through the morning the skies were shrouded in that heavy leaden hue peculiar to our northern climate. But though the sward was saturated with moisture, the rains had ceased, and a light breeze wailed amid the leafless branches of the solemn old trees around.

We had reached the grave, and were lowering the coffin down, when suddenly the light breeze was changed to tempest. It blew a perfect hurricane; and the earth, sand, and bones, which had been dug out, were caught up and whirled about in a shower, which forced the attendants to cling by the sepulchral railings, or hurry for shelter to the lee of the church. The sexton and his men alone remained at their posts, battling with the whirlwind till the task was finished.

Many years have passed away since this mysterious catastrophe, and as the principal parties have all died and yet "made no sign," it is not probable that any light will ever be thrown on it now.

Shortly after the event, Mrs. M^rQueen

and her daughter left the neighbourhood, and all intercourse ceased with the few in it who had formed temporary intimacies with them. The narrator has not embellished the facts on which the interest of this unsatisfying story must depend; as will readily be owned by those who know that it is easier to make fiction look like truth, than truth like fiction. Such as they are, they made a harrowing impression on his own mind, and perhaps may strike others.

Having rolled up the papers containing the horrible, but somewhat unsatisfactory story, of the West Indian lady and her two daughters, I put my umbrella under my arm (for it threatened a shower), and took a step over to my friend Mr. Puff's, who, although a man of imperfect education (having never got in the Latin rudiments to the length of *penna*), is nevertheless shrewd and sensible, knowing in the ways of the world, and well versed in the literature of the day. It has often astonished me to perceive the interest he takes in newspapers; and as to the campaigns which have taken place on the continent during the last thirty years, I may say this much—and that is not saying little—that he appears nearly as well acquainted with the details of the battles of Talavera and Waterloo as I myself with those of Marathon or Pharsalia, and with the retreats of General Moore to Corunna, and Buonaparte from Russia, as any Grecian with that of Xenophon and the ten thousand. He is a subscriber to no less than two circulating and one subscription libraries, and knows the names and qualifications of some half-dozen editors of reviews and magazines. Come upon him when you may, he is in the act of slipping a periodical of the month into the desk.

My ostensible purpose of stepping over to Mr. Puff's, was the purchase of my accustomed half-ounce of Prince's mixture; but the real one was that of my finding an opportunity of reading over to him this production of my deceased nephew, Mr. James M^rVicar.

Luckily for this end, he happened not to be over-busy, and I sat down on his cane-bottomed chair at the corner of the counter; and he had the good manners to lay aside his newspaper, and hear me read it with emphasis and an audible voice, from be-

gining to end. After telling me that he was much pleased with the story, he said that the only fault he could find with it was in the *dénouement* being a-wanting; and, to please him, I added, that I was quite of the opinion of Aristotle, as to the propriety of a thing having a beginning, middle, and end.

Mr. Puff being a man of no small self-conceit, said, after a moment's he-

sitation, that he thought he could give me, out of his desk, some written materials for a churchyard story, almost as good, if I would be at the trouble to re-write and put them in order. This was, as every body must be aware, the cream of the matter; but, as the Scotch proverb says, I "put a stiff neck to a stey brae," and the following was the result:

• JOHN COOMBIE, OR THE RESURRECTIONIST.

• "Blest be the man who sparts these stones,
And curst be he who moves my bones."—SHAKESPEARE.

Although the burking of the living to supply the dissecting-table, and further the interests of science, is a practice of very recent detection, yet it seems to have been heliically fore-shewn in the report prevalent during my own childhood, of men wandering about in the dark, and clapping plasters on the mouths of the unwary and unprotected. Indeed I remember, as of yesterday, how terror used to circulate round the winter-hearth, from the stories of children thus kidnapped from the street, and of forlorn maidens decoyed within the human shambles of the college. These things, however, were only soughs, the reality of whose existence was long afterwards to be demonstrated by the Irish fiends, Burke and Hare.

That custom will not operate in teaching mankind to submit tamely to be murdered for the interests of science, any more than it will eels to be skinned alive for a delicacy of the table, is a proposition that, I dare say, we need not spend much time in attempting to demonstrate. Nay, even the more prevalent plan of supplying the dissecting-table from the churchyard, has something in it so repugnant to the natural feelings, that we do not see, narrow-minded as it may appear, how the thing is to be got over. Savage and civilised appear, as it were, from a sense of moral duty, to be eager in claiming decent and undisturbed repose for the ashes of their dead; and those who attempt to hold such pentiments in scorn, may depend upon it that they are indirectly, at least, loosening the bonds of morality: for wherever degeneracy of manners and laxity of religion prevail, the popular horror at dissection is least exhibited;

the ties of relationship have little hold on the living; and, when the breath is out, the carcass is regarded as carrion.

If the converse holds true, it is therefore no small feather in the cap of the people of Scotland, that they particularly should entertain such a mortal dislike, hatred, and disgust, at the name and profession of resurrectionists. There the fraternity have no quarter; and I remember of hearing that a sack, containing a shroud, having been found in the house of a gardener, the populace rose *en masse* within the hour, and surrounding his dwelling, burned it to the foundation, the wretch and his family seeking refuge beyond the Atlantic. Indeed scarcely a winter yet passes, wherein we observe not that carriages, carrying suspicious-looking coffins, and gigs with sacks under the seat, are broken up, and made burnt-offerings of on the altar of fury. Nor would the professors of exhumation, if literally caught in the fact, have half the chance of escaping being torn to pieces by the rabble, as the most atrocious murderer that ever butchered his victims by wholesale.

Duly, when the winter session of the university commences, the alarumbell is rung, and the old musket of the cottage has its lock scoured with sand-paper, and its barrel rummaged with tow fixed to the screw of the ramrod. Powder and shot are purchased at the nearest market-town, and wo to the churchyard-thief who receives a double charge of No. 3 in the back of his neck!

In a village of Tweeddale the hue and cry of the season went forth, and rumours of what had taken place in an adjacent churchyard made the hair on

many a head to stand on end; and, while it roused every breast to indignation, made every tongue threaten revenge. "Who knows," said one, "but that the enemy may be in our own camp?" "And who knows," echoed another, "but that we ourselves may be harbouring him among us, base and blackguard enough to be selling his own soul, as he is the body of his neighbour, for filthy lucre?"

It chanced while this resurrection mania was at the height, that a bedridden, friendless old creature, named Betty Craig, was cut off from the living. She had no relatives in the quarter, and the friendly housewives around, after performing the last offices to the body, locked up the cottage, and deposited the key with the nearest neighbour.

Betty having been long on the poor's-roll, the coffin was made at the expense of the parish, and the job was given to a wheelwright and general worker in wood, named John Coombie, a rattling blade, addicted to his glass, who had spent the days of the years of his youth on board a man-of-war; and who, if report spake truth, had ultimately fled the service, without discharge asked or obtained. He is said to have lived for some years in quaking dread of press-gangs, even although far from the sight of the sea, and kept a suspicious eye on every stranger with a sailor's jacket. But with peace came repose to his fears, and John, marrying, became the husband of a termagant wife, and, in due time, the father of a batch of healthy and squalling children, whose education he seemingly handed over to nature, in preference to any particular system.

Well, at the hour appointed for the funeral (Coombie having, as undertaker, duly gone his round to warn the farm-servants), the coffin of poor Betty was carried forward on spokes, at a decent pace, towards the place of interment, which was more than a mile distant. A respectable number attended, and the last duties were solemnly paid to the ashes of the lone and friendless old woman.

The burying-place lies in a sequestered spot, and away from human dwellings—indeed, just in such a spot as may be supposed to hold out a lure for the body-snatcher; and after a week had elapsed, increased rumours of the depredations of these scamps

turned the thoughts of the villagers to the unprotected resting-place of poor Betty.

The idea once started, doubts were magnified into suspicions of what might be done, what should be done, or what had been done; and when the name of the luckless John Coombie was lugged in, an old crone remarked, with a look as sage as Solon, "I could say something if I liked, but least said is soonest mended;" and taking the pipe from her cheek, gave a whiff up the chimney, and a nod with her head. To which another gravely added, by way of postscript, "Well, as for my part, I'll say naething; but this I will say, that John Coombie had no business to be going, as I could bring proof that he did go, with the key in his hand into the dead woman's house, after eleven o'clock at night, when every body else was sleeping in their naked beds. But, for a bible truth, there he was, as sure as I'm a sinner, as the gudeman can and is willing to make affidavit, wha saw him with his leering een, as he was driving hame the maister's three misses in the covered cart from the dancing-school ball, down by at Shantrews. Yea, and verily he saw him like a thief of darkness, with his big coat on and a lantern in his hand, stealing away on his tiptoes, and cannily locking the door behind him."

"Is that a God's truth—crinky pate! is that a God's truth you're telling us? Oh, the ne'er-do-weel! the blackguard!" exclaimed a third: "what good could he be seeking in a dead woman's house in the howe o' night. I'm not mistaken in John Coombie; I aye thought that fellow no better than he should be."

"Oh, the ruffian!" bawled a fourth, extending a mutton fist that would have staggered Menemza—"oh, the ruffian! if we could prove the fact, I would cleave him down like an ox—I would brain him!" and suiting the action to the word, she thumped down her clenched right hand into the extended palm of her left, producing a report like a pocket-pistol.

"To raise the dead!" screamed a fifth; "hanging would be oure gude for him!"

"We'll find out the truth!"—"We'll work him a pirn!"—"Were his constitution as strong as Methusalem's, his days are numbered!"—"Oh, the blood-thirsty vagabond!"—"Oh, for the press-gang!"—"We'll Buflke him!"—were

the successive and mingled ejaculations of the storm-presaging choristers, birds of evil omen to the unfortunate John Coombie.

A precognition having taken place, and John Coombie having been interrogated concerning and anent these facts, by the blacksmith and a packed jury, deposed that, on the night of the evening libelled, he denied not having borrowed the key of the dead woman's door from the neighbour with whom it had been deposited. That this was on the night before the funeral; and that his reason for so doing was, that in screwing down the lid, after depositing the body in the coffin, he had observed that the black paint with which it had been coated was sadly blurred by the feet of divers and sundry cat or cats unknown, which were in the habit of feloniously frequenting the domicile, nobody being there to scare them away. That he had felt a qualm of conscience in allowing his handywork to be exposed to public inspection in such a disfigured state; and that for such and no other reason he had made a late visit, with a lantern in one hand and a pot of blacking in the other, to give it a new varnish, on the night libelled. He also allowed that it would have been more Christian-like to have deferred such proceeding till the morning; but that, having laid in his liquor, and fortified his heart through his stomach, by means of a couple of cawkers, he had been stimulated to finish his job at that untimely hour.

The opinion of the blacksmith was, that this was "an unco unfeasible-like story;" and his journeyman also supported the Sadducee, in being as sceptical as his master. The miller, who had come into the smithy to get his feet warmed, was as sure that John Coombie had played Booty with the doctors, as that his own jacket was of a different shade from the sweep's; and James Fozzy, the ploughman, would as little expect hemp seed to spring up wheat, as that old Betty Craig should be found in her coffin.

The result of all was that there was a general uprising in the village. Men, women, and children, all yelled for an inspection of the grave; yet, to their surprise, be it recorded, had the generosity, even in the enthusiasm of their anger, to restrain from rendering the wretched Jedburgh justice—that is, knocking him on the head first, and

then trying his cause afterwards. To proceed, indeed, with all possible circumspection and legality, a deputation of the canny villagers was sent to procure a warrant from the sheriff, and have such summoned before him as could make attestations on the subject at issue.

A great deal sworn to, however, was little more than vague suspicions, founded on the equivocal character of Coombie, and of his always having plenty of money, while he seemed to have little work—of his being met abroad at untimely hours, generally half-seas over, and of his having spoken over his glass of his willingness to sell his body to the doctors, after he was fairly dead, if they would advance five pounds in hand for present consumption. The only fact of even an indirect character which could be sworn to was his visit to the cottage at the late hour mentioned. The general suspicion was that he had filled the coffin with stones and saw-dust, had abstracted the body, and had yet himself, with a knotted crape on his hat, been one of the mourners at the mock funeral.

The great oracle of the complainants, however, was a certain Francie Cockburn; and it is necessary to give his examination more at length.

"Pray, Francie, was you acquainted with the deceased?"

"Indeed was I, an' please your honour; I kent her intimately. She was was a famous cracker. Mony a crack have she and I had thegither."

"You was present at her funeral, Francie?"

"Not only that, sir, but I helpit to carry her: one of my neighbours there will tell ye if I was backward in gieing a lift. Troth we little thoct we were carrying a kist o' stanes."

"Well but, Francie, did you accompany the funeral the whole way to the churchyard?"

"That I but to do, your honour, as, for lack o' friends, I was obliged to act like for chief mourner. And not only that, your honour, but I cast my coat, and helpit to lower the coffin down into the graff; and syne to it with the spade, till we got it filled up again."

"Well, Francie, you give a very distinct evidence. What did you do after that?"

"After that, your honour?—after

that we put on the truff; and me and another man, Joseph Clod there, beat it down with the back of the broad shoals."

"Go on, then, Francie—what next?"

"Syne, sir, all the company took off their hats; and most of them began to pap away hame."

"Of course, Francie, of course. Did you then leave the churchyard with the rest?"

"No, your honour—I waited on for a wee, till I saw them mostly gone out of the gate, as I did not want to go away before —"

"Now, Francie, you are coming to the point. Recollect yourself. Remember you are upon your oath. Your deposition is becoming important."

"Oh, please your honour, sir, I mind the thing well enough. I steppit away oore to the west corner, among some long nettles, pretending to be about naething, till I saw that every body else was mostly away, and then —"

"And what then?—we are all attention."

"And then, seeing still two men looking about the yard, and whiles at me, I took out my snuff-box and took a sneeshing."

"Go on, Francie—go on, if you please. What did you do then?"

"And then, sir, seeing they were off, I lootit down to mak observation on the grave of a lad that had been buried about two months before. I had stickit an oyster-shell as a mark into the head o't; and I wanted to see whether it was there or not. I kent, if it was away, that he was lifted, as sure as a gun."

"Well, did you find the oyster-shell where you placed it, Francie?"

"I thought for a while, sir, that it was away, for I could not see it; but at lang and last I fand it among the thick grass. Finger o' man hadna meddled with it."

"It was still there, then?"

"It was, sir, and I reckoned it geyan extraordinary, as there was a general report that he was away. So, being a

little dumb-founded, I again took out my snuff-box —"

"Get on, Francie, get on. What then?"

"And syne, my lord, I put in my finger and thumb, and took out a sneeshing."

"Toots, toots! Did nothing particular follow?"

"Not a thing, my lord, if you like to believe me."

"Did you see nothing particular, Francie?"

"Nothing particular, please your honour."

"Did you hear nothing?"

"Nothing, my lord. Ou ay, I forget; I heard some sprugs chirping in the hedge."

"Have you nothing more to say—nothing regarding the body of the deceased Betty Craig?"

"Not a word, sir, mair than I have told ye."

"So you have no more to say?"

"Nothing mair, my lord."

Just as Francie was with due solemnity emitting his concluding evidence, three or four men came hurrying into court with breathless speed, and ever and anon wiping their smoking brows. They seemed all impatience; and no sooner had Francie quitted the box than the spokesman stepped forward, and with an air of much importance informed the court that it was not now of much consequence whether the examination of the fifteen other witnesses went on or not, as he and his neighbours had just been opening the grave, and had found old Betty Craig lying in her coffin as snugly as an earwig in an apricot.

The case was accordingly given up; and John Coombie, who had been forced for two days to secret himself,

"Up upon the hen-baulks,
Among the rotten timmer,"

after thus narrowly escaping the horse-pond or a visit from Swing, was once more received back into the general society of the smithy and the tap-room.

ON ANGLO-SAXON POETRY.*

A FEW months ago we exposed, in no very measured terms, the impudent attempt which was made in one of the volumes of *Lardner's Cyclopædia* to impose upon the public what was called a history of the Anglo-Saxons, and of their literature. The extreme ignorance of the subject which was there displayed has suggested to us the idea of giving a paper upon the literature, and more particularly upon the poetry of our Saxon forefathers, and the more so, as it is a subject which at present is attracting much attention.

From the time when the Anglo-Saxon language sank into English, perhaps we may say from the latter part of the twelfth century, the pure Saxon writings could no longer be understood, and the manuscripts written in that language were regarded as little better than lumber: they were suffered to lie on the shelves of monastic libraries for want of better books to occupy their place, and, as opportunity occurred, were often erased, and a Latin treatise on some then more valuable and interesting subject written on the same parchment. We have an instance of this latter practice in a manuscript in the library of Jesus College, Cambridge; where, beneath the Latin decretals which now occupy it, and particularly round the margins of some of the folios, may be traced the remains of a fine copy of *Ælfric's Saxon Sermons*. It has not unfrequently happened, that valuable Saxon books have been preserved by the circum-

stance of the same manuscript containing Latin books which were considered much more precious by the monks to whom they belonged. It is not improbable, that sometimes the monks were induced, by the fact of their possessing such books, to study as far as they were able the older form of their language: the glossary, Latin and Saxon, with *Ælfric's Saxon grammar* of the Latin language, are common manuscripts, and might give them some assistance; and we are somewhere told that the monks of Tavistock had composed, and even printed, an Anglo-Saxon grammar.

Public attention, however, was first drawn to the writings of the Anglo-Saxons at the time of the reformation, on account of the religious opinions which they contained. It is now well known that the Saxons did not hold the doctrines which afterwards distinguished the Romish church, and which were opposed by the reformers, and have been rejected by our own church. On the contrary, the Saxon theologians preached against some of these doctrines, as being then growing heresies. Thus their writings became a valuable weapon against the Romish argument of antiquity. The Saxons had also translated the Scriptures into the vernacular tongue, a precedent which the reformers greedily seized upon. Accordingly, the celebrated John Foxe, who had already published some extracts from *Ælfric*, and the whole of the homily against transub-

* *Cædmon's Metrical Paraphrase of Parts of the Holy Scriptures*, in Anglo-Saxon; with an English Translation, Notes, and a Verbal Index. By Benjamin Thorpe, F.S.A., &c. 1832. Published by the Society of Antiquaries of London.

The Anglo-Saxon Poems of *Beowulf*, the Traveller's Song, and the Battle of Finesburh. Edited by John M. Kemble, Esq., M.A. of Trinity College, Cambridge, &c. London, 1833. Second Edition. London, 1835. Pickering.

Glossary to, and Translation of, *Beowulf*. By John M. Kemble, Esq., &c. Nearly ready for publication. London, Pickering.

Analecta Anglo-Saxonica. A Selection, in Prose and Verse, from Anglo-Saxon Authors of various Ages; with a Glossary. Designed chiefly as a first book for Students. By Benjamin Thorpe, F.S.A., &c. London, 1834. Arch.

Anglo-Saxon Version of the Story of Apollonius of Tyre, from a MS. in the Library of C. C. C., Cambridge, with a Literal Translation, &c., by Benjamin Thorpe, Esq., F.S.A. London, 1834. Arch.

Libri Psalmorum Versio Antiqua Latina, cum Paraphrasi Anglo-Saxonica, partim ædificata, partim metricè composita. Nunc primum ex Cod. MS. in Bibl. Regia Parisiensi adservato, descripsit et edidit Benjamin Thorpe, S.A.S., &c. Oxonæ, Typographico Academico. 1835.

Ælfric's Anglo-Saxon Version of the Metres of Boethius, with an English Translation, and Notes. By the Rev. Samuel Fox, M.A. of Pembroke College, Oxford. London, 1836. Pickering.

stantiation, printed, in 1571, the Saxon gospels, with an English version. In 1623, William L'Isle printed Elfric's *Saxon Treatise concerning the Old and New Testament*, and his *Sermon of the Paschall Lambe*, the latter of which was considered of such importance that its genuineness was attested by the signatures of fifteen English archbishops and bishops, among whom was Archbishop Parker, the great patron of Saxon literature. In the preface to the first of these tracts, L'Isle complains bitterly of the neglect with which the Anglo-Saxon monuments had been treated; "having," he says, "in our libraries so goodly monuments of reverend antiquitie, divine handwritings, in so faire and large character that a man running may read them: we do not make them known to the world, but let them lie still like a treasure hid to no use, and even till they be almost forgotten of our selves." L'Isle by no means overpraises the beautiful writing which is generally characteristic of Anglo-Saxon manuscripts. His account of the circuitous path by which he arrived at what knowledge he had of the language is extremely curious, and shews clearly how little progress had then been made towards rescuing it from oblivion.

"The due consideration hereof," says he, "first stirred vp in me an earnest desire to know what learning lay hid in this old English tongue: for which I found out this vncasie way, first to acquaint my selfe a little with the Dutch both high and low; the one by originall, the other by commerce allied: then to reade awhile for recreation all the old English I could finde, poetry or prose, of what matter soeuer. And diuers good bookes of this kinde I got, that were neuer yet published in print; which euer the more ancient they were, I perceived came neerer the Saxon: but the Saxon (as a bird, flying in the aire farther and farther, seemes lesse and lesse), the older it was, became the harder to bee vnderstood."

After a while, he met with the translation of Virgil by Gawin Douglas, which he read through more than once.

"Next then I read the decalogue, &c., set out by Erasmus in common character, and so prepared came to the proper Saxon; which differeth but in seven or eight letters from the pica roman: and therein reading certaine sermons, and the foure euangelists set out and Englished by Mr. Fox, so increased my

skill,* that at length (I thanks God) I found my selfe able (as it were to swimme without bladders) to vnderstand the vnterminated fragments of the tongue, scattered in master Camden and others, by him some, and some by Sir Henry Savill set forth: as also those in Tho. of Walsingham, Caius, and Lambard; with certaine old charters that I met with among the king's records, and in the coucher-bookes of monasteries; yet still venturing not far from the shore. At last waxing more able through vse, I tooke heart to put forth and dide into the deep among the meere Saxon monuments of my worthily-respected kinsman Sir H. Spelman, my honorable friend Sir Rob. Cotton, and of our libraries in Cambridge. So far about went I for want of a guide, who now (thanks be to God) am able to lead others a neerer way."

L'Isle's confessions shew us how much was wanting, and how long time must unavoidably elapse before the study of the Anglo-Saxon language could be pursued safely and boldly. Even the opportunity for this study was but a matter of chance; for every one was not in that position where he could use freely and at will the manuscripts in which the monuments of that language lay buried. And to those who were in that position it was a difficult and wearisome task, where the scholar was without help and without guide, and in which he was constantly meeting with phraseology and words at the meaning of which he could do no more than guess. Yet the seventeenth century gave birth to many zealous promoters of the study of the old language and literature of our ancestors; and the *Thesaurus of Hickeys* will always remain a monument of industry and learning, though too full of errors to be a guide at the present day. The same century produced Wheelock, who gave an edition of Alfred's version of Bede; Junius, to whom we owe the first edition of *Cædmon*; Spelman, who edited the laws and constitutions; Wanley, who composed a descriptive catalogue of the Anglo-Saxon manuscripts, which in his time were preserved in the libraries, public and private, of England; Somner, who compiled an Anglo-Saxon dictionary; Gibson, who edited the *Chronicle*. During the following century, if we except one or two names who deserve better fame, the Anglo-Saxon language again fell into neglect, and was generally looked upon as a mere virtuous

a thing worthy only to amuse now and then the idler hours of the antiquarian. It has been reserved for our own days, and (to our shame be it spoken) for foreigners, to revive the study of a language which must on so many accounts be interesting to Englishmen.

It would not be difficult to point at several causes which would tend to discourage the study of Anglo-Saxon during the last century and the commencement of the present. The scholars of the seventeenth century had laboured zealously, and had done much work, but unfortunately they had been working on a wrong track. In the comparatively small number of books in the language which these scholars had the opportunity of reading diligently, out of those which were preserved, it often happened that they found words, and forms, and constructions which only occurred once; and nothing in philology is more perilous than forming rules upon single instances. The consequence was that, though grammars and dictionaries were published, though they reflected credit on the industry and often on the acuteness of those who composed them, yet they were so full of errors that they led the student into the greatest of mistakes, even to the mistaking of nouns for verbs, or of particles for nouns; and when he met with any serious difficulty, he was obliged to grope his way out of it by his own ingenuity, as well as he could. This itself was no small discouragement, even had the editions of Saxon authors, and the grammars and dictionaries made to assist in reading them, been sufficiently numerous to have given people in general an opportunity of using them.

From the circumstance of the Anglo-Saxon being a language only existing in manuscripts, which manuscripts bear the strongest marks of having been written by ignorant and careless copyists, and from the additional circumstance of the largest part of them being theological, and of such a kind as to run chiefly upon a particular class of words, and on a particular style of writing, it may be easily imagined that the person who should undertake to reduce its philology into order, to form a grammar and dictionary of a language which was not understood, attempted a task of extraordinary difficulty. The manner in which *Professor Mæle* sought to attain a knowledge of the language, by

mounting up to it through the middle English and Scottish, might teach him the meaning of some of the commoner words, but it could never have taught him the niceties or the difficulties of the grammar and construction; he might, indeed, by this means, and by his knowledge of the Dutch and German, have succeeded in translating one of the later homilies, but he could never have gone much further without some better and surer aid. Our Saxonists soon felt the necessity of making a comparison with the other tongues of the same stock of languages; but they made this comparison without knowing exactly what they were doing; they went sometimes to one language to seek a word, sometimes to another, without knowing why that word in that language must be the representative of the same word, or why not. It was like the aim of a blind man—he may chance to hit his mark, or he may chance to miss it, but the latter chance is the greater. The difference in the form of a word in two languages of the same family, or in two dialects of the same language, are guided by a rule, which is invariable, and which can only be discovered in its bearing on every instance by a laborious collation of all the cases where it is exerted. This being once done, the rule is fixed. The dialect which substitutes *o* for the *a* of another dialect in such a word as *max*, would not in another case, where *a* stood under exactly the same circumstances, replace it by *i*.

Rask did much for Anglo-Saxon, by comparing it with the Icelandic; and his Anglo-Saxon grammar is an excellent book. But he has fallen into errors by working within too narrow a field, by having compared the Saxon with only one cognate language, and that not the nearest in relationship to itself. It was Dr. James Grimm, of Göttingen, who first established a correct and safe system of philology for the Teutonic languages; and it is by an application of this system only that we can proceed in the Anglo-Saxon with any degree of security.

The necessity of this exact and complete knowledge of the different cognate languages must be very apparent. For instance,—if we would know the gender of a noun, a thing very necessary to be ascertained, as it guides us in knowing its inflexion, it is frequently the case that we cannot ascertain it

from the most complete examination of the manuscripts which we now have, where it may never occur in that position which would determine it; and hence we might be led into the error of confusing one case of the noun with another. Here, then, we are obliged to examine its analogous word in another language of the family. But in this other language, an accurate examination of the analogy of that form of words may, perhaps, in a few instances, still leave some doubt; and we are then driven to seek the analogy in another language of the same stock, which shall give us all we want, and at the same time will explain to us the cause of the doubt in the other, and thus save us from the error which we should have committed by confining ourselves to it.

To know the grammar of a language it is necessary to know the reasons of the grammar. It is not sufficient to know the forms of words, but we ought to know why such forms existed, and why in their place we do not find some other forms. This is the single basis on which is founded what has been termed the *new school* of Saxon philologists. The reasons of a language are not always to be discovered in the language itself; we must necessarily refer to other languages of the same family; but we must know how and why we are referring to them, and above all, we must avoid being deceived by following hastily false analogies. A singular instance of a person labouring under this deception may be instanced in Bellenden Ker's *Essay on English Proverbs*, which we perhaps shall shortly have occasion to notice. But nothing could be more dangerous or more vain than to establish a system of philology for the Anglo-Saxon language solely on the language itself as it exists in manuscripts. We may instance this in the case of the accents, in which the scribes have been peculiarly careless. We often find in a manuscript within the same page, almost in the same line, the same word occurring twice, accentuated in the one place, and without accent in the other. What is worse, the scribes not only omitted accents, but they often accentuated words wrongly. The accents distinguish the long vowels from the short ones; and here, if we rely upon the manuscripts, we must come to the somewhat paradoxical conclusion, that the vowels might in every case be long

or short; at the caprice of the writer. Mr. Kemble has, to our knowledge, collected several thousand instances of accentuation from manuscripts *alone*, which he has compared most carefully; and he has been forced to the conclusion that in this case the authority of manuscripts can nowise be depended upon. But it is very necessary that we should know which are long vowels and which are short,—that is, in every word we ought to know the accentuation; for this purpose we compare, according to rules which are now well established, the syllable with the same syllable in the form of the word which the other Teutonic languages give, and all is clear. We may illustrate this by a very common instance. In our dictionaries hitherto we have the word God explained *God* and also *good* (bonus); and, again, the word man explained by *man* and *evil*. Our lexicographers, thereupon, give us a lecture upon the philosophy of the Anglo-Saxons (of course when they made their language), when they wisely designated the deity by a name which expressed his *goodness*, and at the same time expressed their sense of the natural wickedness and depravity of their own species by a name that signified *evil*. But the Anglo-Saxons were not so humble-minded. The truth is that God, *Deus*, and *gód*, *bonus*—for the latter should be accentuated—are entirely different words, as are also *man*, *homo*, and *mán*, *scelus*. This truth appears at once by a comparison of the languages. God, *Deus*, has in Gothic the form *guths*, in what we call Old-High-Dutch it is *kot*, in Old-Saxon *god*, and in Old-Norse *gudr*; in all which cases the vowel answers to a short vowel in Anglo-Saxon: whereas, *gód*, *bonus*, is represented in Gothic by *gôds*, in Old-High-Dutch by *kuot*, in Old-Saxon by *gôd*, and in Old-Norse by *gôdr*; all which forms shew the vowel of the Saxon word to be long. So *man*, *homo*, is represented in Gothic by *mann*, *manna*, in Old-High-Dutch by *man*, in Old Saxon by *man*, and in Old-Norse by *manr* (for *manr*); while *mán*, *scelus*, is *máins* in Gothic, *mein* in Old-High-Dutch, *mên* in Old-Saxon, and *meio* in Old-Norse. In pronouncing these words, an Anglo-Saxon would never have mistaken, in either case, the one word for the other.

As to the second difficulty which we have supposed to have been felt by the student in Anglo-Saxon, the want

of books, much, also, has been done lately to supply this want. A most noteworthy example was set by the Society of Antiquaries. In the beginning of the year 1831, it was proposed to undertake the publication "of the remains of Anglo-Saxon and early English literature existing in manuscript, with the addition of such as have been imperfectly edited, or have become extremely rare." These two latter clauses, we imagine, were made in allusion to *Beowulf* and *Cædmon*. The proposition was accepted by the society; a resolution on the subject, after having been suspended in the meeting-room during the period prescribed by the statutes, was confirmed by ballot on the 17th of March, and a committee was appointed, for the purpose of carrying it into effect.

We believe that the project did not originate in England. It was first talked of in Denmark, as we, in one of our early numbers, informed our readers; and Dr. Gruntvig, of Copenhagen, who was sent to England by the Danish government to examine the manuscripts in our libraries, had some concern in the proposing of it to the Society of Antiquaries. But no sooner did there appear some chance that the intended publication might obtain to a certain degree public approbation, than Dr. Gruntvig determined, kindly enough, to take all the labour from the shoulders of the Antiquarians; and in the same year (1831) appeared his prospectus of a complete series of the most valuable works of our Anglo-Saxon forefathers, to be edited by himself, and to be published by subscription. We did what we could to recommend it to the public. Gruntvig's plan was ample: the first two volumes of his series were to have contained *Beowulf*; the third, *Cædmon*; the fourth, selections from the Exeter book; the chronicle of Layamon was to have occupied the next three volumes; and the eighth, ninth, and tenth were to have comprised a collection of Anglo-Saxon homilies. Gruntvig enjoyed, what he merited, the character of a scholar; and some subscribers were obtained; but ultimately the project was abandoned.

The Antiquaries commenced their undertaking with spirit; and in the following year appeared the excellent edition of *Cædmon*, with a literal version in English, by Benjamin Thorpe, who was already well and fa-

vourably known by his translation of Raak's *Anglo-Saxon Grammar*. At the same time was announced, for the second work of the series, the *Semi-Saxon Metrical Chronicle*, by Layamon, to be edited by Sir Frederick Madden. We may perhaps complain, and not unreasonably, that, in their selection of works for publication, the Saxon committee proceeded with more zeal than judgment. It might have been expected that the two first publications would have been *Beowulf* and the Exeter book,—without doubt the two most valuable remains of Anglo-Saxon literature, and at the same time the most neglected, probably because they were the most difficult. Of *Cædmon*, a tolerably accurate edition had already been given by Junius. Still, Thorpe's *Cædmon* was a boon which we received with gratitude; and we shall rejoice at the appearance of Layamon, which is still in the press. We look forwards, however, anxiously to what we trust will be the third publication of the committee, the Exeter book itself, which is now in preparation by Mr. Thorpe.

The neglect which *Beowulf* had experienced at the hands of the Antiquaries was amply repaired by the admirable edition which was given by Mr. Kemble, and of which a second edition, enriched by many conjectural emendations, is now ready for publication. A second volume, to accompany the text, is also in the press, and will contain an excellent glossary, which will enable our Saxonists to do what few of them could do before—read the Saxon poetry with safety, and a literal translation of the poem. We understand that he intends to add also, at the end, a few philological notes.

Soon after the appearance of the first edition of *Beowulf*, was published Mr. Thorpe's *Analecta Anglo-Saxonica*, a book long wanted by the student in that language. It consists of a selection of pieces in prose and verse, which have hitherto been unpublished, or published incorrectly, and contains, among other things of value, two or three complete homilies, the prose dialogue of Saturn and Salomon, the colloquy of *Ælfric*, and the poems of *Byrhtnoth* and *Judith*, with the history of King Lear, as a specimen of the two texts of Layamon's Chronicle; and it is accompanied by a complete glossary, so that some knowledge of the grammar is all that is necessary before

reading it. The same accomplished scholar has since published a neat edition of the Saxon prose version of the Romance of Apollonius of Tyre, which is preserved in a manuscript at Cambridge; and he has added to the text an English translation, and a glossary of all the words which are not found in the glossary to the *Analecta*.

The universities, also, have lent their aid to the revival of the study of this language. Cambridge set a noble example, in undertaking the magnificent edition of the Anglo-Saxon gospels, under the joint care of Thorpe and Kemble, which is now printing at the Pitt Press, and which will contain all the texts and all the glosses that are known to exist. At Cambridge, too, Mr. Kemble has delivered a course of lectures on the Saxon language, which we believe it to be his intention to publish. The university of Oxford has also printed, at the Clarendon Press, a version of the Psalms, in pure and elegant Saxon, partly prose, and partly metrical, which Mr. Thorpe has edited from a MS. in the royal library at Paris.

The limits within which we must necessarily confine our observations on the poetry of the Anglo-Saxons will not allow us to say much of their prose writings,—they are numerous, frequently not very interesting, yet often filled with noble sentiments and acute observations. First, both for elegance and purity of language, stand the works of Alfred, which, as they remain to us, consist chiefly of translations, sometimes (as in the case of the *Pastorale* of Gregory, as yet unprinted) of authors who are not now very valuable, but always in his manner of paraphrasing the original, and in his own observations, which are by no means sparingly interspersed, shewing us how the great and noble mind of our king improved every thing on which he put his hand. We have had some hopes of seeing appear, under the care of Mr. Kemble, an edition of the collected works of King Alfred, which would make four handsome volumes in octavo; and, as they seem not to be at present forthcoming, we would willingly recommend them to the consideration of the Saxon committee of the Antiquaries. Several of his separate works have been printed,—his *Boethius*; his *Bede*, not well; and his *Orosius* (by Daines Barrington), most wretchedly. In his Saxon version of *Boethius*, Alfred appears before us in

the character of a poet; but, as might easily be supposed, not very advantageously. His poetical version of the metres of the Latin writers are, as far as their language goes, elegant and correct, but somewhat dull and prosaic. They have been lately reprinted in a separate volume (to accompany the prose as edited by Cardale) by Mr. Fox, who has, however, committed the unpardonable fault of neglecting to collate the text, which he has taken from Rawlingson's edition, with the original manuscript.

The characteristics of Anglo-Saxon poetry may be described in a few words,—they are loftiness of expression, exuberance of metaphor, intricacy of construction, and a diction differing entirely from that of prose—precisely the characteristics of the poetry of a people whose mind is naturally poetical, but which has not arrived at a state of cultivation and refinement. Similes, on the contrary, are rare; in the whole poem of *Beowulf* there occur but five, and those are of the simplest description,—the comparison of a ship, as it makes its way over the deep, to a bird (*fugle ge-licost*, v. 435),—of the gleam that shone from the eye of the *grendel*, as he stalked the hall in search of his prey, to fire (*ligge ge-licost*, v. 1447),—of the nails of the monster's fingers to steel (*style geli-cost*, v. 1964),—of the light within the *grendel's* den to the calm sunshine,—

“ (Efnæ swá of befene
hádre scíneð
rodoreð candel.”—V. 3141.

“ Even as from heaven
serenely shines
the candle of the firmament.”)

—of the melting of the hero's sword by the touch of the monster's blood to that of ice (*ise ge-licost*, v. 3216). To feel this poetry, it is necessary that we should understand well the language, and that we should also be acquainted with the character of the people; we can know nothing of it by *literal* translations into our form of the language, which has so long lost all its grammatical inflexions, or by the translation of poetical words into the most prosaic that we can find to answer to them.

It may be well to remark that the form of Saxon poetry is alliteration—not rhyme; that, instead of two lines always rhyming together, they are joined by the circumstance of the first containing two words commencing

with the same sound, and the second having its first word on which stress is laid in the pronunciation also beginning with the same letter. This is the strict rule of alliteration; in the Saxon poetry, however, as it is preserved in manuscripts, the first line often contains but one alliterating word, and, from the negligence of the scribes, the alliteration is in many instances entirely lost. As far as we are able to judge, the Saxons did not measure their verse by feet; the only rule which we can discover seems to be that, in the common kind of verse, there must be two raisings and two fallings of the voice in each line,—so that it would appear that a verse ought never to consist of less than four syllables.

The Saxon bards seem to have possessed most of inspiration, while their countrymen retained their paganism. We trace distinctly two periods of their poetry,—a period when it was full of freedom, and originality, and genius, and a later time, when the poets were imitators, who made their verse by freely using the thoughts and expressions of those who had gone before them. The religious poetry of the Christian Saxons abounds in passages taken from *Beowulf*; and probably a large part of what is not imitated from that poem is taken from others of the early Saxon cycles.

Of the first of these periods we have remaining but one complete monument—the poem to which we have already alluded of the adventures of Beowulf the Geat. There can be no doubt that this poem belongs to what was once an extensive cycle. The hero Beowulf was one of our own forefathers, a Geat, or Angle, who, according to the mythic genealogies of the Northerns, ruled over the Angle tribes in Sleswic and Jutland, before

the Saxon settlement in England. Mr. Keble had shown in his preface that, from these genealogies, the period of his reign must have been the middle of the fifth century; but we believe that he is now inclined to give him a much more mythic character. There are many reasons for believing that the poem itself was composed at a remote period,—that it was brought here by the first Anglo-Saxon settlers; but that, in passing through different hands, up to the time when was made the transcript now preserved, it has been in some parts modernised, and that Christian ideas have been introduced in place of the older heathen ones. Still there are many traces of its older form, and the Christianity which is introduced sits awkwardly on the Paganism which constantly peeps from under it.

The poem of *Beowulf* is a magnificent and accurate picture of life in the heroic ages. Its plot is simple; a few striking instances, grandly traced, and casting strong and broad shadows, form the picture. It is a story of open, single-handed warfare, where love is never introduced as a motive of action, or stratagem as an instrument. *Beowulf*, like *Hercules*, seeks glory only by clearing the world of monsters and oppressors. A report had reached him that the court of *Hrothgar*, a Danish king, was infested by an unearthly monster, the *grendel*, who nightly entered *Heorot*, the royal hall, and slew the warriors in their sleep. The emulation of the *Geatish* prince was raised,—he felt himself equal to the task of combating the depredator; for, as the story tells, he possessed the strength of thirty men, and, with a chosen band of his followers, he embarked for the Danish coast. The reception of the warriors in *Denmark* is peculiarly characteristic.

"Guman üt-aeufon,
worus on wil-efß,
wudu bundeane.
Ge-wät pä ofer wmg-hqlm
winde ge-fyaed
ßta fämi-heals,
ßagle ge-kcoet,
eb þæt, ymb än-tid
ðæs degores,
wunden stefna
ge-wunden ßafde
ge-ge-liccende
and ge-sawon,
ge-ge-liccende blican,
ge-ge-liccende stäpe,
stige ge-liccende."—V. 429.

“ The men pushed out
(the heroes on their voyage)
the bound wood (the ship).
Went then over the deep waves,
driven forwards by the wind,
the foamy-necked ship,
likest unto a bird ;
till, about the hour of one
on the second day,
the twisted vessel
had so far proceeded
that the voyagers
saw land,
the sea-cliffs glittering,
the steep hills,
the broad promontories.”

Their landing did not escape the vigilant eyes of the Danish watchman, who was placed in his little fort to overlook the coast :

" [Dá] of wealle ge-seah
weard Seoldings,
se þe [holm]-clifu
healdan scoldo,
þægn ofer bolcan
beorhte randas,
fyrd-searu fús-lícu."—V. 456.

" Then from his wall beheld them
the watch of the Seoldings,
he whose duty it was
to keep the sea-cliffs,
as they were bearing over the balks
their bright shields,
their war-apparatus ready for service."

He immediately arrests the progress of Beowulf and his followers, demands who they are, whence they come, and what is their errand, without attempting to conceal his suspicions that, as they were ignorant of the watchword, that errand could not be friendly, pays a compliment to the gallant appearance of their leader, and concludes his speech with the concise observation—

" Ófoet is sélest
tó ge-cyðanne
hwanan eowre cyme syndon." V. 510.

" Best is quickest
to make known
whence is your coming."

The guard was satisfied with the answer of Beowulf; and, after having taken the customary precautions of unlading their vessel, and drawing it up on the beach, he permitted the

strangers to pursue their way to the royal court, where they were again received with suspicion and distrust, until, on his name being announced to King Hrothgar, who was well acquainted with his family and his renown, the hero was ushered into the royal presence, to give an account of his mission. Beowulf then related to the king, in a set speech, how the report of the Grendel's depredations had reached his country,—how his companions in arms, who had often witnessed his valour and the success of his exploits, had counselled him to go to the assistance of the unhappy Danes,—and how he was now come to offer his aid against the monster who persecuted them,—and ended by expressing his resignation to the fate which Heaven might send him in the encounter. " If I fall," says he, " it will be in the performance of my duty,"—

" Ná [þú] mīnne þearft
hafalaū hydan;
ac he me habban wile
deóre fāhne.
Gif mec deað nimeð,
byrð blóðig wæl,
byrgean þenceð;
eiseð án-genga
un-murn-líce;
nearcað mór-hó[f]u;
nó þú ymb mīnes ne þearft
líces feorme
leng sorgian.
On-send Hige-lāce,
gif mec hild nime,
beadu-scrúda betut
þæt mīne breost wereð,
hregla sélest,
þæt is Hmrdian lāf,
Welandes ge-weorc.
Gmð á wyrd swá hió scel."—V. 885.

" Thou needest not
to hide my hafela,
but he [the Grendel] will have me
stained with gore.
If death shall take me,
bear forth my bloody corpse;
remember to bury me:
let the solitary passenger eat
un-mournfully:
mark my fen-dwelling;
thou needest not
to care longer
about my corpse-feast.
Should the war take me,
send to Higelac
the best of war-coverings,
the most precious of clothing—
that which guardeth my breast.
it is the legacy of Hmrdla,
the work of Weland.
Fate will always go as it must." *

In another speech, Hrothgar accepts, with many declarations of gratitude, the offered aid of Beowulf,—recounts to him the depredations of the fiend who haunted his court, and the unsuccessful attempts which had been made to de-

stroy it,—and finally invites the strangers to join in the festivities of his hall.

* Our Saxon forefathers seem to have been as much addicted to the making of lengthy speeches as some of their descendants at the present day; and

* The translation of this line is in accordance with the proposed reading which we have adopted, instead of that of the MS. which has "gmð á wyrd swá hió scel."

we have several very fair specimens in the course of the present poem. We are tempted to give an example, though by no means a long one. In the hall of Hæthgar sat a person named Hunferth, the son of Ecglaf, envious and jealous, who delighted in cavilling at the deeds of others, like the Sir Kay of the romances of the court of King Arthur; though Hunferth is not, like Sir Kay, a coward,—because it is a character which would not be suffered

in a poem of the age of that of Beowulf. Hunferth was envious of Beowulf's fame, and indulges his spleen by rallying him on some of his former deeds, which he represents in a disadvantageous light. We are the more inclined to give the speech of Hunferth, as it has been entirely misunderstood by Mr. Conybeare, who, in his *Illustrations of Anglo-Saxon Poetry*, says that Hunferth rails at Beowulf's "piratical exploits."

Hunferð mæpelode
Ecglāfes bearn,
þe æt fōtūm sæt
frēan Scyldinga;
on-band beado-rūne;
wæs him Bēo-wulfes sifð,
mōðges mere-faran,
micel æf-þunca:
for þon þe he ne cūþe
þæt ænig oðer man
æfre mærcðe þon mā
middan-geardes
ge-hedde under heofenum
þonne he sylfa.
' Eart þú se Beo-wulf
se þe wið Breca wunne
on sidne sæ.
ymb sund-flite,
ðær git for wlenca
wada cunnodon,
and for dol-gilpe
on deop wæter
aldrum neþdon.
Ne inc ænig mon,
ne leof ne lāð,
be-leān mihte
sorh-fullne sifð.
þá git on suud reon,
þær git eacor-stream
earmum þehton,
mæton mere-stræta,
mundum brugdon,
glidon ofer gār-secg;
geofon-ȝpum
weol wintrys wylm:
git on wæteres ȝht
seofon-niht swuncon.
He þe æt sunde ofer-flāt,
hæfde mære mægen:
þá hine on morgen-tid
on Heapo-ræmes
holm up-æt-þær;
ðonon he ge-sōhte
swihene eðel,
leof his leodum,
land Brondinga,
freoðo-burh fægere,
þær he folc ahte
burh and þeagas.
Beot eal wið þe
sunn Bean-stānes
sifðe] ge-læste.
Ðonne wære ic tū þe
wyrran þingen,

Hunferth spoke,
the son of Ecglaf,
who sat at the feet
of the lord of the Scyldings:
he made a quarrelsome speech.
To him was the journey
of the bold sea-farer, Beowulf,
a matter of much annoyance;
because he was unwilling to grant
that any other man
should possess more reputation
of the world,
under the heavens,
than himself.
' Art thou that Beowulf
who strove against Breca
on the wide sea,
in a swimming-match;
where ye two for pride
tried the fords,
and for vain boasting
ventured with your lives
on the deep water?
You two might no man,
neither friend nor enemy,
hinder by his reproaches
from your sorrowful journey.
Then ye two rowed on the deep
where ye the ocean-stream
covered with your arms;
ye measured the lake-paths,
with your arms ye whirled them;
ye glided over the ocean;
with the waves of the sea
the tide of winter boiled.
Ye two on the domain of the water
laboured seven days.
He beat thee on the waves —
he had more strength:
then, at the morning tide,
the deep sea bore him up
on Heathoræme;
thence he sought,
dear to his people,
his own peculiar inheritance,
the land of the Brondings —
a fair metropolis,
where he possessed a people,
a town, and rings [treasures].
All his promise
the son of Beatan
truly performed to thee.
Yet I expect for thee
a worse affair,

ðeáh þá heaðo-ræsa
ge-hwær dūhte,
grimre gūðe,
gif þá Grendl[es] dearest
niht-longne fyrst
neæn bi[ð]an[.]'

Beó-wulf maþelode,
bearn Ecg-þeowes :
' Hwæt! þú worn fela
wine mín Hunfer[ð],
beðre druncen,
ymb Breca spræco
sægdest from his siðe ;
eðð ic talige
þæt ic mere-strango
máran áhte,
earfeð on yðum,
ðonne ænig óðer man.
Wit þæt ge-cwædou
cniht-wesende
and ge-beótedon
(wæron begen þá git
on geógoð-feore),
þæt wit, on gár-secg út
aldrum néðdon,
and þæt ge-mundon swá.
Hæfdon swurd nacod,
þá wit on sund reón,
heard on handa ;
wit unc wið bron-fixas
wérian þóhton.
Ne he wiht fram me
flód-yðum fear
fleótan meahste,
hraþor on holme,
no ic fram him wolde ;
ðá wit æt-[s]omne
on sæ wærou
fif nihta fyrst,
op þæt unc flód tó-dráf,
wado weallende,
wædera cealdost,
nipende niht,
and norþan [w]ind,
heapo-grim and-hwearf :
hreo wæron [y]þa.
Was mere-fixa
mód on-hræred :
þær me wið láðum
líc-yrce mín,
heard bond-locen,
helpe ge-fremede ;
beado-lrægl broden
on breóstum læg,
golde ge-gyrwed.
Me tó grunde teáh
fáh feond-scaða ;
fæste hæfde
grim on grápe :
hwæpre me gyfeþe wearð,
þæt ic ag-læcan
orde ge-mahste,
hilde-bille ;
heapo-ras for-nam
mihtig mere-deór
þurh mīne hand.
Swá mec ge-līme

though thou in hostile onset,
in grim war,
hast been every where successful,
if thou darest,
for the space of a whole night,
to abide near Grendel.'

Beówulf spoke,
the son of Ecgtheow :
' Lo! thou for a long time,
my friend Hunferth,
drunken with beer,
hast discoursed concerning Breca,
hast spoken respecting his journey ;
I tell thee the truth,
that I possess
more of strength on the sea,
of laboriousness on the waters,
than any other man.
We two had said that,
when we were boys,
and had promised
(we were still both
in the prime of youth)
that we out on the ocean
would venture our lives,
and that we accom-plished thus.
We had our naked swords
hard in our hands
when we rowed upon the deep ;
we thought to defend ourselves
against the walruses.
He could not, in any degree,
more swift on the deep,
swim far from me,
over the waves of the sea :
I would not from him.
There we two together
were on the sea
the space of five nights,
until the flood drove us asunder ;
the boiling fords,
the coldest of storms,
the darkening night,
and a wind from the north,
fiercely turned us away .
rough were the waves.
The courage of the sea-fishes
was excited :
there my body-garment,
hard-locked by the hand,
gave me aid
against foes ;
my twisted war-dress
lay upon my breast,
furnished with gold.
The variegated enemy
drew me to the bottom ;
he had me fast
grim in his gripe :
nevertheless it was granted me,
that I the villain
reached with my weapon,
with my war-bill ;
the mighty sea-beast
received the war-rush
through my hand.
Thus me frequently

lāð-ge-teóman
 þreotedon þearle ;
 ic him þénode
 deóran sweorde ,
 „ swá hit ge-défe was .
 Næs hie ðære fyлле
 ge-feán hmeódon ,
 mán-for-dædлан ,
 þæt hie me þegon ,
 symbel ymb-secton
 æs-grunde neáh .
 Ac on mergenne
 mecum wunde ,
 be yð-láfe
 uppe lægon ,
 swe[ordum] á-swefede ;
 þæt syðþan ná
 ymb bront[ne] ford ,
 brim-líðende
 láde ne letton .” — V. 992.

my hateful foes
 threatened vehemently ;
 I served them out
 with my dear sword ,
 as it was right I should .
 By no means they of the slaughter
 had any joy —
 the wicked villains ,
 that they meddled with me ,
 that they set upon me all at once ,
 near the bottom of the sea .
 But on the morning ,
 wounded with swords ,
 they lay aloft
 on the beach ,
 put to sleep by the sword ,
 that they have never since
 hindered from their way
 the sea-sailors
 about the bubbling fords .”

In this manner Beówulf continues to expatiate on his valour against the nickers, and other sea-monsters, of whom he boasts of having killed nine ; and he concludes by insinuating, that had Hunferth himself been as valiant as he would have people believe him, the grendel would not have infested so long the court of Hrothgar. After having spent the day in festivities, Beówulf and his companions are left to guard the hall during the night, where they are visited by the grendel, who attacks Beówulf, supposing him to be asleep : after a terrible struggle he receives a mortal wound, and flies precipitately to his retreat. Amid their rejoicings upon the destruction of their persecutor, the followers of Hrothgar are visited during the following night by another monster, the grendel's mother ; who revenges the grendel by the death of Æschere, the monarch's favourite counsellor, and returns to her den. Beówulf consoles the Danish king, by offering to pursue her thither ; he finds that her abode is under the water, whither he descends, and finally returns victorious. The king loads him with gifts, and he returns to his own country. This completes the first part of the poem, which reaches to the twenty-eighth canto ; the latter part of which, with the whole of the twenty-ninth and the beginning of the thirtieth, appear to have perished by mutilation of the manuscript. Afterwards we have a new story ; that of the last expedition of Beówulf, now old and monarch over his people, against a fire-drake, which molested them, and of his death in the encounter.

We will not dwell further on the

story of Beówulf, for the beauty and interest of the poem are not in the plot, but in the accessories — in the descriptions of the festivities of the royal hall, where the queen of Hrothgar served round the ale to the heroes ; of the abodes of the grendels and of the fire-drake ; of the combats in which Beówulf is engaged ; and in the strong and natural pictures of the manners and feelings of the persons who are introduced — pictures that sufficiently prove that the bard who composed them was well acquainted with the state of society which he describes. In its present state, this poem consists of 6359 lines. The manuscript is of the tenth century.

That the poems of their old mythic cycles continued long to be popular among the Anglo-Saxons, we have the strongest evidence in the comparative modernness of the manuscript of Beówulf, and in the frequent use of expressions taken from it in the later Christian poems. We have, also, a curious proof of the popularity of the older Saxon and northern stories among our forefathers, even as late as the end of the eleventh century, in the preface to a most interesting and nearly contemporary life of the Saxon Hereward, who so long held out in the marshes of Ely against the Norman conqueror. The writer of this life, which is as yet unpublished, says that, among other sources of information concerning his hero, he had used a work of the presbyter Leofric, Hereward's own deacon, who resided at Brun, the place where lay Hereward's patrimony. This Leofric, he tells us, occupied himself in collecting, for the edification of his

bearers, all the acts of the giants and the warriors from the fables of the ancients, or, in the instance of more modern heroes, from the trust-worthy relations of those who had known them, and in writing them in English that they might be preserved in people's memories—"Hujus enim memorati presbyteri erat studium omnes actus gigantum et bellatorum, ex fabulis antiquorum et ex fideli relatione ad ædificationem audientium congregare, et ob memoriam Angliæ literis commendare"). In the course of Hereward's history allusion is made to the strength of one of these old warriors, Godwine; a name which occurs in the Saxon mythic genealogy, and on whose exploits there perhaps existed a poem similar to that of Beowulf. Of the latter class of histories, or, perhaps, poems, which Leofric wrote, whose subject was the heroic deeds of the Anglo-Saxon heroes, we have a specimen in the noble fragment on the battle of Maldon and the death of Byrhtnoth, printed in the *Analecta* of Mr. Thorpe. Many of these early histories were preserved through the change of the language into what we term Middle-English: there we had once the romance of Wade, and we have still several manuscripts of that of Horn, which was so popular as to be transferred into Norman; and three manuscripts of the Norman poem, all incomplete, are still preserved.

As Christianity, however, established itself in the hearts and minds of our Saxon forefathers, their poets not only introduced occasionally somewhat of the new religion into the old heroic poems as they passed through their hands, as we have seen to have been done in Beowulf, but they took up

also Christian subjects, and clothed them in all the metaphor and all the loftiness and grandeur of the national verse. Thus we have poems on scriptural subjects, such as Judith, printed in the *Analecta*—a fragment, but one of the best specimens of Anglo-Saxon verse that we possess, and the Maccabees, as yet unpublished; and Lives of the Saints, such as the fine poem on the life of St. Andrew, the life of St. Juliana, in the Exeter MS., and several others of less poetical value. The Old Testament was fertile in subjects which were agreeable to the feelings of Saxons—wars and heroic deeds; and some poet, stringing together a few of the better poems on Scripture subjects, by very unequal verses of his own, has formed a kind of poetical version of the earlier parts of the Bible, which is preserved in a very mutilated state in a manuscript at Oxford, and which has been twice printed under the name of Cædmon.

The inequality of the different parts of the poem attributed to Cædmon, was first noticed by Conybeare. A fine poem on the fall of the angels, the creation, and the fall of man, is awkwardly prefaced by a repetition of the same story, much more briefly told. Then we have a barren version of the chapters of Genesis to the close of the life of Abraham, except the accounts of the flood and of the war of the kings against Sodom, which are told in a superior style. Suddenly, without any connexion with that of Abraham, we are introduced to the history of Moses; which, again, is told in a very different manner, and has all the marks of being a separate poem. The exordium, indeed, may be compared with that of Beowulf:

Hwæt! we feor and neáh
ge-frigen habað
ofer middan-geard
Moyseas dómas,
wroclico wórd-riht
wera cneorissum;

langsumne ræd
hæleðum secgan:
ge-hyre se ðe wille," &c.

Lo! we far and near
have learnt by inquiry
through middle earth,
the decrees of Moses—
a wondrous oral law
to the tribes of men;

a long narration
for men to tell:
let him hear who will."

The exordium of Beowulf commences thus:

Hwæt! we Gár-Dena,
in gear-dagum,
þeód cyninga,
brym ge-frunon,
há þa ætelingas
ellen fremedon, &c.

Lo! we have learnt by inquiry
the glory of the Gar-Danes,
the mighty kings,
in days of yore,
how the nobles
achieved valour," &c.

After the history of Moses follows that of Nebuchadnezzar, equally distinct and complete in itself, which occupies all the remainder of the first part.* The second part comprises chiefly a poem† on the descent of Christ into Hades; a favourite story, known, in somewhat later times, as the Harrowing of Hell.

If any of the scriptural poems which are thus collected belong to that Cædmon whose legend is told by Bede, we should conceive one to be the story of the Creation, which deserves attention even for its own great beauty, and is

Ar war allða
þar er Ymif lygdi;
wara sandr né sær,
né swalar unnir.
Jörd fannz sœwa,
né upp himin,
gap war ginnunga,
enn gras hwegi."

The Lucifer of Cædmon is, at first, one of the most beautiful and most favoured angels of heaven; he enjoys there the highest rank under God himself, but his pride leads him to become envious of his superior, against whom he presumptuously makes war, is driven from heaven, and confined in hell—a place which God had made for him and for his accomplices. He is introduced there lamenting his fallen condition, and mortified by the thought that God had created a new world, in which he had placed Adam, to enjoy that happiness which he had himself lost. He demands the counsel of his companions, that they might contrive some plan by which to alleviate their own pains, by drawing Adam and his descendants into the same misfortunes; and as Lucifer himself is firmly fettered down, one of his attendants offers to undertake the task of seduction, and departs to explore the newly made earth. He there represents himself to Adam and his consort as a messenger from God, bringing them God's orders to eat of the forbidden fruit. Adam distrusts the words of the tempter, but Eve, weaker than her husband, and fearing God's displeasure for his refusal, eats, and persuades Adam at last to do the same; and the fiend returns exulting‡ to his master.

still more interesting from its singular correspondence, even in expression, with the *Paradise Lost* of Milton. This story is very old among our forefathers, and probably owes much to northern fable. In the account of the creation, as given in the *Völuspá*, there are whole phrases which occur in the poem of Cædmon; for instance, we read in the latter how, at first, there was nothing but cavern-shade (*heolster-sceado*) in the broad gulf (*síða grund*), which stood deep and dim (*deóp and dim*), and the earth was not yet green with grass (*græs ún-gréne*). In the former,

'It was the beginning of ages
when Ymir lived;
there was neither sand nor sea,
nor cold waves.
Earth was found nowhere,
nor heaven aloft;
there was a gaping hollow,
but grass nowhere."

It is unnecessary to give a longer abstract of Cædmon's story, because Mr. Thorpe's edition is accompanied with a good English translation, and because that book is, or may be, in the hands of every one; and we may add, that it *ought to be* in the hands of every one interested in Saxon literature. His edition of the Exeter MS. will complete the publication of nearly all that is really valuable in Anglo-Saxon verse. In that precious volume, which comprises a large and most curious collection of the poetry of this early period, given to the cathedral of Exeter in the eleventh century by Bp. Leofric, among abundance of pieces on religious and moral subjects, and riddles, we find some fragments of the early romantic cycles of our forefathers.*

We rejoice to see some attention paid to the study of the language of the Anglo-Saxons, for it is a noble tongue, and well worthy to be what it is—the progenitor of our own. In studying it, we study also the ground-work of the latter; and, in a greater degree than we are accustomed to suppose, the ground-work of its literature. We wish well, therefore, to the promoters of its study, whoever they may be; and we hope most sincerely that they may proceed, always steadily and peacefully, in their labours.

* Some of these, particularly one in which mention is made of Weland the Smith, Dietrich of Berne, &c., connect those cycles with that of the *Nibelungen Lied*, and with the whole circle of northern mythology and romance.

VICTOR HUGO'S "HUNCHBACK OF NOTRE DAME."

WITH SPECIMENS (FROM THE "PROUT PAPERS") OF HIS LYRICAL POETRY.

Χαλκός ἦν χαλκός τ' ἴτιρον ποδά· τῇ δὲ οἱ ὤμων
 Κρυτὰ, ἵπαι στήθεος συνεχόμενοι· αὐτὰρ ὤπερθε
 Φοῖβος ἰὼν κεφαλῇ, ψιδῆν δ' ἰπτιννοδὶ λαχρῆν.—*Iliad*, B' 217.

Lame of one foot, this elf, of stature brief,
 With head shaped like the Peak of Teneriffe,
 Was bald and squinted : all which to enhance,
 Rose on his back a proud protuberance.

IN the venerable chest of "Prout Papers," which is still in our safe keeping—albeit, acting on the plan of the Cumæan sibyl, we have latterly withheld its treasures from a giddy generation that did not seem sufficiently to appreciate their value—there is a voluminous essay, indeed a regular historical work, to which the learned divine, with that fondness for alliteration which he so frequently manifests, has affixed the title of "*Gesta Gibborum* ; or, the History of Hunchbacks." He appears, from some cause or other, to have been ambitious of figuring as the chronicler of that very neglected but highly intelligent class of individuals (who have not hitherto had their Plutarch); and, in the execution of this laudable undertaking, he has left a proud memorial of his industrious philanthropy. Such, however, is the distaste for rational and elaborate compositions of this nature, and such the predilection of the reading public for light and unsubstantial literature, that this grave historical performance would not probably at the present moment attract a whit more notice than the still-born *chefs-d'œuvre* of the same kind that are monthly brought forth by the *Cabinet Cyclopædia* ; and which are duly buried, after having been properly christened by the Rev. Dionysius Lardner. We have no wish to send Prout's work to "Limbo" in that fashion, although the Doctor has applied to us for it, promising that, like the rest of the series, it would be, in the language of his advertisement, "translated into all the continental languages." France and Europe, he tells us, will be enraptured with the very announcement of "*La Biographie des Bo-sus*," forming the 69th volume of the Lardnerian "*Sigheclopagia*." We have no doubt it would help to get off a copy or two of his unsaleable collection, but we have declined the proposal.

We needed not, it is to be hoped, the testimony of Homer, as quoted above, to establish, for the satisfaction of the Royal Antiquarian Society, the remote antiquity of that singular configuration of the dorsal-spine in the human subject ; the simple proverbial comparison "*as old as the hills*" being quite conclusive on the point to the mind of any reflecting F.R.A.S. We only regret that the father of poetry has thought proper to confer so honourable a distinction on so unworthy a character as Thersites. In truth, the blind bard of Mænonia seems to have felt that he had made a *faux pas* in this matter ; and we may remark, that he never again mentions, in the whole course of the *Iliad*, the personage who figures in our quotation, as if conscious of having blundered in depicting such a scoundrel possessed of this badge of eminence. Æsop nobly redeemed the feature ; and, in truth, from that ingenious fabulist to the incomparable Scarron—from the husband of Madame de Maintenon to the profound and philosophic Godwin, the bump of genius seemeth to have been the rightful inheritance of hunchbacks. Richard III. and the great Frederic of Prussia owed not a little of their energetic disposition to this peculiarity of structure ; and as to its evincing in its owner a thirst for inquiry and investigation, there was more philosophy than meets the eye in the discovery of some wit of Queen Anne's day, who compared the figure of Pope to a *note of interrogation*. These crooked specimens of humanity seem to have been marked as it were by the hand of nature in *italics*, lest they might be confounded with the rest of men, and passed over without due attention to their recondite significance : the hump seems to be a sort of *acute accent* placed upon them ; not without a sly meaning of its own. We might here refer to

the *Cours de Belles Lettres* of abbé "Bossu," but we do not wish to accumulate instances of eminent men similarly distinguished; in sooth, to heap up all the examples were an useless attempt—*imponere Pelio Ossam*.

A French writer of considerable ingenuity has, in our opinion, made a sad mistake, when he wrote the following epigram against the poet Desorgues: it was no doubt intended as a sarcasm, but had he given himself the trouble of considering the thing soberly, he would have seen that he had paid his enemy the most delicate compliment imaginable:

"Quand Polichinél Desorgue,
Ce petit bossu rhodumont,
Sur la montagne à double front
A voulu grimper avec morgue,
On croirait que le double mont,
Pour se venger de cet affront,
LUI-MÊME A GRIMPÉ SUR DESORGUE!"

Desorgues might have answered his less favoured antagonist, by quoting the well-known sonnet of Cardinal Bembo, which, though originally addressed to one of the Appennines, would be far more appropriately applied to the promontory in question:

"Re degli altri sacro superbo monte
Tu sarai il mio Parnaso," &c. &c.

We could readily enlarge on this curious topic, and swell it out, but that we do not wish to anticipate on Prout's historico-philosophical work, which will be published in due season; nor will our readers accuse us of travelling out of the record, in ushering in the *Hunchback* of Victor Hugo with a few words on dwarfs in general: such practice being established as the oldest and most received method of reviewing an author's work, which is generally considered only as a peg whereon to hang up the critic's wig of miscellaneous learning.

We greatly admire Mr. Bentley's sagacity in the case before us. Hugo, in the simplicity of unsophisticated genius, had called his book, in the original French edition, by the mere title of *Notre Dame de Paris*, fancying, probably, good easy man! that the old cathedral was the real hero of the story, and that the minor personages of flesh and blood were but secondary and subservient to the giant of stone who, from beginning to end, held the ground, and sways the destiny of all around him. The bell-

ringer, Quasimodo, he no doubt thought, (as we do) a fine creation among the other *dramatis personæ*; but Notre Dame herself was to be, in his cast of the characters, the unrivalled *prima donna*. However, under Bentley's management this was found not to be judicious catering for a British auditory. It was deemed expedient before an English public to put the best foot foremost, to sink the building, and to invest the mis-shapen dwarf with the "leadership" of the romance. Hence the liberty taken with Hugo's title-page by the "*traduttore*;" hence instead of a hero of stone, if we be allowed to speak in the language of Cornelius à Lapide, the translator has given us a son of Abraham.

A hunchback, or a *lusus nature* of some kind or other, in modern works of fiction, is a *sine quid non*—an essential ingredient in the romantic cauldron. Banim's first and best work, *Crookshank of the Bill-Hook*, is a proud evidence of what can be made out of a scarecrow. Need we refer to Scott's *Black Dwarf*, or the splendid *Hunchback* of our admired friend Sheridan Knowles? And here let us observe, that we do not agree with the notorious sceptic, Hobbes, in his definition of a vicious man—*malus, puer robustus*. Are not the *Leprechauns* of Crofton Croker a pleasant race of beings, and is he not himself a notable Leprechaun? In truth, Crofton hath therein selected a fitting subject for his pen—*parvum parva decet*. The adjective *parvus* (but not the verb *decet*) brings Tom Moore to our recollection. His "veiled prophet," ugly and stunted though he be, makes decidedly the most interesting character in that long-since-forgotten Oriental romance called *Lalla Rookh*. It must be admitted, however, that Tommy's monster is an exception to the general good character of such personages; being, in fact, an instance of unqualified and unmitigated malignity.

"Then turn and look, and wonder if
thou wilt,
That I should hate, should take revenge
by guilt,
Upon that hand, whose mischief or whose
mirth
Sent me thus maimed and monstrous upon
earth;
And on that race, who, though more vile
they be
Than mowing apes, are demigods to me!

Here judge if hell, with all its powers to damn,
Could add one curse to the foul thing I
am!"

Those who have strolled through the Vatican palace must have remarked, in the fresco of Raphael that adorns the *Sala di Costantino*, with what peculiar care the painter has delineated the muscular urchin, a dwarf of Pope Julius, in the attitude of trying on a helmet. Such figures are by no means unfrequent in the grandest efforts of the historical pencil; and whether, introduced for the sake of contrast, or to gratify a secret feeling of self-complacency which is apt to rise in the breast of the beholder, they are standing jokes of art with the craft. We have an antique statue of the favourite *bossu* of Augustus among the remains of Roman sculpture; and it appears, from unquestionable authority, that the Emperor Domitian* became highly popular for a week at Rome by introducing on the arena of the amphitheatre two pigmy gladiators, *homunculos gibbosos*. *Punch and Judy* are old established candidates for unbounded applause; the former, doubtless, because of his hump,—for deprive him but in thought of that dorsal protuberance, and Polichinello at once merges into a vulgar commonplace member of the buffoon fraternity.

We remember, before the passing of the Reform-bill, there used to be about the purlieus of the House of Commons a very remarkable little fellow, closely answering the description of Quasimodo, and performing about Westminster Hall and St. Stephen's Chapel pretty nearly the functions ascribed by Hugo to the hunchback of Notre Dame. He would pilot "strangers from Yorkshire" through the labyrinth of dark passages that then led to the two houses. He would be equally useful in indicating of the narrow door that leads to the "Poet's Corner" in the Abbey. During the session he would be occasionally seen holding the horse of some M.P., by the toleration of the servant, when it was curious to watch with what an astonished eye the captive quadruped would scrutinise his keeper. There was an air of dignity withal about the urchin, and a sense

of his important attributions quite becoming. For the last thirty years he has been known as an integral part of "his majesty's high court of parliament holden at Westminster," but latterly he has disappeared. Whither has he flown? Like the "*petit homme rouge*," of whom Béranger singeth, and who haunted the Tuileries, was he the fairy guardian of the pile, and is his sudden evanescence ominous of evil? We fear he was burnt in the late fire with the Exchequer tallies.

Charles Lamb, who saw all manner of things with the shrewd eye of philosophy, and to whom every feature of the metropolis was the subject of much internal soliloquy, as musing he passed through her busy streets, has a remarkable passage in that profound essay of his called "a complaint of the decay of beggars;" which we here subjoin on the triple principle of Horace, viz.

"Et sapit et pro me facit, et Jove judicat æquo."

He complaineth thus:

"These dim eyes have in vain explored for some months past a well-known figure, or part of the figure, of a man who used to glide his comely upper half over the pavements of London, wheeling along with most ingenious celerity upon a machine of wood,—a spectacle to natives, to foreigners, and to children. He was of a robust make, with a sailor-like complexion; and his head was bare to the storm and sunshine. He was a natural curiosity, a speculation to the scientific, a prodigy to the simple. The infant would stare at the mighty man brought down to his own level. The common cripple would despise his own pusillanimity, viewing the hale stoutness and hearty heart of this half-limbed giant. Few but must have noticed him; for the accident which brought him low took place during the (no popery) riots of 1780, and he has been a groundling so long. He seemed earth-born, an Antæus, and to suck in fresh vigour from the soil which he neighboured. He was a grand fragment—as good as an Elgin marble. The nurture which should have recruited his reft legs and thighs was not lost, but only retired into his upper parts. He was as the man part of a Centaur, from which the horse half had been cloven in some dire Lapithan controversy. He moved on as if he could

* In his Life, by Suetonius, we further learn that this emperor once had a dream, in which he fancied himself transformed into rather a novel species of hunchback, *fortur somnians gibbam auream pond oervicem sibi enatam fuisse!*—In Vit. Domit. ad finem.

have made shift with yet half of the body portion which was left him. The *os sublime* was not wanting, and he threw out yet a jolly countenance upon the heavens. Forty-and-two years had he driven this out-of-door trade; and now that his hair is grizzled in the service, but his good spirits no way impaired, because he is not content to exchange his free air and exercise for the restraints of a poor-house, he is expiating his contumacy in one of those houses (ironically christened) of Correction."

In Sir Joshua's time, among the models of the Royal Academy, many of whom were foreigners, there was a human oddity of French manufacture, who posed, stood, or squatted, as the case might be, for all characters of extra deformity, and whose good humour made him a general favourite with the artists of that day. Competition, however, had begun even then to enter into every professional career; and great was the indignation of our *bosse*, when a rival of considerable pretensions sought to "push him from his stool" at the drawing establishment: swelling with wrath at the invasion of his vested rights, he would take every opportunity of exalting his own claims and disparaging the merits of the newcomer. "*Il est passablement laid, sans doute, le cuisinier!*" exclaimed our hero to the president one day; but, added he, with a lofty feeling of conscious superiority, "*MAIS MOI JE SUIS UNIQUE!*"

Victor Hugo's Quasimodo is eminently entitled to use the same tone of triumphant defiance. From his very first appearance in the narrative before us he makes a decided conquest, and elicits from a brilliant assembly shouts of admiration; for the novel opens with a dramatic representation, or "mystery," which, on the 6th of January, 1482, is enacted in the *grande salle* of the old Palais de Justice of Paris (a sort of French Westminster Hall), and which terminates in a scene of which the hint is evidently borrowed from a paper in Addison's *Spectator*, but is admirably worked up for the purpose of introducing the hunchback. Those who recollect how well Isaac Richenda describes our old English amusement of "grinning through a horse-collar," will recognise a kindred vein of humour in the opening chapter of this romance. If the original idea belongs to Addison, the improvements are still so many, and the picture of

ugliness is so elaborately complete in the sketch of the Frenchman, that we really know not to whom the *apple* justly belongs; and we therefore leave this point undecided—"detur tetrici."

From the tenor of our remarks thus far, and from what may seem to superficial minds the idle tone of our comments hitherto, some (who know not our ways) may possibly imagine that we look on this book emanating from the first genius of France as a performance only calculated for the amusement of the frivolous, and that we would class it with the Bulwerian, Morganic, Disraelish, Maryuttic, and Nortonian productions of the day. Far otherwise. This work has within it all the elements of immortality: the bell-ringer of Notre Dame has nought in common with the tinkling cymbals of contemporary novelmongers. He sends forth a peal loud and deep, that thrills to the very inmost *penetrabilia* of the soul.

"Were ne'er prophetic sound so full of
wo!"

Human passion in its most fearful development—the affections of our nature, first wrought up to preternatural intensity, and then shewn to us in their most excruciating disserviceance—the *febile ludibrium* of dark but scrutinising satire—and, painfully visible throughout the whole performance, the awful workings of a strong mind, unwilling to be vanquished by the evidences of faith, but whose convulsive struggles under its victorious predominance are hence the more strikingly apparent;—such are the component parts of this romance, such do we behold Victor Hugo in the Gothic sanctuary of that Christian shrine, under the garb of a novelist, discoursing, like Milton's fallen spirits, of "*fate, free-will, foreknowledge absolute*," and, like them, "finding no end," but lost in the inextricable mazes of doubt and despair.

In the very striking preamble to his novel he thus reveals his object:

"Il y a quelques années qu'en visitant Notre Dame, l'auteur trouva dans un recoin obscur d'une de ses tours, ce mot gravé sur le mur, 'ANATHEMA. Ces majuscules Grecques, noires de vétusté, et profondément entaillées dans la pierre, y furent tracées par une main du moyen âge; leur sens lugubre et fatal, le frappèrent vivement. C'est sur ce mot qu'en a fait ce livre."

This is the *impetus* of his narrative: in those preliminary lines he sounds the key-note of his song. And it is a truly singular coincidence — the one instance of fortuitous agreement occurring between two writers separated by the lapse of ages, albeit discussing the same topics of philosophy — the one a nominal Christian, the other an eminent disciple of Socrates — that both such have stumbled on this identical form of introduction, with the simple change from a temple of Saturn, or "Time," to a Gothic church of "Our Lady." We allude to the romantic allegory of Cebes, that celebrated picture of human life in which the ethics of enlightened paganism, such as they were, are lucidly developed, and of which the opening sentence, if we remember right, runs as follows: 'Ευτυχισμένοι περιπατοῦντες ἐν τῷ τοῦ Κροῦ τοῦ ἱεροῦ, ἐν ᾧ πολλὰ καὶ ἄλλα ἀνθρώπου ἰδιώματα ἰδμεν, ἰσχυτο δὲ ΠΙΝΑΞ ΤΙΣ. K. r. l.

There is a certain antique solemnity in that exordium, and, at the same time, a graceful simplicity; nor is it easy to pronounce, in this case, whether the circumstance of complete similarity between it and the first lines of Hugo's romance, ought to be attributed to the instinctive suggestion of innate taste, or set down as an intentional imitation of Attic elegance.

Nevertheless, if we be permitted to indulge in a few speculations of our own, the awful word, the appalling trisyllable which so forcibly struck the fancy of the Frenchman, as it suddenly met his eye in exploring the gloomy cathedral of his frivolous metropolis, may have been traceable after all to a very simple and unphilosophical origin. It might have been a maiden-effort at Greek caligraphy, perpetrated in the "days of Erasmus" by some ingenious choir-boy (*enfant de chœur*), on whose head nature had formed a precocious bump, impelling him to lapidary inscriptions. Again, from its occurring in one of the towers, "*dans un recoin obscur*," in a remote recess, might it not have indicated the *peculiar* destination of the alcove it adorned, a destination which, with praiseworthy reserve, the writer chose to convey in a recondite language, so as to be unintelligible to the profane. — *Honi soit qui mal y pense*. — If this latter interpretation be questioned by the "*Académie des Inscriptions*," we must only leave the

decision of the point to the sagacious editor of the *Cabinet Cyclopædia*, whose peculiar province it concerneth.

But it strikes us there is yet another theory by which it might be explained. Some poor scholar, or starving Greek tutor (of which genus there has been a plentiful supply in every age and country), might lie not perchance, by the deep traces of that fatal *ANAKH*, have sought to eternise in stone his keen perception of gnawing want, and thus left a votive memento of famine, a monumental record of HUNGER *ad perpetuum rei memoriam*. We know that Job on his dunghill was visited by a similar desire to perpetuate his sentiments, and loudly wished that his words might be "*graven with an iron pen and lead in the rock for ever*." Too many such memorials of anguish and endurance are, alas! strewn over the surface of the earth. Many a sigh of bygone wo thus finds perennial utterance; many a bitter tear, shed in ages past, has been thus "crystallised and made immortal."

The child of enthusiasm delights in raising ghosts and conjuring up phantoms. What will seem but a windmill to Sancho, is to his master a giant in full panoply. The imagination of Hugo, of course, kindled at the mystic word, and the spirit of romance rushed upon him. Beneath his glowing eye, FATE, NECESSITY, PREDESTINATION, DOOM, all lurked under the letters that made up that one noun-substantive. It was clearly indicative of *ruin* to some one, it was hieroglyphic of *perdition* somewhere. It was the sad epitaph of crushed hopes, the last fragment of some dread moral shipwreck, the *finis* of some terrible volume. In that word were contained the primordial elements of a grand catastrophe, the *sehinal principle* (as Burke has it) of some glorious horror — an *Iliad* in a nut-shell.

It is curious to observe how many different, and what singularly dissonant meanings, the same written characters will convey to the minds of men, according to the previous casual or habitual disposition of the parties. We just now remember a queer case in point. The letters O.T.P.Q.M.V.D., which in the reign of Louis XV. figured gorgeously on the drop-curtain of the French theatre, were, by the learned manager of that day, intended to recall the hackneyed line,

"Omne talit' panem qui miscuit utile dulci."

Notwithstanding this palpable intention on the part of the contriver, the jaundiced eye of Freyon (who wrote theatrical criticisms at that period) could not decipher the true sense of those simple initials; he foolishly insisting that they should be read thus:

"Œdipe Tragédie, Pitoyable Que Monsieur Voltaire Donne."

We trust we have not dwelt too long on these *prolegomena*, remembering the author's declaration that he wrote his book to interpret for posterity this fatal "hand-writing on the wall" of Notre Dame, which he considers as the foundation of his romance, and which, being once understood, explains the whole story. It was, in truth, a discovery which genius alone could have made, though the thing may now appear quite simple and natural to the *badauds de Paris*; his novel, apparently like the egg of Columbus, only required to have a proper basis established by an ingenious hit, and there it stands before them bolt upright, a miracle of contrivance.

We are told by Gibbon, that he found the original idea of his grand work on the "Decline and Fall" one moonlight night, while sitting among the ruins of the Flavian amphitheatre. We are, of course, bound to believe the statement; but we suspect he may have also read the early composition of Montesquieu, *Sur la Grandeur et la Décadence des Romains*. The topic clearly is identical: it is only the manner of treating it that seems somewhat different, just as in the case before us; the "destiny" that presides over Hugo's *Notre Dame*, differs, in detail and development, from that which Diderot had previously depicted in his wretched novel of *Jacques le Fataliste*.

From the Stoics to the Manicheans, and from them to the Jansenists, "free-will," "fore-knowledge," and "fate," have been favourite-subjects of human contemplation, assuming different aspects as men were disposed to view the awful subject in, its bearings on the conduct of life. Erasmus (*de servo arbitrio Lutheri*), and Rousseau (*de la Harmonie Préétablie*), up to the commentators Calvin and Kant, Schopenhauer and Spinoza, with a host of others, have lost themselves in the inquiry: "They ventured on 'that great

Serbonian bog where armies whole have sunk," and sank accordingly. They had better have left the matter where they found it. Virgil long ago had picked up the notion, that *knowledge* could control and regulate the *destiny* of the true sage:

"Felix qui potuit rerum cognoscere causas,

Atque metus omnes et inexorabile fatum
Subiecit pedibus strepitum que acherontis
avari."—*Georgic II.*

And surely there was more genuine philosophy in that position than is to be found in his friend Horace's droll representation of *Amor*, or necessity; a personage whom, in his *Ode to Fortune*, he decks out in all the attributions of a travelling tinker or Jew pedlar selling old irons:

"Te semper anteit serva Necessitas

Clavos trabales et cuneos manu,

Geatus ahenâ, nec severus

Uncus adest, liquidumque plum-
bum!"

In the work before us, the doings of *destiny* are principally exemplified in the fatal and uncontrollable passion entertained by a learned priest for a beautiful gipsy wench, terminating as it does in the destruction of both its victims: the author suitably delineates the progress of this untoward frenzy, as on the one hand it blights and consumes the bud of beauty and innocence, while on the other it withers and blasts the fair fruits of virtue and of science; he illustrates the tale with much correlative depicting, in which an evil genius seems to delight, in thwarting the kindest affections of our human nature; but the grand result is a book, with all its faults, the most powerfully written, and the most intensely interesting, that has issued from the press of modern France.

Hugo seems to have concentrated his whole strength in creating the character of Claude Frollo, the mysterious and impassioned archdeacon of Notre Dame. How bright and pure in his early career of studious pursuits and virtuous deeds! how imperceptible the subsequent transition from science, in its legitimate uses and appliances, to the dark researches of forbidden knowledge—from the *fas* to the *nefas* of contemporary learning! until, to give the final blow to his prospects and his piety,

"Love's witchery came"

when, full soon under the fearful dominion of unhallowed passion, he sinks into a reprobate of the deepest dye, and becomes a very demon of depravity.

All which is meant as a commentary on the word *ANARKH*.

Much as we admire the skill and pathetic power with which the novelist has wrought out his tale of sorrow, we cannot bring ourselves to lay all the blame of this sacerdotal catastrophe at the door of *destiny*. We would ascribe the fall of Frollo to the operation of much simpler agency; and we cannot help expressing our regret that, gifted as the archdeacon was with superior talents, he had not rather chosen to profit of the newly invented art of printing, and bethought himself of turning author or editor: an occupation which would have effectually banished the "gipsy," and, moreover, secured to us a few goodly tomes in folio, bearing on their title-page 1482 — a date which brings a pretty good price at "the sales" we have lately attended.

There are many points of resemblance between this unfortunate ecclesiastic and one who had flourished on the same spot two centuries before; for, need we remind our readers that in those same cloisters of Notre Dame a certain PETER ABELARD had lived and loved. Nor is it improbable that he supplied the model of Hugo's archdeacon. One would have imagined, that the mischances of that celebrated personage ought to have served as a lesson to his successors, and that these local reminiscences would not have been without their moral; yet, strange to say, Frollo seems never to have dwelt on the matter, and not the slightest allusion to the affair of Héloïse occurs in the work before us.

That was in truth a sad affair, divesting it of all the poetry with which it has been ingeniously bedizened, and reducing it to a plain unvarnished tale. Petrus Abelardus will be found to have played the part of a deliberate seducer in the first instance, and to have displayed consummate selfishness subsequently throughout the whole transaction; not that we totally approve of the vengeance taken by old uncle Fulbert, who was far too savage on the occasion (*nonnullus ex decessu petri, as our much-esteemed friend Origen, a high authority in such matters, has it,*

cap. vii., *contra Celsum*), but we certainly think that the noble-minded girl deserved a more chivalrous lover than this pedant proved: all the heroism, all the delicacy, all the romance, all the refinement was hers.

Of Abelard, as a literary character, in days when such accomplishments were scarce, we are far from wishing to speak disparagingly; though we deem his great contemporary, St. Bernard (the accomplished abbot of Clara Vallis, or *Clairvaux*), to have been far his superior in elegant acquirements, as well as in purity of life. The excellence of the former was chiefly confined to a certain adroitness in disputation, and a quickness in reply, which was the great test of merit in the scholastic exhibitions of the day, when the *universalists*, the *nominalists*, and the *realists*, battled with unceasing verbosity. And it is highly amusing, at this distance of time, to peruse the critique which Abelard passes on a rival wrangler, cyclope Anselmus, whose defects he graphically delineates in the following passage, apparently unconscious of its application to himself:

"Mirabilis quidem erat in oculis auscultantium, sed nullus in conspectu questionantium. Verborum usum habebat mirabilem, sed sensu contemptibilem et ratione vacuum. Cum ignem accenderet domum suam fumo implebat, non luce illustrabat. Arbor ejus tota in foliis a longe conspicua videbatur, sed propinquantibus et diligenter insuetibus infructuosa reperiebatur. Ad hanc, igitur, cum accessissem ut fructum inde colligerem, deprehendi illam esse ficulneam cui maledixit Dominus, seu illam veterem quercum cui Pompeius Lucanus comparat.

'Stat magni nominis umbra,
Qualis frugiferæ quercus sublimis in
agro.'

But our present business is not with Abelard, his character, opinions, or adventures. Are not these things rather of the cognisance of Father Peset, and are they not written in some one of his yet unpublished papers? Turn we, then, to the book of Hugo.

His young gipsy is an exquisite creature; La Esmeralda is in truth a beautiful conception, and divinely bodied forth. We regret to find that her goat has, in certain quarters, been most unjustifiably attacked — being liberally denounced as a plagiarism from Sterne's *Maria*: but were it even so (a

concession which we make for the sake of peace and quietness), has she not taught it a thousand original tricks, has she not so improved its education and general accomplishments as to render it almost impossible for the poor maniac, whom Yorick met at Moulines, to recognise her property in the dumb animal? The controversy appeareth to us a mere quibble; what the schoolmen would appropriately call *litem de laná capriná*. Then, as to her Platonic marriage with that singular impersonation, the poet Gringoire, that is surely an incident of which it would be difficult to find the prototype any where, unless folks will discover a parallel case in the union of the fascinating Creole (De Maintenon) with the illustrious cripple Scarron. The devoted love which, in the course of the story, the fair enthusiast suddenly conceives for a brainless and heartless coxcomb—the genuine representative of a class of very plausible characters with which every age and country abounds—Captain Phœbus de Chateaupers must be accounted for, we imagine, by attributing it to the uncontrollable influence of that grim 'ANAKH which frowns out of the old towers of Notre Dame on all who come within the magic circle of its sway. But the grand chord which is made to vibrate with deepest thrill in the reader's breast, is the narrative and discovery of her parentage. The half-saint, half-savage penitent of the anchorite cell, (or "*trou aux rats*,") who for fifteen long years since the disappearance of her child has wept and prayed, until reason has almost worn itself out, and nought remains but the sense of that one sad bereavement, is perhaps the most feelingly depicted personage in any modern work of fiction. Dante, of course, in his memorable scene of Count Ugolino and his children in the tower, stands yet unrivalled; but the concluding passages of this romance, where the mother is grouped with her long-lost infant, now grown, up into the full maturity of life and loveliness—for the scaffold!—offer some of the most pathetic pages we ever remember to have bedewed with (irresistibly flowing) tears. There are certain soliloquies, certain sad and solitary outbursts of maternal tenderness dispersed through the volume, of which the eloquence is truly heart-rending. But thus to recover the long-prayed-for

object of her affections, merely to see it transferred to the gibbet, is a powerfully affecting result of the fatal *dayson* that regulates her portion.

If the readers of REGINA have not perused the French work, it is fit they should be made aware that the "*trou aux rats*" above alluded to was a sort of underground oratory, which formerly existed on the Place de Grève at Paris, and was tenanted in succession by a voluntary female recluse, whom penitential feeling, or some other all-absorbing motive, would induce to take up her quarters in that gloomy cell, there to end her days in fasting and prayer. "*Tu Ora*" was the appropriate recommendatory motto, inscribed in large Gothic characters over the entrance of the subterranean dwelling, and helped to remind all those learned in the dead languages of a solemn duty. But the uninitiated vulgar had put their own construction on it, and, by a simple process of popular interpretation, it came to signify the "*trou aux rats*." It was probably on this hint that La Fontaine wrote his capital fable of "the Rat turned Hermit," (*livre vii. fab. iii.*)

"Les Levantins en leur légende
Disent, qu'un certain rat, les des soins
d'ici-bas,
Dans un fromage de Hollande
Se retira loin du monde.
Se solitude était profonde
S'étendant tout à la ronde,
Notre hermite nouveau s'établit là dedans;
Il fit tant de pieds et des dents,
Qu'il eut au fond de cet hermitage
Le vivre et le couvert. Que faut-il
d'avantage?
Il devint gros et gras. Dieu prodigue
ses biens
A ceux qui font vœu d'être siens."

Nor can we dismiss this topic without remarking the perverse ingenuity with which the vulgar in every country will translate such terms of art, or science, or foreign import, as come in their way, so as to attach some intelligible meaning of their own to the words. It is one of the curiosities of language. By this process sometimes black becomes white; as is literally exemplified among the sailors in the Downs, who call the headland near Calais "*Blackness*," seeing it marked on the French chart as *Blanc Nez*. The mistake of the Parisians, however, in the matter of *tu ora*, may be matched by an instance of London hermeneutics. A

pious tavern-keeper in Holborn, under Cromwell's protectorate, had placed over his *taberna* the common emblem of a serpent forming a circle, surrounded with the motto, "*Goul encom-passeeth us.*" Could the old Roundhead come to life and revisit his quondam tap, he would find to his surprise, that the lofty truth which he had emblazoned on his sign has become (*parce detorta!*)

"THE GOAT AND COMPASSES."

But, returning to our tale — is "the hunchback" a mere *titular* functionary? is Quasimodo kept in abeyance in the progress of the romance? is the "part of Hamlet" omitted? By no means. He is studiously mixed up with every incident, endowed with gigantic energies, evinces wondrous instinct, and seems gifted with a marvellous ubiquity; yet chiefly and conspicuously doth he shine within the precincts of Notre Dame.

"*Illà se jactat in aulà.*"

The huge cathedral had been to him, since the hour he was left a foundling on its cold, damp, marble floor, a cradle, a home, a native land. No cabin-boy's attachment to the gallant frigate on board of which he was born, can surpass Quasimodo's affection for the venerable pile. He is the life and soul of the Gothic edifice, in himself presenting a Gothic model of human body and mind, he would seem to be the *daemon*, or *genius loci* — an integral part of the church. "*Il y avait une sorte d'harmonie mystérieuse et pré-existante entre cette créature et cet édifice. Lorsque tout petit, encore il se traînait tortueusement, et par soubresauts sous les ténèbres de ses voûtes, il semblait le reptile naturel de cette dalle humide et sombre.*" It is the bell-ringer who vivifies this mighty mass of stone — *mens agitat molem*: and, then, the delights of the belfry! those loud-tongued birds of heaven, singing out of their gigantic cage in the towers of Notre Dame. For these, his bronze favourites, the hunchback feels a real passion, a most romantic love: he had, quoth Hugo, fifteen bells in his *seraglio* — ('tis a pity the pun won't hold good in French) — but the big one was his *sultana* elect. Why? He

had rang himself deaf, and she alone could now make an impression on the tympanum of his ear. Hence her lover's preference. We could say something here about matrimonial squabbles, but we forbear.

Our author shews amazing genius in the delineation of this dwarf, especially in the anatomy of his mental qualities; where, with a keen dissecting-knife, he cuts the rude envelopes that fold up the $\Psi\chi\chi\alpha$ of Quasimodo, laying open the internal workings of this singular being, and displaying the inner operations of nature in so odd a specimen of her handicraft. The hunchback is, in sooth, a most poetical monster, a most accomplished machine, possessed of a double entity like the centaurs — half man, half bell. Hugo seems, moreover, to sympathise with the bell-ringer in his untinnabular enthusiasm; for never is his style more animated than when, as on one occasion, he sets all the steeples of Paris into simultaneous commotion: an admired passage, which will be found quoted at full length by Prout, in his "Rogueries of Tom Moore,"* wherein the father sheweth how "Those Evening Bells" were stolen by Tom, who, we very believe, would steal the *great* Tom of Lincoln, were his strength commensurate with his predatory propensities. This case of robbery is duly provided against in the code of Justinian, who has enacted (in *Leg. Rust. tit. ii.*), "*Si quis crepitarulum bovis abstulerit flagellator ut fur.*" And as we are on this subject, we may refer the curious to the treatise of Magius, *De Tinnabulis*; as also to a book by Durandus, called *Campanologia*. To these authorities we could wish to add a work by some German friar, who wrote in 1320 to prove that an unlimited faculty of bell-ringing will form part of the celestial beatitude. We have unfortunately forgotten the good man's name, which hath such an undoubted right to be loudly tolled.

The old cathedral of Paris which gives its name to the book is still the main point of attraction towards which all the events and characters naturally gravitate, and round which the whole story revolves. There is an admirable sketch of the ancient university, the *pays Latin*, and the abbey of St. Germain, which was far from presenting

* See REGINA, vol. ix. p. 208.

in these days the appearance which the "noble faubourg" has since assumed; there is also a splendid account of the "Cour des Miracles," or St. Giles's district; nor is it possible to find in any work, ancient or modern, a more minute and vivid picture of the capital of France at the close of the fifteenth century than has been drawn by the lively pencil of our author: still, in the most glib wanderings of his narrative, taking as it does the range of the whole city, we never for a moment lose sight of the venerable pile of Notre Dame. Proudly swelling over the undulating surface of Gothic roofs, halls, colleges, monasteries, prisons, hotels, and inferior edifices (which he has so accurately described in a special chapter devoted to a bird's-eye view of the metropolis), the cathedral rears itself in massive grandeur conspicuous above them all—an architectural leviathan.

"Dorsum immane mari summo."

The only rival that can for a moment divide the interest of the reader with that mighty monument is the wondrous citadel of bygone despotism—the never-to-be-forgotten Bastille. Of that memorable construction not a vestige now remains:—but in the solidity of its materials and the vastness of its giant proportion it appears to have had no equal among the ponderous dungeons that have encumbered the earth. The cell at the summit of one of its towers, wherein Louis Onze is introduced at the dead of night, in converse with his prime minister and barber, Olivier le Mauvais, attended by his chief hangman, Tristan l'Hermite, is full of historical truth—a merit which we are not able to recognise in Sir Walter Scott's *Quentin Durward*, treating of the same matter. In fact, we have heard old Béranger express himself greatly dissatisfied with Sir Walter's French delineations; and we think there are solid grounds for the strictures with which, in our hearing, the *chansonnier* visited that performance. As to Louis Onze, by the way, the best idea of his character is to be found in Béranger's own song, in which the tyrant, by a striking and effective contrast, is described as looking out, from his watch-tower of Plessis les Tours, on a village dance in the neighbouring *chaumière*, through the iron bars of his gloomy chateau. That "donjon"

and the Bastille were the monarch's favourite residences. The latter, as all the world knows, has been blown down by the breath of popular wrath; and an elephant in plaster of Paris having been, for some reason or other, erected in its place, a *restaurateur* conceived the bright idea of establishing his *salon* in the capacious interior of the colossal animal, where we recollect to have eaten a *côtelette à la Maintenon*, in 1828; but we learn, that both the elephant and the *artiste* have been latterly compelled to pack up their trunks, to make way for a bronze column in honour of the three days. All this is as it should be. Buildings crumble into dust, or are swept away by hands: lightning, earthquakes, or artillery, soon dispose of the mighty mass; but it is given to genius to reconstruct of more durable materials the monuments of history. The towers of Ilium are still erect in song; Kenilworth still rears its gigantic form in the page of Scott; and even the Bastille has obtained from Hugo a species of existence.

"Quod non imber edax non aquilo im-
fotens
Possit diruere, aut innumerabilis,
Annorum series et fuga temporum."—
Lib. iii. ode 30.

The day may yet come when this romance will be the only local habitation of the cathedral itself,—when its glorious porch, like the Scæan gate, will have no other existence than what poetry and eloquence will have secured to it,—when Utilitarianism will have discovered that its stones and materials might be converted to some more useful purpose, and that (as well observed by a Benthamite disciple, *anno domini* 33) "they might be sold for more than three hundred pence, and given to the poor." When that event shall have taken place, generations yet unborn will solace themselves in the work of Hugo, which will in that distant age be read with, if possible, greater avidity than by the sons of modern France, amongst whom more than a dozen editions have already been devoured. We trust, however, that our anticipation of destruction to the venerable monument may not be too speedily realised, even though such a consummation would enhance the value of this admirable novel.

"Tarda sit illa dies et nostro serior
ævo!"

We may, in conclusion, be allowed to draw attention to the striking differences as to matter, style, and thought, between the work before us and the performances which in the reign of the *Grand Monarque*—the classic days of French composition—issued under the name of novels from the press of that country. Pope, who had a keen relish for the productions of the Gallic muse in all other departments of literature, has recorded his opinion of those romances in terms not to be mistaken. The following sarcastic *juxta-position*, which occurs in his *Rape of the Lock*, would indicate that he rated their intellectual character very low indeed; it is the recital of a burnt-offering to frivolity—a holocaust made up of truly kindred materials—

"An altar built

Of twelve vast French romances, neatly gilt.

There lay three garters, half a pair of gloves,

Trophies and tokens of his former loves ;
Then with a billet-doux he lights the pyre,

And breathes an amorous sigh to raise the fire."—*Cant. II. v. 32.*

The progressive improvement which works of fiction have undergone among our neighbours is indeed remarkable. In the days of Boileau, the current *chef-d'œuvres* in that line were D'Urfey's *Astrea*, with the *Clélie* and other absurdities of Madlle. de Scuderi, a lady who seems to have enjoyed a patent for the supply of such productions, and who, by the voluminous fecundity of her genius in this line of writing (*crebris ptebns*, as Abbé de Sade would say) deserved to be commemorated by the French satirist thus :

"Heureuse Scuderi dont la fertile plume,
Peut tous les mois sans peine enfanter un volume."—*Sat. II. v. 77.*

But the shepherds and shepherdesses whose sentimental doings were therein chronicled might as well, for any chance of flourishing in the record of fame, have gone to their graves "unwept, unhonoured, and unsung."

The model on which all these novels were constructed seems to have been a certain work which the great Racine himself is known to have diligently studied and vastly admired : we allude to a Greek romance entitled *Theagenes and Chariclea*, written by one Heliodorus, bishop of Trica, in the fourth century. This novel is quoted by the

learned heresiarch Photinus, in his *Bibliotheca*, where, at page 157, he gives an extract, accompanied with comments, in the style of a modern reviewer. It made some noise in its day, for in consulting an accurate ecclesiastical historian, Nicephorus, lib. 12, cap. 24, we find that such was the scandal occasioned by so flagrant an instance of episcopal frivolity, as the composition of such a work evinced on the part of its author, that he was summoned to disavow his book or resign his mitre. We believe he chose the latter alternative. In the ninth century, however, Turpin, archbishop of Rheims, undaunted by the fate of his venerable predecessor in the path of novel-writing, composed the celebrated romance of Roland and Charlemagne, the oldest tale of European chivalry. This may be looked on as the earliest work of that species in modern literature ; and was followed by a mass of similar productions, as silly as their prototype. The *Roman de la Rose*, falsely attributed to Abelard, was one of the most popular. *Amadis de Gaul* was another of these crude narratives.

But it was reserved for a *third* episcopal functionary to give a rational tone and a philosophic tendency to professed works of fiction ; and the delightful Fénelon de Cambray, in his immortal *Télémaque*, opened the list of more dignified and intellectual authorship in the province of romance. We know not whether the adventures of the son of Ulysses in search of his father be not the first instance of the historical novel : we strongly incline to place the *Cyropædia* of the accomplished Xenophon at the head of the catalogue. Be that as it may, the form of narrative was now discovered to be the readiest and most acceptable vehicle for conveying information or establishing a theory. From the *Telemague* of Fénelon, to the *Anacharsis* of Abbé Bartholæmi, it was adopted with success by the writers of France. Rousseau wrote his *Emile* and his *Héloïse*, Voltaire his *Candide*, Bernardin de St. Pierre his *Paul et Virginie*, Chateaubriand his *Martyrs*, avowedly with those views. But we firmly assert, that of the fictions we have enumerated, and to which we might add a dozen more of minor celebrity by Florian, Marmontel, De Genlis, and De Staël (*Le Sage* forming a class apart, a distinct *genus* in himself), though many are

superior in the utility of their object and the value of their inculcations, none can vie, in execution and in detail with the work of Hugo. In all the qualities that attract and rivet attention, in deep and original thought, in brilliancy of wit and playfulness of fancy, in accuracy of costume and faithful portraiture of the times, in pathos and dramatic effect, in all the evidences of true genius, this book is far beyond them all.

On this work rests his renown. He has written much, and will doubtless write more; but nothing has hitherto issued from his pen, and we fear nothing is likely to follow, that can bear the remotest comparison with this extraordinary achievement. His *Bug-jargal* is a pitiful performance; his *Hans D'Islande* is extravagant and unnatural; his *Lucrèce Borgia* and *Marie Tudor* border on the ravings of insanity. He of course is the fittest judge of what is best for his interests as an *homme de lettres*, subsisting by the labours of his pen, and naturally turning his attention to what is most profitable in the pursuits of literature; but *dramatic* productions, in the taste of his late works for the French theatre, however applauded by the debased sensualists, shallow coxcombs, and ruffian sans culotterie, that decide on these matters at the *porte St. Martin*, will not add

to the glory he has won by his *Notre Dame*. To us he seems to be miserably wasting his energies on the stage; but the field of historical romance is the *champ clos* where he may be truly irresistible and unrivalled. Ajax mad, *furieux* or *parryphrastique*, is but a pitiable object, venting his rage on cattle and slaughtering a flock of sheep in the tragedy. The same hero, in the epic narrative, stands erect and dignified on the plains of Troy, the "buckler of the Grecians."

In lyrical poetry, Hugo has shewn a more delicate perception of nature, and a more correct judgment, than in his melancholy attempts at the drama; though there also is much to reprehend in the volumes he has put forth under the various titles of *Orientales*, *Feuilles d'Automne*, and *Ballades*. His versification is vigorous; and great originality is displayed in the selection of his topics, as well as in the point of view he chooses to consider them: but he has neither the finished grace nor the forcible simplicity of the inimitable Béranger. We are enabled to subjoin a few specimens of his genius in this department, by the circumstance of meeting with the following among some loose papers in the chest of Father Prout. We give them without a word of commentary.

La Grand-mère.

VICTOR HUGO.

Dors-tu ?—Réveille-toi, mère de notre mère !
D'ordinaire en dormant ta bouche remuait :
Car ton sommeil souvent ressemble à ta prière,
Mais ce soir on dirait la Madonne de pierre,
Ta lèvre est immobile et ton souffle est muet.

Pourquoi courber ton front plus bas que de coutume ?
Quel mal avons-nous fait pour ne plus nous chérir ?
Vois, la lampe pâlit, l'âtre scintille et fume ;
Si tu ne parles pas, le feu qui se consume,
Et la lampe et nous deux, nous allons tous mourir !

Donne-nous donc tes mains dans nos mains réchauffées ;
Chante-nous quelque chant de pauvre troubadour ;
Dis-nous ces chevaliers qui servis par les fées,
Pour bouquets à leurs dames apportaient des trophées,
Et dont le cri de guerre était un chant d'amour.

Dis-nous quel divin signe est funeste aux fantômes —
Quel hermite dans l'air vit Lucifer volant —
Quel rubis étincelle au front du roi des Gnomes —
Et si le noir démon craint plus dans ses royaumes
*Les pseumes de Turpin ou le fer de Roland.

Où montre-nous ta Bible aux images dorées ;
 Les saints, vêtus de blanc, protecteurs des hameaux ;
 Les vierges de rayons dans leur joye entourées,
 Et ces feuillets où luit, en lettres ignorées,
 Le langage inconnu qui dit à Dieu nos maux.

Mère ! hélas, par degrés s'affaïse la lumière !
 L'ombre joyeuse danse autour du noir foyer ;
 Les esprits vont peut-être entrer dans la chaumière ;
 Oh, sors de ton sommeil interromps ta prière !
 Toi qui nous rassurais, veux tu nous effrayer !

Dieu, que tes bras sont froids ! Ouvre les yeux !...Naguère
 Tu nous parlais d'un monde où nous mènent nos pas,
 Et de ciel, et de tombe, et de vie éphémère —
 Tu parlais de la mort !^o Dis-nous, O notre mère !
 Quest-ce donc que la mort ? Tu ne nous répond pas ?

Leur gémissante voix long-tems se plaignait seule, •
 La jeune aube parut sans réveiller l'ayeule ;
 La cloche frappa l'air de ses funèbres coups,
 Et le soir, un passant, par la porte entrouverte,
 Vit, devant le saint livre et la couche déserte,
 Les deux petits enfants qui priaient à genoux.

The Grandchildren. A Ballad.

VICTOR HUGO.

Still asleep ! We have been since the noon thus alone.
 Oh, the hours we have ceased to number !
 Wake, grandmother ! — speechless say why art thou grown ?
 Then thy lips are so cold ! — the Madonna of stone
 Is like thee in thy holy slumber.

We have watched thee in sleep, we have watched thee at prayer,
 But what can now betide thee ?
 Like thy hours of repose all thy orisons were,
 And thy lips would still murmur a blessing whene'er
 Thy children stood beside thee.

Now thine eye is unclosed, and thy forehead is bent
 O'er the hearth, where ashes smoulder ;
 And, behold ! the watch-lamp will be speedily spent.
 Art thou vexed ? have we done aught amiss ? Oh, relent !
 But...parent, thy hauds grow colder !

Say, with ours wilt thou let us rekindle in thine
 The glow that has departed ?
 Wilt thou sing us some song of the days of lang syne ?
 Wilt thou tell us some tale, from those stories divine,
 Of the brave and the noble-hearted ?

Of the dragon, who, crouching in forest or glen,
 Lies in wait for the unwary —
 Of the maid, who was freed by her knight from the den
 Of the Ogre, whose blade was uplifted, but then
 Turned aside by the wand of a fairy ?

Wilt thou teach us spell words that protect from all harm,
 And thoughts of evil banish ?
 What goblins the sign of the cross may disarm ?
 What saint it is good to invoke ! and what charm
 Can make the demon vanish ?

Or unfold to our gaze thy most wonderful book,
 So feared by hell and Satan ; ~

At its hermits and martyrs in gold let us look,
At the virgins, and bishops with pastoral crook,
And the hymns and the prayers in Latin.

Oft with legends of angels, who watch o'er the young,
Thy voice was wont to glad us ?
Have thy lips got no language ? no wisdom thy tongue ?
Oh, see ! the light wavers, and, sinking, hath flung
On the wall mysterious shadows !

Wake ! awake ! evil spirits perhaps may presume
To haunt thy holy dwelling ;
Pale ghosts are, perhaps, coming into the room —
Oh, would that the lamp were relit ! — with the gloom
These fearful thoughts dispelling.

Thou hast told us our parents lie sleeping beneath
The grass, in a churchyard lonely :
Now thine eyes have no motion, thy mouth has no breath,
And thy limbs are all rigid ! Oh say, IS THIS DEATH,
Of thy prayer or thy slumber only ?

Envy.

Sad vigil they kept by that grandmother's chair,
Kind angels hovered o'er them —
And the dead-bell was tolled in the hamlet — and there,
On the following eve, knelt that innocent pair,
With the missal-book before them.

La Voile. Orientales.

VICTOR HUGO.

' Avez-vous fait votre prière ce soir, Desdémone ? ' — SHAKESPEARE.

Qu'avez-vous, qu'avez-vous, mes frères ?
Vous baissez des fronts soucieux.
Comme des lampes funéraires,
Vos regards brillent dans vos yeux.

Vos ceintures sont déchirées ;
Déjà trois fois hors de l'étui,
Sous vos doigts à demi tirées,
Les lames des poignards ont lui.

LE FRÈRE AÎNÉ.

N'avez-vous pas levé votre voile au-
jourd'hui ?

LA SŒUR.

Je revenais du bain, mes frères ;
Seigneurs, du bain je revenais,
Cachée aux regards téméraires,
Des Giacours et des Albanais ;

En passant près de la mosquée,
Dans mon palanquin recouvert,
L'air de midi m'a suffoquée,
Mon voile un instant s'est ouvert.

LE SECOND FRÈRE.

Un alors passait ? un homme en
caftan vert ?

Oui !... peut-être... mais son audace
N'a pas vu me traits dévoilés. —
Mais vous vous parlez à voix basse !
A voix basse vous vous parlez !

Vous faut-il du sang ? sur votre âme.
Mes frères, il n'a pu me voir.
Grâce ! Tûtez vous une femme,
Foible et nue, en votre pouvoir ?

LE TROISIÈME FRÈRE.

Le soleil était rouge à son coucher ce
soir !

Grâce ! qu'ai-je fait ? Grâce ! grâce !
Dieu ! quatre poignards dans mon flanc !
Ah ! par vos genoux que j'embrasse...
Oh, mon voile ! oh, mon voile blanc !

Ne fuyez pas mes mains qui enseignent,
Mes frères soutenez me pas !
Car sur mes regards qui s'éteignent
S'étend un voile de trépas.

LE QUATRIÈME FRÈRE.

C'en est un que du moins tu ne leveras
pas !

The Veil. An Oriental Dialogue.

VICTOR HUGO.

THE SISTER.

What has happened, my brothers ? Your spirit to-day
 Some secret sorrow damps :
 There's a cloud on your brow. What has happened ? oh, say !
 For your eye-balls glare out with a sinister ray,
 Like the light of funeral lamps.

And the blades of your poniards are half-unsheathed
 In your zone...and ye frown on me !
 There's a wo untold, there's a pang unbreathed
 In your bosom, my brothers three !

ELDEST BROTHER.

Gulnara, make answer ! Hast thou, since the dawn,
 To the eye of a stranger thy veil withdrawn ?

THE SISTER.

As I came, O my brothers !...at noon...from the bath...
 As I came...it was noon...my lords...
 And your sister had then, as she constantly bath,
 Drawn her veil close around her, aware that the path
 Is beset by these foreign hordes.

But the weight of the noonday's sultry hour,
 Near the mosque was so oppressive,
 That...forgetting a moment the eye of the Giaour,
 I yielded to heat excessive.

SECOND BROTHER.

Gulnara, make answer ! Whom, then, hast thou seen,
 In a turban of white and a caftan of green ?

THE SISTER.

Nay, he might have been there ; but I muffled me so,
 He could scarce have seen my figure.—
 But why to your sister thus dark do you grow ?
 What words to yourselves do you mutter thus low,
 Of " blood," and " an intriguer ?"

Oh ! ye cannot of murder bring down the red guilt
 On your souls, my brothers, surely !
 Though I fear...from your hand that I see on the hilt,
 And the hints you give obscurely.

THIRD BROTHER.

Gulnara ! this evening when sank the red sun,
 Hast thou marked how like blood in descending it shone ?

THE SISTER.

Mercy ! Allah ! three daggers ! have pity ! oh, spare !
 See ! I cling to your knees repenting !
 Kind brothers, forgive me ! for mercy, forbear !
 Be appeased at the voice of a sister's despair,
 For your mother's sake relenting.

O God ! must I die ? They are deaf to my cries !
 Their sister's life-blood shedding :
 They have stabbed me again...and I faint...o'er my eyes
 A VEIL OF DEATH is spreading !—

ELDEST BROTHER.

Gulnara, farewell ! take that veil ; 'tis the gift
 Of thy brothers — a veil thou never wilt lift !

Le Repas libre.

Aux Rois de l'Europe.

" Il y avait à Rome un antique usage : la veille de l'exécution des condamnés à mort, on leur donnait, à la porte de la prison, un repas public, appelé *le Repas libre*." — CHATEAUBRIAND, *Les Martyrs*.

Lorsqu'à l'antique Olympe immolant l'évangile,
Le préteur, appuyant d'un tribunal fragile,
Ses temples odieux,
Livide, avait proscrit des Chrétiens pleins de joie,
Victimes qu'attendaient, acharnés sur leur proie,
Les tigres et les dieux.

Rome offrait un festin à leur élite sainte,
Comme si, sur les bords du calice d'absinthe,
Versant un peu de miel ;
Sa pitié des martyrs ignorait l'énergie,
Et voulait consoler, par une folle orgie,
Ceux qu'appelait le ciel.

Le pourpre recevait ces convives austères ;
Le falerne écumait dans de larges cratères,
Ceints de myrtes fleuris ;
Le miel d'Hybla dorait les vins de Malvoisie,
Et, dans les vases d'or, les parfums de l'Asie
Lavaient leurs pieds meurtris.

Un art profond, mêlant les tributs des trois mondes,
Dévastait les forêts et dépeulait les ondes
Pour ce libre repas ;
On eut dit qu'épuisant la prodigue nature,
Sybaris conviait aux banquets d'Épicure
Ces élus du trépas.

Les tigres cependant s'agitaient dans leur chaîne ;
Les léopards captifs de la sanglante arène
Cherchaient le noir chemin ;
Et bientôt, moins cruels que les femmes de Rome,
Ces monstres, s'étonnaient d'être applaudis par l'homme,
Baignés de sang humain.

On jetait aux lions les confesseurs, les prêtres,
Telle un main servile à de dédaigneux maîtres
Offre un mets savoureux ;
Lorsqu'au pompeux banquet siégeait leur saint conclave,
La pâle Mort, debout comme un muet esclave,
Se tenait derrière eux.

O rois ! comme un festin s'écoule votre vie ;
La coupe des grandeurs, que le vulgaire envie,
Brille dans votre main :
Mais au concert joyeux de la fête éphémère,
Se mêle le cri sourd du tigre populaire
Qui vous attend demain.

The feast of freedom.

To the Kings of Europe.

" There existed at Rome an ancient custom : prisoners condemned to die, on the eve of their execution were treated to a public banquet, in the porch of the prison — a ceremony called the '*CENA LIBERÆ*.' " — CHATEAUBRIAND, *Les Martyrs*.

When the Christians were doomed to the lions of old
By the priest and the prætor combined to uphold
An idolatrous cause,
Forth they came, while the vast colosseum throughout
Gathered thousands looked on, and they fell 'mid the shout
Of " the people's " applause.

On the eve of that day, of their evenings the last !
 At the gates of their dungeon a gorgeous repast,
 Rich, unstinted, unpriced,
 That the doomed might (forsooth !) gather strength ere they bled,
 With an ignorant pity their gaolers would spread
 For the martyrs of Christ.

Oh ! 'twas strange for a pupil of Paul to recline
 On voluptuous couch, while Falernian wine,
 Filled his cup to the brim !
 Dulcet music of Greece, Asiatic repose,
 Spicy fragrance of Araby, Italy's rose,
 All united for him !

Every luxury known through the earth's wide expanse,
 In profusion procured, was put forth to enhance
 The repast that they gave ;
 And no Sybarite, nursed in the lap of delight,
 Such a banquet e'er tasted as welcomed that night
 The elect of the grave.

And the lion, meantime, shook his ponderous chain ;
 Loud and fierce howled the tiger, impatient to stain
 The blood-thirsty arena :
 While the women of Rome, who applauded those deeds,
 And who hailed the forthcoming enjoyment, must needs
 Shame the ruthless hyena.

They who figured as guests on that ultimate eve,
 In their turn on the morrow were destined to give
 To the lions their food ;
 For behold, in the guise of a slave at that board,
 Where his victims enjoyed all that life can afford,
 Death administering stood.

Such, O monarchs of earth ! was your banquet of power !
 But the tocsin has burst on your festival hour —
 'Tis your knell that it rings !
 TO THE POPULAR TIGER A PREY IS DECREED,
 AND THE MAW OF REPUBLICAN HUNGER WILL FEED
 ON A BANQUET OF KINGS !

THE STOCK EXCHANGE.

PANIC THE SECOND.

THE extraordinary situation of that Leviathan of gaming, the Stock Exchange, has been during the last two months the object, the unhallowed object, of interest and alarm among the many. In the year 1831-2, in a series of papers, we gave a sketch of the Stock Exchange, its origin, its primitive occupation—the corruption of such to the worst of gaming—the causes of the panic of 1825-6—and what we imagined would be the consequences of such an establishment, so corrupted, in the heart of the first commercial city of the world.

But we will confess that we did not expect to see this giant bubble so easily burst as it has done ; and nothing but an extra pressure upon its surface could

have saved the cupidity of its victims from a longer continuance of that hope which, long deferred (and in this case ever unredeemed), maketh the heart sick.

Referring to the papers we produced in the year above named, it will be found that the Stock Exchange had contrived to be the medium through which, without including the French and some other loans, no less a sum than 60,000,000*l.* sterling had been coaxed out of the pockets of the English people, to furnish foreign adventurers with the means of anarchy, or mushroom governments with the power of bringing monarchy into contempt. With this example still standing in the present hour, we will appeal to any of

those patronising that exceedingly deprecated commodity, "the wisdom of our ancestors," to state whether they can imagine gullibility would submit to further impost, since the El Dorado visions held forth as lures had proved indeed but empty phantoms, and the much vaunted wealth proffered by the gentlemen of Capel Court had been, like the money of the barber's fourth brother, not only valueless, but, entailing danger upon the possessor. But, alas, it is difficult to calculate upon the extent of folly when indolence is bribed to assist it. Our merchants, tired, it would seem, with that plodding industry which enabled their forefathers to leave their descendants large inheritances, gained by a patient yet certain wending along the path of commerce, and from the fruits of which they had created monuments of their benevolence, or of their munificence, as an example to future generations, were not even by experience to be taught that the rapid gain of hazard was far inferior to the trifling risks of legitimate trading. A worse than relapse into the arms of Stock Exchange speculation has consequently marked the years 1833, 4, and 5.

The gentlemen of the Stock Exchange are decidedly "Liberals;" and well do they support their claim to that designation, in the modern acceptation of the word. But, like the ex-members for Stroud and Tiverton, they are "liberal" upon the Trapbois principle—for "a consideration;" and as quiet and legitimate rule can afford little hope of that agitation by which profit is derived, the jobbers and brokers naturally support that delightful spirit of excitement by the ups and downs of which speculation and stock-jobbing are feasted and supported.

To the "Liberals" of Capel Court the Spanish monarchy owes the loss of its transatlantic possessions; to the ditto ditto the Sultan Mahmoud may place the account of the loss of Greece. Stock Exchange money has kept the Peninsula in commotion for the last two years; and as it seems to be the serpent's sting, doubtless the hour will hereafter be hallowed in which it was snitten off.

*From the time of our last papers (so severely had the moth been singed), the Stock Exchange had become, compared with former years, a monetary Dead Sea; all was stagnant—not a

fish was to be seen to nibble to the expectant watcher—the cabriolet seemed likely to be exchanged for the wheelbarrow, the breaking of credit for the breaking of stones; and when the eagle eye of the hungry broker and jobber looked around for dupes, "all was barren from Dan to Beersheba." The gentlemen of Capel Court did not, however, despair.

Since the overthrow of the French military empire, the eclipse of that extraordinary meteor by which the existence of the world was threatened, the English people have patronised the glory mania—have, in lieu of turning their swords into ploughshares, reversed the peaceful transformation—have caught at a modern Quixote as the countryman does at the dropped ring—have accepted counterfeit baubles proffered them, as the savage does the string of worthless beads with which he is tempted by the crafty voyager.

The worthies of the Stock Exchange are, and ever have been, far too humane and compassionate not to humour such a disposition; and Don Pedro, who, after having refused Portugal, and accepted Brazil in its stead, had been kicked out of the latter, and, like an overgrown looby, was crying for his first toy again, was selected as the hero destined to dip into the pockets of that egregious blockhead honest (as he is called by courtesy) John Bull. The people of England were consequently prepared, by a series of paragraphs from sundry quarters, to understand that the Portuguese nation, "our ancient ally," as it was termed, was groaning under the weight of a nightmare of despotism; that the rack, and the thumbscrew, and all the obsolete instruments of torture, were in as common use as the corkscrew and carving-knife with us; that the Tagus was a perfect Red Sea with the blood of its victims; that the tower of Babel emitted more doubtful and indescribable sounds than its predecessor of Babel; and, in fact, that, unless speedy measures were adopted to oust Don Miguel, even our Port was in danger. This last argument, joined of course to the other, caused a degree of enthusiasm in favour of Don Pedro unknown since the days of Guy of Warwick. Enthusiasm, however, without money is, as is well known, no "sinew of war." The Stock Exchange accordingly bestirred itself,

and, after a few *private* advances (for the time was not ripe for a public demand), Don Pedro was enabled to hire a band of mercenaries, *with which to build himself a throne on the hearts of the Portuguese people*. A body of extraordinary adventurers was levied (we appeal to the overseers of St. Marylebone and Pancras for the accuracy of this phrase), ships were hired with the covert consent of those strict and honest observers of neutrality the Whig ministry; and Don Pedro, with his "gallant band," who had no alternative than to go on and be heroes, or go back and be paupers (the wine expectancy also, doubtless, added to the valour), surprised the city of Oporto. No sooner was this conquest achieved than the cloven foot began to display itself; and, after a brilliant recital of the brilliant victory, and of the brilliant heroism, of the "liberating army," with a due admixture of monsters, and other unpalatable epithets, to the adverse party, it was announced that Don Pedro was anxious or willing (we forget which) to raise a loan of 800,000*l.* sterling, upon the security (of what, says the reader?) of 50,000 pipes of port wine, seized in the conquered city, but belonging to a portion of the people the expedition had gone forth to liberate. Here, probably, some unsophisticated Conservative may ask of the shade of Don Pedro (for the substance has departed), is this a "liberal" mode of using success? and he would have for answer,—

"'Why, that I do not know,' said he,
But 'twas a glorious victory.'"

It could scarcely be supposed, with *such* security, that "free-born Britons" would refuse to aid *such* heroes. Those friends of liberty, the gentlemen of the Stock Exchange, accordingly, with their well-known disinterestedness, again took the affair in hand, and obtained the necessary advance, which was duly transmitted to Don Pedro, in the shape of those innocent articles of recreation—four-and-twenty-pounders, self-acting rapiers, Congreve-rockets, bomb-shells, bullets, "villanous gunpowder," and all the other paraphernalia that war "is heir to." With these assistants, after some little slaughter, and a most fortunate capture of the Portuguese fleet by an *English* force under Admiral Napier (all proving the enthusiasm of the Portuguese

people for their liberator), Don Pedro entered Lisbon; Don Miguel was sent to roam (Rome); and the young queen, who could have no more claim to the throne of Portugal than ex-sheriff Parkins, was duly installed. This success was but the prelude to other claims upon the pockets of the English people; and, as a matter of course, if they lent Don Pedro 800,000*l.* upon other people's pipes of port, when his own pipe was by no means out of danger, it was not to be supposed they would refuse 2,000,000*l.* upon the strength of the resources and revenue of Portugal (when they could be discovered). We can spare no further space to dilate upon this than to say that, not only was this money raised, but, before and since Don Pedro's demise, a legerdmain of "conversion" loans, and other hocus-pocus mystifications, have been played, like the four or five balls of the Indian juggler, before the English nation until it has been difficult to distinguish one from the other; and it is the amount, some six or seven millions, can at last alone conduct us to the catastrophe with which we shall conclude.

We must here break off from Portuguese matters, to shew that however the Stock Exchange moderns may affect to despise "the wisdom of their ancestors," the old proverb of "two strings to our bow" is by no means forgotten or neglected by them.

No sooner, therefore, was "the sacred cause of liberty" apparently secure in Portugal, than they bethought them that the Spanish government was indebted to the people of Great Britain something like the sum of 20,000,000*l.*, in the shape of principal and interest of the money advanced. It is true that this had been furnished under somewhat suspicious circumstances, and that King Ferdinand VII., with a degree of obstinacy scarcely credible, absolutely refused to acknowledge any particle of the debt—for the simple reason that the agents of the Stock Exchange knew as well as he did, that he was a captive in the hands of a Spanish "Liberal" faction at the time, and that had he not put his hand to the contract, he would have lost his head. This monarch, consequently, with an obtuseness of intellect totally unaccountable to the honourable individuals of Capel Court, would not, when he escaped from the Philistines (by French intervention), recognise the advances made to his

jailors to enable them to keep him longer in confinement, and the whole claim seemed likely ultimately to be registered in "Doomsday Book." Fortunately, however, this immovable monarch, though he would not recognise the Cortes' debt, was compelled to discharge that of nature, and in the year 1833 departed this life, having previously violated the law of Spain, by declaring his infant daughter his successor, to the disparagement of that claim of his brother, Don Carlos, heretofore considered unalienable. Here was an opportunity not to be lost by the gentlemen of the Stock Exchange! here was civil war and a new loan into the bargain! It was nothing that Spain, even if she recognised the Cortes' debt, had no resources to meet the interest of it; it was nothing that, independent of such liability, she was overwhelmed with usurious engagements with France and Holland to the tune of some 25,000,000*l.* more, of which it is said less than 3,000,000*l.* reached the Spanish treasury. The recognition of the old debts, and the contracting of a new one, would be nuts to the patriotic Stock Exchangers. No sooner, therefore, had Count Vial, the first Spanish ambassador from the young queen, arrived in London, than he was pounced upon by a host of "may your excellency live a thousand years," and greeted with a dose of propositions, all having for their aim to procure his recognition of two bad debts and the contracting of a third. The English government was applied to also to back the *bonâ fide* holders of the Spanish bonds (as the gentlemen of the Stock Exchange had the modesty to style themselves). Every engine of ingenuity was tortured into use; and it was evident a new game was about to be sprung. The Count Vial (as Hajji Baba would say) took out the cork of his understanding, and his ears greedily drank of the honey of promises. He readily agreed to place before his government the suggestions of the influential parties who (dear, disinterested creatures!) had waited upon him. And well he might; for, gentle reader, (and if you have been one of the duped, put, as Hajji again would say, the finger of concealment over the face of mortification), what ~~can~~ could be proof against such temptation. Will it be credited that a "union of shopkeepers," finding their debtor could not pay 20,000,000*l.*,

lent him 4,000,000*l.* more, to increase the PROBABILITY of his payment? Yet so it was. The Spanish government saw the eagerness of these particularly curious creditors, who, instead of rebuking them for want of faith in not paying that amount they stood indebted, were more inclined to revile them for not borrowing further. The Madrid cabinet accordingly commenced a series of coquetry, which lasted for months, much to the edification of those who had not studied Cocker or Joseph Hume—greatly to the gain of the French and Spanish ministers, who ruled the telegraphs and pigeoned the foolish; to the ineffable delight of the gentry of the Stock Exchange, who saw again an infusion of agitation, exceedingly agreeable for the time being to those sanguine victims, who stood waiting for "the Spanish," which it would have been fortunate had they never touched. Some weak persons may imagine that as the Spanish revenue was unable, *without* the payment of interest on foreign debts, to meet the expenses of the government, that a stumbling block would have been formed to the negotiation. Pooh—no such thing! The pious personages of the Stock market assured the expectant waiters for the new contract that the Radical government of Spain intended, in humble imitation of our own, to pilfer the church, and confiscate the property of their political opponents; from which funds they would be made as rich as Cæsar, and as honest as—the parties lending the money. Of course this was most satisfactory. Count Toreno, the Spanish minister, shuffled as much as man or minister (and this last is a bold word) could do to throw overboard the Cortes' loans altogether; but as Capel Court was not to be choused in this manner, he proposed to recognise the major part of it as a "deferred stock," to become "active" in (spirit of Methusalem!) two hundred years! As none of the brokers expected to live a tithe of the term, this was scouted; and the Count at last, with much coyness, consented, early in the present year, to receive an extra 4,000,000*l.* sterling at 60 per cent; thus forming an additional debt of about 7,000,000*l.* stock. He also kindly recognised the Cortes' loans; two thirds to be converted into an "active stock," with immediate in-

terest; the remaining third as a "deferred stock," to become "active" about doomsday; and the dividends in arrear to be a "passive stock," until the Lord knows when. All this, as may be imagined, gave the greatest satisfaction to the Stock Exchangers. It was a juggle after their own souls. All was activity, excitement, and buoyancy. "Buyers for the account" flocked to the market. Spanish Cortes' stock, which in 1833 was 16½, was gradually forced up to 72. The new scrip was so scarce, that it rose to 11½ premium. Portuguese 5 per cents went up like Roman candles, being done at 102: and wagers were laid that by the 1st of June (1835) all would be higher. The rubbishing waste paper of the republics of the New World accompanied at a respectful distance these hallowed securities in their upward flight. The madness of 1825 was tameness compared to the quicksilver movements of 1835; and those were regarded as dolts of the first water who did not thrust their hands into this modern garden of Hesperides, and gather of the fruit absolutely trembling to be plucked. And then came the natural result.

We have spoken of the projected "conversion" of the Cortes bonds; they were to form a new five per cent stock, with its comet tail of "deferred" and "passive." This "conversion" commenced on the 11th of May last; when, to the astonishment of all, who wondered where they came from, on that day no less than 10,000,000*l.* Cortes bonds were sent in for the said conversion, producing, as a matter of course, 6,500,000*l.* "active," 3,500,000*l.* "deferred," and 5,50,000*l.* "passive" (for there was upwards of fifty per cent arrears of dividend). The missionaries of the Stock Exchange never expected such a sudden "conversion" as this. Spanish stock became abundant as Whig promises; and, like Frankenstein, when he shrunk from the ugly nondescript he had produced, did the experimentalists of Capel Court draw back from the monster they had created.

From the moment of this conversion it was easy to see the market was overloaded with "the Spanish," in one sense, and evident symptoms were displayed that it was giving way. The price gradually drooped to 65*l.*, some caution being observed as to how the parcels were brought into the market.

On the 21st, however, "the began. Spanish stock, which had 65 on the preceding afternoon, fell to 54; and the scrip from 6 premium to 3 discount. Heavy sales of stock were made, against which it seemed vain to contend: some "great unknown" had evidently turned "bear," the luckless bulls roared again with chagrin, and the market closed in the utmost confusion. On the following morning "the panic" was renewed with increased violence, and the stock fell to 49. During this period, Portuguese bonds had only declared 2½ per cent against a fall in Spanish of 16 per cent. It soon, however, caught the infection.

It was now remembered that the 29th was the day for the settlement of the foreign account. Alas! it was likely to prove no day of "restoration" to the astounded speculators. It was indeed a "day of reckoning;" its approach was viewed with horror; and the truth began to dawn, in a manner far more vivid than agreeable, that every petty gamester with a 20*l.* note in his pocket had been "bulling" his thousands "for the account," and had as much prospect of liquidating "his difference" of 25 per cent. as my Lord John has of setting the Thames on fire. The result of this was what we may truly, though not very elegantly, term a "general smash;" and when the dreaded 29th arrived, the Stock Exchange exhibited a degree of consternation entirely unprecedented since the first establishment of this abominable temple of chance. As for settling the account, it was found as practicable to bottle off the Atlantic; every description of foreign security (as the rubbish is termed) was without price—the bankers refused to advance a dump upon any of them,—the jobbers declined to deliver the bonds upon the security of the brokers' cheques,—hubbub reigned predominant,—the jobbers, in despair, for a period of two hours, absolutely closed their books, suspending all business, and it seemed indeed apparent that chaos had come again. Here was a discovery to the investors and buyers of foreign bonds of the stability of the reed upon which they depended. In vain did the Stock Exchange committee meet,—in vain did each member shake his head, declaring there was nothing in it,—these Burleigh vibrations had no effect on the hurly-burly raging around them. It is the custom

of the Stock Exchange, and one "more honoured in the breach than in the observance," when any of their body become defaulters, to post their names and residences on the interior wall of the establishment. In the present instance, it was clear that a new wall would be required,—for, as almost all "the house" were unable to settle, the old one had not spare space to contain the catalogue. The "handwriting on the wall" was, therefore, in this instance, dispensed with, and additional time given "to settle," an arrangement, by which prudence was displayed and paint preserved. In this manner the settling-day, as it may be called, closed, and, for the first time since the formation of the Exchange, the day of adjustment passed over without the settlement of the accounts. Day after day succeeded, time upon time was given; but every effort failed to produce the desired termination of the incalculable differences; it was evident "time bargains" had received their "*coup de grace*," and that "doing for the account" was done with a vengeance.

Those of our readers who are unacquainted with the nefarious extent of the gambling carried on in the stock market will think us of the Munchausen school, when we relate that "the differences" of the fourteen days during which this foreign account had existed amounted to a sum of ten millions sterling!!! Let Fishmongers' Hall, after this, hide its diminished head; and the bells, with their petty thousands, annoy magistrates and fee counsel for reading fictitious briefs no more.

It is impossible to say what price Spanish bonds and scrip would have fallen to, had not the brokers and jobbers hit upon a most novel mode of fixing a REAL (!) quotation. Finding that the public, instead of investing in their securities, had quietly allowed "the house" to have most of the valuable bonds to themselves, and that the alarm at this discovery might lead some of the smaller, poorer, and more timid holders to sell them at any, or almost at no price, a body of the leading members formed a sort of joint

stock association, with a nominal capital of 1,000,000*l.*, to buy up all Spanish stock offered at 40. When it is considered that some fifteen millions of this stock (at least) are somewhere, this fund would appear as feasible for the purpose it was intended, as it would be practicable to catch the tide in a bob-wig: but there was no little cunning in the plan. In the first place, a vast amount of the stock was held by the very parties subscribing the million, and who by this pretended sacrifice were in reality only giving an apparent value to their own property, which, without such effort, would not even possess a quotation. In the second place, by fixing what they chose to term a *real* price, they hoped the public would lose that coyness they had evinced of investing, in consequence of the extraordinary fluctuations, and come in and rid them of some of that mass of moonshine, which, under the name of Spanish bonds, had overwhelmed their creators. Thus remain matters at the moment of our writing. That the public will be gulled into the desperate act of buying Spanish bonds we cannot for a moment think; and it is but justice that those who have hatched the viper should be the only sufferers by the venom they have thereby produced.

Such is a brief recital of what we consider will be the final blow to the disgraceful system of gaming by which mischief and misery have so long been fostered,—a system not only ruining the property, but corrupting the morals, destroying the peace, and damning the reputation of all who have yielded to its baneful influence.

We will close our remarks by a table, shewing what the value of those various bonds which have been most affected were quoted before the panic, and what their lowest price has been since that period. It will shew clearly, that those who invest their money with a view to security must do any thing rather than purchase those prettily embroidered, embossed, and embellished *morceanus*, yclept "Foreign Bonds."

	Highest price.	At or since.	Decline.
Brazilian . 88	79½	8½ per cent.
Chilian . 60	44	16
Colombian 55	33	22
Portuguese 102	84½ (allowing for dividend)	17½
Spanish . 73½	34	38½
Do. Scrip. . 11½ per cent.	19 discount.	30½

As for "the deferred," "the passive," and "the lengthy" list of *et ceteras*, we may at once consign them to "the tomb of all the Capulets;" for even the gentlemen of "the million" will have nothing to do with them.

We may here observe, that at one period the above stocks actually bore no price. The brokers ceased to issue their lists; and by such, avowed that there was a possibility of the huge amount of money lavished in foreign loans being absolutely valueless.

Much good to the community will doubtless arise from this destruction of a most destructive evil. Not only, by the abolition of "time bargains," will

those habits of reckless adventure, by which the mercantile world has been so seduced, be prevented, but the rage for conveying our capital to distant realms, in the shape of advances to foreign powers, will be checked, and it will, in lieu of such misappropriation, be converted to the advantage of the empire. Legitimate commerce will meet with that attention it is almost certain to reward, and the Stock Exchange, instead of being an ulcer on the community, draining its strength by its virulence, will be, as it was originally intended, a mart for the *bonâ fide* disposal of stock or securities,—a consummation which, so long delayed, is "most devoutly to be wished."

THE LAY OF THE SPANISH BONDBOLDER.

March! march! gallant Evans! I pray you begin;
O march, or there'll be nothing left you to lose:
Egad, should Don Carlos continue to win,
I shouldn't much like to be placed in your shoes.
That Zuma—— (the man with the horrid long name)
Causes Valdez to skip, as if parched like a pea,
Makes him move up and down very nearly the same
As the scrip has been recently moving with me.
O, Colonel, you'll be at a discount like that,
Unless you forthwith can your regiments prepare;
And if with them you don't "march through Coventry, that's flat,"
As certain as fate you'll be sent by us there.
Then send round St. Giles's the beat of the drum,—
Let Sir Samuel's supporters alike hear its sound,—
Bid Tower Hamlets from out of its dark alleys come,—
Let the hearts of the Wakley constituency bound!
For these are the champions of liberty now,—
Bethnal Green, Seven Dials, and Rosemary Lane
Furnish forth the pure fame and the chivalrous brow,—
We have destined to rescue the people of Spain.
Lead them forth, gallant warrior, nor harbour a fear;
You know each elector's a hero in soul.
When you see any head of an enemy near,
You have only to tell them to "rush to the poll."
Consider, should Carlos *his* bonds rivet now
(And, by Jove, he seems winning fields, cities, and towers,
And has given the cause we so worship a blow),
Pray what, my dear Colonel, could we do with ours?
Can we then be "passive" as well as our stock?
Can our hopes be "deferred" like a part of the loan?
Capel Court would sink under so fearful a shock,
And Bartholomew Lane weep in every stone.
So, though we advise not that you run a-muck,
Should a bullet approach as you're firm in your saddle,
We allow you, as we do, dear Colonel, to "duck."
But don't imitate further, and pray never "waddle."
Then away, gallant hero, your soul in your eyes,—
In the field draw your brand, on the field pitch your tent,
And I promise, you then in our favour shall rise,
Like the stock that will go up—full thirty per cent.

ODE ON THE INSTALLATION OF MARQUESS CAMDEN AS
CHANCELLOR OF CAMBRIDGE. 1835.*

"Εὐσταθὲς ἂν λόγῳ δίκας δάρας, ἐλλὰς ἀνὴρ.—PIND. Nem. III. 29.

I. 1.

WHAT lettered or what high heroic name
Swells in the tumult of that long acclaim?
In honour of what laurelled brow
Rings the hall of Science now?
On whom does queenly Granta wait,
With all her vested train?
Who sits upon her throne of state,
The Chief of her domain?
The Man, whose Virtue has withstood
The sirens of the world, content with being good.

I. 2.

Not on the battle-field that name was won —
The hero's honour when his fight was done;
'Twas not by supple Faction gained,
Nor by sordid Wealth obtained.
The peaceful honours of the gown
Are safest and the best;
Who wins laborious Virtue's crown
May put it on, and rest.
The civic wreath approves the Just,
And amaranthine flowers smell sweet around his dust.

I. 3.

Can Ambition's vulture-grasp —
Pleasure's enervating clasp —
Avarice, with all her gold —
Praise of man that's bought and sold —
Empty titles of renown —
Profit him who has gone down,
In sinful blossom, to the place
That yawns for all of mortal race?
Hark! a whisper from the prison!
Lo! our Morning-Star has risen,
And lights the world beyond the grave,
For those whose names are writ on Heaven's high architrave.

II. 1.

What virtue so delights our inner sense
With heavenly hues, as meek Benevolence?
She with her sister Mercy waits
By those everlasting gates,
Through which the blessings of the year
In pomp are duly sent:
With them the laughing hours appear,
And Love that lips Content;
Their smile dissolves the wintry gloom,
Opens the womb of Spring, and carpets Earth with bloom.

* This ode is supposed to be recited or sung in the senate-house; it was written at one sitting, and *con amore*. It is published in a spirit of honest admiration for a disinterested Virtue, and not of competition with the elegant Scholar, whose classical performance, being married to music, will draw down the plaudits of "the frequent consistency" of Beauty, Valour, Wit, and Piety.

II. 2. .

These check the tempest in his furious path,
 Smooth his rough plumes, and calm his fiery wrath ;
 These the stern brow of Justice clear,
 Whispering hope to mortal fear ;
 By them commissioned Howard went
 His heaven-directed road,
 And sought the cell where Guilt was pent,
 And Misery's abode.
 They on our Camden's cradle smiled,
 And breathed into his heart their influences mild. '

II. 3.

For to him the haunts unknown,
 Where, upon their verdant throne,
 Sit the Muses frank and free,
 Scattering showers of melody ;
 While around them dance the Graces,
 With their laughter-loving faces.
 Learning for him unlocked her store,
 And gave him of her precious lore ;
 Whence arose the generous aim,
 Still to cherish Learning's claim ;
 And whence, on Granta's weal intent,
 He gave to her own Pitt his worthiest monument.

III. 1.

If Courtesy and Friendship's earnest zeal —
 The soul for virtue apt, the heart to feel —
 If patriot worth, that knows to shun
 Wealth for service never done —
 The life to justice strict allied,
 That gives to all their due —
 The nobleness, distinct from pride,
 To honour ever true —
 If Honesty and Truth sincere
 Consistent goodness make — a good man now is here.

III. 2.

If moral courage that has never failed
 In perilous shocks, where bolder spirits quailed —
 If loyalty to church and throne,
 In the time of danger shewn —
 If Faith, that feels all works at best
 Are only impotent,
 Yet has a Surety for its rest
 No foe can circumvent —
 If Mercy, Hope, and godly Fear
 The truest greatness make — a great man now is here.

III. 3.

Royal Glo'ster's widowed hearth
 Now is hushed to sound of mirth ;
 He the generous, good, and mild,
 Fall'n asleep, like some young child
 Breathing gently after pain,
 Sleeps — but sleeps to wake again !
 But thou, bright son of Honour ! wear
 Thy Granta's crown for many a year ;
 Chosen to replace his loss,
 Champion of the holy cross,
 Brave knight without reproach and fear,
 In thee thy Granta crowns her worthiest Virtue here.

THE DUTY OF THE CONSERVATIVE LORDS AND COMMONERS:—

THE CORPORATION BILL.

We endeavoured to sketch, in our last Number, an outline of the duties of a Conservative whose post was in the ranks. We shall now say a few words on the duties which belong to our leaders. We do this with the more seriousness, because we think that those duties have been often too much neglected. We do it with the more boldness, because we know that we have a right to speak plainly on such subjects. Our position resembles that of the beast of burden, who saw not why he should care which of the contending parties was his master. We are of the middle classes, and need fear no personal injury or damage, whether monarchy or democracy should prevail. If we advocate the cause of that ancient constitution under which our forefathers have lived, it is from no idea that its continuance will bring us personal gain, or its destruction personal loss. But we judge that the maintenance of that economy under which our country has risen and flourished for centuries past, will be beneficial to the commonwealth at large, though we see not how our own individual interests can be benefited by its continuance, or injured by its fall. If, however, on this general and abstract idea, we are willing to maintain the combat, have we not a right to demand of our leaders at least an equal degree of zeal and perseverance? And are not the nobility and ancient gentry of the land still more interested in the struggle than ourselves? Our probable loss, in a general scramble, might, and probably would, be small. But "the aristocrats" could not hope so to escape. A duke, or "a monopoliser of 10,000 acres," would not so readily be overlooked, nor could he easily hide himself. Can they, then, with any degree of justice or propriety, expect of us an earnestness or a devotion to the Conservative cause, if they themselves are backward in exhibiting a similar zeal?

With a boldness, then, which par-
 in no wise of disrespect, are we
 want to address the Conservative party,
 both in the House of Lords and in the
 House of Commons, and to explain to
 them certain omissions of which they

have been guilty, and certain duties which we look to them to perform. And the alternative which we hold out to them, in case of continued neglect and carelessness, is merely this,—that the Conservative party among the people will not continue, whatever they may do at the present moment, to shew more zeal than their leaders;—that apathy and inertness in the officers will gradually generate the same feelings throughout the ranks;—and that, if finally overpowered by the Republican party, the first victims that will fall before the advancing movement will be those very leaders, whose half-heartedness had in the first instance unnerved and broken down the moral force of the defensive army.

We have something to say, then, to the Conservatives of the House of Lords, and to the Conservatives of the House of Commons. And we shall begin with the latter.

Our friends in the House of Commons constitute, as has been repeatedly proved, as nearly as possible a clear half of the House. On the Speakership they divided 306 against 316; on the Address, 302 against 309. But what has been the average, ever since, of their daily attendance?

Fifteen election-committees have been struck. Had these committees been fairly composed, or had they proceeded upon their business in a spirit of fairness and impartiality, the result would have been the securing an absolute majority of Conservatives in the House of Commons. Instead of which, in no less than nine of these fifteen cases were the Whigs allowed to constitute a clear majority of these committees. In five cases the Conservatives had the majority; and in one, an equal proportion of Whigs and Tories were balanced by a few neutral men.

In the latter case, the petitioning member, a Conservative, gained his seat. Out of the five Tory committees, four decided in favour of the Tory candidate, and one gave the seat to the Whig; but out of the nine Whig committees, not a single decision in favour of a Conservative was gained!

Take an instance of impartiality in

the Dublin and Cork committees. In both these committees there was a decided majority of Whigs. The Dublin case came on first. The evidence ready to be produced was such as would have instantly unseated O'Connell. This was to be prevented, if possible. An application was therefore made for a commission to examine evidence in Dublin,—all parties being well aware that, if this commission were granted, O'Connell's seat was secured, at least to the end of the session. *The commission was granted without the least hesitation!*

The Cork case followed a few days after. Here the sitting members were Conservatives. Seeing the success of the Dublin application, they very naturally concluded that the same course was open to them. They had objected to above one thousand of their opponents' voters, on evidence not easily producible in London. They therefore asked for the same proceeding to be taken in their case which had just been decided upon in the Dublin. But the committee numbered among its eleven members no fewer than nine Whigs; and, accordingly, it was found that what was right in behalf of a Whig was not right in behalf of a Tory. The commission asked was at once refused, and the petitioners were seated in the room of the two Conservatives!

The like system has prevailed throughout. We speak from the best information, when we say that had the committees been composed of neutral or impartial men, the decisions on the Carlow, Rochester, Dublin, Monmouth, Ennis, Roscommon, Cork, and Youghall petitions would, in all probability, have been totally different from those which now stand recorded; making a difference of *eleven* votes, counting *twenty-two* on a division! This great loss has been sustained by the Conservative party, mainly through the non-attendance of its members. Have we nothing to complain of here? Is it nothing that in Rochester, and Monmouth, and Dublin, and half-a-dozen other places, the Conservatives exerted themselves to the utmost, and had in fact achieved the victory, and then have the mortification of seeing that victory snatched from them by the carelessness of their own friends in the House of Commons?

And we may naturally conclude, without fear of being mistaken, that

this is only a sample of the general conduct of the Conservative body in the House of Commons. The history of the session would shew how just this conclusion is. During his official career, Sir Robert Peel never once felt secure of the result of the night's division; nor, since he has resumed his seat on the opposition benches, has he known how to calculate the effective strength of the force of which he is the ostensible leader.

But this loose and desultory way of carrying on the warfare cannot succeed. It is time that our friends began fully to understand that, if they accept a seat in the House of Commons, they undertake a post of labour; and if late sittings and watchful perseverance are not to their taste, they had better decline the honour. It amounts to a deceit, practised on their party and their country, to go in the House of Commons at the present crisis, without a determination to be unremitting in the discharge of their duty.

But the more important part of our task remains. We have to say something to our leaders in the House of Lords.

It appears to us very doubtful whether the Conservative members of the House of Lords have yet taken a correct view of their present position. That position has been entirely changed within the last four years. In former times, it was their practice to leave the main part of the legislation of the country to be performed by their agents in the House of Commons. In those days the lower House was the arena in which the three estates met, and in which the chief business of law-making was gone through. The peers, by their borough nominees, and the crown, by its borough arrangements, were present in the House of Commons, and influenced its movements; not in opposition to, but in concurrence with, a large body of popular representatives. The *Edinburgh Review*, in several elaborate articles, exhibited the use and beauty of this arrangement.

But it has pleased the Whigs to trample on their former creed, and to put an entire end to this system. What follows? Surely, and most obviously, this: that the peers, having no longer their agents and nominees in the lower House, to aid in the progress of legislation, must now address themselves in good earnest to the work;

and must become, if they would preserve their own importance and their own existence, a watchful, pains-taking committee of revision, amending and improving the hasty and crude legislation of the lower House.

The power which has unquestionably been added of late to the House of Commons, by its increased connexion with the people, will render it hazardous, and scarcely prudent, for the Peers to exercise, with any frequency, their absolute *veto* on measures proposed and agreed to by the Commons. Nor is it in the least necessary that they should do so. A hasty glance over the last four years will shew, with how easy and moderate an exercise of their undoubted rights they may effect all that is really desirable.

Sir John Hobhouse's bill, which at once threw down all the ancient select vestries, and opened the dominion of our large parishes to the mob and their leaders, was carried up to the House of Lords in 1831. That bill, as it has actually come into operation, is fraught with all kinds of mischief. Yet one alteration, of the simplest, easiest, and most unobjectionable kind, would have rendered it both harmless and beneficial. Had the Lords only insisted, not upon the *six* votes of Sturges Bourne's bill, but upon merely a double vote for all householders rated at 50*l.* and upwards, the result would have been almost unmixed good, instead of being, as it now is, almost unmixed evil. How trifling and how easy the improvement! but how vast would have been the difference made in the operation of the bill! With that alteration, the mob would every where have been overruled; without it, we now see the mob every where victorious.

Thus, for want of one single amendment, which might have been carried with ease, and which would not have so far altered the bill as to make it unacceptable to its authors, that measure was allowed to remain a bad one, fraught with mischievous results, which might have been, in a single sitting, changed into a safe and efficacious piece of legislation.

But a still more striking instance of an opportunity lost was given in the passage of the Reform-bill. The majority of the House of Peers apprehended that measure to be fraught with the most dangerous tendencies, and

they exercised their undoubted privilege, by rejecting the measure. In the following year it was again laid on their table. That they had taken an exaggerated view of the dangers connected with it, is now clear from the circumstance that the second election which took place after the passing of that bill (the *English Reform-bill*) returned, for England, a majority of Conservatives. However, dangerous or not, being again brought before the Lords, with the concurrence of the sovereign and of a large majority of the House of Commons, it was no longer possible for the Upper House to meet it with a simple negative. The right course was to accept the measure as a whole, and to make such moderate amendments in it as would operate to lessen the dreaded evils. But this course was not taken. A hostile attitude was assumed; and thus the Lords were placed in a situation which it was impossible for them to maintain, and from which they could not retire with honour. The ministry took advantage of this false step, and forced them to surrender at discretion. The opportunity of amending the bill was lost; and the only option left them was to accept the measure as it stood, or to be themselves annihilated by a new creation.

At the present moment, looking back on the whole proceeding, and recollecting that, with the Reform-act as it passed, unamended, the election of January last gave the Conservatives, in England, a clear majority, it becomes a matter, not of supposition, but of certainty, that if the Lords had abandoned, *bonâ fide*, all opposition to the bill, and had merely demanded that in the towns of the first class the franchise should be 20*l.*, and that the borough freeholders should not vote in county elections, the result would have been that we should have had, at this moment, a Conservative majority of 100 in the House of Commons. And these two points might have been gained with ease. Neither of them would have amounted to such a clear and positive attack upon the bill, as to have given the opportunity to Lord Grey to tender his resignation, or to demand a new creation of peers. These points might have been gained; and had they been so gained, the country would be at this moment in a comparatively sound and peaceful state.

Such have been some of the errors committed within the last three or four years. A calm retrospective consideration of them will surely shew the leading members of the House of Lords the course in which it will be their wisdom to walk for the future. They may expect a variety of propositions, some of an encroaching and levelling character, from the powerful republican party now in the House of Commons; and others, of a more moderate character, from the Whig ministers, now in alliance with that republican party. A proposition of each description is now in progress through the lower House. The first is that of Colonel Evans, for abolishing the provision in Sturges Bourne's Vestry Act, which gives a plurality of votes, in vestry meetings, to the higher classes of rate-payers. This is an open and barefaced attack on the rights of property, and should be met by an instant and unhesitating rejection. The second is a more insidious proceeding, and is of a more mixed character. It is a proposition for limiting the poll at contested elections to a single day. Now this measure is partly unjust and mischievous, and partly unobjectionable. It is unobjectionable as far as cities and boroughs are concerned. Here the voters must of necessity be all generally resident in or near the place of election, since *occupancy*, not property, confers the right of voting; and, as a man is seldom a resident in two boroughs at the same time (excepting, perhaps, contiguous boroughs, like Finsbury and Marylebone), he cannot be deprived of his vote in one place by having to give it in another.

But in counties the case is widely different; and here lies the real, though concealed object, of this insidious measure. It is confessed by all the Whigs and Radicals, that men of property are generally Conservatives. Such men have frequently votes for different counties,—such as Bedfordshire and Kent, or Middlesex and Devonshire, or frequently more. If, therefore, all the elections can be made to fall on one day, or nearly so, the effect will be that most of these double votes will be lost.

But all this is not merely undesirable, as diminishing the strength of the Conservative party, but it is also clearly unjust. The law and the constitution annex the county vote to

property: residence is not the test. A man, therefore, who has the means, and who chooses to buy an estate in Kent, and another in Hertford, and another in Cheshire, has a perfect right, according to the theory and practice of the constitution, to vote in each of those counties. If you so arrange matters, therefore, as to make it impossible for him to exercise this franchise, you do him a plain, palpable, undeniable wrong. This part of the bill, therefore, the Lords must remove; or they will at once desert their duty and betray their own interests.

But all these are minor points, however important in themselves, compared with that one measure which the ministry have declared to be the great leading feature of the present session—the one object for which every thing else is to be postponed. We allude, of course, to the *Corporation Reform-Bill*.

This measure ought to be received in the House of Lords, as it was in the House of Commons (as to its main outlines), with a unanimous assent. True, it is introduced simply and solely from party motives, and as a party manœuvre; in the hope that it would either meet with the opposition of the Conservative party at the outset, and would thus involve them in a storm of unpopularity; or would, if allowed to pass, utterly destroy their hold upon all the leading boroughs. Still, however despicable may have been the motives which have given rise to it, the proposition in itself is a good one—or, rather, is capable of being made a good one; and as such it ought to be received with cordiality and amicable feelings. To attempt to maintain with pertinacity a system of self-election and monopoly, in the present day, is altogether absurd. One main object with us ought to be, the rendering the people every where comfortable and contented. This is the most effectual, or rather the *only* effectual way of spreading and fostering a Conservative feeling. Let them see, practically, that there is no party desirous of keeping up ancient abuses, and their jealousy and ill-will towards the higher classes will gradually subside.

The Corporation Reform-Bill, then, in its great leading features, is a good and desirable measure. It is just and right to terminate all the old, and various, and arbitrary ways of constituting

a corporation, and to substitute in their room one simple, rational, and uniform system. But, in so doing, be careful as to your details; for in these consist the real efficiency, for good or evil, of the measure. The principle of the bill now before parliament is good; but some of its provisions are as absurd, and some of them as dangerous, as it is possible for provisions to be made.

Here, then, is an especial occasion in which the House of Lords may prove its efficiency and its utility. If they should reject this measure at starting, the effect would be to raise a cry of "anti-reformers" and "maintainers of ancient abuses," and to give the Whigs a pretext for foisting another score of their creatures into the peerage. If, on the other hand, they should indolently and carelessly allow it to pass just in the shape in which the Commons may present it; or if the Conservative majority, through want of organization and unanimity, should allow the ministerial minority to out-vote or out-manœuvre them, then the effect on the minds of a large portion of the Conservatives throughout the country will be, to suggest a doubt *whether the Upper House is really of any use?*

What is the state of the case? Here is a bill, which is just and right in its main principles: If its provisions are carefully examined, and adjusted on Conservative principles, the effect of the measure will be exceedingly good; but if, on the other hand, those provisions are allowed to remain just what they are at this present moment (June 25), then the effect, the practical working of the measure, will be most prejudicial and most dangerous, in a variety of ways.

There are three points in this bill, on the ultimate adjustment of which the real character of the measure will chiefly turn. These are—

1. The qualification of the members of the new town-councils.
2. The subdivision of the boroughs into wards.
3. The qualification of the burgesses, and their registration.

First, then, of the *qualification of the members of the proposed town-councils.*

Looking at the whole course of legislation for the last fifty years, and observing in every act which has been

passed for creating a board of trustees or of commissioners for any place, or for any public work, a constant proviso that the said trustees or commissioners shall be rated at so much in the parish-books, or shall possess a real or personal property of such an amount, it is difficult to imagine upon what ground the omission of all such security in the present bill rests. In it Lord John Russell abandons all previous precedent—forgets Lord Brougham's bill of last year—forgets even the act relating to his own borough of Stroud—and wholly omits all mention of any qualification whatsoever! Nor does he assign any reason for this. If we are to imagine one, we must suppose that he will assume that such is the good sense of the people, and such their respect for character and respectability, that we may safely rely upon their constantly selecting the most respectable men that can be found in their vicinity.

But, unfortunately for this hypothesis, we are met on every side by facts which tell a totally different story. Who is the idol of the populace at Hull at this moment? Who is decidedly the most powerful leader there? A man who is alike destitute of character, property, and local respectability. Living by the publication of libellous writings, and having only just left the prison to which one of them had lately consigned him, he is yet, by the voice of the potwallopers, churchwarden of one of the largest parishes; and would, if this bill passed in its present form, instantly nominate nearly the whole of the town-council, and assume, himself, the seat of mayor.

A score of similar instances might be adduced. We have seen a man; within the last four years, leave his wife and children to the care of the parish-officers in a suburb of the metropolis, and settle himself in a mid-land town as an auctioneer, newspaper editor, and political agent. Endowed with a front of brass and a ready utterance, he soon became the chief speaker on all public occasions. The corporation of that town was then, and still is, close and self-elected; but if this bill passes, and the worthy in question is still an inhabitant of that place, we will answer for his instantly becoming the chief member and leader of the new town-council. Yet this respectable gentleman's lawful wife is

still, we believe, a charge upon some parish in the metropolis; while he himself, having neither goods nor chattels to suffer the loss of, is furnishing his present vicinity with a bastard or two every year!

That such characters abound is beyond all question. Surely, then, the part of a wise legislator is to preserve those bounds and fences which repress and keep down such men as far as possible. For such purpose, it should be provided that no one should be eligible for a seat in the town-council, in boroughs of 10,000 inhabitants and under, unless he was rated at 20*l.* per annum to the poor; and in the larger boroughs a rating of 40*l.* should be demanded. If these safeguards are not insisted on, the tempting opportunities afforded by this measure for the demagogue and the agitator to leap into place and power, will tend greatly to foster the growth of such characters, and to increase their number and their influence.

We look, therefore, to the House of Lords for the insertion of some sufficient qualification. And this is far better provided by a certain standard of rating, than by an oath of being possessed of a certain amount of property. Rateability is a fact which may be ascertained; but, on the other plan, you have no knowledge of the fact but by the oath of a man who will perhaps care very little what he swears.

2. But the next point is that of the *subdivision of boroughs into wards*. We are happy to see that this subject has arrested the attention of Lord Stanley; and we are not without hope that some improvement may be effected in this point before the bill leaves the Commons. Perhaps, of all the points in which the bill is open to improvement, this is of the greatest importance. The nature and extent of its operation we will illustrate by a reference to circumstances which are actually passing before our eyes.

The lord paramount of the great parish of Pancras, with its hundred thousand inhabitants, is, at the present moment, the keeper of a small wharf in the Hampstead Road, of the name of Murphy. This man's elevation to this place of power is as monstrous and unnatural as it is possible for any thing to be, and furnishes an apt instance of the working of Sir John Hobhouse's Vestry Bill, of which this new

Corporation Bill is just the twin brother.

The said Vestry Bill enacted that the members of parish vestries should go out, as in the new Corporation Bill, one third every year, and that the parishioners should elect their successors at *one time, in one place, and by one vote*. The effect of this has naturally been to throw the whole affair in the hands of the mob. The said Mr. Murphy has succeeded in effecting the formation of a series of public-house clubs, whose meetings are periodically enlivened by the oratory of the eloquent wharfinger, and whose votes, above a thousand in number, are always ready in support of "Mr. Murphy's list." The gentry of the place have neither the will nor the inclination to enter into such a contest. Some of them are ever and anon attempting to throw off this degrading yoke; but the union and co-operation which belongs to the Murphy clubs is wholly wanting among them, and their isolated efforts are defeated as often as they are made.

Now had this immense parish, extending from Highgate Hill to Guildford Street, been divided, as it ought to have been, into districts, each district electing its six or eight members of the vestry, the result would have been wholly different. The inhabitants of Brunswick or Euston Squares would then have chosen six or eight of their own body, from their own knowledge of their fitness, and without any reference to Mr. Murphy's approbation, or any regard to his *veto*. The inhabitants of Kentish Town would have done the same; and in Mr. Murphy's own district of Camden Town, himself and half-a-dozen of his friends would have been elected,—constituting, however, only a small portion of the whole vestry; whereas at present he nominates the whole.

Thus will it be every where. The only way in which the influence of the demagogue can be confined within any limits is, by *subdivision*. You thus leave him a restricted sphere, and not refusing him the exercise of any influence he may possess among his neighbours, you in some degree neutralise it by enabling other districts to exercise their franchise without any interference from him. By this course you gain some chance of a mixed assembly, in which all parties are fairly represented. But by an election by a

general list you make the demagogue absolute dictator, returning his own "list," and ruling without control among his own creatures.

We look, therefore, to the House of Lords to see, above all other safeguards, that it be provided that every borough shall be so subdivided, that not more than six members of the council shall represent any one district.

A minor point, connected with this of subdivision, ought here to be adverted to. In dividing a borough into districts, those divisions ought, as far as possible, to be made to coincide with existing boundaries. Where several parishes exist in a borough, each should meet separately, under its own churchwarden, and elect its fair quota of members of the town-council. If any parish, however, was so extensive as to have a right to more than six members, such parish should be subdivided, and distinct elections had in each portion.

And, in determining the fair quota of a district or parish, respect should be had chiefly to the portion of the town's burdens borne by such district or parish—to its rated value, rather than to its mere population. Suppose, for instance, the borough of Finsbury were to receive a charter, and to proceed to elect a town-council. Probably the district of Saffron Hill would be found to contain more houses than the district of Russell Square. If *numbers*, therefore, were the sole test, the poverty and vice of Field Lane would be invested with more power in the council than the education and opulence of Bloomsbury. But such an arrangement would be grossly unjust, and would lead to frightful evils. Clearly a view ought to be taken of the burdens borne by the respective districts, and the share of representation allotted to each district should be mainly determined by this test.

3. But we come now to the last point, that of the proposed constituency under the new system. In dealing with this matter, the Whigs have, to the surprise of all, departed from the 10*l.* franchise—from the franchise of the Reform-bill—the franchise adopted by Lord Brougham in his Corporation Bill of 1833—the franchise to which Lord Stanley, at the commencement of the present session, declared his adherence. For this franchise they have substituted a new invention. In place of every Householder, of twelve-

months' standing, rated at 10*l.*, and having paid his rates, they give the franchise to all householders, of whatever degree, who have been rated for three years successively. Thus the cord is relaxed on the one hand, and tightened on the other.

What the motive for making this change has been it is not easy to say. Probably it was thought a more popular proposition to take in all, without limitation to any scale of rating. It may have been supposed that the Radicals would be caught by this approach to household suffrage; while the cunning Whigs hoped to overreach them in another way, by the limitation to three-year occupants only. The votes of the 10*l.* constituency, too, at the late general election, may have created a fear in the minds of the framers of the bill, whether this class of voters might be depended on for a steady adherence to Whiggism. On the whole, it seems to have been thought best to abandon this their lately favourite position, and to go a step or two lower, as more likely to damage the chance of the Conservative party.

It may well be supposed, however, that the inventors of this new scheme did not well understand what they were about. It is true that in many country towns, where the labourers inhabit cottages of three or four pounds annual rental, this new scale of qualification will greatly augment the constituency. It will create a mob of voters in many towns in which the 10*l.* occupiers are but two or three hundred. Whether the cottagers thus brought into the constituency will greatly improve it, is more than we can venture to hope. The change may be injurious to Conservatism; but we doubt whether Whiggism will much profit by it. The Radical party will certainly derive the greatest advantage from the extension of the right of voting; and whether that party is not already quite strong enough, is a question we would submit to Lord John Russell's serious consideration.

But although this new scheme will double or treble the constituency in many places, there are others in which it will greatly diminish it. Take the case of one of those large towns in which the houses of smaller value than 10*l.* per annum are few, while removals are frequent. We have examined the actual results in a parish of this kind,

and we found the difference to be this:

Excluded from the present constituency, under the Reform-bill, as inhabiting houses of less than 10*l.* rental 21

Excluded under the new system, as having been occupiers less than three years 139

Or, to state the result in another form:—The parish having 492 rated tenements, 471 of these would qualify the occupiers to vote under the Reform-bill: but, under the proposed Corporation-bill, only 353 would be qualified to vote for the town council, supposing the list of voters to be made out at the present moment.

Thus, in many cases, instead of the new franchise being more liberal and extended than it was under the Reform-bill, it will turn out to be far more confined.

We believe, in fact, that this new scheme of qualification for voters has been propounded in ignorance. The ministry knew not at all what they were about, but they took it into their heads to strike out something new; and they began to feel a growing distrust of the adherence of the ten-pounders to the interests of Whiggism.

Now our readers will easily believe us when we say that we are in nowise attached to a ten-pound constituency. In some respects we could prefer the new one; but there are reasons enough, and reasons sufficiently obvious, which ought to decide the question against the present scheme. Take one or two as specimens:

1. By this scheme you introduce, as Sir Robert Peel well observed, a *third* description of voters. At present you have the scot and lot voters, under Sturges Bourne's or Hobhouse's Vestry Bill, and the ten-pound voters under the Reform-bill. The new plan constitutes a fresh class, who are neither ten-pounders, nor yet scot and lot voters.

2. And with this new class comes a new annual revision of the list; a new list to be printed, and all the extra trouble and expense connected with it; all of which would be at once saved by merely adopting the constituency under the Reform-bill. But,

3. Another very serious evil is obvious, in the plan for carrying on the proposed revision. At present, under the Reform-bill, two gentlemen who have received a legal education, and who are strangers to the place and to

its local quarrels, enmities, and heart-burnings, visit a town, deal with overseers, agents, and all, as with parties to whom they are perfectly unknown, and decide upon each man's claims and qualifications by a simple reference to the law. But now we are to have a new list, and another revision; and who is to conduct this? Just the mayor, who himself will invariably be, under this new system, the head of one of the great parties in the town!

This man, of all others the most unfit, will have to decide all points connected with the qualification or disqualification of the parties claiming to have their names inserted among the constituency. Every one at all acquainted with these matters must know how nice are the points on which the validity of a claim frequently hangs. How monstrous, then, that on the decision of a single man—and not a lawyer, but a tailor or a tallow-chandler, and he, perhaps, the most zealous, the most unscrupulous of the *blue* party—the votes of scores of the *yellows* should hang! or that the decision of a *yellow* chairman should disfranchise, without appeal, perhaps some dozens of *blues*!

This single feature, so perfectly monstrous, so abhorrent to all common sense and common justice, ought of itself to be an insuperable objection to the new scheme; more especially so when the question again returns upon us, Why is all this? what hinders the settled constituency of the Reform-Bill—settled by men both competent and disinterested—from becoming the constituency for the election of the town-council also? Why all this second revision, second list, second set of claims, and perpetual litigations?

4. This error is still further exaggerated by the licensing power given by the bill to the new town-councils. By its provisions, the whole of the publicans of a place will be at the mercy of a party. This completes the system. Imagine a *Murphy* in a country-town—and such characters are by no means uncommon. He first succeeds in carrying the election of his "*list*" for the town-council. He is then, very naturally, chosen mayor, as the unquestionable head of his party. Before him, as mayor, the lists of the new constituency for the borough are to be laid; and to "*his satisfaction*" are they to be adjusted. At his sole

control are all the licenses of all the publicans of the townd; and he is the returning-officer on every election. Is not his power a perfect despotism? Once place the reins of such a dominion as this in his hands, and what shall wrench them out again?

In the last place, therefore, we look to the House of Lords to erase from the bill all the complex and cumbrous machinery of this new constituency; to relieve the towns from the warfare and irritation of two courts of revision every year; and to fall back on the constituency of the Reform-bill, not as the best that might be imagined or contrived, but as infinitely the best *under all the circumstances.*

Such, then, is the task which lays before the House of Lords; if, indeed, this bill should reach that house in the course of the present session. We are aware that it requires a close attendance and a careful application to the subject, and both for, perhaps, several days in succession. The duty is committee-duty, which cannot be done by proxy, and which is wholly matter of

detail. Still, however, we may urge, on the one hand, that it is the *only* duty, of any pressure, to which their lordships are likely to be called during the present session: and we may add, that, since the Reform-bill, there has been no measure brought before the Upper House, on the treatment of which the fate of the Conservative party, and, as connected with it, the fate of the aristocracy, so much depends.

We call, then, without hesitation and without diffidence, on the aristocracy, our natural guardians against democratic encroachment, to do their duty thoroughly and well on this great occasion. We call on them, not austere to reject the measure, but, seriously and with deliberation, to improve it. Thus will they invest their own place and station with a double security; damping the hopes of attacking party, on the one hand, and giving renewed confidence and hope to the Conservative body throughout the country.

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COLERIDGE'S TABLE-TALK.*

PROUD, justly proud are we, of the reputation which the late SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE is now attaining. Notwithstanding the recent period of our existence, this Magazine was the very first critical publication that ventured on a correct analysis of Coleridge's philosophy, and gave currency to its principles. High laud to Henry Nelson Coleridge be rendered for his exertions in his uncle's favour. This gentleman possesses the requisite talent and courage for the task that he has undertaken. We feel for him a profound, a very profound esteem; and express it here in unqualified terms.

It will be recollected that at the close of our reminiscences on the great sage and skald, we stated that the revolutions of Coleridge's mind had fulfilled themselves, and that he had achieved his destiny. What he had already published included, in our conception, a whole, a perfect science, for those to whom that science was of any use. This mainly, it is probable, made him careless of publication in his latter days. He knew his work was done. It only remained to analyse and rearrange it, that inferior minds might take in some portion of its greatness—the whole they could not. Desirous he was to give this popular form to the high argument of his discourse; but, in his state of health and fortune, it was of little moment. Besides, it might be done by others; and the great Taskmaster had decreed that

to no drudgery should the noble and magnanimous mind of Coleridge be condemned. To him a seraph's privilege was awarded,—the ecstatic vision and ardent beatitude of love.

It is in the spirit of this conclusion that the editor of the work before us says, in his preface, speaking of his immortal "Eme"—

"Lamb's inspired charity-boy of twelve years of age continued to his dying day, when sixty-two, the eloquent centre of all companies, and the standard of intellectual greatness to hundreds of affectionate disciples, far and near. Had Coleridge been master of his genius, and not, alas! mastered by it—had he less romantically fought a single-handed fight against the whole prejudices of his age, nor so mercilessly racked his fine powers on the problem of a universal Christian philosophy—he might have easily won all that a reading public can give to a favourite, and have left a name—not greater nor more enduring, indeed—but—better known and more prized than now it is, among the wise, the gentle, and the good, throughout all ranks of society. Nevertheless, desultory as his labours, fragmentary as his productions at present may seem to the cursory observer—my undoubting belief is, that in the end it will be found that Coleridge did, in his vocation, the day's work of a giant. He has been melted into the very heart of the rising literature of England and America; and the principles he has taught are the master light of the moral and intellectual being of men, who, if they shall fail to save, will assuredly

* Specimens of the Table-Talk of the late Samuel Taylor Coleridge. 2 vols. London, 1835. John Murray.

illustrate and condemn, the age in which they live. As it is, they bide their time."

In all this we agree, save in the suggestion and lamentation, that Coleridge was not the master of his genius: there go two words to that bargain. There are three classes of men of genius: they who are mastered by their genius—these form the lowest class; they who are masters over their genius—these form the second class. But the highest class is composed of men who are both the masters of and the mastered by their genius. Here there is a mutual interpenetration of the spirits of each. So spontaneously does the one work with the other, in such entire accordance, that no oppugnancy is discoverable between the one and the other; and the machine by which its oracles are uttered are so at one with the inspiration itself, that, even when exerting the highest and most skilful mastery over the utterances, the inspiration appears to have the supreme governance, as indeed it has the freest play. The translucence of the one into the other is complete. It is not the orb of the sun that we behold, but the very light itself hides the medium of communication, in proportion as it gives by its influence the utmost perfection to the medium of which it is capable. The latter becomes modified in the process—nay, purified into the very essence of which it is the element; and, like a good prose style, so reflects the meaning which it is designed to convey, that it claims for itself no attention at all.

Of this last class of men of genius was Coleridge. He and his genius interpenetrated each the other; they were one,—thesis, antithesis, and synthesis; and, not to speak it profanely, neither was before or after the other, neither was less or greater than the other. We are quite sure that, on second thoughts, H. N. C. will concede, without any mental reservation whatever, to this shewing—and will excuse the passage to which we have objected as a concession to the possible prejudices of some of his readers. He who would swim with the stream, must yield as well as oppose; and, by submitting to the resistance, gain the power and the requisite momentum for overcoming it.

Much rejoice we that Coleridge's

pious nephew has taken in hand, and utterly crushed, as between the two meeting hands of Jove, a quondam but false-hearted admirer, an ingenious but most disingenuous friend, of his mind and its productions. We allude to Mr. Dequincey, whose opportunities, as here stated, "of seeing Mr. Coleridge, were at a particular period considerable; and congeniality of powers and pursuits would necessarily make those opportunities especially valuable to the critical reminiscence."

It is not necessary for us to go into the story of Pythagoras and the beans, the solution of which our illustrious sage is declared to have stolen from some "poor stick of a German." H. N. C.'s refutation is however complete. Mr. Dequincey mentions not the name of the "scamp"—for so he calls the German author, as well as "poor stick;" but no Eton boy in the fifth form was ever ignorant of this solution of the Pythagorean abstinence from beans, which has been there time out of mind regularly taught in school, as a matter of course, whenever occasion arose.

"Whether," says H. N. C., "this great discovery was a *peculium* of Eton, I know not; nor can I precisely say that Dr. Keate, and the present provost of King's, and the Bishop of Chester, and other assistant masters (for they all had the secret), did not in fact learn it from this German; but I exceedingly doubt their doing so, unless Mr. Dequincey will assure me that there was an English translation of the German book—if the book was in German—existing at that time. If I am asked whence the interpretation came, I must confess my ignorance—except that I very well remember that in Lucian's *Vitarum auctio*, a favourite school treatise of ours, upon the bidder demanding of Pythagoras, who is put up to sale, why he had an aversion to beans, the philosopher says that he has no such aversion, but that beans are sacred things—first, for a physical reason there mentioned; but principally because, amongst the Athenians, all elections for offices in the government took place by means of them. Of the correctness of this interpretation, if the golden verses were in fact genuine, which they are not, we might indeed well doubt; for there are numerous authorities which would lead us to believe that the practice of voting by beans, or ballot, was long subsequent to the time of Pythagoras—to whom, in all probability, the *chrestotomis*, or natural

mode of election by a shew of hands, was alone known."

So much for Pythagoras and the beans.

As to Coleridge's borrowing the two words in conjunction, "insupportably advancing," from Milton, every reader, who is at the same time a writer, must concur in the truth of the following statement.

"That these latter words were in Milton was a mere fact, about which, with a book-shelf at hand, there could of course be no dispute. If, therefore, Mr. Coleridge denied that he was indebted to Milton for them, I believe—(as who in the world, but this 'foremost of admirers,' would not believe?)—that he meant to deny any distinct consciousness of their Miltonic origin at the moment of his using them in his ode. A metaphysician like Mr. Dequincey can explain, what every common person who has read half a dozen standard books in his life knows, that thoughts, words, and phrases, not our own, rise up day by day from the depths of the passive memory, and suggest themselves, as it were, to the hand, without any effort of recollection on our part. Such thoughts are indeed not natural born, but they are denizens at least; and Coleridge could have meant no more."

The "Hymn in the Vale of Chamouni" is rightly confessed to be indebted for many images, and some striking expressions, to Frederica Brun's little poem. This obligation is so clear, that no admirer of Coleridge, any more than H. N. C., will hesitate to acknowledge that a reference to the original ought certainly to have been given, as Coleridge gave in other instances. Yet, as to any ungenerous wish on the part of Mr. Coleridge to conceal the obligation, we join with his nephew in totally disbelieving it; the words and images that are taken, are taken bodily and without alteration; and not the slightest art is used—and a little would have sufficed—to disguise the fact of any community between the two poems. The German is in twenty lines, and H. N. C. prints them with what he terms a very bald English translation, that all his readers may compare them as a curiosity with their glorification in Coleridge.

We give the German poem:

"Aus tiefem Schatten des schweigenden
Tannenbains
Erblick' ich behend dich, Scheitel der
Ewigkeit,

Blendender Gipfel, von dessen Höhe
Ahndend mein Geist ins Unendliche
schwebet!"

Wen senkte den Pfefter tief in der Erde
Schoos,

Der, seit Jahrtausenden, fest deine Masse
stützt?

Wer thürmte hoch in des Aethers Wöl-
bung

Mächtig und kühn dein umstrahltes Ant-
litz?

Wer goss Euch hoch aus des ewigen

Winters Reich,

O Zachenströme, mit Donnergetös, herab?
Und wer gebietet laut mit der Allmacht
Stimme:

'Hiersollenruhen die starrenden Wogen?'

Wer zeichnet dort dem Morgensterne die
Bahn?

Wer kränzt mit Blüthen des ewigen
Frostes Saum?

Wem tönt in schrecklichen Harmonieen,
Wilder Arveiron, dein Wogentümmel?

Jehovah! Jehovah! kracht's im ber-
stenden Eis;

Lavinendonner rollen's die Kluft hinab:
Jehovah! rauscht's in den hellen Wipfeln,
Flüstert's an reisenden Silberbächen."

For H. N. C.'s rough version we shall substitute a metrical one of our own. The original poem, we should remark, is addressed to Klopstock, the poet of the *Messiah*.

Out of the silent Fir-grove's shade pro-
found,

Thee, trembling, I survey, Eternal Brow!
Dazzling steep, from whose height my
spirit

Soars in dim Visions of the Unending!

Who sank the Pillar deep into Earth's
lap,

Which for millennia hath thy mass sus-
tained?

Who towered into the Vault of Ether,
Mighty and bold, thy beaming Aspect?

Who from the everlasting Winter's realm
Poured you, ye jagged Streams, with
Thunder-sound?

And who loud bade, with voice Al-
mighty,

"Here shall repose the stiffening bil-
lows!"

Who for the Morning-star there marks
the path?

Who wreathes thy edge with flowers,
eternal Frost?

To whom, in harmonies of terror,
Arveiron! sounds thy billow's tumult?

"Jehovah! Jehovah!" crashes in the
bursting ice:

The avalanche thunders it to the ravine.

"Jehovah" in the tree-tops murmurs,
In purling silver brooks it whispers."

The reader may now compare the two poems, and judge for himself how far Coleridge is indebted to Frederica Brun's "Chamouni" at Sunrise. As to Coleridge's alleged plagiarisms from Schelling, Julius Hare has completely settled that matter. It cannot be necessary to repeat the refutation here. It is expedient, however, that H. N. C. himself should be permitted to shew how Coleridge differed from Byron, even as a plagiarist:

"The charge against Lord Byron—not his own affected one, but the real one—is this, that having borrowed liberally from particular passages, and being deeply, although undefeasibly indebted to the spirit of the writings of Wordsworth and Coleridge—yes, and of Southey, too—he not only made no acknowledgment (*that was not necessary*), but, upon the principle of the *adisse quem laaseris*, he took every opportunity, and broke through every decency of literature, and even common manners, to malign, degrade, and, as far as in him lay, to destroy the public and private characters of those great men. He did this in works published by himself in his own life-time, and, what is more, he did it in violation of his knowledge and convictions to the contrary; for his own previous written and spoken admiration of the genius of those whom he traduced and affected to condemn was, and still is, on record: so that well might one of his invulnerable antagonists say, 'Lord Byron must have known that I had the *flocchi* of his eulogium to balance the *nauci* of his scorn, and that the one would have *nikilli-pilified* the other, even if I had not well understood the worthlessness of both.'"

"Now let the *taking* on the part of Mr. Coleridge be allowed—need I, after the preceding passage cited by Mr. Hare, expressly draw the contrast as to the *manner*? Verily of Lord Byron, morally and intellectually considered, it may be said:

*Si non alium late spirasset odorem,
Laurus erat."*

Mr. Coleridge's nephew has not gone into the subject of his use of opium, concerning which we, in our "Coleridgeiana," gave an important and authentic document. He defers this portion of his theme to the period "when Coleridge's life may be written without wounding the feelings or gratifying the malice of any one; and then, amongst other misrepresentations, that as to the origin of his recourse to

opium will be made manifest; and the tale of his long and passionate struggles with, and final victory over the habit, will form one of the brightest as well as most interesting traits of the moral and religious being of this humble, this exalted Christian."

Concerning Mr. Dequincey himself, it is very properly added:

"But how could this writer trust to the discretion of Coleridge's friends and relations? What if a justly provoked anger had burst the bounds of compassion! Does not Mr. Dequincey well know, that with regard to this, as well as every other article in his vile heap of personalities, the little finger of recrimination would bruise his head in the dust?"

We have had ourselves experience of Mr. Coleridge's conversation, and can testify to the accuracy of his nephew's account. Some of the states of consciousness which he describes as belonging to the listener, we, however, are strangers to. This probably arose from our having previously travelled the same path of inquiry, and from the terms and the conclusions of his discourse having been already peculiar to us; for we had studied the writings of the man, and had realised the principles of his philosophy in the study of ourselves, and others, and of the world. We were for this cause even in the secret of his esoteric views—it being the test of the truth of a science like this—that all its professors should *think* alike on its interior mysteries. As to the exposition of these views, his nephew well observes, that, "all his prose works, from the *Friend* to the *Church and State*, were little more than feelers, pioneers, disciplinants, for the last and complete exposition of them. Of the art of making books he knew little, and cared less; but had he been as much an adept in it as a modern novelist, he never could have succeeded in rendering popular, or even tolerable, at first, his attempt to push Locke and Paley from their common throne in England. A little more working in the trenches might have brought him closer to the walls, with less personal damage; but it is better for Christian philosophy as it is, though the assailant was sacrificed in the bold and artless attack."

It is now nearly fourteen years since

Henry Nelson Coleridge was, for the first time, enabled to become a frequent and attentive visitor in his uncle's domestic society, whose exhibition of intellectual power in living discourse struck the young man at once as unique and transcendent. He accordingly made instant note of his conversation, in something like a spirit of vexation that such a strain of music as he had just heard should not last for ever. He continued the practice; feeling, however, how inadequately these specimens represent the peculiar splendour and individuality of Mr. Coleridge's conversation. "How should it be otherwise?" he continues. "Who could always follow to the turning-point his long arrow-flights of thought? Who could fix those ejaculations of light, those tones of a prophet, which at times have made me bend before him as before an inspired man? Such acts of spirit as these were too subtle to be fettered down on paper; they live—if they can live anywhere—in the memories alone of those who witnessed them."

Coleridge was naturally very fond of society, and continued to be so to the last; but the almost unceasing ill-health with which he was afflicted, after fifty, confined him for many months in every year to his own room, and, most commonly, to his bed. He was then rarely seen, except by single visitors; and few of them would feel any disposition upon such occasions to interrupt him, whatever might have been the length or mood of his discourse. His nephew was sometimes present in mixed company, where the poet-sage was questioned and opposed, and the scene proved amusing for the moment; but he owns, that it was always much more delightful to him to let the river wander at its own sweet will, unruffled by aught but a certain breeze of emotion which the stream itself produced. If the course it took was not the shortest, it was generally the most beautiful; and what you saw by the way was as worthy of note as the ultimate object to which you were journeying.

"It is possible, indeed," continues this gentleman, "that Coleridge did not, in fact, possess the precise gladiatorial power of Johnson: yet he understood a sword-play of his own; and I have, upon several occasions, seen him exhibit brilliant proofs of its effectiveness upon

disputants of considerable pretensions in their particular lines. But he had a genuine dislike of the practice in himself or others, and no slight provocation could move him to any such exertion. He was, indeed, to my observation, more distinguished from other great men of letters by his moral thirst after the Truth—the ideal Truth—in his own mind, than by his merely intellectual qualifications. To leave the every-day circle of society, in which the literary and scientific rarely—the ~~most~~ never—break through the spell of personality; where Anecdote reigns everlastingly paramount and exclusive, and the wildest attempt to generalise the Babel of facts, and to control temporary and individual phenomena by the application of eternal and over-ruling principles, is unintelligible to many, and disagreeable to more: to leave this species of converse—if converse it deserves to be called—and pass an entire day with Coleridge, was a marvellous change indeed. It was a Sabbath past expression deep, and tranquil, and serene. You came to a man who had travelled in many countries, and in critical times; who had seen and felt the world in most of its ranks, and in many of its vicissitudes and weaknesses; one to whom all literature and genial art were absolutely subject, and to whom, with a reasonable allowance as to technical details, all science was in a most extraordinary degree familiar. Throughout a long-drawn summer's day would this man talk to you in low, equable, but clear and musical tones, concerning things human and divine; marshalling all history, harmonising all experiment, probing the depths of your consciousness, and revealing visions of glory and of terror to the imagination; but pouring withal such floods of light upon the mind, that you might for a season, like Paul, become blind, in the very act of conversion. And this he would do, without so much as one allusion to himself, without a word of reflection on others, save when any given act fell naturally in the way of his discourse, without one anecdote that was not proof and illustration of a previous position;—gratifying no passion, indulging no caprice, but, with a calm mastery over your soul, leading you onward and onward for ever through a thousand windings, yet with no pause, to some magnificent point in which, as in a focus, all the party-coloured rays of his discourse should converge in light. In all this he was, in truth, your teacher and guide; but in a little while you might forget that he was other than a fellow-student and the companion of your way, so play-

ful was his manner, so simple his language, so affectionate the glance of his pleasant eye."

H. N. C. continues at still greater length the subject of his uncle's conversation—inexpedient for us to quote, as it is probable what we shall write will imply much, if not all, of the topics. What narrow and ungenial visitors, moreover, thought of the old man eloquent, in his abstruser moods, we care not—it was there we loved him best. We sought not to incarnate him, but loved to expatiate in the liberty wherein he delighted. We had no petty questions or doubts to be shaken off, and were equally impatient of the obstacles of common conversation. On such occasions, we are told, and knew without telling, that "escaped from the flesh, he would soar upwards into an atmosphere almost too rare to breathe, but which seemed proper to him; and there he would float at ease. Like enough, what Coleridge then said his subtlest listener would not understand, as a man understands a newspaper; but upon such a listener there would steal an influence, and an impression, and a sympathy; there would be a gradual attempering of his body and spirit, till his total being vibrated with one pulse alone, and thought became merged in contemplation."

This is well felt and happily expressed. Let us now leave the words of the nephew for those of his "like-named Eme." And here much is left for us to do; for the editor seems to have lost the transitional links of the discourse—and we have therefore the matter given to us in the shape of aphorisms, which may serve as continuations of the *Aids to Reflection*. Unlike these, they are not sorted into subjects, but are arranged as they arose, as fragments of conversations at different times, in which the same themes were familiarly repeated. Some of these are more interesting than others, and most those which bear on works of which his published productions contain promises. All that bears on the logic and the *logosôphia* must be of great value. Relative to the first, Coleridge was of opinion that this is not a logical age. A friend, he said, had lately given him (Jan. 4, 1823) some political pamphlets of the time of Charles I. and the Cromwellian. He said the premises are frequently wrong, but the deductions are almost

always legitimate; whereas, in the writings of the present day, the premises are commonly sound, but the conclusions false. He thought a great deal of commendation is due to the University of Oxford for preserving the study of logic in the schools. It is a great mistake to suppose geometry any substitute for it. Mr. Coleridge had proceeded to some extent in his own treatise on logic, though it is unhappily left imperfect. It is pleasing, however, to know that the fragment, such as it is, will be presented to the world in the best possible form which the circumstances admit, by Mr. Joseph Henry Green, who, beyond any of the poet's friends, is intimately acquainted with his principles and ultimate aspirations in philosophy generally, and psychology in particular. According to Coleridge, there are two kinds of logic: 1. Syllogistic; 2. Criterional. All syllogistic logic is: 1. Seclusion; 2. Inclusion; 3. Conclusion; which answer to the understanding, the experience, and the reason. The first says, this *ought* to be; the second adds, this *is*; and the last pronounces, this *must* be so. The criterional logic, or logic of premises, is, of course, much the most important; and it has never yet been treated. Elsewhere he calls this the logic of ideas, which is to that of syllogisms as the infinitesimal calculus to common arithmetic; it proves, but at the same time it supersedes.

On this subject we could enlarge, both from our own memoranda of the conversation of Coleridge, and from the working out of our own mind. But we forbear, for an opportunity even more favourable than the present. Such will and must occur and recur. Enough for this time we shall find to do, within certain prescribed limits.

Closely connected with this system of logic is the *logosôphia*. Here a distinction is rightly to be taken between the logic of St. Paul and St. John. St. Paul's logic is syllogistic—it is of the Greek, intricate. This apostle wrote more particularly for the dialectic understanding, and proves those Christian doctrines, which were capable of such proof, by common logic. St. John's logic, on the other hand, is Oriental, and consists chiefly in position and parallel. His Gospel stands in relation to the other three thus: They shew the history—that is, the fulfilment of the prophecies in the facts—St. John's

declares explicitly the doctrine, oracularly, and without comment, because, *being pure reason, it can only be proved by itself. For Christianity proves itself, as the sun is seen by its own light. Its evidence is involved in its existence.* He had a twofold object in his Gospel and his Epistles,—to prove the divinity, and also the actual human nature and bodily suffering, of Jesus Christ—that he was God and man. In connexion with this point, Coleridge remarked that

“The notion that the effusion of blood and water from the Saviour’s side was intended to prove the real death of the sufferer originated, I believe, with some modern Germans, and seems to me ridiculous: there is, indeed, a very small quantity of water occasionally in the præcordia; but in the pleura, where wounds are not generally mortal, there is a great deal. St. John did not mean, I apprehend, to insinuate that the spear-thrust made the death, merely as such, certain or evident, but that the effusion shewed the human nature. ‘I saw it,’ he would say, ‘with my own eyes. It was real blood, composed of lymph and crassamentum, and not a mere celestial ichor, as the phantasmists allege.’” *

In another place, he adds that St. John used the term *Ἀόγος* technically. Philo-Judæus had so used it several years before the probable date of the composition of this Gospel; and it was commonly understood among the Jewish rabbis at that time, and afterwards, of the manifested God. He thought our translators unfortunate in rendering the clause *σὺς ἐν Θεῷ*, “with God;” that would be right, if the Greek were *ἐν τῷ Θεῷ*. By the preposition *σὺς* in this place is meant the utmost possible proximity, without confusion; likeness, without sameness. The Jewish church understood the Messiah to be a divine person. Philo expressly cautions against any one’s supposing the Logos to be a mere personification or symbol. He says, the Logos is a substantial, self-existent being. The Gnostics, as they were afterwards called, were a kind of Arians; and thought the Logos was an after-birth. They placed *Ἀβύσσος* and *Σιγή* (the Abyss and Silence) before him. Therefore it was that St. John said, with emphasis, *ἐν ἀρχῇ ἦν ὁ Ἀόγος*—“In the beginning was the Word.” “He was begotten,” said Coleridge, labouring to express the ineffable, “he

was begotten in the first simultaneous burst of Godhead, if such an expression may be pardoned, in speaking of eternal existence.”

Here, perhaps, it may be convenient to add something further on these Gnostics. The Gnostic, according to Coleridge, was a peculiar spirit, opposed to the Catholic. It was a humour of fantastical interpretation of the old Scriptures into Christian meanings. It is this gnosis, or *knowingness*, which the apostle says puffeth up,—not *knowledge*, as we translate it. The Epistle of Barnabas, of the genuineness of which Coleridge had no sort of doubt, is an example of this gnostic spirit. The Epistle to the Hebrews is the only instance of gnosis in the canon: it was written evidently by some apostolical man before the destruction of the temple, and probably at Alexandria. For three hundred years, and more, it was not admitted into the canon, especially not by the Latin church, on account of this difference in it from the other Scriptures. But its merit was so great, and the gnosis in it is so kept within due bounds, that its admirers at last succeeded, especially by affixing St. Paul’s name to it, to have it included in the canon; which was first done by the Council of Laodicea in the middle of the fourth century. Fortunately for us it was so. Catholicity was, in the first century, the test of a book or epistle—whether it were of the evangelicon or apostolicon—being canonical.

In the *Statesman’s Manual*, Coleridge had said that “the imperative and oracular form of the inspired Scripture is the Form of Reason Itself, in all things purely rational and moral.” We find him in the *Table-Talk* delighting to think that the beloved apostle was born a Plato. To him was left the almost *oracular utterance* of the mysteries of the Christian religion; whilst to St. Paul was committed the task of explanation, defence, and assertion of all the doctrines, and especially of those metaphysical ones, touching the will and grace; for which purpose his active mind, his learned education, and his Greek logic, made him pre-eminently fit.

Take the following, on the same subject, in Coleridge’s own words:

“There may be dictation without inspiration, and inspiration without dictation; they have ~~been~~ and continue to be

grievously confounded. Balaam and his ass were the passive organs of dictation ; but no one, I suppose, will venture to call either of those worthies inspired. It is my profound conviction that St. John and St. Paul were divinely inspired ; but I totally disbelieve the dictation of any one word, sentence, or argument throughout their writings. Observe, there was revelation. All religion is revealed ;—revealed religion is, in my judgment, a mere pleonasm. Revelations of facts were undoubtedly made to the prophets ; revelations of doctrines were as undoubtedly made to John and Paul ;—but is it not a mere matter of our very senses that John and Paul each dealt with those revelations, expounded them, insisted on them, just exactly according to his own natural strength of intellect, habit of reasoning, moral, and even physical temperament ? We receive the books ascribed to John and Paul as their books, on the judgment of men for whom no miraculous judgment is pretended—nay, whom, in their admission and rejection of other books, we believe to have erred. Shall we give less credence to John and Paul themselves ? Surely the heart and soul of every Christian give him sufficient assurance that, in all things that concern him as a man, the words that he reads are spirit and truth, and could only proceed from Him who made both heart and soul. Understand the matter so, and all difficulty vanishes. You read without fear lest your faith meet with some shock from a passage here and there, which you cannot reconcile with immediate dictation by the Holy Spirit of God without an absurd violence offered to the text. You read the Bible as the best of all books, but still as a book, and make use of all the means and appliances which learning and skill, under the blessing of God, can afford towards rightly apprehending the general sense of it—not solicitous to find out doctrine in mere epistolary familiarity, or facts in clear *ad hominem et pro tempore* allusions to national traditions.”

Hermas is full of the *gnōris*, like the Epistle of Barnabas. Considerations like these refer a man to that subjective revelation in his own mind, which is the light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world, for the meaning of that objective reason which is incarnated in the written word. It was in connexion, doubtless, with some such reflections as these, although the transitional links have been lost by his nephew, that Coleridge was led to remark that, “so little did the early bishops and preachers think

their Christian faith wrapped up in, and solely to be learned from, the New Testament—indeed, can it be said that there was any such collection for three hundred years ?—that I remember a letter from — [H. N. C. has forgotten the name] to a friend of his, a bishop in the East, in which he most evidently speaks of the Christian Scriptures as of works of which the bishop knew little or nothing.” The introduction of such topics of illustration is part of what H. N. C. well calls his uncle’s “cyclical” method of argumentation. When Coleridge, as sometimes happened,

“Seemed to ramble from the road, and to lose himself in a wilderness of digressions, the truth was, that at that very time he was working out his fore-known conclusion, through an almost miraculous logic, the difficulty of which consisted precisely in the very fact of its minuteness and universality. He took so large a scope, that, if he was interrupted before he got to the end, he appeared to have been talking without an object ; although, perhaps, a few steps more would have brought you to a point, a retrospect from which would shew you the pertinence of all he had been saying. I have heard persons complain that they could get no answer to a question from Coleridge. The truth is, he answered, or meant to answer, so fully, that the querist should have no second question to ask. In nine cases out of ten he saw the question was short or misdirected ; and knew that a mere *yes* or *no* answer could not embrace all the truth, and might very probably, by implication, convey error. Hence that exhaustive, cyclical mode of discoursing in which he frequently indulged ; unfit, indeed, for a dinner-table, and too long-breathed for the patience of a chance visitor ; but which, to those who knew for what they came, was the object of their profoundest admiration, as it was the source of their most valuable instruction. Mr. Coleridge’s affectionate disciples learned their lessons of philosophy and criticism from his own mouth. He was to them as an old master of the Academy or Lyceum. The more time he took, the better pleased were such visitors ; for they came expressly to listen, and had ample proof how truly he had declared, that whatever difficulties he might feel, with pen in hand, in the expression of his meaning, he never found the smallest hitch or impediment in the utterance of his most subtle reasonings by word of mouth. How many a time and oft have I felt his abstrusest thoughts steal rhythmically

cally on my soul, when chanted forth by him. Nay, how often have I fancied I heard rise up, in answer to his gentle touch, an interpreting music of my own, as from the passive strings of some wind-smitten lyre."

Cognate with the argument whence, for the sake of the preceding extract, we have digressed, the fragments on the doctrine of the Trinity next demand attention. We cannot say that we are altogether satisfied with these, having, in a diary of our own, the substance of two or three monologues on this subject; one which took four or five hours in delivery—and part of which, but for a predetermination not to mutilate it, we would give here. Our business is with the present book, for which we are grateful; and would, as in testimony of thankfulness, confine our attention to it.

Relative to this doctrine, Mr. Coleridge's admiration of Bull and Waterland was deep, and always readily acknowledged. Bull he used to read in the Latin *Defensio Fidei Nicæna*, using the Jesuit Zola's edition of 1784, which it is believed he bought at Rome. He told his nephew once that, when he was reading a Protestant English bishop's work on the Trinity, in a copy edited by an Italian Jesuit in Italy, he felt proud of the Church of England, and in good humour with the Church of Rome. Bull and Waterland, he said, "are the classical writers on the Trinity. In the Trinity there is, 1, ipseity; 2, alterity; 3, community. You may express the formula thus: God, the absolute will or identity = Prothesis.

The Father = Thesis. The Son = Antithesis. The Spirit = Synthesis."

We wish we had room to express the meaning of this formula at full; but we must pass to another scrap. Paradoxical as it might seem, Coleridge held that the Jews were, and are not, *par excellence*, conservers of the doctrine of the unity of God. This truth he decidedly pronounced has been preserved and gloriously preached by Christianity alone. The Romans never shut up their temples, nor ceased to worship a hundred or a thousand gods and goddesses, at the bidding of the Jews; the Persians, the Hindus, the Chinese, learned nothing of this great truth from the Jews. But from Christians they did learn it in various degrees, and are still learning it. The religion of the Jews is, indeed, a light;

but it is as the light of the glow-worm, which gives no heat, and illumines nothing but itself.

"It has been objected to me," continued Coleridge, "that the vulgar notions of the Trinity are at variance with this doctrine; and it was added, whether as flattery or sarcasm matters not, that few believers of the Trinity thought of it as I did. To which again humbly, yet confidently, I reply, that my superior light, if superior, consists in nothing more than this,—that I more clearly see that the doctrine of trinal unity is an absolute truth transcending my human means of understanding it, or demonstrating it. I may or may not be able to utter the formula of my faith in this mystery in more logical terms than some others; but this I say, Go and ask the most ordinary man, a professed believer in this doctrine, whether he believes in and worships a plurality of Gods, and he will start with horror at the bare suggestion. He may not be able to explain his creed in exact terms; but he will tell you that he *does* believe in one God, and in one God only, reason about it as you may."

Coleridge has treated of the doctrine of the Trinity in connexion with Irvingism. We must here hold the balance even between the parties. Our good opinion of Coleridge is unqualified,—our esteem for Irving, *malgré* his errors, is still great. We are told here, what we know also to be the fact, that the admiration and sympathy which Mr. Coleridge felt and expressed towards the late Mr. Irving, at his first appearance in London, were great and sincere; and his grief at the deplorable change which followed was in proportion. But it is added that, "long after the tongues shall have failed and been forgotten, Irving's name will live in the splendid eulogies of his friend." It will so live. It would be injustice, however, not to subjoin that Irving has written books of his own which the world will not willingly let die. This we know also was Coleridge's own opinion. He mentioned with particular commendation to us Irving's preface to Ben Ezra, as being written in pure English, undefiled, though with too much *vehemence* of style. "*Vehemence*" was the word used, and it expresses the character of Irving's *genius*, both in its excellences and its abuses.

Coleridge felt the same difficulty which we always felt and expressed, in the conduct of the Scotch kirk to Irving. He could not understand it.

"They might with ample reason have visited him for the monstrous indecencies of those exhibitions of the spirit; perhaps the kirk would not have been justified in overlooking such disgraceful breaches of decorum; but to excommunicate him on account of his language about Christ's body was very foolish. Irving's expressions upon this subject are ill-judged, inconvenient, in bad taste, and in terms false; nevertheless, his apparent meaning, such as it is, is orthodox. Christ's body, as mere body, or rather carcase (for body is an associated word), was no more capable of sin or righteousness than mine or yours; that his humanity had a capacity of sin follows from its own essence. He was of like passions as we, and was tempted. How could he be tempted, if he had no formal capacity of being seduced?"

To be sure, the contrary assumption is mere *Pantheism*, and so we stated at the time,—feeling in this that the great pulpit orator and theologic genius was justifiable; and giving him, therefore, every opportunity for vindicating his belief in the Unknown Tongues, though conscious that here he was in error from his great desire to incarnate, to embody, all ideas, arising from a certain mathematical instinct for sensuous demonstration in the forms of time and space, in which his mind had been educated, and in which perhaps he only erred, after all, with John and Paul.

Take, in connexion with the above, the following:

"The Trinity is, 1, the will; 2, the reason, or word; 3, the law, or life. As we distinguish these three, so we must unite them in one God. The union must be as transcendent as the distinction.

"Mr. Irving's notion is tritheism,—nay, rather in terms, tri-dæmonism. His opinion about the sinfulness of the humanity of our Lord is absurd, if considered in one point of view,—for body is not carcase. How can there be a sinful carcase? But what he says is capable of a sounder interpretation, Irving caught many things from me; but he would never attend to any thing which he thought he could not use in the pulpit. I told him the certain consequence would be, that he would fall into grievous errors. Sometimes he has five or six pages together of the purest eloquence, and then an outbreak of almost madman's babble."

The great distinction between the two men is apparent in this extract. Irving felt that his vocation as an orator was to produce immediate effect; it was needful for him, therefore, to reduce

the high truths that he received from Coleridge to the form of a mathematical diagram. Coleridge retained them in the form of ideas, and of ideas only. This he could afford to do, by virtue of his profession as a philosopher. His region was the eternal,—Irving's field of action the temporal. The tendencies of the latter were Aristotelian, though he had not become such; and, we think, was purifying himself, notwithstanding appearances to the contrary, into a perception of Platonic spiritualities, unmingled with grosser matter. The period of his strife in the *middle* way between the two opinions was sore and perilous. But the "cathartic process" was abridged, to be perfected in the separate state.

On the two systems of Plato and Aristotle Coleridge has delivered himself in these words of wisdom.

"Every man is born an Aristotelian or a Platonist. I do not think it possible that any one born an Aristotelian can become a Platonist; and I am sure no born Platonist can ever change into an Aristotelian. They are the two classes of men, beside which it is next to impossible to conceive a third. The one considers reason a quality or attribute; the other considers it a power. I believe that Aristotle never could get to understand what Plato meant by an idea. There is a passage, indeed, in the *Eudemian Ethics* [or *metaphysics*] which looks like an exception; but I doubt not of its being spurious, as that whole work is supposed by some to be. With Plato, ideas are constitutive in themselves.

"Aristotle was, and still is, the sovereign lord of the understanding—the faculty judging by the senses. He was a conceptualist, and never could raise himself into that higher state which was natural to Plato, and has been so to others, in which the understanding is distinctly contemplated, and, as it were, looked down upon from the throne of actual ideas, or living, inborn, essential truths.

"Yet what a mind was Aristotle's—only not the greatest that ever animated the human form!—the parent of science properly so called, the master of criticism, and the founder or editor of logic! But he confounded science with philosophy, which is an error. Philosophy is the middle state between science, or knowledge, and sophia, or wisdom."

In important connexion with this is the following extract, concerning *The Moral Law of Polarity*:

"It is curious to trace the operation of the moral law of polarity in the history of politics, religion, &c. When the maximum of one tendency has been attained there is no gradual decrease, but a direct transition to its minimum, till the opposite tendency has attained its maximum; and then you see another corresponding revulsion. With the Restoration came in at once the mechanico-corpuscular philosophy, which, with the increase of manufactures, trade, and arts, made every thing in philosophy, religion, and poetry objective; till, at length, attachment to mere external worldliness and forms got to its maximum,—when out burst the French Revolution, and with it every thing became immediately subjective, without any object at all. The rights of man, the sovereignty of the people, were subject and object both. We are now, I think, at the turning point again. This reform seems the *ne plus ultra* of that tendency of the public mind which substitutes its own undefined notions or passions for real objects and historical actualities. There is not one of the ministers—except the one or two revolutionists among them—who has ever given us a hint, throughout this long struggle, as to what he really does believe will be the product of the bill; what sort of House of Commons it will make for the purpose of governing this empire soberly and safely. No; they have actualized for a moment a wish, a fear, a passion, but not an idea."

So much we have deemed it proper to quote from the *Table-Talk* of Coleridge with his nephew, in relation to the great interests of religion and philosophy. It is not necessary for us to make any excerpts as to his system, that having been already, in former papers, treated of at full.* Our readers understand the distinction between the reason and understanding, and have had experience of what *a priori* argument is, what force it has, and of what application it is capable. In the above extract Coleridge has applied it to politics, and the words have a prophetic character. This power Coleridge exhibited in a great degree in the columns of the *Morning Post*. In 1808—9, Lord Darnley met him accidentally, when, after a few words of salutation, his lordship said, "Are you mad, Mr. Coleridge?" "Not that I know, my lord," he replied; "what have I done which argues any derangement of mind?" "Why, I mean,"

said he, "those essays of yours 'On the Hopes and Fears of a People Invaded by Foreign Armies.' The Spaniards are absolutely conquered; it is absurd to talk of their chance of resisting." "Very well, my lord," said Coleridge, "we shall see. But will your lordship permit me, in the course of a year or two, to retort your question upon you, if I should have grounds for so doing?" "Certainly," replied his lordship; "that is fair." Two years afterwards, when affairs were altered in Spain, Coleridge met Lord Darnley again, and, after some conversation, ventured to say to him, "Does your lordship recollect giving me leave to retort a certain question upon you about the Spaniards? Who is mad now?" "Very true, very true, Mr. Coleridge," cried he; "you are right. It is very extraordinary. It was a very happy and bold guess." Upon which Coleridge remarked, "I think 'guess' is hardly a fair term; for has any thing happened that has happened from any other causes, or under any other conditions, than such as I laid down beforehand?"

Coleridge was quite correct in objecting to the term *guess*. There is a *science* of morals, and it is owing to its existence that prophecy is and has been possible. There is a *science* of morals, and it is the most *certain* of all sciences. And as the study of astronomy is needful to instruct us concerning the spherical body and other conditions of the earth, so this moral science is necessary to regulate our physical inquiries,—and it is the very basis of political wisdom.

Take another fact. We hear Coleridge affirming as follows on the 29th of April, 1823: "It is common to hear it said, that if the legal disabilities are removed, the Romish Church will lose ground in this country. I think the reverse: the Romish religion is, or, in certain hands, is capable of being made so flattering to the passions and self-delusion of men, that it is impossible to say how far it would spread among the higher orders of society especially, if the secular disadvantages now attending its profession were removed." Our attention is properly pointed, in a note on this passage, to the alarming fact of the increase in the numbers of the Romish Church in

* Our papers on Coleridge should be read, in connexion, by every one willing to understand the subject. They are—Vol. V., 583-597; X., 379-403; XI., 50-56.

England; and we are referred to Coleridge's *Sancti Dominici Pallium* — a poem which has not received the attention which the importance of the subject merits.

One of the greatest evils produced by Romanism is the discredit into which it brings Catholicism. The present adherents of the Church of Rome were not, in Coleridge's opinion, Catholics. "We are the Catholics," he said, and we wish he had said so with undeniable justice; we mean in our characters and feelings,—in these we are too sectarian, too national. True, however, it is that, in regard to the articles of our apostolic church, Protestants can prove that they hold the doctrines of the primitive church for the first three hundred years. The Council of Trent, said Coleridge, made the papists what they are.

"A foreign Romish bishop has declared that the Protestants of his acquaintance were more like what he conceived the enlightened Catholics to have been before the Council of Trent than the best of the latter in his days. Perhaps, you will say, this bishop was not a good Catholic. I cannot answer for that. The course of Christianity and the Christian church may not unaptly be likened to a mighty river, which filled a wide channel, and bore along with its waters mud, and gravel, and weeds, till it met a great rock in the middle of its stream. By some means or other, the water flows purely, and separated from the filth, in a deeper and narrower course, on one side of the rock; and the refuse of the dirt and troubled water goes off on the other in a broad current, and then cries out, 'We are the river!'

"A person said to me lately, 'But you will, for civility's sake, call them Catholics, will you not?' I answered that I would not; for I would not tell a lie upon any, much less upon so solemn, an occasion.' The adherents of the Church of Rome, I repeat, are not Catholic Christians. If they are, then it follows that we Protestants are heretics and schismatics, as, indeed, the Papists very logically, from their own premises, call us. And 'Roman Catholics' make no difference. Catholicism is not capable of degrees or local apportionment. There can be but one body of Catholics, *as vi termini*. To talk distinctly of *Irish* or *Scottish Roman Catholics* is a mere absurdity."

— is wisdom ineffably instructive in the single aphorism that "A democracy, according to the prescript of pure reason, would, in fact, be a

church: there would be focal points in it, but no superior." Again: "It has never been seen, or clearly announced, that democracy, as such, is no proper element in the constitution of a state. The idea of a state is undoubtedly a government, *is τὸν ἀριστον* — an aristocracy. Democracy is the healthful life-blood which circulates through the veins and arteries, which supports the system, but which ought never to appear externally, and in the mere blood itself." Again: "A state, in idea, is the opposite of a church. A state regards classes, and not individuals; and it estimates classes, not by internal merit, but external accidents, as property, birth, &c. But a church does the reverse of this, and disregards all external accidents, and looks at men as individual persons, allowing no gradation of ranks, but such as greater or less wisdom, learning and holiness, ought to confer. A church is, therefore, in idea, the only pure democracy. The church so considered, and the state, exclusively of the church, constitute together the idea of a state in its largest sense."

The aphoristic form into which this book is cast, possesses many advantages. Nevertheless we wish, that in one or two cases the editor had given an entire conversation, that the world might have had a specimen of its style and scope. This probably may yet be done, if not by Mr. Coleridge's literary executors, yet by other hands; as we know where materials exist sufficient for that purpose. We are ready to admit the difficulty of the task, and concur in the statement that "Mr. Coleridge's conversation at all times required attention, because what he said was so individual and unexpected. But when he was dealing deeply with a question, the demand upon the intellect was very great; not so much for any hardness of language, for his diction was always simple and easy; nor for the abstruseness of the thoughts, for they generally explained, or appeared to explain, themselves: but pre-eminently on account of the seeming remoteness of his associations, and the exceeding subtlety of his transitional links. Upon this point it is very happily, though, according to my observation, too generally remarked, by one whose powers and opportunities of judging were so eminent that the obliquity of his testimony in other respects is the more unpardonable — 'Coleridge, to many

people (and often I have heard the complaint), seemed to wander; and he seemed then to wander the most, when, in fact, his resistance to the wandering instinct was greatest: viz. when the compass and huge circuit by which his illustrations moved, travelled furthest into remote regions before they began to revolve. Long before this coming round commenced most people had lost him, and naturally enough supposed that he had lost himself. They continued to admire the separate beauty of the thoughts, but did not see their relations to the dominant theme.

* * * * However, I can assert, upon my long and intimate knowledge of Coleridge's mind, that logic the most severe was as inalienable from his modes of thinking, as grammar from his language. True: his mind was a logic-vice; let him fasten it on the tiniest flourish of an error, he never slacked his hold till he had crushed body and tail to dust. He was *always* ratiocinating in his own mind, and therefore sometimes seemed incoherent to the partial observer. It happened to him as to Pindar, who in modern days has been called a rambling rhapsodist, because the connexion of his parts, though never arbitrary, are so fine that the vulgar reader sees them not at all. But they are there nevertheless, and may all be so distinctly shewn, that no one can doubt their existence; and a little study will also prove, that the points of contact are those which the true genius of lyric verse naturally evolved, and that the entire Pindaric ode, instead of being the loose and lawless outburst which so many have fancied, is, without any exception, the most artificial and highly-wrought composition which time has spared to us from the wreck of the Greek muse."

Glad are we to know that a new edition of the *Friend* is in preparation, the text of which will present the numerous corrections made at different times by Mr. Coleridge in his own copy, and will be accompanied by many interesting notes, expressive of his own views and feelings. We would suggest to the editors, that Mr. Lockhart is in possession of a copy given him by the author, with many notes and amendments. There is, also, in existence a Greek grammar, compiled by Mr. Coleridge out of an old printed one, with much original matter, for the use of one of his children when

very young. Some valuable parts of it, we are told, will find a place in the collection of Mr. Coleridge's literary and critical remains. Why not all? Almost incredible labour, it is confessed, was expended in this little work; why should it be supposed to be of a kind not justifying publication? It is described as a truly marvellous monument of minute logical accuracy and the tenderest parental love. Many a parent would welcome it as a god-send. It should be published as a separate book for the purpose of tuition, and, in particular, of domestic tuition. The philosophy of grammar, properly understood, is the philosophy of mind.

One thing will be gained by the publication of these volumes: the philosophical genius of Coleridge can no longer be treated with ignorant contempt. Here in brief, rememberable, and intelligible paragraphs, are given many truths, outspoken many ideas, which will bear fruit according as the soil be prepared or unprepared into which the seed falls. We should not indeed wonder, if Coleridge's name became for a while the most popular in literature. The character of his life will, at all events, be justified in the eyes of posterity. It will be felt that he did his work, though he had his own way of doing it. In his own writings he will rank with Plato; in his recorded eloquence he will be justly esteemed a Socrates, whose sayings will need no more adornment than his own mode of expression. But we despair of seeing his discourse equalled by any report, though we can readily conceive a closer approximation than has as yet been attained. The sublimity of his eloquence was only excelled by his reverence for Truth in the Purity of the Idea. In this he recognised a Mystery, before which his spirit bowed in homage, without presuming to understand it. He believed, however — nay, he knew — that the Reason had a sense by which it might be recognised; and only from the fountal light of such Ideas he evermore solemnly declared, that a man can draw intellectual power. What power did he not himself derive from such Spring-head! It was to him as the milk of paradise and the honey-dew it gave brilliancy to his eye, and inspiration to his action. Hence he was a Poet and a Sage, & Seer and a Prophet.

EPISTLES TO THE LITERATI.

No. VI.

BLACKIE TO YORKE.

We publish the following letter from Mr. Blackie with much pleasure :

Edinburgh, 9th July, 1835,
35 York Place.

SIR,

I observe you have, in your last Number, taken the liberty to use my name after a somewhat strange fashion. You call me a "brainless and a tuneless ragamuffin." Now whatever opinion you, in your capacity of literary critic, may conceive of my *brain* and of my *tune*, you certainly are not called upon in that capacity to use any epithets that may be construed as throwing an imputation on my *character*. If you reflect for a moment, your own good feeling and calm judgment will shew you, that it cannot be agreeable to the feelings of any individual to have his name bandied about in the public prints as a "ragamuffin," and that by persons who can have no knowledge whatever of his private character; and, even if they had such knowledge, are not entitled to bring every opinion of individual character before the public that they may happen privately to entertain. I have therefore to request, that while you may deal with my literary productions as severely as it may seem consistent with your own views of the duty of an impartial critic to do, you will at the same time refrain in future from making such public personal allusion to my character as no gentleman can be expected quietly to suffer. And I have also to request that you will, in your next Number, retract the offensive epithet above mentioned, and give such an explanation of the manner in which it found its way into your pages, as shall be satisfactory to,

Sir, your most obedient humble Servant,

To the Editor of *Fraser's Magazine*.

JOHN S. BLACKIE.

From this letter, it appears that Mr. Blackie has no objection to be called "brainless" or "tuneless," but deems it personal to be styled a "ragamuffin." The translator of *Faust* should, we think, be able to understand that ragamuffin was, in the passage to which he refers, applied metaphorically; and if he admits patiently the imputation of being without sense to comprehend his author in the original language, or melody to transfer him harmoniously into another, he may, without anger, allow that he is as regular a *literary* ragamuffin as ever existed. Sorry should we be seriously to develop this proposition into any regular thesis: the fact is, that we think Blackie has done most parts of *Faust* respectably enough — some very well — but he will never be fit for Auerbach's cellar, or the meeting on the Brocken, or the company of Mephistophiles, if he construes things so literally as from the above note he appears inclined to do.

"Ragamuffin," says Dr. Johnson, "is derived from *rag*, and I know not what else." A pleasant etymology! Todd is inclined to think it the same word as *ragabash*, or *ragabash*. How "*muffin*" and "*brash*" melt into one another, seems a question quite below the consideration of that eminent lexicographer; but his industry has hunted up an example from Junius, *Sin Stigmatised* (published, as he cautiously and chronologically informs us, in 1639, to prevent us, we suppose, from confounding the author of that lively work with the antagonist of Sir William Draper): and the quotation, we hope, will satisfy Mr. Blackie that the word was used in a manner that has no reference either to moral character or personal attire. It was, says the oracular Todd, "formerly applied to an ignorant person," "the most unalphabetical *raggabashes* that ever lived.—Junius, *Sin Stigm.*, 1639, p. 117." Now, as Mr. Blackie dislikes the word, we shall never again call him, literally or metaphorically, a ragamuffin; but we shall hold him most "unalphabetical" if he thinks that his being so styled, in reference to his translating powers, can throw the slightest stigma on his repute. We hope that this is such an explanation as will be satisfactory to our correspondent.

N.B.—Todd, though he quotes "unalphabetical" from Junius, in his etymological remarks on ragamuffin, has not inserted it in his vocabulary. But, indeed, Todd's *Johnson* is a most ill-ordered book, consider it in what light we will.

BOMBARDINIO ON MANNERS, FASHION, FOREIGN TRAVELLING,
AND THINGS IN GENERAL.

"Nur die edelsten Seelen geben sich wie sie sind! Alle Andern spielen bis in das Grab beständig Comödie mit ihren Neben menschen."—*Welt und Zeit*.

The noblest characters only shew themselves in their real light; all others act comedy with their fellow-men, even unto the grave.

I AM going to make a tour; and shall be very happy if you, courteous reader, will favour me with the honour of your company. At the same time it is right to inform you that I am rather an unhappy traveller. I never meet with adventures; princesses never fall in love with me; banditti never arrest my progress; avalanches allow me to "pass unheeded by;" and I never permit the moderate impositions practised upon me by innkeepers and postillions to ruffle the equanimity of my temper; so that our journey will be of the most tranquil. As to sights, having already seen all those exhibited in the course of the grand tour, you will not expect me again to go over them. What is worse than all, for a travelling companion, I have no ideas. With many respectable persons this would form no objection; but I want the very ideas that are most expected from a liberal, enlightened, fashionable, or sentimental traveller of the present day. I have, in fact, no idea of that taste, grandeur, beauty, elegance, and excellence which Englishmen discover the moment they cross the channel; and, to speak plainly, as I sometimes do when I speak through the medium of a pen, I consider a great deal of this extreme admiration of foreign wonders, as little better than downright affectation. In writing thus plainly, however, I think it right to add, that I look upon all the so-called plain, frank, downright, *visà voce* speakers as ignorant and impertinent people, who have no other means of attracting attention than by saying rude and unpleasant things. Such persons ought to be kicked out of good society. We go, or should go, into company with a view to please and be pleased, and not for the purpose of affecting to be greater, wiser, or better than our neighbours, but simply to be more agreeable, if we can.

Before accompanying me on this journey, you must also be informed of the circumstances under which I set out. No traveller should neglect to

inform his reader of the mood, mind, temper, and disposition in which he started; the knowledge of this will serve as a glossary to many parts of the text that might otherwise appear obscure. Can the dull, unvaried, and featureless fields of *La Belle France* fail to appear verdant, beautiful, and romantic, to one who hurries across the Channel, haunted to the very pier of Calais by the threatening image of the King's Bench Prison? Such a man has not breathed freely for years,—so that the vile-scented and fish-impregnated air which he inhales, with relieved and expanded bosom, on his landing, naturally seems to him balmy as the spice-perfumed gales of Araby itself. It is therefore right that you should know the circumstances under which we began this our journey.

It was on a summer evening, of that peculiar kind of beauty to be met with only in the mountain districts of Scotland; when the varied hues of wood, heather, and mountain-shrub, give a deep, rich, and purple tinge to the evening and sky, and a delicious flavour to the evening air,—when nature, in fact, attracted by the warmth, unusual to the climate, seems to come forth from all her hiding holes, in order to bask and rejoice in the genial and delicious calm of the hour and scene. A blue-eyed, flaxen-haired daughter of the soil was leaning on my arm. She had, I have been told—for I never discover a lady's failings—a fair allowance of, the faults ascribed to her first ancestress, and was, besides, not averse to a moderate degree of flirtation; but light was her footstep in the dance, light was her heart, and elastic her disposition; and her stature, though rather below the middle size, was of exquisite form and figure. Her image had haunted my waking dreams (I tolerate no sleeping dreams) so long, that I had come to the full resolution of making an absolute and downright declaration. It is at the best an awkward sort of determination, which no very sensible man should perhaps make

till certain of the result. But as women sometimes carry coquetry beyond the fair line of demarcation, as men are often vain, and never absolutely rational on such points, it would only be a waste of wisdom to give good advice on the subject. The farther my partner and I got separated from the rest of the company during the walk, the more my heart began to throb and beat : and the tremulous sensation I then experienced far exceeded any thing I felt while waiting under the walls of St. Sebastian for the signal of assault. Some mischief-loving children were marshalling the way to a moss-house on the banks of the streamlet, just below the cliff on which the castle was situated. The scene was, in truth, strikingly romantic, and too well adapted for my purpose ; but the children kept close to us, and they have, besides, such marvellously sharp ears. At last they fairly locked us into the moss-house, and ran away laughing. The relief made my very pulse throb again, and I could willingly have kissed the urchins all round ; but my heart beat so that I was not immediately able to profit by their absence, and was obliged to continue the common-place conversation on which we had been engaged. She, the lady of that bower, had one of those melodious and silver-toned voices that sink at once into the very depths of the bosom, making every nerve and fibre thrill at the "concord of sweet sounds." I was, nonsensically, making her repeat lines and verses in illustration of some foolish question about the harmony of sound and sense which we had been discussing ; while I had not one particle of sense about me, and thought of no other sounds, in heaven or earth, but those of her most musical voice. I was recovering fast, however, and was just dictating the lines of Tasso,

"L' uno di servitù, l' altra d' impero
 Si gloria : ella in se stessa ed egli in lei."

that were to serve as a text to a more interesting subject, when in popped a fair, laughing, giggling little face at every window. It would have been vain to think of driving the urchins away : we were forced to return to the drawing-room, where we found one of these "charming little parties" assembled in which all eyes are fixed upon you. Such parties are always hate-

ful. A woman, like fortune, once missed, is missed for ever. So, recollecting that I had an engagement in town, and that the mail was going to pass, I took my hat and made my bow. Whether there was any tremor at the points of her fingers, all that she handed me to shake at parting, or whether the magic touch alone made my heart-strings vibrate again, is still an undecided but too dangerous question to be much reflected upon.

There is no cure for the heart-ach equal to a well-fought field. As the soul-stirring din of war thickens upon the ear, the heart swells with stern emotions that make poor Cupid's arrows fly out again faster than they flew in. A good gallop after the hounds is also to be recommended ; in most cases it will cure an ordinary ball-room impression, if taken in good time. But, unfortunately for my case, no battles in which a gentleman can take a share are fought in these days, and the hunting season had not yet arrived. I had nothing left for it but the tour of Europe. A rattling journey is no bad remedy for a broken or lacerated heart. I have known hearts that had been shivered into very fragments cemented, put together piece by piece, and turned out as good as new, by less than three months' travelling. Natural good health, good sense, elastic and buoyant spirits, must, no doubt, be brought to aid the cure. But, then, I have no idea of little-minded and little-souled persons feeling, or even knowing, what real love actually is. Love is a luxury as much above the reach of the poor in spirit as champagne is a luxury above the reach of the poor in cash. The deep and trembling anxiety, mixed up with the consciousness of all the bliss that yet may be ; the tremor of doubt ; the flattering of hope ; the lovely, soul-inflaming prize, compared to which empires are bubbles, full in view ; the dreary, heart-chilling thought of disappointment that makes even death seem terrorless equally before you : all these ingredients make up a magic draught suited neither to the weak nor to the worthless,—for a lofty passion is always an ennobling passion. There is even a luxury in the free breathing of despair, when the worst is known, that the high of heart alone can appreciate. Much of what is here said applies more to men than to women,—for women are,

after all, composed of better, finer, and more fragile clay than what we are. I allow no trifling, therefore, with the female heart,—for I have known such hearts to break and wither even where they should have risen, in pride and strength, above the object that caused their sorrow. I am not here speaking of my own conquests, far from it,—for, owing to some unfortunate cause or other, I have never yet been able to draw even a single sigh from any of the ungrateful sex, at the very time, too, when every ill-looking blockhead is keeping a regular list of killed and wounded. I have done with the dear creatures, but would give them a serious piece of advice at parting, and that is —to form a regular conspiracy against the progress of luxury, in all its branches and ramifications,—for, if they do not, many will yet live to see love and honour utterly extinct in this world, domestic happiness poisoned in its source, and the seeds of moral and national degradation communicated even to future generations.

"To St. Catherine's Wharf—Rotterdam steam-boat." Crack!—crack! and away we go. Now, as there is nothing like setting out in good humour, I would recommend to all tourists to submit quietly to the imposition which will be practised upon them at starting. The cab-driver, who, if you are a solitary bachelor, drives you down to the wharf, doubles his fare upon you, knowing that you cannot stop to take him before a magistrate; the porter who hands your portmanteau and hat-case into the boat, makes you pay one shilling for half a minute's very easy work; Jack-waterman, who pulls you half a boat's length from the shore to the steamer, very modestly charges you an equal sum for about just as much labour; and to all this imposition I would have you submit with good humour. The work you are called upon to pay for has been well and smartly done; and as you are going to be cheated from Calais, or Rotterdam, to Naples and back again, for work rudely, slovenly, ill, and insolently performed, the best plan is to make the most of a bad bargain, and set out in good temper. Besides, if you once begin to dispute about charges, you will keep yourself in a fever the whole way, and will not, after all, save five pounds at the end of your journey, and that, too, at the sa-

crifice of temper, and with the certainty of having a hundred times made a fool of yourself, as all men do when they get into a towering rage for trifling or personal causes. You will also have the full conviction of having committed a number of very shabby actions; for, even on the Continent, you meet occasionally with respectable innkeepers, coachmen, and tradespeople; and such men will sometimes submit to a trifling loss rather than stand a fierce scolding-match for a few pence; and over these, the respectable, you may, perhaps, gain an advantage; whereas the downright rascal, as all the Swiss are, for instance, will not be browbeat by mere words, and knowing that they have you in their power, they will render abuse for abuse, and make you pay into the bargain. Many persons pretend, after exhibiting low fits of foolish anger, about impositions, that it is not the money which they care about—"not they, indeed!"—but that they do not like to be imposed upon. Let them not lay to their souls the flattering fancy that they deceive others by such speeches; for every one sees at first sight that all these outbursts of fury are the mere results of avarice, or, what the Germans render by their expressive term *geldgier*, greediness of money. As a general hint to travellers, for the regulation of their choler, I would say that French shopkeepers, those at least of the better sort, are in general highly respectable, and form, perhaps, the most respectable class in the whole country. The same may be said of German innkeepers, who hold a higher rank in their respective districts than their brethren do with us. They are, when presiding at their *tables d'hôte*, in some sort the associates of their guests, have a kind of character to keep up, may be safely depended upon, and will seldom impose upon a stranger. But they will in no way protect you against the imposition of their townspeople; to all appeals on such points they reply only by a shrug of the shoulder. In Italy and Switzerland you must look for respectability yourself,—for I could never discover a grain of honour or honesty in either country.

We are a strange set, we English. In home society we are, in many respects, the most punctilious and fastidious people under the sun,—so much so, that a man may actually lose

caste by not knowing the exact flourish of a silver fork; yet, when relieved from these trammels, we sometimes fly out into the most ridiculous extremes. There was a large party aboard our steam-boat; and, judging from the number of carriages, servants, and couriers, it was in a great part composed of persons of rank; yet such was the scramble for dinner, that I, who measure six feet without my shoes, and whose arms are in perfect proportion to my height, was unable to get even one single morsel. I never in my life knew what want of appetite or sea-sickness was, but really did not think a steam-boat dinner worth purchasing by joining in the vile scramble that I witnessed. We are a strange set, we English. Our women, not only the most beautiful, but the most modest women in Europe, are, nevertheless, when abroad, constantly overstepping the bounds of that delicate and reserved manner which is so natural to them, and which is nowhere so justly appreciated as in England. But too many of them seem to run absolutely wild the moment they get beyond the bounds of their own country. Indeed they frequently expose themselves, by their foolish, though harmless conduct, to most unjust remarks, as well as to most insulting rudeness, on the part of foreigners; who, deceived by such novel manners, mistake the character of the persons altogether; because continental women, even of the most notorious gallantry, never deviate, in exterior deportment, from that quiet, prim, puss-like, and artificial manner for which the good and bad are alike distinguished. This, our national fancy to behave oddly at times, was strongly illustrated by the English ladies on board of the steamer, for they mostly slept on deck all night. The thing itself was as harmless as possible; the heat was extreme, the cabin small and crowded, and the moonlight night was calm, clear, and beautiful, having far more the appearance of a tropical than of a north-sea night,—so that the deck was certainly the pleasantest place. But it did not look well to see young ladies, simply robed in cloaks, shawls, and boas, stretched along the quarter-deck in every direction; and the sight astonished some foreigners in a marvellous degree. If, however, foreign women never transgress in such matters, the ordinary conversation and

plain language, even of the best of them, would at times make the most bruzen-faced English dowerer blush up to the eyes. I was certainly younger than I am now when I was in the habit of mixing familiarly every day in French society; but at no period of life does a royal grenadier blush at trifles; and yet I have been made to blush red as my own coat, more than fifty times, by the conversation of French women; and have been well laughed at into the bargain. I am, of course, speaking of the first society in the French metropolis, and it would be idle to speak of any other. In this respect the German women are not so bad; but the Spanish and Italian a great deal worse.

Unlike other people, I meet with no adventures on board of steam-boats; but was much amused during our passage to Rotterdam with two young English gentlemen, who were questioning a person that afterwards proved to be a Dutch money-changer (*geld-wescher*) about the German game-laws, and were asking how they, the sporting Britons, were to obtain permission to shoot. I know not how it is, but no foreigner will avow his ignorance of the laws, manners, customs, or institutions of any continental nation, however far it may be removed from his own, or however much the subject of the question asked may be out of the way of his usual pursuits, studies, or occupations. Foreigners are all singularly ignorant of English affairs (let our liberal reviewers say what they please), and wish to suppose, or to take it for granted, that Englishmen are equally ignorant of what regards the entire continent. Thus a Portuguese shall prate to you as learnedly of Moscow as a Russian shall talk of Lisbon; while a Frenchman discourses with equal fluency of all things under the sun. Our money-changing fellow-traveller had evidently never bought or sold an old gun, even in the way of business, and knew as little about sporting matters as a mole knows about astronomy. But he would not confess this, and therefore answered right boldly, and very badly. Seeing his dilemma, I prompted him in German, and he did vastly well, so that my countrymen got the information they required; but though they saw the prompting, and knew me to be an Englishman, they never thought of directly applying to me for the inform-

ation I had furnished them. This constant and careful shunning of each other by Englishmen, particularly when abroad, is certainly very amusing, and many a rich scene it has afforded me ; but it is, nevertheless, highly injurious to our national character ; because foreigners, seeing us avoid each other in this absurd manner, naturally conclude that nine-tenths of our countrymen are rogues and swindlers, and feel disposed to treat us accordingly. The fact is, that no man of character and conduct, no man who can stand fairly and manfully upon his own ground, will ever be injured or lessened in the world's estimation by behaving, with ordinary courtesy, to an unknown stranger. On the other hand, persons who have neither rank, station, nor character to depend upon, must affect all these things ; and thus originate the silly pretensions which we constantly behold. Thus, our national failing of exclusiveness was still more strikingly illustrated on board the Rhine steamboat, between Rotterdam and Cologne. Among the passengers were two individuals in odd blue cotton surtout coats, with straw hats on their heads, each armed, as every German ought to be, with a long nieerschau pipe. Their costume, though rational enough for the season, might have suited carters or cattle-drivers. They seemed reserved, unpretending men ; and with so little attention were they treated by our English party, that they were fairly jostled away from the main dinner-table, and forced, like another gentleman and myself, to take shelter at a temporary sideboard. There was an easy tranquil manner about them that at once proved them to belong to the educated classes of society ; the second look shewed that they belonged to the higher class of educated persons. I entered into conversation with them. They affected not, like my own countrymen, to mistake my country, but asked at once, how it happened that I, an Englishman, spoke German, as in compliment they said, so like a native. I explained how I came to know something of the language ; and we spoke about languages, literature, men, manners, &c., &c. ; and as we journeyed along we gradually touched on most of the ordinary topics of pleasant discourse. Still I knew not who they were, though I began to feel a little curious on the subject. The younger

was an artist, and shewed me some clever pencil-sketches which he had taken during his journey ; but all I could make out about the other was that he had served and commanded a regiment of Prussian cavalry, under old Blicher. We had during our two days' voyage become intimate ; and the elder of the two wishing to recollect the exact title of an English book I had mentioned in the course of conversation, requested me just as he was leaving us, to write it down in his pocket-book, which he handed me for that purpose. When I had written the name of the book, he requested that I would also put down my own name. I complied with a bow, and was thus enabled to ask the name of my new acquaintance in return. He immediately gave me his card,—it was that of the Prince A. N., one of the most distinguished patrons of literature in Germany. Next day brought me a regular invitation to the castle of N—. Some of our fair countrywomen were a little disappointed at having been nearly three days on board of a steamboat with a prince, and not having enjoyed even a single word of princely flirtation with his highness. It is indeed strange how often women, with all their quickness of observation, are mistaken in men : perhaps it should be so, otherwise some of the lords of the creation would not get on so well as they do with the sex. The prince was plainly dressed, simple and unaffected in his manners, as most princes are ; whereas our former fellow-passenger, the *geld-urchsler*, sported a velvet waistcoat, and a huge gold watch-guard ; his bad English was, as it so often is to foreigners, a mask to his ignorance, and he was forward and intrusive,—so much so, indeed, that he was taken for a very great man, till, on our arrival at Rotterdam, he recommended himself in his proper calling.

I must not detain you on the Rhine, which by this time is as well known as Cheapside itself. All I shall say is, that if you intend ascending the river, you had better go from London to Antwerp, and from thence, by land, to Cologne. By doing so, you will not only see the once flourishing town of Antwerp, and part of Belgium, but you will save yourself the tedious and unpleasant water expedition from Rotterdam to Cologne. From its mouth to the last-named place the Rhine is uninte-

resting; its banks are low and marshy; and, as there is little water in some places, you are crowded into small steam-boats that have no berths or separate cabins for ladies,—so that, unless you like to scramble for full-length room upon one of the tables or benches, you have nothing left but to keep on deck, if the weather permits, or to sit bolt upright all night. This was my case, and in all my life I never cut so foolish a figure as on this occasion. Having exchanged seats with a young English girl, who was incommoded by the rain that beat in through the crevices of a window close to her neck, I got placed between two rosy-cheeked things of 15 or 16 years of age, then taking their first flight in the world. They were both fast asleep long before morning,—one resting a pretty curly head on my right, the other on my left, shoulder; while the fear of disturbing them kept me stuck up, *perdu*, like the wooden figure on the gable-end of a Dutchman's house. In the steam-boat advertisements all this sort of night-travelling is carefully kept out of sight, so that you learn nothing of it till you are too far embarked to retreat.

Mayence.—Here most of the steam-boat passengers take the land, in order to visit Frankfort before they go any further. Frankfort is a stupid place, famous as the seat of the German Diet, if that somniferous body be still in the land of the waking, and famous also for the execrable Jew-German which is spoken within its walls, and which is avowedly the worst German spoken north of the Maine: the German spoken south of the Maine being frequently no German at all. Good German is spoken only in Lower Saxony. In Dresden and Berlin it is already indifferent, and gets worse the further you go east or south.

From Frankfort to Heidelberg you had better go by land,—for between Mayenne and Mannheim the Rhine again becomes completely Dutch, and Mannheim is a low, damp, deserted-looking place; it was for two or three seasons a sort of English colony, but has now, very properly, been forsaken by our countrymen. By taking the land journey you will see the *Bergstrasse*, a pretty line of country enough, and one about which the Germans make a vast fuss. You will pass through Darmstadt, and, if you have a

romantic turn, you may visit the ruins of Rothenburg. As the chances are that, like most modern travellers, you know nothing of the country through which you are passing, you had better read the wild tale connected with the castle before you go to see it. The legend is related in the *Geschichten und Sagen Deutscher Schlöser*, a work not, I think, exceeding eight or ten octavo volumes. You will there learn how, in the olden day, when might was right, a bold and warlike baron of Rothenburg gained the affections of the fairest maid of all the *Rhein-gau*; how he carried her home as his spouse, loved and cherished her for a time, and yet killed her by his unkindness before the first year of their union had elapsed. This is, perhaps, too much of an everyday occurrence, even in the present unchivalrous age, to call forth much attention. But the knight was punished as few knights now are. He was condemned by the spirit of his injured wife to be for ever and ever the messenger of war and strife, and to give notice of every danger impending over the German empire. In obedience to this sentence the baron, attended by all his followers, revisits the “glimpses of the moon” some three months before the breaking out of every war; proceeds in martial procession, with bugle sound and trumpet clang, to inspect and secure his different castles; takes post in the strongest till the war is about to close, and then returns, in similar guise, to his usual residence at Rothenburg, where he remains in peace till the approach of another feud again sends him forth to “make night hideous.” The records of Darmstadt shew how often this strange tale has been judiciously attested. And as the last of the records of the knight's appearance is of so late a date as the year 1744, we need hardly wonder at the account of the American sea-serpent. There is a poem, and an engraving of the procession of Rothenburg; but both are equally bad, though the subject is well suited for poetry and painting.

There are three modes of travelling in Germany. You may either travel with post-horses, having your own carriage; or, taking a carriage, which is always a bad one, from station to station; or you may travel by the *Schnellwagen*, as it is called, or with a *Landkutscher*. The first, though the most expensive, is, of course, the best. The

Schnell-wagen, or diligence, will do very well for a bachelor, who only wants to rattle along the high road from one large town to another. It is, in general, not a bad conveyance, and in Austria particularly, good. The *Land-kutscher*, like the Italian vetturino, travels with the same horses, and only takes you some thirty miles a day; but he never provides you with any thing. He is in general an honest fellow, and no written agreement need be made with him. You may take a carriage of this kind to yourself for about ten or twelve shillings a-day; and you sometimes get very neat open carriages. To an idle traveller, who likes to saunter through a country, to edge away to the right or left, to give a lift to every pretty girl that is going the same road, and to enter into conversation with young and old,—this is perhaps the pleasantest mode of travelling. But you must not be over particular about dinner,—for if you arrive at a second-rate German town after the *table d'hôte* hour, the chances are that you fare but indifferently; indeed, the *table d'hôte* itself is not always over excellent; but you may always make sure of good *café*, cream, and bread-and-butter. (All the high roads good beds are also precarious.

And this is Heidelberg, so renowned for its huge tun, now, alas! empty; its beautiful situation, and its hard fate. This clear blue stream is the Neckar, on which the flower of England, the ill-fated Elizabeth Stewart, once sailed in all the pride, pomp, and joy of youth, love, and empire. And yon romantic pile, magnificent even in its ruins, and compared to which the Colosseum itself is but a clumsy and heavy mass, is the very castle in which she made that noble, but unhappy speech,—the cause, perhaps, of all her woes,—that which determined her weak and wavering husband to accept the offered crown of revolted Bohemia. "Thou hast married the daughter of a king," said she, "and fearest thee to accept a kingly crown?" The best thing known of Frederick V. is, that from such lips he could not resist such words. The university of Heidelberg, now very much on the decline, has completely ruined the town; the coarse and vulgar tone of manners, for which the German students are distinguished, having driven all good society away from the place.

Carlsruhe.—This is the capital of the Grand Duchy of Baden; but, as we have no government business to transact, we shall proceed at once to Baden-Baden, the Cheltenham of Germany. The situation of Baden is decidedly fine; there are pleasant walks and rides in every direction; and, provided you take a pleasant party along with you, it may, like most localities under such circumstances, be made an agreeable summer *séjour*. At most of the large inns you have good *tables d'hôte* at a moderate price; there is also a good *restaurant*. There are, I believe, several billiard tables,—for without them no foreign place of amusement is deemed complete—so destitute of resources are the people themselves. •The never-failing *sarabandes* are not wanting. And English ladies, who neglect no opportunity of making fools of themselves, may now be seen sporting cash and character at these gambling-tables, in the company of regular blacklegs. There is, besides, a bad theatre, and a weekly ball, distinguished for the most atrocious dancing it was ever my fate to behold. These are the stores of bliss for which Baden is so renowned; but as for society, you will find none beyond the circle of your own party. Foreigners have no idea of what we term society. When at home they go through a certain routine of social intercourse, generally dull enough in all conscience; but the moment they are taken out of their own beaten track they are completely lost, and neither know how to amalgamate with strangers nor how to make the most of pleasant localities, unless when they happen to gather round the nucleus of an English party. They sometimes form pleasant additions to English circles; but there is no foreign circle or society in any of the French or German watering-places. This, I know, is contrary to the received opinion in England; but the truth is, we repeat, parrot-like, a set of regular phrases on national character, as well as on politics, without ever taking the trouble to ascertain whether the words we utter are true or false. There is nothing for which this age is so much distinguished as for its utter inability to analyse and to discriminate between sound and sense.

Baden has lately been resorted to by foreign fortune-hunters, in pursuit of English heiresses. To some of

these adventurers a few hundred pounds are an object, and the wife that must be taken along with the money no very great hindrance. If the lady cannot find herself in her new situation, she can return, broken-hearted and penniless, to her friends; she can take to gallantry, or obtain a German divorce: these things are easily managed on the continent.

It may be as well, while I am at a fortune-hunting station, to give my fair countrywomen a little information on the pursuit generally.

And first, you must know, as you are yourselves decided title-hunters, that an edict was promulgated in 1828, forbidding any Russian or Polish subject from taking the title of count or prince unless there was attached to the former rank a sum equal to 35*l.*, and to the latter about 50*l.* per annum. You see, therefore, that title implies no very great station in those countries. You must further know that all Russians who are termed *kncsen* at home translate that appellation into prince the moment they cross the frontier, though it is not even a title, and corresponds to our term esquire more than any thing else. The French, German, and Italian nobility you have learned to know to your cost. In those countries a nobleman's sons, let him have as many as he will, are all noble; their descendants again are noble *ad infinitum*,—so that the countries are completely overrun with a pauper population of counts and barons. A foreign title gives you, therefore, no rank in a foreign country, and it is altogether a very different thing from an English one. An English lady, not of noble birth, had, while at Dresden, been in the habit of going to court, where, as she well deserved, she was always well received. She married a Saxon nobleman, and was then refused admittance, having, by her marriage, become a Saxon lady, but not being of noble birth. Remonstrance at Dresden proved fruitless; she therefore applied to Mr. Canning, then secretary for foreign affairs, who declined, however, to interfere at the court of Saxony in favour of a Saxon baroness; but undertook to write a sort of half-official letter in her favour. The object of the epistle was to express a hope that Miss M. had not so far degraded herself by her marriage with a Saxon nobleman as to deserve exclusion from the court

to which she had before been admitted.

You must further know, that there are persons in Paris who are always ready to fit out good-looking young foreigners for a fortune-hunting tour to England. They are, in proportion to their looks, *tournure*, and assurance, furnished with money, titles, decorations, and introductions even to good families. The thing is looked upon by the French themselves as so fair a pursuit, so complete a despoiling of the enemy, that no French lady or gentleman will hesitate about soliciting letters from their English friends *pour un je-me seigneur* about to visit England. I have known such letters obtained through the medium of milliners and chambermaids. Having once got footing in a good house, the gentleman makes the most of it; and asks for further introductions, even to the best families, without the least scruple. The adventures of a Greek count at Brighton are well known. He was anxious to get into the house of a nobleman of some station in the fashionable world, but had been unable to manage the affair. Hearing, at last, that a family of his acquaintance were going to a ball given by his lordship, he called upon them, and requested permission to accompany them, insinuating that he had an invitation to the party; but, being a stranger, wished to go along with some one who could introduce him on his first appearance at the mansion. The trick nearly succeeded; the noble hostess was just going to introduce Monsieur le Comte to a partner for the next quadrille, but not having heard his name very distinctly, applied for information to the introducer, asking the "title of his foreign friend." This led to an explanation, which ended in the count being walked out of the room, instead of being walked up to a partner. The "untoward" event by no means cooled the Greek's courage; he stood the laughs and sneers of the place for a week, at the end of which the adventure was forgotten, and he very composedly resumed his former station in society. This gallant Moreot was not ultimately so fortunate as from his modest assurance might have been expected. He got two wives indeed, but they both proved to be without fortune; and, the double arrangement having been discovered, he was obliged to leave the country as

poor as he entered it, before he could secure a third.

It is no unusual thing for a married foreigner to take an additional wife in England, provided he can get a little money with her. The chances are that a moderate sum keeps the foreign lady quiet, even if she hears of the affair. If she is troublesome, it is only going back to the continent with the English money and without the English wife. I have myself known three cases of this kind; and, strange to say, the heroes, as if intended to serve as samples of their respective nations, were all three from different countries. The one was an Italian, the other a Frenchman, and the third a German. The Italian managed best; he contrived to hush up the business, and to reconcile the parties. The Italian wife, who is by far the prettiest of the two, lives at the expense of the English one, and sometimes pays her a sentimental visit, and is very kind to the Anglo-Italian children. The German took advantage of his English lady's indignation on hearing of the previous marriage, and obtained, in some of the little principalities of Germany, a favourable divorce, which left him in possession of the best part of the English fortune. The Frenchman mismanaged the affair, and was obliged to run for it; and I do not know how matters have been settled: families like to keep these things quiet, or we should hear of many more,—for they are now of almost daily occurrence. It is indeed generally asserted that Prince Puckler Muskau himself only came to this country in order to marry a rich widow, now higher than a countess, but then only a discountess. That he had a wife living, seemed no great objection in his eyes; the ill-natured world abroad say that it was the only objection in the lady's eyes.

Having thus, indirectly at least, lectured our fair countrywomen on their predilection for foreigners, I must, as a sort of atonement, give an instance of female patriotism rather odd of its kind. I was sauntering along the principal walk of one of the most frequented English watering-places, looking out for some familiar face, when a stout, showy, fine woman, of a certain age, and accompanied by two young ladies, came up and addressed me with all the familiarity of an old acquaintance. As I never deign to

know ruffs, however high in rank, so I never cut any one, however humble in station; and have, indeed, a very considerable contempt for all *cutters*, deeming such persons either very weak and silly or so awkwardly placed in society as to be unable to stand on their own ground. I therefore received the fair lady's advances with all courtesy, but could not at first recollect who she was. The daughters had a good deal of what is acquired at second-rate boarding-schools under the name of *gentility*. The mother made no pretension to gentility of any kind, and was evidently in some way or other connected with the shop, if not directly from behind the counter. "Why, Captain Bombardinio," said she, "you don't recollect how you persuaded me to take your friend Mr. Dashford's note-of-hand for the two hundred pounds he owed me?" "My dear Mrs. Goldfisher," responded we, "how do ye do? The truth is, you look so much younger and better by daylight than by the candlelight of our former meeting, that I did not recollect you; but I am delighted to see you. The Misses Goldfisher, I presume:" and was presented in form. I had only seen the lady once in my life; but had then paid her so many compliments, and made so many fine speeches, in order to carry the point about poor Dashford's bill, that I had made a very favourable impression upon her. The daughters were pretty and cheerful, delightfully romantic, and constantly dreaming about coaches, coronets, and conquests, and just as ready to laugh at their own follies as at the follies of others. If I was pleased with them, they were doubly pleased with me. They had never, since their appearance in life, associated with any but house-agents, attornies, and auctioneers—persons who were not *genteel* enough for young ladies that could galopade, speak French, and sing Italian songs. A captain of the royal grenadiers, who had, at least, a nodding acquaintance with half the fashionables of the place, was the very person they wanted; so that we were intimate friends before three days were over. I was constantly at the house, taking care never to meet any of the gentlemen of the party; and the art so to manage as never to fall in at a friend's house with persons you do not wish to know is one deserving of considerable attention. I wish,

indeed, that somebody would write a volume on the science of paying visits; most people are still sadly ignorant on this point.

I had walked and rode with the girls; had made them sing, dance, and recite verses; we had played at chess, and played at romps together, without my having come in contact with any of their male acquaintances. The women had tact enough not to force such meeting upon me; but had more than once expressed a wish that I should see their great friend the *baron*. Having a little curiosity on the subject, I made no objection, and was one evening presented to this so-called German nobleman. He was a stout middle-aged man, rather under the middle-size, with very large whiskers. His dress was in the foolish extreme of foreign fashion, and he was covered with a profusion of gold rings, chains, and brooches. He had all the mannered politeness of the continent, spoke bad English, and an indifferent sort of Swiss-French; but though I said something in German, to shew my familiarity with the language and country, he kept clear of the subject. A band-dog look, that passed across his brow as we were introduced to each other, shewed that he had some rascality in view. It was one of those mean inquisitive looks you so often meet with that say, "Are you too many for me?" or, "Are you a cut above me?" and answers "Yes," in the very same glance. The look, however, passed instantly—the evening slowly; and I parted from the baron as we part from such casual acquaintances. I suspected he had a design on the lady's cash; but knowing that she had a good clear head for business, and a very close hand, I gave myself little concern about the matter. He called upon me at the hotel, and was evidently anxious to flatter me into good humour; but, although I could not well kick him in return for his fine speeches, our acquaintance never prospered. The ladies were extremely anxious to know what I thought of their noble friend, as they called him; and it struck me that the daughters were rather pleased, and the mother a little displeased, at my evading a direct answer, as well as at my neglecting to return his visit.

Time wore away: a couple of days before my intended departure I found

the young ladies alone; and I had been so intimate with them that I expressed, what I really felt, a good deal of regret at being about to part from them. They also confessed that they were greatly grieved at my going away at such a moment; and, on being questioned as to what the particular time had to do with the matter, they acknowledged, and the acknowledgment brought tears into their eyes, that their mother was engaged to the baron, and was to be married immediately on the return of the party to town. Considering how pretty the daughters were, I was a good deal surprised at the man's choice; but, not knowing how the widow's money might be settled, I had only to console and congratulate the young ladies in the same breath, and to assure them that they would find Germany a very pleasant country. Having next day complimented all the parties in form, and promised to see them on my arrival in London, I set out for the west of England, where I had some visits to pay. But as I never pay long visits—a custom I would recommend for imitation—I was in town before many weeks were over. Curious to know what sort of baroness the widow Goldfisher would make, I drove far east along the new road one day, in order to pay my promised visit. I found my friends at home, delighted to see me; and was as much pleased as surprised to hear that the marriage had been broken off, to the great distress of the poor baron, who was described as being altogether disconsolate. But what think you was the cause of the quarrel? You might guess for a century, and yet guess in vain: I shall, therefore, tell it at once. It was the battle of Waterloo that broke off the match between the German baron and the English money-lending widow. The baron had, in an evil hour, and when thrown off his guard by the lady's strong port wine, treated the pretensions of the British to the honour of that day with something like continental disdain,—ascribing the escape of the British, as he termed it, to the arrival of Marshal Blücher, and giving the real glory of the day to Napoleon. All the widow's patriotic feelings were roused by these insinuations; she stood up nobly for the honour of her country. The baron, like a fool, maintained his point; and, as talking is dry work, he at the same time kept moistening his

clay with the fatal port wine, which augmented his zeal in the exact proportion in which it lessened his discretion. A fierce dispute ensued; patriotism triumphed over love, and the noble gallant was most unceremoniously dismissed the house. "It was a fortunate quarrel," said the widow with a half-suppressed sigh; "it opened my eyes to his bad temper; in all other respects he was a *nice* charming man, and so very *genteel*." But you don't think so, Captain Bombardinio; I know you think him a swindler, though you are too polite to say so: indeed, he always told us not to believe what you might say to his disadvantage, as he knew you were prejudiced against him." How suspicious these rascals are! To speeches of this sort, added to certain hints that I might, perhaps, succeed in bringing the parties together, if disposed to exert myself, I only replied in the style of compliment called "rigmarole." The entreaties of the baron to bring about a reconciliation I cut something shorter, by informing him that I never meddle with other people's affairs, least of all in London, where my stay was so short that I had hardly time to attend to my own. And well it was; for I was hardly up one morning, when a note was handed me from the disappointed fair one, saying that I had been perfectly right in my conjectures about the baron; that the bills her banker had cashed for him had been returned protested, and that he himself had absconded when applied to for payment. How much the lady paid for her flirtation with the foreign nobleman I never knew. It was ever after a forbidden subject, on which the young girls never touched; for, though they rejoiced at their mother's escape, they naturally felt for her folly. Yet was the affair attended with some good consequences. The daughters had, like too many in their sphere of life, been brought up with ideas above those of the class of society in which they were called upon to mix. Their moderate education had still given them a degree of polish superior to the men of their own rank and circle,—an evil that we see repeated every day, and which led them to think of nothing but foreign courts and counts, and made them anxious to go abroad, in the hopes of there getting into the kind of society from which the iron barriers of fashion excluded them

at home. There was something melancholy in the cause that led to their wish; but the mother would hear nothing more of foreign countries and foreign men. "No, no," said the widow, "forewarned, forearmed;" and staid at home.

A few English families reside at Baden all the year round, though it must certainly be a cold and dreary place in winter. Some are also found at Carlsruhe and Stutgard, and still more at Frankfort. I should think that Wurtzburg or Bareuth would be far preferable to either; at all events, any part of Germany is in every respect superior to France or Italy; only we attach some notions of fashion to the latter countries, and fashion makes fools of us from first to last.

The regular English absentees may be divided into three classes,—debtors, pretenders, and grovellers. The first go abroad generally to escape a prison, though sometimes with the creditable intention of clearing themselves from difficulties; the second, in the belief that they can give themselves greater airs in foreign society than what they can do at home; and the third, regular followers of the sty, because the lower standard of foreign manners, sentiments, and morality, is more in unison with their nature and feeling than the manners and sentiments of their native land. A few, no doubt, reside abroad for health, and some under the idea of purchasing education for their families at a cheaper rate than in England. How many of the former may be benefited by a foreign climate I pretend not to say; but the latter class get, after all, I suspect, less for their money on the continent than they would get at home. A foreign education may, on some points, perhaps, be more showy than an English one, but it is evidently raised upon a less solid and substantial foundation. Look at our men, and look at foreigners. Is there, properly speaking, such a thing as a foreign gentleman? Even the best of foreign education imbues young persons with sentiments ill suited to English life and feeling. Read any foreign book about England, and see how completely we are misunderstood, even by the most enlightened foreigners. The best of those who have visited our country know less of England than we do of China; they know almost as little of us as does the author of

England and the English. How, then, can continental seminaries afford fit instruction for the sons and daughters of England? I have no objection, however, to a partial continental education; on the contrary, I think it an advantage.

To the regular absentees must, of course, be added the entire swarm of tourists, who travel, some for health or information, some for pleasure, relaxation, or merely in order to kill time, and thousands, to say that they have been abroad. The sums of money squandered upon insolent and ungrateful foreigners in this manner is almost incredible; and I heard it stated that no less than 35,000*l.* of English money had been spent last year at the Swiss hamlet of Innertaken alone,—a sum that, allowing even for exaggeration, would have been the making of an entire district in many parts of Scotland or Ireland. When we consider the gold thus squandered annually by our absentees in France, Germany, and Italy, we need hardly wonder at the depressed state of industry at home; for to pretend that even a shilling in the pound of this money ever returns to England is absurd.

That the active, restless, roving, and eccentric disposition of our countrymen has a natural tendency to make them fly off in tangents to every point of the compass is certain. But this British sort of feeling would, after all, lead rather to beneficial effects than otherwise. Whereas, the countless evils inflicted upon national character and interests by absenteeism and foreign travel result altogether from fashion, vanity, and the faulty state of English society.

I shall explain: and, in doing so, shall take for my text a passage in a late number of the *Standard*, in which that excellent paper defends the aristocracy against some of the foolish attacks of the Radical press. "The aristocracy of England," says the *Standard*, "are, as a class, the best informed class of any in Europe. Their faults," continues the same paper, "are the faults of situation, which makes them demand too much submission and prostration of intellect from inferiors." With the first part of this assertion I entirely agree: the superiority of the Peers over the Commons has indeed been fully established by every debate in which both houses have, if I may so

express myself, taken a share. From the second part of the assertion I must differ; for, if it were true, it would fully justify the dangerous feeling of hostility now too generally entertained against the higher orders in this country,—a feeling resembling that from which sprang the French *Jacquerie* and the German *Bauern-Krieg*. To demand submission and prostration of intellect from free-born men, be the station of those who make the demand what it may, is insulting: for all men will rather bear oppression than insult. Nor can this fault be charged against the aristocracy generally, just because they are, as stated by the *Standard* itself, a well-educated and well-informed body. The *Standard*, no doubt, means to say that, though the aristocracy possess an honourable share of book knowledge, they know comparatively little of men. But I cannot well see why their rank should preclude them from obtaining such knowledge also,—at least as much of such knowledge as generally falls to the share of other persons in civil life. Naval and military men are, after all, your only real judges of human character: as war is the only school in which that valuable knowledge can be fully acquired. Stern, no doubt, is the course of study that must be gone through, but it is a sure one; for the first shower of iron hail makes every mask vanish, and the first flashes of war's fierce lightning at once lay bare the inmost recesses of every heart. And curious it is at times to contrast the coat with the heart.

As the aristocracy are, after all, only men of earthly mould, they must, of course, have in their ranks many weak and foolish individuals, who throw some discredit on the entire order. But, even then, the silly *hauteur* of such persons is, owing to their station, more excusable than it would be in others of an inferior station of life; for such is the mean and time-serving disposition of the age, that the aristocracy are courted and flattered in the most unworthy manner,—and that not only for tangible and substantial benefits, but for the mere favour of their society—merely that the cringing slaves may boast of having dined with a lord or received a visit from a countess. The wonder only is that, under such circumstances, the aristocracy do not become the proud and overbearing set they are described to be. The reverse, however,

is the fact ; for, taken as a body, the aristocracy — meaning by the word the higher classes of English gentry — are good landlords, generous masters, and liberal customers : and their wealth enables them to be so. Their station in society also precludes them from striving at fashionable distinction by affected or overstrained manners, and by a degree of expense exceeding their real income. Among an educated and influential class so situated, placed in a great measure above the storms that ruffle the surface of ordinary society, the most elegant manners and the most agreeable *ton de société* must of course be found, because these things are more studied in the higher spheres of life than they can be in any other. It were absolutely idle to pretend that you can any where find elegant, polished, cheerful, and splendid society, equal to what you find in the higher circles in England. But the moment you cross the exact line of demarcation the change is visible. The moment you step beyond the clearly avowed pale of fashion, you find yourself among what I would term the border tribes, who, uncertain of their own exact footing, set up exaggerated pretensions which they cannot support, and lead the way in that race of folly, affectation, and striving after distinction, which is now the bane of English society, down even to the lowest ranks of the educated classes. It is from the ranks of these border tribes that spring the whole host of exclusives, exquisites, and all the heroes of the silver-fork school. The gentlemen of this class talk big about their long list of dinner-invitations, boast of having danced with Lady A. (a regular fright, perhaps), or of having flirted with Lady B. (a monosyllabic doll). All quote the maxims of those masses of drivelling nonsense, the fashionable novels, by rote ; and the ladies of the party think the labours of an entire season well rewarded by a subscription at Almack's. Expense, up to the last farthing of their income, and too often beyond it, is the natural consequence of these follies. Nothing is left for generous, kind, and humane purposes ; the heart, forcibly closed to wo and suffering, becomes callous as a matter of course ; — so that among these border tribes are found the oppressive landlords, harsh masters, and litigious customers ; who, being still

in situations above their creditors and tradespeople, occasion so much hostile feeling to be directed against the higher classes generally, though the actual cause of hostility springs mostly from the second class. The result of all this is, that except in small coteries, chance meetings, or family parties, there is nothing like pleasant, unrestrained, and unaffected society in our country, beyond the circle of the higher orders. The elements of agreeable society are abundantly dispersed through all ranks of the educated classes ; but affectation, and our tuft-hunting propensities, prevent them from being rendered available. In general society, we actually treat each other as if we were infected persons. The roof of hospitality seems hardly capable of affording protection against contagion ; for you often see people accept a man's dinner without deigning to be civil to his guests. Nothing can surely be more evident than the absolute duty imposed upon you, to behave with politeness and courtesy towards every person you may meet with in a gentleman's house ; for, if you doubt the company, you have only to stay away. Yet where, except in the higher circles, do you find so simple a rule as this strictly adhered to ? Even intimate acquaintances will sometimes treat each other, not according to the estimation in which they hold each other, but according to the estimation in which they think their friend is held by the higher powers. Oh ! we are a precious set, with all our pretended liberality and real affectation. Unless where I am very intimate, I never accept an invitation from any one under the rank of a peer ; for at a nobleman's house you are pretty sure to meet with ordinary mortals only pleasant or stupid, as the case may be, but always distinguished for politeness and good manners ; whereas, at most other houses, a stranger is sure to find himself a mere Lilliputian among Brobdingnags, if not among Houyhnhnms.

I do not mean to deny that allowable cases of absenteeism may sometimes occur ; and the case of a family that I met in Germany is of so hard a nature that it deserves to be stated, principally because it touches on a subject of great and general importance, — the subject of wills and testaments. The family in question were of old descent and moderate fortune,

but near relations and next heirs to a very old gentleman of large estate. Having counted on the reversion of this property, they had, foolishly enough, perhaps, lived up to their income derived from entailed domains, so that no provision was made for the younger branches. The girls, though still very young, had been deservedly admired for their beauty and accomplishments — doubly so, indeed, from being heiresses expectant. The old gentleman died, leaving a fortune of 300,000*l.* But, though he had always been on the best terms with these relations, he cut them off with 500*l.* each; bequeathing the bulk of his fortune to his nearest neighbour, a man of high rank and great wealth, with whose family he could hardly claim a distant connexion. The rest went to two young men, both heirs to wealth and title, with whom he was just as distantly connected. Now this cringing old tuft-hunter could not even go like a man to the grave, but *holed* into his very coffin; and will not be able to lie straight even there, should a great man happen to be buried near him. And it is what happens every day: you constantly see fortunes left to the wealthy, but hardly ever to the unwealthy. Few persons, indeed, have the spirit to make a proper will; and some have not even the spirit to make any will at all. The last is absolutely inexcusable — unless, perhaps, where a fortune goes, as a matter of course, to an only child, brother, or sister: even under these circumstances it is not to be praised, for persons of fortune must be strangely destitute of sympathy if they have not old servants and deserving dependants for whom good feeling commands them to provide. As to the practice of endowing schools and hospitals, it has too much the appearance of an attempt to bribe heaven to merit praise, and it is seldom attended with much good. It is better that money should be so left as to enable the poor to become rich by honest exertion, and to educate their own children, than that it should go to the establishment of institutions, always tending in some degree to encourage individual improvidence and an indifference to parental duties.

It is one of the great evils of the present age that money has a constant tendency to run to masses, — an evil which, if not checked in some way or

other, must ultimately sweep away all the middling classes of society, and leave the land of the free, the brave, and the independent, covered only by a pauper population, parcelled out like so many slaves between a set of wealthy individuals. It is the duty, therefore, of all persons having large fortunes to bequeath, to counteract this evil as much as possible, and to divide their fortune between friends, relatives, and connexions. To add wealth to wealth, except in the case of deserving brothers, sisters, or children, is at all times reprehensible — in nine cases out of ten it is mere servility. If you are rich and have no children, leave money to men who, with small means, have large families to provide for — to meritorious individuals struggling against fortune — to women, that they may get husbands, if they like to take them; if not, do the best they can with it. Women are more charitable than men, and always make a better use of money. Let us have no more time-serving testaments, therefore — no bequeathing of fortunes to noblemen and men of wealth because they have given you a dinner, or honoured you with a nod. Recollect the lines of a modern French poet:

“ Si grand que soit un homme au compte
de l’orgueil,
Nul n’a plus de six pieds de haut dans le
cercueil.”

Only think — Johnny Russell, even he of the Reform-bill, not measuring six feet in his coffin, — “ Jew Rothschild and his Christian fellow, Baring,” — neither of them covering six feet of plank! it is humiliating to reflect upon. Why, you have only to hold up your head, as a man should do, at least in death, and you will be a match for the best of them. As there is, then, no aristocracy, of either wealth or birth, beyond the Styx, you may safely dismiss great people from your dying thoughts; and need make no will in this world that you will be ashamed to face in the next. Keep no relations, therefore, dependent upon you, in the hopes of succeeding to your wealth, merely that you may have the miserable satisfaction of deceiving them in the end, by leaving them totally destitute. I knew a rich old fellow, who, under the promise of providing for a beautiful niece, prevented her from getting married because he wanted her company and attendance,

and yet left her at his death only one hundred pounds. He would look foolish enough could they meet in the next world ; but that is impossible, for he is gone to one place, and the poor, helpless, and forsaken orphan to another—higher and better. I have known old ladies behave in a similar manner to their humble companions, and shabby it was ; for of all the unhappy lives led in this world of woe, there is surely none so unhappy as the life of an humble companion to a single lady. Let there be an end to all these things ; let us have no more promises of generous legacies held out, while a mean and unworthy deed is kept signed and sealed in the background ; no more testaments, at the reading of which every gentleman of your acquaintance shall, spontaneously, apply to you the deserved epithet of “ mean fellow.” Since it is God’s high will that we should, each after each, leave this fair world, let us leave it with a fair name. Sent into life with all the weaknesses that flesh is heir to, we may no doubt have committed faults and follies in abundance, under the influence of its infirmities ; let your last worldly act, performed above its sway, atone in some measure for former errors. Step boldly, with head erect, into your grave ; honour life and death alike, by dying nobly ; look freely into those clear blue skies, from the sight of which not even the earth, heaped above your head, shall exclude you, provided you can fairly say that your last of worldly acts has been performed in a spirit of love, charity, and good-will.

Of the terrible death-scenes that take place when all earthly passions are extinct, when fear and consciousness alone remain, calling up, after the power of action and of articulation are gone, spectres of darkness to remind the dying of the atoning duties that should have been performed, I shall say nothing,—they are absolutely too appalling to be treated of in an article of this kind ; but you will do well to bear them quietly in mind.

At present I can only add that I am keeping a regular register of wills and testaments, which shall be published in due time ; and a black list it will prove, unless the world mend right speedily. Anent the legacies frequently bequeathed to cats, dogs, and parrots, I have nothing to object, provided the reversion is a respectable one ; and I

do not hold persons of fortune altogether guiltless when they allow their old horses to come to the hammer. Horses, though a noble, are an ill-used race ; they have far more merit and sagacity than they get credit for, and deserve better treatment in their old age than what they generally experience. As to a legatee, no one need ever be at a loss ; not, at least, while we, Bombardinio, are on half-pay : any lady or gentleman wishing to have a fortune right handsomely spent may always command our service. But we will not pledge ourselves even to the dead ; our character, or, what with a periodical writer is the same thing, our articles, must speak for us. We leave the paltriness of pledge to the paltry representatives of ten-pound constituencies. Pledges to the ten-pounders ! The very words cry shame. Is it not worse than ridiculous to expect that such a class should be capable of deciding on the measures best calculated for the government of society at large, at the very time when few men have even a clear idea of their own individual position in society ? “ Too bad.”

We must leave Baden, however. Though less romantic in situation than Carlsbad, and not so grand, perhaps, as Toplitz, it is a pleasant place for a summer flirtation. Owing to the navigation of the Rhine, it is now so easy of access to English idlers, that they have actually, with their colonising propensities, established there a church of their own, which was last year better and more fashionably attended than any of the other churches. At Baden, as at many other places in Germany, the same church serves for the performance both of Protestant and Catholic worship. This may seem strange in our country, where religion is made subservient to political and party views ; but in Germany, where both churches are alike poor,—where there is no opening for spoliation,—where agitation is not allowed, much less rewarded, the thing answers perfectly well. Mr. Bowring stated lately, in the House of Commons, that church property had been confiscated on the Continent, without ever occasioning the heart-burnings expressed in this country on the subject. Has the reformed house fallen so very low that there was no one in it who could inform spoony Bowring of the cause of this ? There is, at the best, but little religious zeal

on the Continent; and the church property was confiscated by absolute and despotic governments, legitimate or revolutionary; so that no one dared to express heart-burnings, even where they were felt. But did the poor any where profit by the arrangement? Not they, indeed. Who, since the world began, ever heard of confiscated property going to any but the rich, the powerful, and the influential; or, what rational being will ever expect to see it otherwise disposed of in this sort of world? In Ireland it will go to the Hannibals and the O'Connells; whilst the poor, instigated to mischief by demagogues, who profit by their ruin, may go whistle, as they whistled after the Emancipation and Reform bills, for the attainment of which so many crimes had been committed. I wonder how many poor devils O'Connell has brought to the scaffold, and how many miserable lives it has cost to make the Hannibals rich?

Of the waters at Baden I know nothing, except that the baths are clear, bright, warm, limpid, and pleasant. Of water-drinkers there seemed to be only two or three, in greasy German great-coats. You must look for nothing like the Montpelier of Cheltenham, and had better dismiss that charming place from your recollection altogether the moment you think of visiting any foreign baths.

In addition to the advantages already mentioned, Baden has a good reading-room, where you find most of the English, French, and German papers, together with a few German reviews. But if you have any literary objects in view, you must go to Berlin or Dresden. At Baden, as along the entire line of the Rhine, Heidelberg not excepted, you are entirely removed from literary information, and will hardly get any other books to purchase than the old standard works of Wieland, Schiller, &c., or the trash of guide-books that every bookseller puts into your hand. The reason seems to be this,—as Leipsig is a central dépôt for all the books published in Germany, few booksellers keep large assortments of new works beyond those published by themselves or by their own immediate connexions. The consequence is, that you will seldom find a new work at any place in Germany, except at Leipsig, or at the very place where the book sought for, happens to

have been published. To a stranger and a traveller, who may wish to put himself *au courant* of the literature of the day, and may be desirous of purchasing books connected with peculiar branches of science or periods of history, this is a very unpleasant circumstance; for he may actually travel from one extremity of the country to the other without falling in with a single volume to suit his taste or pursuit. It was actually my own case. I had not been in Germany for four years, and had with me a long list of books that I wished at least to look at. Well, I travelled, list in hand, from Cologne to Vienna, without seeing three works out of at least fifty that I had noted down for inspection or purchase. Let all travellers, who make a list of books they may wish to see or purchase during a German tour, note down the places where the books are published. I had neglected this precaution, from not understanding the routine of trade, and missed seeing books that I might have deemed useful. U'n being a small, dull, deserted sort of town, I never thought of entering a bookseller's shop; yet the Stetins are eminent German publishers, and had actually published one of the very works I wanted. At Augsburg, I ran wild after the story of Philipina Welsen, to be related another time; and, thinking that I should of course find every thing I wanted at Munich, I never entered the house of Kolmann, the publisher, as it proved, of several books I was in search of. At Munich I found little, but consoled myself in the certainty of finding every thing at Vienna—an imperial residence, and in some sort the capital of Germany—and at Vienna I found absolutely nothing. I was forced, after all, to send to Leipsig for as many books as I could venture to purchase on the mere recommendation of an ordinary catalogue, which I might have done without ever leaving London. It is needless to say that I did not look for political works of the so-called Liberal school at Vienna: indeed I never read foreign political works, deeming the whole set stupid enough to be praised by the *Westminster Review*. The Germans are a loyal, learned, industrious, and highly intellectual people; but they are totally destitute of political knowledge and wisdom—and for the best of all reasons; they never knew

any thing like great national interests, but only the confined and narrow interests of petty states and tribes, that could never raise themselves to the dignity of a powerful nation. But the heads are clearing; the thick and heavy clouds of mysticism and liberalism already begin to disperse. Every department of German literature is on the rise; and Schneller's moral, political, and philosophical essays are already not only intelligible, but admirable.

The German booksellers are mostly well-informed and obliging men, and are always ready, in accordance with the custom of the country, to send you any work for inspection they may happen to have at the moment: a great advantage to a stranger. In this respect I found the house of Gerold, at Vienna, an exception to the general rule. They were certainly not uncivil; but though they did not refuse to send me the works I wanted to see, they did worse—they kept me in suspense, and never sent the books. I afterwards found the house Houselberg particularly attentive.

I have just seen a new publication that abuses the Americans in good round terms, and one at which brother Jonathan will very foolishly wax extremely wroth. In this respect our transatlantic friends should take example from us Britishers, who have surely been abused more than any other people under the sun, and are not a bit the worse for it; but have often laughed right heartily at the miserable caricatures intended to have touched us even to the quick. We quoted even Pillet's drivel into some kind of notice, and translated Pückler Muskau's miserable foolery. And the following verses furnish so exquisite a specimen of French taste and discernment, and give so novel a picture of English manners, that I cannot refrain from again bringing them to the notice of the reader. They shew how we are spoken of by a French nobleman, the Comte Achille de Jouffroy, who was most probably feasted from one end of the country to the other; and thought, no doubt, that his poor and pointless pen was avenging both Waterloo and Trafalgar.

“ Disciple d'Epicure, aimes-tu les banquetts,
Où le bon goût preside, et les joyeux couplets?
Va chercher ailleurs, fuis des tables Britanniques,
Les mets lourds, les vins forts, et les propos cyniques;
Les convives épais, et leurs toasts à foison,
Leur ivresse plus triste encor que leur raison.
Garde-toi dans le vin d'exiter leur colère!
L'Anglais montre aussitôt son brutal caractère,
Il vient, fermant les poings, t'attaquer, te vexer,
Et tu dois tout souffrir, si tu ne sais boxer.”

Nothing half so silly, or intended to be so insulting, was ever said of the Americans; yet we laugh at these sort of things, and Jonathan should do the same.

I mention the Americans here, because you will probably fall in with a good many during your tour. They seem, like ourselves, to have taken a sort of travelling mania. The tourists, we may presume, are good specimens of their country, being mostly persons of wealth, education, and of a certain station in society. Chance made me acquainted with several, and they all proved to be as frank, pleasant, cheerful, and well-informed men, as you could possibly wish to meet;—proud of their country, certainly, as men should be, but not blind to its defects. They never attempted to force their opinions upon others; and always argued any question that chance might bring under discussion with the easy and good-humoured courtesy indicative at once of good breeding, good sense, and good feeling. And then their women—what beauties! All those I saw were absolutely enchanting; the unaffected simplicity of their manners contrasting most favourably with the drilled mannerism of fashion now unhappily so general. Indeed, I am not certain whether the dear creature uppermost in my heart at this very moment is not a fairy-figured Carolinean.

No. LXIII.

HENRY O'BRIEN, A.B.

IN the village graveyard of Hanwell (*ad viii. ab Urbe lapidem*) sleeps the original of yonder sketch, and the rude forefathers of the Saxon hamlet have consented to receive among them the clay of a Milesian scholar. That "original" was no stranger to us. Some time back we had our misgivings that the oil in his flickering lamp of life would soon dry up; still we were not prepared to hear of his light being thus abruptly extinguished. "One morn we missed him" from the accustomed table at the library of the British Museum, where the page of antiquity awaited his perusal; "another came—nor yet" was he to be seen behind the pile of "Asiatic Researches," poring over his favourite Herodotus, or deep in the Zendevesta. "The next" brought tidings of his death.—

"Au banquet de la vie infortuné convive,
J'apparus un jour, et je meurs;
Je meurs, et sur la tombe où jeune encore j'arrive,
Nul ne viendra verser des pleurs."

His book on "the Round Towers" has thrown more light on the early history of Ireland, and on the freemasonry of these gigantic puzzles, than will ever shine from the cracked pitchers of the "Royal Irish Academy," or the farthing candle of Tommy Moore. And it was quite natural that he should have received from them, during his lifetime, such tokens of malignant hostility as might sufficiently "tell how they hated his beams." The "Royal Irish" twaddlers must surely feel some compunction now, when they look back on their paltry transactions in the matter of the "prize-essay;" and though we do not expect much from such an emasculate specimen of humanity, still it would not surprise us if "Tom Brown the younger," or "Tom Little," the author of sundry Tomfudgeries and Tomfooleries, were to atone for his individual misconduct in a white sheet, or a "blue and yellow" blanket, when next he walks abroad in that rickety go-cart of drivelling dotage, the *Edinburgh Review*.

While Cicero was quæstor in Sicily, he discovered in the suburbs of Syracuse the neglected grave of Archimedes, from the circumstance of a symbolical cylinder indicating the pursuits and favourite theories of the illustrious dead. Great was his joy at the recognition. No emblem will mark the sequestered spot where lies the Cædipus of the Round Tower riddle—no hieroglyphic.

"Save daisies on the mould
Where children spell, athwart the churchyard gate.
His name and life's brief date."

But if you wish for monuments to his memory, go to his native land, and there—*circumspice!*—Glendalough, Devenish, Clondalkin, Inniscattery, rear their architectural cylinders; and each, through those mystic apertures that face the cardinal points, proclaims to the four winds of heaven, trumpet-tongued, the name of him who solved the problem of 3000 years, and who first disclosed the drift of these erections!

Fame, in the Latin poet's celebrated personification, is described as perched

"Sublimi culmine tecti
Turribus aut altis."—*Æneid IV.*

That of O'B. is pre-eminently so circumstanced. From these proud pinnacles nothing can dislodge his renown. Moore, in the recent pitiful compilation meant for "a history," talks of these monuments as being so many "astronomical indexes." He might as well have said they were tubes for the purposes of gastronomy. 'Tis plain *he* knew as little about their origin as he may be supposed to know of the "hanging tower of Pisa," or the "torre degli asinelli," or how the nose of the beloved resembled the tower of Damascus.

Concerning the subject of this memoir, suffice it to add that he was born in the kingdom of Meath, graduated in T. C. D. (having been classically "brought up at the feet of" the Rev. Charles Boyton); and fell a victim here to the intense ardour with which he pursued the antiquarian researches that he loved.

"Kerria me genuit; studia, heu! rapuerunt; tenet nunc
Anglia; sed patriam turrigeram cecini."



OF INTERNAL INTERCOURSE AND COMMUNICATION IN THE
BRITISH ISLANDS.

MR THOMAS GRAHAME has published a second work relating to this highly interesting subject. In the former, from which we took occasion to quote largely in this journal, he treated chiefly of railways, the results which had been already achieved upon them, and those which were likely to be wrought out hereafter—both being understood as effected at a remunerating rate to the proprietors: and, as far as incontrovertible argument could go, he did much towards dissipating many popular delusions respecting the advantages of this fashionable mode of intercommunication at this the commencement of the nineteenth century. Amongst the rest, he laid down one great principle, the truth and soundness of which cannot be disputed, and that should always be kept in view, namely, that “THE MERIT OF MECHANICAL POWER, WHETHER SET IN MOTION BY STEAM OR OTHERWISE, IS ENTIRELY DEPENDENT ON CHEAPNESS.” We trust the reader will never for an instant forget this practical maxim.

In the volume before us, Mr. Grahame devotes his attention to subjects conducive to the improvement and extension of inland communication and transport by water; and the objects he proposes to himself are fourfold.

1st. The improvement and extension of inland communication and transport on rivers and canals, by a reduction of the expenses of travelling and carriage, coupled with an increase of the speed of transport even of the lowest-priced commodity.

2d. The creation of a new and extensive demand for human labour, consequent on the general employment of men for the purpose of obtaining progression at low rates of speed on canals; and a consequent increase of the rate of wages of the productive or labouring classes of the community.

3d. To save and place at the disposal of the community an amount of water-power greater than all the steam-power now in use in Great Britain.

4th. The general improvement of the shape and formation of all steam or sailing vessels.

He observes, at the outset, that to

many persons the expectations which he expresses in the course of his work may, perhaps, appear vain and idle, as the speculations of a visionary; but by adverting to facts, which stand recorded in the undeniable Past, he claims a fair hearing, if not actual confidence, for the probabilities of the Future. He observes:

“If any one had stated, five years ago, that, by improvements in the build of canal passage-boats, a speed of ten miles per hour would be regularly maintained on canal routes, and that the charges to passengers carried at this speed would be the same as at the previous slow speed of four or five miles per hour—that in one small district of Scotland alone, distances, amounting in all to 900 miles each day, or upwards of 280,000 miles in one year, should be performed by these light boats at the above speed—that the entire receipts from the fares of the passengers for being carried these distances should not nearly amount to one-third of the outlay expense necessary for doing a similar number of miles on the Liverpool railway,—the assertion would have been received with unlimited ridicule. Yet such is now the case on the canals connecting the city of Glasgow with the city of Edinburgh, and the towns of Paisley and Johnstone. The number of miles now done with the light passage-boats amounts to 900 per day, or 280,000 yearly; and the receipt of fares will not amount to one-half of the outlay or cost of running 550 miles daily, or 175,000 miles per year, on the Liverpool railway; and yet a large portion of the canal receipts are profits to the parties or proprietors who run the improved boats. In like manner, if a few years ago it had been predicted that, by proper improvements, the speed of the night van-boats, carrying goods and passengers on canals, would be greatly increased, while the expenses of running these boats would be greatly diminished, the prediction would have been deemed unworthy of credit. Such, however, is now the case. The distance of fifty-seven miles by canals connecting the cities of Glasgow and Edinburgh, with the passage of fifteen locks, and drawbridges, and tunnels, used to occupy the heavy night van-boats between fourteen and fifteen hours. With the improved boats this distance is now done in from ten to eleven hours; while the contract prices for hauling the boats at this increased speed is much lower than that paid for hauling the old heavy night-

boats. And, lastly, if a few years ago it had been proposed to build steam-boats for the navigation of rapid rivers, intersected with extensive sand-banks, over which there was not a draught of twelve inches water, what would have been thought of such a proposal? Yet this is now in regular and daily practice on various divisions of the river Loire, in France; and steam-boats are now in process of building for that river, whose draught of water will not exceed nine inches, with one hundred and forty passengers on board."

Having thus asserted fairly his claim to confidence for the improvements he is about to propose, he goes on to describe briefly the nature of his work, which is divided into essays on the several matters of theory and experiment to which he has seen fit to address himself.

"The first essay," he says, "is a mere statement of a theory I have formed as to the resistance encountered by floating bodies in their progression on or through water, and arising from additions being made to their weight, and consequent immersion in the fluid through which they are made to progress, with some deductions as to the benefits in diminished expense and increased daily rate of progression, which would result from the employment of human in place of horse-power as a motive-agent whereby to obtain this progression. These deductions depend in part, though not entirely, on the correctness of the theory.

"The second paper, or essay, is on a subject which has long engaged my attention, viz. the advantages to be obtained by the use of double-bodied and triple-bodied boats on canals and rivers, viz. still-water navigation. A great portion of the views given in this paper were stated many years ago; but the universal reprobation with which they were received by the engineers and scientific men to whom they were propounded, prevented the general publication and circulation of my theories on these subjects. The unprecedented success of the double-bodied tube boats (a plan of boat-building suggested by me so far back as the year 1830, and now established on the river Hudson, in North America) emboldens me to publish and circulate this paper."

* This gentleman was the superintending engineer under Telford in the improvements on the Holyhead road; and he is, moreover, well known to the literary and scientific world as the author of several practical works of great value, and as the inventor of the Dynamometer, to ascertain the comparative excellence of differently constructed roads, and the state of repair of the various portions of any particular road.

The third essay is on the advantages of passing the ascents and descents on canals by some machinery different from locks, and with hardly any consumption of water.

The remaining papers are letters giving accounts of improvements introduced, or which might be introduced, on canal navigations. Of these the second last gives a few of the results of a set of experiments instituted on the Forth and Clyde Canal in the summer of 1834, which were conducted by Mr. John McNeill, civil engineer, London. With respect to these our author observes, and most cordially do we concur with him, "I sincerely trust that full details of these experiments, which were all made with full-sized boats, may be given to the public by Mr. McNeill.* I doubt if any set of experiments, on the full scale, were ever yet conducted with the same unprejudiced and scientific attention and care as those now referred to."

The first essay relates to the advantages of lightness in boat-building; and of course the first thing to be considered is the resistance to a boat moving through the waters of a canal; the first thing to be done is to distinguish that resistance into its different kinds. Well, then, the materials, shape, and dimensions of a boat being determined, it is evident that the resistance or obstacles to its motion through the water must be of three kinds.

1st. Friction, which, estimated by the same rule as is applied to the motion of one solid body along another solid body, must be in the ratio of the different weights of the different bodies to be moved along the water, supposing always the material and finish of the surface of these different bodies to be the same.

The 2nd kind of resistance arises from the nature or shape of a canal, the water of which being confined in its breadth by the canal banks, necessarily presents or creates a resistance greater than that of water in a wide river, lake, or sea. This second kind

of resistance, it is evident, must be in the ratio of the differences between the outside lines of the transverse section of that part of the canal which is occupied by water, and the outside line of the transverse section of that part of the boat, or body to be moved, immersed in the water of the canal. It is also evident that, whilst on the one hand, even in the smallest canal, the transverse section of the boat, or body to be moved through the water, may be made so very small as to render the effect of this second cause of resistance scarcely perceptible. On the other hand, it is equally evident that, even in a large canal, the transverse section of the body to be moved along it might be made of such magnitude, or, in other words, made to approximate so nearly to the transverse section of the canal, as to render this second kind of resistance nearly insurmountable.

The 3d cause of resistance is common to, and must be encountered in, every piece of water, whether broad or narrow, deep or shallow, canal or river, lake or sea, viz. the simple cutting, pushing aside, or displacing of the water in the track through which the boat or body propelled moves, or is passed; and it is a matter of the highest importance to ascertain the nature and extent of this resistance, and how far it is increased or diminished by an increase or diminution of the weight, and consequent draught of water of the boats or bodies propelled.

Now a multitude of experiments have been made to ascertain the resistance consequent upon increased velocity; but none that we are aware of have been made to determine the increased resistance consequent upon the increased weight of the boat, or, in other words, the increased immersion of the boat in the water. The remedy for the increase of weight has always been a diminution of speed, by which the resistance consequent on the weight is almost altogether counteracted. Until very lately, no attention was accordingly paid to lessening the draught of water.

"It is, however, evident," contends Mr. Grahame, "that as the weight of a boat is increased or diminished, the body or volume of water to be displaced by its motion, and consequently the resistance to the forward motion of the boat, will be increased or diminished; but it is equally

evident that the resistance to the removal of this volume or bulk of water will be greatly affected by the circumstance of its being more or less deep, or more or less near to the surface of the water—that is, that the pressure or resistance of the water to be moved will be increased by an increased depth, in a much greater ratio than the proportion which the volume or bulk which such deeper portion of water bears to the entire amount displaced.

"The following simple rule, it is apprehended, may be safely applied for ascertaining the ratio of the increase and diminution of the above third source or cause of resistance to the motion of boats through canals. Allowing the force or power required to impel a body drawing or displacing one inch of water in depth and six inches in breadth to be at any given velocity a continued pull or power of one pound weight, then supposing the body impelled to be double in weight, and thus sunk another inch in the water, the power then required to impel the body through this increased immersion would be three pounds; because the working power is thus not only burdened with the cutting, pushing aside, or displacing the first or upper inch of water, but also with a second inch of water, the pressure or resistance on which is equal to that of two inches, or double that of the first inch. If this theory be correct, each succeeding inch of immersion must give an increased resistance in an arithmetical ratio, two, three, four, &c."

Now, with respect to friction, the relief as to this species of resistance will be nearly in proportion with the diminution of the weight.

The relief on the second kind of resistance depends on the weight of the boat and cargo, and must rise or fall in a ratio varying on each particular canal. The relief, however, must always be in an increasing ratio with the increased difference of the transverse sections of the boat and the canal, and will be most felt in canals of small dimensions. Relief from the third kind of resistance must be obviously obtained by the raising of the boat nearer to the surface of the water. And equally clear is it that the relief from the second species of resistance may be greatly increased by proportioning the cargoes and boats to the canals through which they move, and to the velocities at which it is found necessary to advance to move them.

At present, in all cases (excepting very recent ones) the weight of the boat

bears a much greater proportion to the cargo than land vehicles to their load. This on a canal water-way, which is so very much softer and smoother than a turnpike-road, or railway, is absurdly unnecessary: and it must be admitted that the proportion should be reduced as far as it possibly can be consistently with the safety of the vehicle. Already, on the Paisley, and on the Monkland canals, a great improvement has been effected in this respect. The last-constructed boat for the Monkland canal can carry 160 passengers, or, according to the ordinary computation, eleven tons weight; it weighs three tons, and the tare, or unprofitable weight, is not a fourth or a fifth of the gross weight dragged. This boat is built of iron plates, 1-16th wire-gage, weighing two pounds and a-half to the superficial foot, with ribs of angle iron placed from sixteen to eighteen inches apart, and weighing about a pound to the lineal foot. The safety of this boat has been proved by the test of time, and by a series of experiments which place the fact beyond all doubt. Mr. Grahame remarks, "In regard to the strength of this thin iron, any one may prove it to his own satisfaction. An iron plate of 1-16th wire-gage, if properly supported, may be stretched over a hollow space, and subjected to the action of a hammer or piling machine, it will then be found that the iron plates will stand without injury a blow which will entirely destroy a Memel plank of three inches in thickness. Injury to the iron can therefore arise not from violence, but only from the effects of corrosion, unobserved." We shall see by and by, however, that it is possible to construct a boat equally safe, and a great deal more light. But let us at present confine ourselves to the abstract advantages of lightness in these vehicles. One of these would be the substitution of human labour for mechanical or horse-power. Mr. Grahame, after having satisfactorily determined the ratio between horse-power and human-power, proceeds to state,—

"From experiment, I am assured, that, with a boat properly constructed, a man could with ease drag from ten to twelve tons at a rate of speed of from three to four miles per hour, and that he could exert himself fully six hours per day at such work. With such a boat, and a crew of four men, two always at work and two at rest; progression

would be continued during all the twenty-four hours. Each man would be employed six hours in active work, hauling the boat, and six hours in steering; the remaining twelve hours would be at his disposal for meals and rest, accommodation for which he would have on board.

"Allowing the progression, including the time lost in passing locks, and for other delays, to be at the rate of three miles per hour, the distance accomplished in one day, or twenty-four hours, would be seventy-two miles, and the work done would be ten or twelve tons transported the above distance. Taking the cargo at ten tons, carried seventy-two miles, this gives one ton carried seven hundred and twenty miles. If we take the wages of the men at 2s. per day, the entire cost of motive power and attendants is just 8s., or very little above one-eighth of a penny per ton per mile. I do not believe that such a certain, quick, or cheap mode of conveyance exists in the world. One of the great inconveniences attendant on the employment of animal-power, when a continued progression is necessary, is the necessity of establishing relays in order to obtain the full daily effective power of horses, by separate exertions at separate periods. The impossibility of obtaining the full effective power of a horse in one daily exertion caused me long ago to suggest the propriety of employing two horses, one to be carried in the boat, and at rest, and the other at work. The number of stations or relays would thus be reduced and separated at distances of forty to fifty miles. A horse, however, weighs on an average more than eight men, and the landing and embarking, more especially at night, would be troublesome.

"When we consider the immense number of horses employed on the canal navigations of Britain; that the cheapest progression by means of horse-power is performed by the employment of one horse and a driver; that the cost of this motive power, including the wages of a boatman to steer, varies from one-sixth to one-half of a penny per ton per mile; and that the average progress in a day does not exceed from twenty to twenty-four miles, the advantages of the new proposed power are manifest. It reduces the expense of progression and attendants to one-eighth of a penny per ton per mile, while it raises the speed of progression to seventy-two miles per day; or, in other words, it reduces the cost of conveyance twenty-five to seventy-five per cent, and more than triples the speed. The saving on wear and tear, and the great reduction of the capital necessary to be invested by a carrier,

would be very great. The power employed is, besides, never ineffective; at each point where the boat stops she has in herself an abundance of active efficient power applicable for loading, or discharging, or delivering her cargo.

"The demand for human labour which such a change promises to the overgrown population of England is not among the least advantages or benefits of the present suggestion; besides the great general advantages, it would for years to come put a stop to all complaints of the want of employment."

The importance of the facts related and the arguments advanced in the foregoing extracts is so great and so obvious, that it is scarcely necessary to load them with any comment. We only trust that those gentlemen who are sincerely struggling for the amelioration of the country, whether in parliament as legislators, or more actively, in endeavouring to follow forth personally some special measure of improvement, or some well-grounded speculation of improvement, may be induced to turn their attention to this subject, illustrated as it is by the scientific and purely philanthropic labours of Mr. McNeill and Mr. Grahame. And most particularly are we anxious that one esteemed friend of ours may be persuaded to lend it his consideration. He lives in a country peculiarly adapted for receiving to the very utmost extent the benefits proposed by the new system of internal navigation, — a country too, which, in our mind, stands more in need of them than any other upon the face of the earth. He possesses all that influence which the blandest manners, a direct and most undoubtedly honest purpose, fine talents, the most self-denying industry, and an energy seldom, if indeed ever, surpassed, can confer upon the gentleman who devotes himself as a servant to the public good. The country we allude to is Ireland, abounding in all the physical blessings which could well have been conferred upon it by a beneficent Creator: the man we thought of, and now venture to name, is Thomas Steele, happily emancipated from the "Serbian bog" of Irish politics, and directing his great powers in the only rational course which a sincere (and to invent a word) *unsordid patriot* can pursue, — namely, the continuous endeavour to promote the civilisation of the Irish peasantry in the only way in which it can be possibly achieved,

and that is by affording them a remunerating employment, which will be a cogent reason for peacefulness and order, and by opening for them a free communication with others of their fellow-subjects who have already attained some established grade in settled society.

We are convinced that if Mr. Steele will be good enough to take into consideration the results which might be achieved by the introduction of the light boats in a country like Ireland, abounding in lakes, and rivers, and multitudinous in the streams by which these are fed, he must be satisfied that very many of the expensive works he contemplates would be unnecessary; while, at the same time, one of the great objects he has in view, namely, the employment of the people, would be accomplished.

Of course we do not speak of his projects with respect to harbours, &c.; we confine ourselves altogether to inland navigation. And we put it to him whether, in a country like Ireland, intersected as it is in all directions by water-ways, it can be advisable to go to the expense, in any instance, of constructing rail roads, when boats can be so constructed as to travel on the shallowest streamlets, and when every lake may have its steamboat of any size that may be desirable, while it shall not at the same time draw more than about two feet water? There is at present on the river Loire a single-bodied steamer seventy-five feet in length and eight in breadth; and this boat, when light, draws only ten inches water. The huge double-bodied boats formed on the tube or cylinder principle, and plying on the Hudson between New York and Albany, draw only two feet water, and go at double the rate of any single-bodied boat which has ever yet been made. In England, too, although completely civilised, and enjoying a perfect intercommunication in all its parts, the introduction of this new system it appears would be highly beneficial in reducing the charges on travelling and the conveyance of goods, increasing the speed and safety, and affording abundant and enduring employment to the people. Having stated the general results from Mr. McNeill's experiments which are applicable to all canals, we shall proceed to Mr. Grahame's plan for the construction of double-bodied

boats, and to Mr. McNeill's project, now in the course of execution on the Forth and Clyde canal, for superseding the use of locks upon these water-routes. First; Mr. McNeill considers that lightness is of more importance than shape for quick progression. Both are necessary. But Mr. McNeill considers that the addition or subtraction of weight is at once much more apparent than any variation of shape. Two hundred weight makes an obvious addition to the labour of the horses. Second; the boats should be built and the load so disposed that they should always run on an even keel; but if this cannot be, under every circumstance, effected, the load should be so disposed as to make the boats hang or be lower by the head. Third; Mr. McNeill considers the greatest possible length should be given to the boats, even although intended for a limited number of passengers, as it gives a power to bring the boat more out of the water, and to dispose the load in the best way; for instance, Mr. McNeill is convinced that if your Union Canal boats were cut through the middle, and twenty to thirty feet added to the mid-ship's section, that they would be infinitely easier dragged than they now are,—the number of passengers and fittings-up continuing the same. Fourth; Mr. McNeill finds that the addition of one ton or so to the loading of our long boats is little felt in adding to the pull of the horses, as compared with the addition of a similar or even less weight into the Zephyr, or any of the shorter boats.

We now come to Mr. Grahame's plan for the construction of a double-bodied boat. Premising that it has been established by experiment that this form of boat, when of light draught of water, is that best adapted for quick progression on or through the water, Mr. Grahame says,—

"In determining the form and construction of any vehicle to be employed in the transport of human beings, the first requisite necessary, and to which all the others must give way, is safety, and, if possible, entire absence of danger to the passengers. Now, although in the journeys or voyages, extending to some millions of miles, already performed in Great Britain by the light single-bodied passage-boats recently introduced, not a single accident has happened, it would, nevertheless, be rash to say that accident was impossible. But in a properly

constructed double-bodied boat it can be demonstrated that accident is impossible; and, this fact ascertained, the entire attention of the builder of a double-bodied boat may be bestowed on the attainment of the four great requisites for easy, swift, and cheap progression through water, viz.—lightness and strength in every part of the boat, and buoyancy and formation in the parts coming in contact with the water. Supposing it, then, to be intended to construct a double-bodied boat fitted to carry sixty passengers and their luggage, and to give them as ample accommodation as possible, such a boat, it is evident, must consist of two principal portions, or divisions, as distinct from each other as the wheels and perch are from the body of a coach or omnibus: these divisions are, 1st, the lower or floating portions of the boat, and, 2nd, the upper or cabin portion, which is attached to and supported on the lower or floating portions. In planning the first division, buoyancy, in order to skim or keep near the surface of the water, and fine figure, in order to separate or cut through the water in front and to escape from the water behind, are alone to be attended to; whilst, in planning the second division, a sufficient accommodation for the passengers is the only object.

"In determining or planning the proper form or build, and in choosing the materials of the boat thus to be constructed, it will be necessary to consider separately the two divisions before described, and in so doing it is proper to commence with the lower or floating portion, certainly the most important, and that where the four requisites before laid down alone require to be combined. These requisites, it may not be amiss here again to repeat, with special reference to the formation of the lower or floating portion of the double-bodied boat, whose form and construction is about to be laid down. These requisites then are, 1, the greatest possible lightness of the materials to be employed in the formation of the boats; 2, the greatest possible strength in the disposition and placement of these materials; 3 and 4, the greatest buoyancy at midships and finest formation at bow and stern, consistent with the proper figure of bodies intended to pass on and through water by the action of a power operating in an oblique or sidelong direction; keeping in view in this formation the avoidance of friction and the proper ventilation of the tunnel or hollow separating the two floating bodies, and also the necessity that the bodies in question should have a hold of the water sufficient to enable them to keep their way, and to be quickly

obedient to the rudder in the face of side winds acting on the large surface of the covered cabins to be placed on these bodies, and of the lateral pull of the towing-line."

After shewing good reason why the circular form should be preferred, he goes on to state :

"The circular form being, then, that which is to be adopted in the formation of the boats or floats about to be constructed, I would propose to fix the diameter of these circles at 2 feet 6 inches, and the midships, or central division of the boats or floats, being, as before stated, of a length of 72 feet, we have then, for this part of the floating bodies, to con-

struct two tubes, or cylinders, perfectly circular, 72 feet in length, and of the diameter of 2 feet 6 inches. I have calculated as accurately as I could the buoyancy of these cylinders, and I find, that at one foot draught of water each tube or cylinder should have a buoyancy equal to 3 tons 12 cwt.; or the water displaced by the two tubes or cylinders, when immersed to the depth of one foot, or twelve inches, should be sufficient to float 7 tons 4 cwt. Of course this buoyancy is not equally divided on the depth of immersion, the sacrifice of buoyancy to formation being much the greatest on the lower part of the circle immersed. The following table gives pretty accurately the buoyancy of each three inches of the one foot immersed :

TABLE.

					Ton Cwt.		Ton Cwt.	
On the First... 3 inches of immersion, the buoyant or floating power of each cylinder.....					0	10 or, together,	1	0
On the Second	3 ditto	ditto	ditto	ditto ...	0	17	ditto	1 14
On the Third	3 ditto	ditto	ditto	ditto ...	1	1	ditto	2 2
On the Fourth	3 ditto	ditto	ditto	ditto ...	1	4	ditto	2 8
Total immersion 12					Total buoyancy ... 7 4			

"These tubes, or cylinders, I would propose to form of wooden staves, similar to those of a barrel, but of equal size from end to end. The wood used should be the best-seasoned white pine (such as is used in the construction of whale-boats), or some other equally light, but tougher timber. The thickness of each staff should not exceed two-eighths, or at most three-eighths, of an inch. These staves are to be attached to and formed on hoops, placed inside of the cylinders at equal distances, every two or three feet; these hoops should be of ash, three inches in breadth, and two-eighths or three-eighths of an inch in thickness, to give further strength to the cylinders and support to the staves, and to remove the slightest danger of accident by the sinking of the boats. A bulkhead of thin timber should divide the cylinders at each second hoop. These bulkheads should be slightly grooved into the centre of the hoops; and, to bind the whole, light iron-hoops should be bound round the outside of the cylinders, just over the alternate inside wooden hoops, where there are not bulkheads. Each cylinder would thus consist of a series of barrels placed end to end, perfectly equal throughout the inside hoops and bulkheads, supplying, as far as possible, the support or strength

given to a barrel by its slightly arched formation from end to end; and, in addition, converting the cylinders into safety-boats, which cannot be sunk."

"To guard against the effects of thin ice, or any sharp corner, in damaging the cylinders, to reduce friction, and to keep the wood from getting water-logged, the cylinders, when finished, should be covered with very thin sheet-copper; and it would be proper, in order to compensate for the expansion and contraction of the wood in hot or cold weather, to place between the metal covering and the wood a very thin layer of cotton cloth, well soaked in a preparation of resin and tallow, and of a consistency sufficient to ensure its remaining always rather soft. Cylinders so prepared with proper wood and thin copper-plate, should not weigh, including bulkhead, hoops, &c., so much as one pound per square foot of their outside superficies; the diameter of each cylinder being 2 feet 6 inches, the circumference is of course 7 feet 6 inches, and the length being 72 feet, the outside surface, superficial measure, of each cylinder, is exactly 540 feet; and the weight, taken at one pound to the foot, is of course 540 lbs., or 4 cwt. 2 qrs. for each cylinder, or the entire weight of both cylinders is just 9 cwt. So much for the centre, or mid-

* Let any one look at the formation of a pair of light wheels on which the weight of a ton, or a ton and a half, is supported, and consider the violent shocks against the hardest substances to which these wheels so loaded are subjected, and he may then form an idea of the strength of the formation now described.

ship's divisions of the lower or floating portion of the double-bodied passenger-boat."

As to the bow and stern,* he proposes to finish them off like the finest whale-boat (but cutting off all dead wood behind or before), the length for either to be twelve feet.

"We have next to consider," observes our author, "the second or upper division of the proposed double-bodied boat, which, like the body of a coach or omnibus, as respect the wheels and perch of that vehicle, is to be attached to and supported on the lower and floating portion. As already mentioned, this lower or floating portion is 96 feet long, whereof 72 feet alone are applied and calculated on as a disposable buoyant or floating power; the upper division being intended to accommodate sixty passengers and their luggage, it will be admitted, that if laid out or arranged so as to give a superficies of seven square feet free for each one of the sixty passengers, it will afford very ample accommodation for the whole number. To obtain this accommodation, the midship's section of the lower or floating portion must be decked over, and covered to an extent of sixty feet in length, and a width of 8 feet 2 inches, as follows:—The cylinders being placed exactly parallel, at the distance of 2 feet 6 inches apart from each other, a frame-work consisting of two planks, each sixty feet in length, hollowed so as to fit and press equally on the upper surface of the cylinders, and connected by cross and diagonal pieces of wood, is to be laid on the cylinders, so that each end of the frame-work shall be six feet distant from each extremity of the midship's portion of the tubes; which, as already mentioned, are 72 feet long. The planks in question, 60 feet long, must be strongly riveted to the cylinders, at the points where the inside hoops and bulkheads, and the outside iron hoops, are placed. This frame-work should, in addition to the cross and diagonal joinings, be connected from corner to corner by wires and stretchers. To prevent, as far as possible, all tendency to warp, over this should be laid a flooring, as light as is consistent with safety. The flooring should be 80 feet 2 inches in breadth, so as to extend three or four inches over the extreme outside of the cylinders: this flooring should be grooved, and

every possible precaution taken to prevent it from warping. Supposing the flooring or planking to extend four inches clear of the extreme outside of each of the cylinders, this would give a superficies of 60 feet by 8 feet 2 inches, or 400 superficial square feet of decking; this, if taken with the under planking or platform, as weighing 2 lbs. to the superficial square foot, will give a gross weight of 980 lbs., or 8 cwt. 3 qrs. The full length of this deck, viz. 60 feet, I would propose to cover in as cabins; but the width of the cabins should be restricted to 7 feet, or 6 feet 10 inches, which would leave a free space outside of 8 inches, to enable the crew and steersman to pass from one end of the boat to the other without entering the cabins. In forming the sides and coverings of the cabins, the greatest regard should be paid to lightness. The sides and top should be merely frame-work, connected and bound together by patent wire-gauze, and should be so formed and joined to the flooring as to support and bind it on the principle of a suspension-bridge, or trussed beams. This could easily be effected by means of light wire ropes, or iron stretchers; and if properly done, and connected with the boarding or deck, the two portions thus joined would mutually strengthen and support each other. The same attention should be given to the fitting up of the seating going round the cabins: this seating might be so formed and attached, as greatly to strengthen and stiffen every part of the boat. I would have little or no planking to be used in covering the cabins. The sides and tops of the cabin, except where windows were required, should be covered with light oil-cloth; in winter, an additional cotton lining inside might be added for warmth. The doors should be of the same light material.

"It is needless to enter on the dispositions of the cabins, but supposing them to be in three divisions, and to be 6 feet 3 inches in extreme height, the entire superficies to be covered or divided would, including the outside ends and inner divisions, be something under 1340 superficial square feet; or, taking the weight at 1 lb to the square foot, the total weight is 1340 lbs., or 11 cwt. 3 qrs. 24 lbs. If 1 cwt. 2 qrs. be allowed for seating and supports, the gross weight of the boat will then be as follows, viz.:

	Ton	cwt.	qrs.	lbs.
" First weight of the two cylinders	0	9	0	0
Second ditto of frame and deck	0	8	3	0
Third ditto of cabins and fittings up	0	11	3	24
Fourth ditto of seating and supports	0	1	2	0
In all	1	11	0	24

* These, in the American tube-boat, are drawn into fine cones.

"The position of the steersman may be either in the front or rear.

"A double-bodied boat of the above construction, and weighing when unloaded 1 ton, 11 cwt. 24 lbs., will draw about four inches water; and when loaded with sixty passengers, i. e. four tons' weight, its draught of water will be under ten inches. This sort of boat may, in fact, be best described as a huge water-sledge."

We have next to state, that Mr. Grahame considers a triple-bodied steam-boat still better than the double, because in it you get the steam-engine and boiler placed directly between the two paddle-wheels in the centre of gravity; and in it you concentrate the whole machinery, so as to have the entire motive-power close to the moving agent. A boat of this description might be made to carry sixty passengers, or four tons' weight, and engines, &c. &c., which call eight tons' weight—in all, twelve tons' weight, and its draught of water shall not exceed ten inches.

So much about boats. But before we quite close this part of the subject we cannot help throwing out a fancy of our own, and it is, that perhaps for mere speed with a very light weight—that of a single person say, in charge of the mail, for example—the best formation might be that of the Cytherean shell in which Galatea loves to be borne on the ocean floods.

"*Dum ferri gaudet Siculas Galatea per undas
Haud notum incautis spectantibus excitat ignem.*"

In the exquisite picture of Raffaele, suggested by these lines, in which the goddess, surrounded by nymphs and tritons, is represented as careering in this her marine chariot over seas lulled into quietude by the almighty power of her grace and beauty,—the wheels, which are placed rather forward between the small bow-like end of the shell, and that which fan-like expands itself, are drawn almost in the likeness of modern paddle-wheels; in fact, they consist altogether of nave and flat spokes; there are no feloes, there is no shoeing, there is no material periphery. We should like much to see an experiment made with a water-chariot of this formation, which strikes us as not alone most admirably adapted for speed from its peculiar and most graceful shape, but also calculated to escape, in a very great de-

gree, the effect—in truth, in no small extent to avoid creating the wave, so detrimental to progression. The same wood recommended by Grahame for his staves, might be used in the construction of this classic vehicle; it might be sheathed with copper, and smeared also with that mixture of soap, tallow, &c. used occasionally on sailing-boats.

Mr. Grahame observes also, with great truth, "that the field for improvement in the figure or form of canals, is as extensive and more unexplored than that of boats." There is specially great doubt as to the best form for the banks. Telford faced the banks of the Birmingham Canal with a perpendicular wall of stone. The banks of the Oxford Canal, under the auspices of Cubitt, incline considerably from the water to the towing-path. Mr. Grahame would be disposed to construct the banks with exactly the opposite inclinations, and talks of the possibility of the wave being diminished perhaps by an overhanging coping of stone, or layer of wood. For our own parts, if allowed to hazard an imagination—we will not call it an opinion—on the subject, we should express the fancy that the object in view might be, in no small degree, attained by shaping the banks into the form of a segment of an ellipse, the chord of which, up to its maximum, should be proportioned to the highest velocity and weight proposed for the boats when loaded, the depth of the water, and the breadth of the canal. Be it understood, however, that we throw this out as a mere dream, which we have neither leisure nor opportunity of testing by calculation or actual experiment. It only remains for us to add, that Mr. McNeill has a plan now in the course of execution, by which locks will be superseded, and the loss of time and waste of water-power, which is incidental to their use, be spared. It cannot well be explained without diagrams; suffice it then to say, in a word, that it consists in transferring, by means of machinery, the boat in a net-work cradle of flat ropes, such as those used in the collieries, from one water-level to the other.

We here close our notices of Mr. Grahame's work, hoping, with the philanthropic author, that the experiments he has detailed, and the theories he has set forth, may incite the scientific world to further researches and labours upon a subject so intensely interesting.

THE BARBARIAN EYE.

BEING ever ready to give all the effect in our power to those "pleasant thoughts" which come when "most they're wanted," it is with fervour we embrace *The Barbarian Eye* of General Loo. This is a good joke, and, to use Loo's own words, "comes from far,"—a fact which merely makes it ~~the~~ more welcome. We propose, with the concurrence of our readers, to explain or narrate a few of the marvels astonishing a "Barbarian Eye" in modern Babylon. That the prospect is wide and varied all must perceive,—that it will be glanced at with impartiality is presumable from the fact, that the far-travelled "Barbarian Eye" has long employed a favourite pupil in the survey. Wherefore proceed we to our task.

One preliminary remark we may be permitted; and it is very necessary. We are about to describe *things*—good, bad, and indifferent; but we shall make no allusion, however slight, to persons. We shall, in short, while doing what we please, do nothing we ought not. More than this we need not say,—less than this we could not.

Many persons may suppose the "Barbarian Eye" would have taken his first peep at the House of Commons. On the contrary, with great discrimination, the said Eye regards that region as something less than a booth of conjurers. Well, but which is the first object? The clubs? that might do very well, and probably may arrest our notice, if only on account of the prodigious nonsense already put forward on the subject by several of the periodicals. We never yet met with a line of sense or truth concerning the clubs; yet have we read all that has been written of them by our sage contemporaries of the quill, who are divided into two distinct and equally incompetent classes,—viz., the male writers, who have never, or rarely, entered the clubs,—and the female personages who, on a morning lounge, or weekly *soirée*, uplift their eyes (by no means "Barbarian") in silent wonder, while murmuring from Butterfly Bayly's lamentation,—

"Who shall fill our vacant places?"

They may depend on it that, somehow or other, the places are filled; and

that, though you shall scarcely find a man but in their presence hails the singularly adorables in the Moorish language—

"Dear creatures, we can't live without you!"—

men *do* live in their absence, and that right jollily,—a fact accounted for, according to the "Barbarian Eye," by the exhilarating influence of wine and ivory. To return from this long digression, we shall not say a single word *at present* about the clubs, from Crockford's down to that undefinable hole infesting George Street, Westminster, because we wish to give our contemporaries a chance of distinguishing themselves. They are sure to assist us in *one* way—a good work already begun by the *New Monthly*, which some months ago twaddled in a style peculiarly its own, and which we shall especially comment upon some month between this present 1st of August and Mr. O'Dwyer's birthday. Our reason for alluding to this last event, which, like all other events since Campbell's *Lochiel*, "coming," "cast its shadow before," will be explained at the proper time. A word now of Frasersians generally.

Before Sebastian fell by the hands of the Moors, at the battle of Alcazar,—after Muley-Moloch had expired with his finger in his mouth, thus enjoining his followers to keep his death secret till the battle was decided,—when the said Sebastian stood almost defenceless before the said Moors, these latter called out to him that if he would surrender they would "spare his life." "But you cannot," replied Sebastian, "restore my honour;"—and, so saying, he threw himself into the midst of them, and fought till he sunk bleeding and exhausted, but not lifeless, on the ground. Now so much did the brave Moors admire the valour of this hero, that they began a bloody conflict for his possession, which dispute was terminated by an officer, who came up and split Sebastian's skull with his sabre. We will not stop to inquire whether the Moors in the first instance proffered safety to the king because

"The worth of any thing

Is just as much as it will bring;"

nor will we speculate as to their secret motives when fighting over his prostrate

body : no doubt they were actuated by perfect purity of intention. But what we wish to remark upon is, the peculiar infelicity of heroes in this matter of death. That Sebastian, in acting as above described, was behaving like a gentleman of strong purpose and stainless blood, all must agree. And what is the result ? Why, that he who fell so gloriously is by some historians affirmed to have left the field, and slit his wind-pipe like a common highwayman ! And now for the application of our historical instance.

It has not unfrequently occurred to us to be put upon our mettle ; and we well remember when the allied forces of all that is least estimable, we might add least pardonable, in the field of periodical endeavour, attacked our "tomahawk," "dagger," "desperation," and "daring," in a way which led us to reflect a moment on the best means of encountering such unequal numbers ; they, like the Moors, offered an ignominious safety ; but we preferred the preservation of our honour, and went to work in right good earnest. The parallel between Sebastian and ourselves is here interrupted for a moment. If, by the blessing of Apollo, "fluttered the Volsces in Corioli ;" *alone* we did it, and placed the Queen of Isles on her unshakable throne. But had we, like Sebastian, fallen, however bravely,—in other words, had we, after refusing a disgraceful boon, been sabred, or, rather, bludgeoned, by our "wooden" foes,—we, like the royal hero, should have been maligned as having cut our own throats, after turning away from an unsuccessful field. Many is the "candid" historian whom we could name who would have lied above as we lay low. But this has not been, nor shall it be ! We have chosen and shall keep our onward course,—never punishing where there is cause to spare, but ready at all times to prove that, in our own Fraserian phrase,

"We have gentle hands for girls and friends,
And bony fists for foes !"

But where all this while is the "Barbarian Eye ?" Think not, kind reader, that great luminary is forgotten, or even obscured ; nay, by its most expressive twinkle have we been led into the lines of, we will not say self-defence, but of wholesome admonition,

to the enemies of her literary majesty our most gracious Queen, whose throne is in Regent Street, and whose crown is where we mean to keep it—on her own magnificent brows !

The first glance of our often-mentioned "Eye" fell upon the theatres ; and, being much affected to the moving situations incidental to the genuine drama, the "Barbarian" proceeded to one of the patent playhouses, where, to his great surprise, he saw that there were nearly as many beasts as men upon the stage ; and, on closer inspection, was compelled to admit that the former had the advantage in appearance and general intelligence. "Much pondering on these things," he was agreeably surprised to find that the temporary superiority of the beasts over the men was to be attributed to the superintendence of Mr. Ducrow, who would gladly have bestowed as much attention on the men, but that their four-footed rivals were the objects of his "peculiar" care. Not a tear, however, fell from the "Eye ;" on the contrary, he could make nothing of the matter but that it was "grand." So he went his way, and turned into a theatre belonging to sundry estimable people, and commonly called the Adelphi. Now the "Eye" called a crystal drop into one corner, wishing, like Richard III., to be "in the fashion." But more "grandeur" met his glance—there was *Celestia* ! a most superhuman production ; yet, knowing little of moonshine, he limited his attention to a truly terrestrial spectacle, in the person of Miss Daly. The *Last Days of Pompeii* next presented itself, upon which he withdrew for a little fresh air. Avoiding the "Strand," out of respect to the Chamberlain, he traversed Waterloo Bridge, and made his way into the Coburg ; where he suddenly found himself before a looking-glass curtain ; but, having already dressed for the evening, he again sallied forth, and sought the Surrey, where two gentlemen were fighting for their honour with an exasperation of the word as well as blow. After waiting for a scene or so, he discovered that these two gentlemen had crossed swords not from any particular occasion in the drama, but because they had carefully studied the broad-sword exercise. He then ascertained the direction of the Olympic, and wishing to see the manageress, he bent his way thither ; and, though he had entered so many theatres, he

arrived at Madame's just as she had begun to sing a solidly stupid song, something about men or women having their own way. One verse of this composition he listened to, out of respect to the lady, but beyond that he could not, or, rather, he *did* go; for in a trice he was far beyond the precincts of the Olympic, the fascinations of Madame, and the *Times**-honoured genius of the song-spinner. Hardly had he come to a halt, when he saw the English Opera House right before him; and, heartily sick of the English drama, he resolved to have a look at the French. Much to his delight, Jenny Vepré was just then metamorphosed out of a cat, so satisfactorily, that he indulged an inward desire for her retaining the character. Lemaitre was also there, and the "Barbarian Eye" at length was moistened. He then retired to rest exhausted; and it was with difficulty he restrained himself from some strong expression of feeling, when reflecting that, among all these places of amusement, he had, with the exception of the last, seen nothing to reward his trouble. However, resolving to look in at the Opera, the Haymarket, and the Queen's, he closed his lids, and fell into a state of slumber, as the *Annals* prettily term going to sleep.

On the following day he arose with great energy, and, as he himself facetiously observed, "with the lark," and "for a lark." Skimming the paper, and complaining of that

"fable of the milky way,"

the so-called cream of London, he observed in the advertising columns of the *Morning Post* an almost countless number of works, with critical quotations from various reviews, of so laudatory a character that he was absolutely at a loss where to choose. All must, he thought, be equally deserving, since all were equally extolled. But perchance this might be only the politeness of the *Post*. The sterner *Times* was consulted, and returned a verdict fully as superlative, with this simple difference, that the "Eye" perceived the praises in the *Times* were confined to the *advertising* columns,—whereas the *Post* presented many a little paragraph "passing sweet," followed by

many a quotation curiously dull. I'll judge for myself, however, thought he, and take a "look in" at some of these depositories of mental miracles. Following this resolve and eke his nose, our heroic Eye made for the Burlingtonian bower, on entering which he felt the full force of the saying, "One can't see the wood for the trees." Here you really could not see the books for the leaves. Bewildered with such fertility, he inquired of the garden-gate-keeper what was the freshest and best fruit he could recommend. Of course the "last new" was tendered him. He with the alacrity of a novice paid the price, and made for home, determined not to look even at the title-page till his return. Arrived safe in his drawing-room, he closed the door, turned the key, and, ivory in hand, he began studying his new purchase. Perhaps he might be unusually dull that particular morning—very possibly; but certain it was that there was desperate dulness on one side or the other—in the author or the reader. "I have it," thought the "Eye," brightening in his own "Barbarian" beams; "the blunder is mine. Taking the first book offered me by the shopman, I have hurried away without looking at the title-page,—thus buying some blockhead's wooden apple in lieu of the genuine fruit of genius." So saying, he examined the title-page; but this stood him in little stead. He had the clearest recollection of the name of the work, as also of the advertised criticism; and on referring to the *Post*, sure enough there was his newly-bought book pronounced "fraught with feeling"—"full of interest"—a "masterly production"—"the gem of the season"—"stirring all hearts," and "having very particular reference, in certain passages, to very exalted personages, of whom it would be premature to speak,—but a key is preparing." "Is it?" thought the Eye, "then the best thing would be to clap a lock on this infernal book, and fasten it up for ever!" So saying, the "Eye" was closed to the lying literature of the day.

Should any of our readers inquire which of the thousandfold novels now three-volumnising the face of the earth occasioned this disappointment to our hero, we must beg to decline giving an

* The Thunderer's vindication of Madame, and comment on this song, form a most relentless bit of fun.

answer, and for this reason : the author or authoress would consider it unkind, while, on the other hand, his or her fellow-labourers might give way to an ungenerous emotion of joy to which we shall certainly not be a party by revealing a secret perfectly unimportant. Choose where you will, reader, and judge for yourself—a very unusual function.

Now whither turned the "Eye?" Disgusted with books, he ordered lunch, and, in a meditative mood, set to considering that greatest of all powers, what the plague he should do with himself for the rest of the day. A man engaged in city affairs, in book-making, in law, in trade, or business of any kind, may wonder at the fact of one not knowing what to be at for six or seven hours; and his wonder is natural enough. He has either the Stock Exchange, the British Museum, the courts, the shop, or other scene of bustle in his industrious mind's eye, ever bent on the interesting subject of conveying coin from other people's pockets to his own. But very different is the situation of a man with more both of money and time than he knows what to do with. The slightest disappointment in his morning arrangements makes him exclaim with the Roman, "I have lost a day," though not from precisely the same feeling. Take our "Barbarian Eye," for instance. Misled by the magniloquence of the *Times* and *Post*, he had made up his mind for a day's delightful reading. That project, as we have seen, was "knocked on the head." (We believe the expression is Burke's,—it is very striking.) What then was he to do? A day set apart for reading,—a day of contemplation to be disturbed by no ruder din, no more grating noise than a cricket-match within the fender, or some such gentle sound of earth, reminding us we are not all alone, though nobody is nigh,—such a day as this—a day of dreams and intellectual raptures to be darkened by the dense and voluminous vapours of a three-volume abomination—it was not only really but infinitely too bad. "Well," thought our philosophic Eye, "let me see!" And, so saying, he tossed off his stirrup-cup, and accomplished a start.

The first object which arrested our hero was the omnipresence of FRASER'S MAGAZINE, in the shop-window of

every bookseller of the slightest respectability. Had it not been for the dreadful disappointment he had sustained in the morning, he would have gratified his curiosity; but, reflecting on the wise saw, of which there are so many modern instances, namely, "once bit twice shy," he made the best of his way to Newman's, and stepped into his carriage, solemnly, enjoining the coachman to drive to the Zoological Gardens. Arrived at this fairy region, he was struck by the prudent arrangement which requires a gentleman to leave his stick, cane, or switch, in the care of the porter. This appeared to him a very wise provision among a war-like people, as the English unquestionably are. Well, no other obstacle opposing itself, he proceeded to observe upon the remarkable scene around him. The innocent children fostering their humane impulses by coaxing a bear to the top of a pole with a bit of cake, and skilfully dropping the same so as to let it fall into the jaw of a sinecurist snugly lying at the bottom, seemed to him an admirable illustration of the absurdity of all effort, and the profitable nature of the *dolce far niente*. He next remarked a fact highly creditable to the consistency of the fair sex. They who, in morning walks, in noontide rambles, and evening saunterings, always evince so peculiar a preference for monkeys, were here, in the Zoological Gardens, employed in the sedentary occupation of watching the vagaries of the same intelligent tribe. "Now, don't they do every thing but speak?" exclaimed a dark pale girl, with a cheek, from some cause or other, slightly flushed. "Fiddle-stick!" returned her companion, a blooming blonde, who seemed averse to conversation, and kept musing on,

"In maiden meditation, fancy free!"

The "Barbarian Eye" took a pinch of snuff, and passed on. Being somewhat curious in birds, beasts, and landscape-gardening, he found much to fix his attention as he strolled through the "Zoo." And what gave him great satisfaction, as an evidence of the good sense of the British nation, was, that at every turn he met a pair, or a party, of most respectable persons, who seemed wholly engrossed by the wonders of nature and art gathered around them by the enterprise of the Zoological Society. The matches of

conversation which he involuntarily overheard, as he pursued his solitary ramble, were all replete with an enlightened and generous spirit, far removed from the frivolous, malicious, and ungenial tone by which people too often pollute or poison the springs of social intercourse. This, thought he, is as it should be; and, while so thinking, he turned "sharp," as it is called, and found food for another train of reflections. His emotions were vehement; he made for the gate, and entered his carriage. Having occasion to call at the "Senior," he took the plain and pleasant route, which on his return home he thus described, much after the style and manner of Fanny Kemble.

A Journey from Kent to York.

[Not to mislead my ingenuous reader, I must here observe that I allude not to the counties of Kent and York, but to the statues representing the two royal dukes of those names, the former of which statues stands at the top of Portland Place, and the latter on Carlton Terrace.]

"Muse of the many twinkling feet!"
Thy favourite walk is Regent Street,—
Beginning where Kent's royal face
Commands the line of Portland Place,
And ending where the Duke of York
Surmounts that pillar—matchless work!
Which makes the Frenchmen all look
solemn,

Because it beats Nap's boasted column.*
Then come, thou pet of all the muses,
And shew us what the use of shoes is.

Behold the maiden, light and flirty!
Behold the stately shape of thirty!
Hear the silks and muslins rustle—
Every beauty in a bustle—
Each persuaded *she's* the true one
To reclaim a roving Juan!
See the sid-long glance, that makes you
Doubly sad that she forsakes you;
But go she must! dragged by some
mother,
Sister, cousin, aunt, or brother—

Confound impertinent relations!
Born but to mar the best occasions.
A conquering glance has fixed sweet
Beauty,—
She falters—yields—when in stalks
Duty,
Daemne-like, and cries, "My dear,—
Come, come, we can't stay loitering
here."

Or, perhaps a brother will assist her,
Whose look says, "D—me, that's my
sister!"

Or else,—but why recount the causes?
The prize soon far beyond your claws is.

This by the way; now on we go
A tide of life in joyous flow!
Eyes whereby a world benighted
With love's own lustre might be lighted;
Forms which, could the angels die,
Unchanged might fill their thrones on
high;
Hearts,—but there, my muse, we'll stop,
Else nettles we may chance to crop—
A food that's only fit for asses,—
So "Here's a health to all fair lasses!"

There stands the Royal Duke of York,
As fine a prince as e'er drew cork!
Enraged at Cat-Emancipation,
He turns his back on all the nation.
Or it may be he thus doth snub
The members of the Clarence Club;
Perchance the Horse Guards fill his eye,
Or the fine old Abbot, where the sigh
Of Mem'ry fans the mould'ring flags,
And mourns poor Chivalry's last rags!

Whate'er he thinks of, there he stands—
The sometime chief of conquering bands!
Far up mid circumambient clouds
Of London smoke his face he shrouds,
Save when, at times, a straggling ray
Of sunshine, that hath lost its way,
Plays round, and shews the princely
grace

That lit that well remembered face.
So now, my muse, we'll draw a cork
To royal Kent and royal York!

We feel so grateful to the "Barbarian Eye" for poetising on this occasion, that we cannot refuse ourselves the pleasure or him the profit of presenting him with a word of advice.—The "Barbarian Eye" is a very peculiar sort of poet, and he would do wisely to limit himself for the future to plain-spoken prose.

Having finished the effusion just quoted, he sat down to dinner, and proceeded shortly after to the card-table at the Travellers, which is tomb and epitaph for any evening.

On the following morning, the sun (to use the beautiful language of Mr. Ruthven) rose with peculiar brilliancy. This fact could not escape our penetrating hero, who, to say the truth, never had a rival—save only one—in the way of mare's-nest finding; and that one was a clergyman. This reve-

* The most homely mention perhaps ever made of the famous column in the Place Vendôme, was when a traveller from Cockaigne called it "the big iron post in Vyndham Place."

rend gentleman is deserving our especial notice. He flourished in the reign of "Bloody Mary;" and one windy day, inhaling a report that her majesty had been just delivered of a son, he lifted up his voice near Paul's Cross, and assured the congregated gapers that he had seen the young prince; at the same time pronouncing his newborn highness the healthiest and most beautiful child he had ever beheld. That the prince in question would have been surpassingly vigorous and beautiful, must be clear to the soul of any courtier.

"He would have had all precious gifts that could a prince adorn, sirs,
But a little thing prevented him — poor lad! he wasn't born, sirs.
Bow, wow, wow."

This is a digression. We know it, and we glory in it. Most comfortless Grumbletonians! think you we are to be scared by a scowl, or growl, or howl? No! as the good old strivers for religious freedom told their bigoted foes, "Rather than submit to such an enemy, we would feed on our left arms and defend ourselves with our right." There, gentlemen of the brush, there's a subject! A most interesting supper-scene — enough to inspire your *pillots*. But we never take suppers;* so let us mind our Eye.

This great critic was searching for novelties in the columns of the *Best Possibles*, when the correspondence of juvenile Ben with Morgan O'Connell arrested his attention. The Barbarian's laughter was well nigh as "unextinguishable" as the hatred of Ben. "For," thought he, "if the said Benjamin be really indignant at the designation 'Jew,' let him be assured that bellowing about 'unextinguishable hatred' will not go far towards convincing the world that he is a Christian. True it is, that Dan's denuncia-

tion of him as the lineal descendant of the Impenitent Thief was impertinent, and gross in the extreme. But I have a crumb of comfort for Vivian. It is that, by a backward glance, I, the Barbarian Eye, have discovered that the Impenitent Thief never had chick or child; that he himself was an only son, and, as Albert Conyngham well knows, a Natural Son; and that never was any thing more unfounded than Mr. O'Connell's calumnious assertion about Benjamin's pedigree. As to the blockhead in the *Morning Chronicle*, who affirms that the Impenitent Thief's name was 'Disraeli,' he need cause no great trouble to any one; it being well known that he himself is an apostate from the faith of the Jews to that of the Jumpers, and (since the truth must out) that he would have been a Jew to the present hour in his professions, as he undoubtedly is in his dealings, but for his cutting commentaries on that interesting work called Pickled Pork. But were all this otherwise — had even the Jewish gentleman his veins full of that

'Ancient but ignoble blood,'

of which the poet sings — had the Consistent Thief been really his great original, I should still think that, at this time of day, 'unextinguishable hatred' might have been among the avoidable phrases of so skilful a writer as the author of *Vivian Grey*, *Contarini Fleming*, the *Revolutionary Toothpick*, &c. &c. &c. Has this fine young fellow yet to learn that 'life is too short to be sighed on,' and certainly not long enough to be growled on?"

The Eye here closed, in self-searching meditation "fancy free." Without presuming to take up the strain after so "eminent a hand," we will just submit to our well-beloved Benjamin an imprecation of the great pastor and master, William Wordsworth:

* As we never appropriate the phrases of other people without proper acknowledgment, we beg to say, that the joke about supper-eating is taken from page 216 of the third volume of Colonel Hodges' work on the Pedroite pranks enacted in Portugal. According to the narrator, Dom Pedro's private confessor, when exhorting the reluctant Portuguese to battle, assured them that, should they fall, they would sup that self-same night in the banquetting-halls of the blessed. The struggle commenced, and, Fortune *rumping* the Pedroites, the confessor very devoutly took to his heels among the first. "Ho, ho, father!" cried a military wag, "didn't you tell us that those who fell should sup this night in Paradise?" "True," replied his reverence, "but I never eat suppers;" and so saying, he continued his courageous course. And, according to Sir John Milley Doyle, he is still to be seen running somewhere near the head-quarters of Zugaramurdi; a name which, it is presumed, must stop him, if any thing on earth can.

"If thou be one whose heart the holy
forms
Of young imagination have kept pure,
Stranger, henceforth be warned, and
know that pride,
How'er disguised in its own majesty,
Is littleness; that he who feels contempt
For any living thing, hath powers within
him
Which yet he knows not of; that thought
with him.
Love in its infancy. O be wiser thou,
Instructed that true knowledge leads to
love."^a

We break off, dear Benjamin, because our books are somewhere else, and we quote from memory; which, like a few of our friends, is growing somewhat slippery. *N'importe!* There is quite enough of wisdom in the passage, as quoted, to put out the pipe of your "unextinguishable hatred." So read, read, read, like a good fellow, till, pitying and pardoning even an O'Connell, you may

"Still suspect and still revere yourself
In lowliness of heart,"

and thereafter take your place among the

"Serene creators of immortal things."

By the way, this last line is from Walter Savage Landor, and is one of the imperishable touches which will, we think, survive even the cradle-rockings of the Cockney muse.

Having pondered much on the tribes of Dan and Benjamin, our hero proceeded to lend his shadow to the foot-path; and, on reaching the Strand, he stopped at nothing till he arrived at Somerset House. Forthwith producing his "splendid shilling," he joined the crowd of connoisseurs, coxcombs, loungers, languishers, and lamentable people of both sexes, who, in those insufferable rooms, afford us a hot-house notion of the infinite varieties of the drooping flower called "Love in Idleness." Here the Eye was in his glory. Whether gazing on the arrangements of the "Hanging Committee" (who, let them hang as they will, can never please the artists), or "gilding the foot," or face, or bust, or waist of some breathing and moving frame, he found abundant occasion for delighted attentiveness. *Of the wall-flowers which wooed his glance, the most*

striking were the portraits of ladies and gentlemen, by Wilkie, Landseer, M'Cise, Leslie, Etty, Hayter, and the dramatic president, with others too numerous now to mention. These riveted him to the spot; as well, indeed, they might. Whether *one* portrait be *divine* or not we will not pretend to say; but that it is in no degree *human* we take upon ourselves to declare, having been much disturbed in body by beholding it. The verses in the catalogue are, we trust, more descriptive of the picture than of the original; but supposing that the artist painted from his text, we may say,

"What can ennoble fools and cowards?
Not all the *skill* of all the Howards."

And really, as we have over and over again declared, there is no making a silk purse out of a pig's ear. The artist could only do as he did with such a subject. The way in which he has realised his object must command, not only admiration, but a considerable share of that feeling which from time immemorial has been the cause of colic. Under the "effect defective" of this sensation, the "Barbarian" hurried away from 347, and took refuge in Eastey's Hotel, Southampton Street, Covent Garden; where, by the care of Tapster, he recovered his inward composure. This Tapster is a man who struck the Eye with considerable wonder. The effect produced by him on the distinguished foreigner will best appear from the following extract, taken from the "Barbarian's" journal:

"At about three o'clock, P.M. took refuge in Southampton Street, Covent Garden, at Eastey's Hotel. Wonderful place! marvellous landlord! Ordered a bottle of wine—sublime beverage! Begged landlord to bring glass and be seated—singular man! full of humour, and overflowing with anecdote; tells a capital story, and sings like a primitive Christian; knows every body, and every body's business; can tell you to a quarter of an inch how deep a man is in love, or in debt, or in drink, or in the dumps, or any other bedevilment; is wide awake to the profile or full front of all the duns, bums, runners, followers, setters, dodgers,

^a We by no means wish the "Curiosity of Literature" to fall in love with any female relative of Daniel. The word *love*, as employed by Wordsworth, and quoted by ourselves, does not mean *turtle-soup*.

eaves-droppers, and the other accursed components of that diabolical system called 'Catchpollery;' has a deep feeling of religion, and quotes *Cole-ridge à la Gillman*; is a great connoisseur in paintings; reverences the sex, and thinks that up to a certain age they are sincere; is fond of puns, and hates the Radicals; observes the Sabbath strictly, and despises Sir Andrew Agnew; takes great interest in the world of *letters*, especially *franks*; has not a bottle of bad wine in the house—whenever he finds one, sends it to the churchwardens; is patronised by people of the very first fashion; his house swarms with members of parliament, he having the best collection of parliamentary records in England, save those in the House of Commons itself; has great taste for the drama, but shakes his head at the actors, and thinks the actresses no better than they should be; admires the British constitution, but growls at the window-tax; thinks improper people ought to be encouraged to a certain extent, lest Honesty should play the *maquerceau* in her own defence; is fond of poetry, and has no objection to poets when dead; but shrinks, with all the delicacy of a sensitive plant, from the thrilling touch and living music of a bard's promissory notes, &c. &c.

"*Mem.*—This singular man sings in a style I never heard equalled. I was so charmed with him, that bottle after bottle appeared and vanished with electioneering celerity. Never, I think, shall I forget his style of singing 'Garriek's Ghost.' I was deeply struck by it, and I begged him to favour me with a copy of the words—a request with which he instantly complied. The song runs thus:

Garriek's Ghost.

'The Maiden Moon, in her misty chemise,
Was pettishly gleaming on towers and trees,
When a ghost glided forth in the mid-
night air,
With a timorous step and a comfortless
stare.

Sing fol de rol lol lol le.

In King Street this Ghost he made a stop,
Right over against a boozing shop;
And the eyes of his soul he began to rub,
Till he saw that the ken was the Garriek
club.

Sing fol de rol lol lol le.

'Confound the snobs of this paltry crew!'
'Cried he; 'may Satan their suction brew,

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For using my name as a spell to draw
Players, playwrights, and petty-fog lights
of law!'

Sing fol de rol lol lol le.

Then to Covent Garden the Shade moved
on,

And he thought of the time when, a
towering don,

He ruled all the Ruffs of the mimic
scene—

Now the Moon looked out with a brow
serene.

Sing fol de rol lol lol le.

What she meant by this smile 'tis hard
to tell,

But the Ghost turned glum as a fiend of
hell,

Or a gamester 'done,' while he sadly
read,

As a tavern title, 'The Garriek's Head!'
Sing fol de rol lol lol le.

'My head!' quoth he; 'may the libellous
dog

Be drowned in a pool of his own vile
grog!

And if ever I meet with the knave below,
For his brimstone bed how the bellows
I'll blow!

Sing fol de rol lol lol le.

Then the Garden he crossed in dudgeon,
and came

To the street that bears Southampton's
name;

And he chuckled with glee as he cried,
'By Heaven!

Here's my own old house, number twenty-
seven.'

Sing fol de rol lol lol le.

So he loudly knocked and stoutly rung,
Till back the huge door on its hinges
swung,

And Tapster growled forth, 'Here's a
hilloa-ba-loo

At this hour of the night! who the
plague are you?'

Sing fol de rol lol lol le.

'My friend,' returned Garriek, 'this
house is mine!

And my spirit's athirst for a draught of
wine.'

'Your house!' giggled Tapster; 'well,
I wish you joy,

And we'll drink to next quarter-day, old
boy!'

Sing fol de rol lol lol le.

Then down they squatted, sirs, cheek by
jowl,

The jolly-faced host and the bodiless
soul;

And Garriek cried out, 'Oh, I live again,
While those cups of delight to the dregs
I drain!'

Sing fol de rol lol lol le.

What yarns he spun out of the times
gone by,
Till the Herald of morn gave a hint to
the sky ;

' Thanks, friend, for your cheer,' to
Tapster quoth he,

' Still this house the home of my soul
shall be !

Sing fol de rol lol tol le.

' Get all the good fellows you can to-
gether,

Lord eagle-eyed birds of the chosen
feather ;

And ne'er let them part till they've
brimm'd a bowl

To the lord of the mansion's insatiate
soul.'

Sing fol de rol lol tol le.

So saying, he melted away like smoke,
And Tapster exclaimed, ' Oh, 'tis all a
joke !'

When lo ! a loud voice was heard to reply,
' My jolly companion, you lie ! you lie !'

Sing fol de rol lol tol le.

And I am the landlord who welcomed
that ghost.

Then fill up your glass, and I'll give
you a toast :

' May Laughter ring loud, for he hears
off the bell,

While the good fellows glorify Eastey's
Hotel !'

Sing fol de rol lol tol le.

" After this highly original effusion
I, the Eye, could not refuse the very
reasonable request that I would favour
him with a stave. I accordingly sang
the ' Maid of Lodi ' and the ' Maid of
Wickham,' both of which may be found
in the British Museum."

To say that the great luminary was
obscured, obnubilated, or, in the slight-
est degree visited with obtenebration,
would be to tell the truth certainly ;
but it would also be a betrayal of con-
fidence. We therefore think proper
to say, that he did not evince any wish
to occupy both sides of the pavement
as he took his way home after his
comfortable computations with John
Garrick Tapster. That he swallowed
sundry bottles of soda-water, &c. on
the following morning, is to be ac-
counted for by the heat of the weather.
At about noon he presented himself
at the office of Lord Duncannon — a
middle-aged gentleman, disguised in
a neckcloth — and procured permis-
sion to look through the royal residence
called Buckingham Palace. This palace
appeared to him rather decisive as to
our modern architects. The pillars in
the entrance-hall are really serviceable,

for they manifestly keep the roof from
falling. But though performing this
duty in a very handsome manner, it is
evident that the work must eventually
prove too much for them. The statue-
gallery is admirably contrived for con-
cealing the defects of any work of art
which may be placed there. And it
was very good-natured on the part of
Nash so to consider the feelings of
his contemporaneous chiselmens. The
paper adorning the queen's apartments
must have been a rare bargain, by
whomsoever and for whatsoever sum
obtained. Then how shall words do
justice to the magnificent effect pro-
duced by the scagliola pillars, so ad-
mirably realising the idea of

" A dish of ripe straw berries smothered
in cream !"

The bow drawing-room is also remark-
able for its blue-stocking posts and its
magnificent ceiling, whereon is repre-
sented the most interesting passage in
the history of L'anurge. As to the
throne-room, it begs all description ;
the footstool is five feet in height, and
the seat of royalty lofty in proportion.
The original dining-room is now des-
tined for a council-chamber ; and, to
save the shins of the guests who may
be honoured by a royal command
to dinner, the banqueting-hall is on
the same suite with the drawing-room :
so that the horrid process of hobbling
up stairs after a festival will be entirely
got rid of. Of the gardens nothing
need be said, they being well known.
In brief, the merits of this magnificent
palace may be disposed of by assuring
our countrymen, as most conscien-
tiously we can, that the forcible im-
pression made by the exterior will be
further confirmed by the appearance
of the interior. Nothing can be more
sound than the objection taken by
Bishop Bloomfield, namely, that the
room at first intended for a chapel
should now be appropriated to the
purposes of an armoury. But, with
this single drawback, Buckingham Pa-
lace may be pronounced a most amus-
ing edifice ; and, indeed (to borrow an
epithet from Caroline, The Wife), the
royal residence is particularly " nice."

The " Eye " took a peep in the
evening at the theatre " under the sole
management of Mrs. Nisbett." This
pretty widow and her two pretty sis-
ters, and the roar-commanding Reeve
— not to mention the Honey-comb,

and other peculiar petticoats — contrive to keep a small theatre so full that, were it not for the “Eastern style of ventilation,” no human being could support the atmosphere. However, as it is, that interesting couple, “All the World and his Wife,” are at the Queen’s continually, allured in no small degree by the highly fashionable tenantry who cultivate the private boxes: Our hero was so charmed with the performances of John Reeve and of Mrs. Honey, that, having first inquired into their general characters, he, a few evenings after, presented Mr. R. with a punch-bowl, and Mrs. H. with a snuff-box; on which occasion he recited, in the spacious green-room, the following laudatory verses, composed by himself to their especial honour and glory. The present to the lady may appear singular at first sight, but the reader will perceive the very elegant compliment which the idea of that same box contains.

To John Reeve, Esq.

“Reeve! though thou’rt not a member
of the club
Which Hill and I the Garrick chose to
dub,
Thee have I recommended to my muse,
Who here shall bathe thee with baptismal
dews.
Be blest, great John! the glory of thy
face
Shall long the clouds of Cockney-sorrow
chase,
And shed a glow through London’s
gloomy skies,
Cheering as Nisbett’s ever-laughing eyes.
Disdain thou all the cynics who insist
That thou should’st moderate thy wonted
‘twist;’
So far are We, most jovial Reeve, from
this,
That here we proffer thee a bowl of bliss.
Rich are its mouldings, richer its con-
tents —
A combination of celestial scents!
Then clasp the Beauty by her full-grown
waist,
And all the rapture of her spirit taste.
Drink to the drama, nor forget the drama,
And for the critics care thou not two
d—s.

* * *

“Now, Honey, thee my graceful muse
shall greet;
Yet ’tis but fingering ‘sweets unto the
sweet,’
Or ‘gilding gold,’ or ‘painting lilies,’ or
‘Perfuming violets,’ or, what’s much
more,
To famed Newcastle carrying needless
coals,
Thee to extol, thou regent of gay souls!
Still a slight touch of complimenting
verse
May do thee good, and leave me none
the worse.
Now for a lay! How’s this? My way-
ward muse
Won’t stir another step without her shoes!
Declaring, pretty prude! she dreads,
lest Scandal
May quiz her instep abiding in a sandal.
Confound the gipsy! I’ll care nought
about her,
But shew the world that I can do with-
out her.
Here goes! Sweet Honey! Honey,
‘fresh’ and ‘prime,’
To what glad words thy gentle name
doth rhyme!
First, there’s the fountain of all pleasure,
‘money’ —
A golden rhyme, enough to ravish Honey;
Next, we’ve the joyous thought express’d
by ‘sunny’ —
A radiant rhyme, well matched with
dazzling Honey;
Then there’s young Laughter’s chosen
herald, ‘funny’ —
A giggling rhyme, most fit for gamesome
Honey.
The Rhyme-Smith’s stock is out, ex-
cepting one he
Reserves for private homage to his Honey.
And now, fair lady, take this box of dust —
Nay, point not, pretty one! the tribute’s
just:
We only mean to say you’re ‘up to
snuff.’
You take the box! ’tis well — I’ve said
enough.”

If this termination appear rather abrupt, we may observe, in extenuation, that any conclusion to such verses is commendable. Knowing “when to stop” is a stretch of wisdom to which many a modern writer would do well to direct his attention.

In illustration of which truth, we shall stop here.

* As a specimen of non-puffery, we quote the following from the *Morning Post*: “Queen’s Theatre, Fitzroy Square. — Mrs. Nisbett pledges herself to the public, that her theatre is now one of the coolest theatres in London, owing to her having adopted the Eastern style of ventilation; which will entirely preclude the possibility of any inconvenience that may arise from crowded houses. Mrs. Nisbett begs this may not be considered as a mere advertisement, BUT ENTREATS THE PUBLIC TO AN INSPECTION TO PROVE THE TRUTH.” Bravissimo! Feargus, rub your eyes, man! for i’faith the pretty widow is wide awake.

THE DISSENTERS AND THE UNIVERSITIES.

WHAT the things are, which the more honest, intelligent, and sober-minded Dissenters desire to be corrected — there is, we believe, very little dispute about; nor will any candid Conservative deny that their claims, in reference to the marriage ceremony, baptismal registration, and funereal rites, should be freely and immediately conceded, as far, at least, as they do not involve an organic change in the constitution of the church and the country. Whether the additional claim recently set up by some of them, to be admitted to Oxford and Cambridge without the required qualification, can be urged with the same force of reason, on the plea that their inability to qualify for these universities is a practical grievance, will appear, we trust, in the sequel. On this point, it is now our intention to adduce a few plain facts and inferences; and, while we do so, we hereby invite those Dissenters who are agitating this question, to give us such an answer as will best vindicate their pretensions in the judgment of reflecting men.

Understanding a “practical grievance” to be something on the part of others, which unjustly interferes with a man’s spiritual well-being, or with his worldly comforts and interests, the position which we mean to establish is, that the Dissenters, by their inability to qualify for Oxford and Cambridge, have sustained no injury whatever.

The common allegation that, being conscientiously unable to comply with the required conditions of admission to these seats of learning and religion, their exclusion amounts to a persecution for conscience sake, is a mere ignorant fallacy. This, if it were necessary, we might very easily reason out; but, not to mention that the burden of proving the persecution, must rest upon those who allege its existence, we hold it will be quite time enough to refute the allegation, when the Dissenters put themselves into a condition to merit it. At present, they are obviously not in the condition which alone could entitle their charge of persecution to be listened to; for, in precisely the same sense in which they impute this to the church, do the great body of Dissenters

persecute the minority among themselves,—that is to say, any person whose conscience does not enable him to subscribe to the orthodox tenets respecting the divinity of Christ, is rigidly excluded from the Dissenting academies of Homerton, Hackney, Highbury, Cheshunt, Blackburn, Wyndely, Stepney, and Bristol, as well as all others of the Independent and Baptist denominations.

But, while it is thus plain that the existing usage at Oxford and Cambridge does no more involve persecution than the existing usage in the Dissenting academies, it is equally clear, on the showing of Dissenters themselves, that, by their not having access to university instruction in matters of religion, they suffer nothing whatever in their spiritual interests. They cannot complain of not getting what they do not want; and that they do not want religious instruction at Oxford and Cambridge, is evident from their having rejected it by their own vote, when settling the *curriculum* of the London University.

If, then, the Dissenters have no title to complain of our present university arrangements on the score of being injurious to their spiritual interests, either in the way of persecution or depriving them of religious instruction—the next question is, to what extent do these arrangements injure them in their worldly concerns? We deny that they are thereby injured in any practical way. By these arrangements, Dissenters are not excluded from the navy, nor from the army, nor from mercantile pursuits, nor from the bar, nor from government offices, nor from the East India Company, nor from the House of Commons (to wit, Mr. John Wilks), nor from the House of Peers (to wit, the Duke of Norfolk), nor from the civil magistracy (to wit, Mr. Alderman Brown, who was not long ago lord mayor of London). But if no practical injury has been sustained by Dissenters in any of these walks of honour or of profit, it may perhaps be argued that they suffer injury from not enjoying the general literary culture of a college education, as well as from not obtaining degrees, which, besides being

sometimes useful, are always honourable, and in the medical profession indispensable.

Now our answer to this is, that, even under the existing state of things, Dissenters have at this moment a free and unfettered access to degrees in arts, law, medicine, and even divinity, in no fewer than four chartered universities of the British empire; and this, without the slightest compromise either of creed or conscience.

In the four universities of Edinburgh, Glasgow, St. Andrews, and Aberdeen, no subscription to any creed whatever is required. To secure admission to the lectures within these colleges, all that students have to do, be they Dissenters or not, is simply to pay the necessary fees, which are moderate enough in all conscience; and if any person wishes to take a degree in arts, law, or medicine, nothing more is required of him than to produce certificates of his having attended the prescribed course, and to be able, on undergoing examination, to satisfy the *Senatus Academicus* of his literary or professional competency. Divinity degrees, on the other hand, are chiefly honorary; but that they are extended to English Dissenters, with even more readiness and liberality than some people may think judicious, is evident, not only from the fact, creditable to all parties, that such degrees have recently been conferred on the Rev. Messrs. Burder of Hackney, and Fletcher of Stepney, who were Glasgow students; but also from the fact, not quite so creditable to any party, that similar distinctions have been obtained by some of the conductors of the *Evangelical Magazine*, who never studied at a university at all. We acknowledge that such a loose mode of conferring theological honours, may perhaps be thought by some persons to detract considerably from their worth; but that Dissenters, of all others, have neither the right nor the disposition to think slightly of distinctions so conferred, is fairly deducible from the fact, that a Mr. James Mathison, of Durham, and a Mr. Andrew Read, of London (two independent preachers), have recently returned from a short visit to the United States, dignified (?) with American degrees of D. D., although neither the said Mr. James nor the said Mr. Andrew have ever attended a university at any period of their

life. Nor were these foreign degrees accepted by them, upon the principle that illiberal usages, in their own country, had excluded them from such distinctions at home. Had these reverend persons possessed the will and the pecuniary means to take a regular education in any of our northern universities, there was nothing in the mere circumstance of their being Dissenters, that would have disqualified them for obtaining degrees. But, really, as far as Dissenting ministers are joining in the existing clamour, their pretensions, we must take leave to say, are of the most intrepid kind imaginable; and for this obvious reason, that, while indecently hallooing in the present outcry, the vast majority of them, as we shall afterwards shew, have not, as students, the pecuniary resources for obtaining university privileges, under any circumstances whatever; in other words, they affect to be labouring under a practical grievance, because they are not admitted to the expensive tuition of Oxford and Cambridge, though they themselves are obliged to be educated and supported at Dissenting academies by public charity.

Should Dissenters urge objections against our northern universities on account of the expense and inconvenience of going such a distance, it must be remembered that the expense and inconvenience of travelling from London to Edinburgh, or from York to Glasgow, are not greater than would accrue to them in travelling from Cornwall to Oxford, or from Carlisle to Cambridge; nay, they are not nearly so great. In the English universities, there are so many terms in the course of the year, that, during the vacational intervals, young men are put to considerable expense and trouble, either in journeying to and from their homes, or in being supported at college in the interim; whereas, since in the Scottish universities there is only a single session in the year, and that an uninterrupted one: the expense of travelling is confined to a single journey there and back,—which journey, we may add, can easily be accomplished between London and Edinburgh, Glasgow or St. Andrews (by coach and by steamer), in less than forty-eight hours, and for little more than twice as many shillings.

With respect to the intrinsic value of the general literary and professional

give—we are prepared to prove, that, even with the drawback of Edinburgh graduates being obliged to purchase a license from the College of Physicians, the advantage both in point of competency and cheapness is still greatly in favour of the northern medical diploma. An Edinburgh medical graduate, being duly licensed in London, is, in all respects, on a perfect equality with an English one, save and except that the former has been accomplished for his art at considerably less expense than the latter; which, to most Dissenters, will probably be a consideration. The license, however, from the College of Physicians, ought no longer to be required; while, with respect to persons who have passed as surgeons in the northern medical schools, they are subject to no disability of any kind, in contradistinction to practitioners who have been educated in England. On the other hand, in the faculty of arts, the absence of all practical grievance on the part of Dissenters is still more apparent; for, on the supposition that they have neither a bachelor's degree, nor a master's, they are not thereby disqualified for any one thing,—neither for conducting the *Eclectic Review*, nor for discharging the pastoral functions in the most fashionable and fastidious temples of Dissent, nor for ordaining woollen-drapers to the office of the holy ministry, nor for editing the *Evangelical Magazine*, nor for passing as attorneys or barristers, nor for undertaking the duties of classical and theological tutors in those exclusive quarters where alone they would choose to exercise them. In short, a Dissenter not graduated in arts, suffers no other practical inconveniency than the risk of being rejected as candidate for an ushership in some of our chartered schools; or, if he be a northern graduate in arts, one serious injury he will indeed suffer, and that is, the English bachelor or master will undoubtedly take a most painful precedence of him, in matters of court ceremonial! Law degrees, again, are comparatively so seldom sought after, either in England or Scotland, that, as the possession of them is found to be of very circumscribed advantage, their absence, generally speaking, is scarcely at all felt. At any rate, if the want of them be a practical grievance, the *onus probandi* must lie upon the complainers; and, as

to the possibility of any practical grievance arising to Dissenting ministers from not obtaining divinity honours at Oxford and Cambridge, we shall simply remark that, if they do not content themselves with acquiring “a good degree” of a higher kind,—and if they are not confining their affections to that lofty region of spirituality from whence they must look down upon such carnal distinctions with a holy indifference,—and if, instead of being anxious to avoid “the chief seats,” and to occupy “the lowest room,” their hearts, far from trembling with a godly fear, lest they be ensnared into worldly pride, are burning with a fierce sectarian jealousy, lest the title of “rabbi” or doctor should be withheld from them,—in these circumstances, how much soever we may regret that Dissenting ministers should seek “to glory” in any thing else “than the cross of Christ,” we are afraid that their mere mooted of a grievance on this subject, must be a serious damage to their character. It betrays something which one would rather not see, and it excites suspicions of a distressing kind. But, after all, if they must confess so much of human frailty as to plead the existence of this grievance in their “pure minds,” they will find in the divinity degrees of Scotland a very sufficient remedy.

Endeavouring as we are, to show that the existing constitution of the English universities inflicts upon non-conformists no practical grievance whatever, another consideration which powerfully strengthens our general argument is, that, even if all facilities were immediately given to Dissenters for studying and graduating at Oxford and Cambridge, they could not avail themselves of such a privilege to any extent, corresponding to the clamour they are making about it.

Far are we from wishing either to understate the truth, or to disparage Dissenters, when we say that comparatively few of them are in circumstances to afford the expense of an English university education. Of Dissenters generally (to say nothing of many of the pew-renters in their chapels, who, being members of the Established Church, have no participation in the alleged grievance), by far the overwhelming proportion are gaining an honest livelihood by manual labour. But there is undoubtedly among them,

a vast number of most respectable shopkeepers, who, besides sending their children to boarding-school, can perhaps keep a gig or so, and make an annual trip to Margate. Many there are, too, of a yet higher class, such as merchants, solicitors, medical practitioners, manufacturers, and even some bankers; while not a few have retired from business altogether, and are enjoying the fruits of their industry in a quiet and unambitious independence. To state with arithmetical precision the relative numbers of these respective classes of Dissenters is, we regret to say, not in our power. But though such a precise statement would greatly strengthen our argument, it is by no means essential to it. All that we contend for, at present, is (what surely no candid person will deny), that comparatively a very small fraction of Dissenters, and of Church-folks too, if you will, can afford a Cambridge or Oxford education, say for only one son in a family, which, at a moderate calculation, will cost about 200*l.* a-year. Connected, however, with this general fact, it is necessary to keep in mind that, even among the few Dissenters who might be able to spare such a sum from their annual income, there must be a large proportion who would have no inducement, and, therefore, no disposition to do so. These, for the most part, destine their sons to business pursuits; and it will scarcely be argued, we presume, that university honours would be in demand among Dissenters for the purposes of mercantile life,—or that a linen-draper would need to be a senior wrangler,—or that a ship-broker should be able to write Greek iambics,—or that a first-rate dry-salter would require to be a first-class-man of Oxford,—or that a master manufacturer must also be a master of arts. We are entitled to assume, then, that the Dissenters, having the funds, and the desire to purchase a university education for a son, would only be such as preferred bringing up a son to the learned professions; or, in other words, to the Christian ministry, to medicine, or to law. And would this be a large proportion? Let us see. With respect to the Dissenting ministry, it is matter of notoriety that the income and status of persons holding that office, are not exactly such as would induce even a pious man, who can

spare 200*l.* a-year upon his son's education, to devote that son to a calling which, though abstractly an honourable one, will not yield, upon an average, a yearly income of 150*l.* Hence the undeniable fact, that so few of the sons of the wealthier Dissenters betake themselves to the Dissenting ministry; and hence, too, the fact, equally undeniable, that Dissenting congregations, not being able to procure pastors who can defray the expense of their own education, are obliged to support academies, by public subscription, for educating pious young men of a humble station, who cannot afford to educate themselves, either in the cheap universities of Scotland, or in any other way. Indeed, the smallness of the number of Dissenting ministers educated upon their own funds, is almost incredible, as we shall shew presently. But while it thus appears that those Dissenters who can afford a university education for the Dissenting ministry have not the inclination to take it, and that conversely, they who have the inclination, are destitute of the necessary funds—no person can pretend that the English colleges are answerable for this; no person can pretend that the causes which prevent these two classes from taking advantage of the college education in Scotland, would be at all affected or removed by Cambridge and Oxford being thrown open; no person can pretend that, if these establishments were thrown open to-morrow, a university education would be a whit more common among the Dissenting ministry than it now is; or that, while declining to take the cheap and equally efficient Scottish article, either from its not yielding a suitable return in Dissenting stipends, or from not having the means to pay for it,—they would, nevertheless, throng to purchase the dearer English one, without the smallest beneficial alteration in the inducement or the means. Thus, as far as this branch of the learned professions is concerned, the alleged practical grievance supposed to arise from the humble class who become Dissenting ministers not having access to Oxford and Cambridge, is quietly got rid of.

Deducting, then, all the manual labourers among the Dissenters, and all the middling shopkeepers, who, having enough to do to bring up their children at a boarding-school, could

not be able to take advantage of the universities, even if thrown open; deducting, too, that large proportion of a much more limited class of Dissenters, who, though possessing the pecuniary means of educating a son at college, would not choose to do so for the mere purposes of business, and have no inducement to do so with any view to the Dissenting ministry; deducting, in fine, almost the entire body of non-conformist pastors, who, not having funds to pay for their own learning, are educated in Dissenting academies by a public subscription, which (far from being equal to maintain them through a regular course at Oxford or Cambridge, even were it so applied), is found wholly insufficient to support them for two or three years among the frugal commons of Homerton and Highbury; deducting all these from the aggregate amount of Dissenters who are absurdly said to be suffering the practical grievance in question—we shall find that the Dissenting circle who would be at all able or disposed to take advantage of university privileges in England, is narrowed to the inconsiderable few who might wish to bring up a son, not to the profession of law or medicine generally—for neither surgeons nor solicitors require academical honours *ex necessitate*—but to the higher and less frequented walks of a physician on the one hand or a barrister on the other. And since, among barristers, there are numbers who have ate their terms at the inns of court, and been called to the bar, without ever having attended an English university, there is nothing extravagant in believing that a fair proportion of Dissenters, as well as others, would still continue to do so under the proposed alteration; so that the supposable number who would be likely to take advantage of the demanded change, is really reduced to the merest fraction imaginable.

Nor are there wanting other causes that would serve to reduce that number still farther, even upon the shewing of Dissenters themselves.

Some time ago, a pamphlet was put forth by a Mr. Beverley, an independent lay-preacher, intended to shew up the vices prevalent among our young colleges, particularly at Cambridge. Now it is quite true that the unsavoury odour of the author's fame deprived his work of all title to respect; and,

from whatever sort of formations he had taken his specimens, it is quite true that at a touch of Professor Sedgwick's mineralogical hammer, they crumbled into impalpable dust. Among the Dissenters, however, Mr. Beverley's writings have had a great circulation; and, since the extensive demand for a book, continued through successive editions, affords pretty conclusive evidence that its purchasers concur in its opinions, the inference is not an unfair one that Mr. Beverley's ideas of our university morals are acquiesced in by a large proportion of non-conformists, who would probably agree with him in nothing else. How, then, could Dissenters think of sending their sons to such sinks of pollution as Oxford and Cambridge, except upon the equivocal principle adopted by some of the ancients, that the best antidote to vice was to familiarise the mind to its contemplation? Dissenters, by hypothesis, are religious *par excellence*; and, as the proposed legislative alterations in our universities would fail, we fear, in spiritualising the peculiarly carnal hearts of Episcopalian students, unless, indeed, the introduction of godly young Dissenters should operate upon the literary body as transfusion is said to do upon the corporeal one, it is clear that neither that quiet and holy man Mr. John Wilks, among the Tabernacle folks,—nor that pure abstraction of spirituality Dr. Styles, among the Independents,—nor that model of conjugal morality Mr. Fox, among the Unitarians,—it is clear, we say, that neither of these well-known characters, nor, of course, the respective sects of which they are influential leaders, would venture for one day to risk their hopeful heirs among the contaminations of our English universities; and just for this obvious reason, that Mr. Wilks would shudder lest his son should acquire those expensive tastes and prodigal habits which might issue in discreditable bubble speculations or ruinous electioneering contests; and Dr. Styles's self-denying features would assume a still sicklier hue of fasting and mortification, lest the face of his promising offspring should contract a bloated and rubicund aspect, or an expression of gross animal indulgence; while poor unhappy Mr. Fox would be frightened into fits, lest his innocent young cub should learn little more than to spout at tavern-meetings on a

Sunday, and to hold father cheap the sacred bonds of marriage.

Looking at our universities, therefore, in that moral point of view in which Mr. Beverley has depicted them, even the small fraction of Dissenters who might wish a son to take a degree in them as doctor of medicine, or doctor of civil law, would most probably be intimidated from making the attempt; and if they did make the attempt, we are not without some suspicion that the aristocratic feelings and habits prevalent among the existing body of students, might operate with still more effect, in placing such embarrassments in their way as might speedily compel them to abandon it. Generally speaking, young men of rank and fortune will associate only with their equals; nay, we fear, they often carry themselves with a supercilious bearing, not indeed towards such as adorn their proper station, but towards those, their inferiors in society, who desire to level their distinctions, and who insist on being their equals. About the propriety of this, we say nothing,—only we should think it rather uncomfortable and humbling to those who encounter it; and since to be cut and looked down upon, are among those sore and subtle offences which no enactments can reach, and which no high-minded youth can long submit to—we should not be surprised if, under the proposed regime, a Dissenter's going to Oxford were, after all, recoiled from, as synonymous with his going to Coventry.

But what convinces us, above all other arguments, that Dissenters have experienced no practical grievance from the existing regulations of Oxford and Cambridge, is the fact, that they have never, to any extent worth mentioning, availed themselves of the means whereby the alleged grievance might be remedied or diminished.

When any thing is really felt to be a practical grievance, there are two modes of procedure which men will invariably adopt. They will, first of all, cry loudly for redress; and failing in this, they will resort to the next best expedients whereby their grievance may be neutralised. That the truth of this statement has been both felt and acted on by Dissenters, is evident from the remedial measures they have long resorted to, in reference to their real practical grievances. For example,

they could not bury their dead in our parish churchyards, without submitting to the Episcopal ceremonial—and therefore they opened Bunhill Fields burying-ground, as at once a standing testimony of their grievance, and as an expedient to abate its hardship. Excluded, in like manner, from their just right of having their baptisms recorded in a legal registry, they therefore opened, at Red Cross Street Library, a registry of their own, to meet, as far as possible, the exigencies of the case. If, then, their non-eligibility to Oxford and Cambridge had been felt as a practical grievance, surely we are entitled to expect that they would have acted, in regard to that grievance, precisely as they have acted in reference to burial and baptism—or, in other words, that they would have let their grievance be known; and that, until it was effectually redressed, they would have employed whatever means were legally in their power, to counteract, as far as possible, its injurious effects. Yet who ever heard of Dissenting clamour about the universities, till the *Reform-bill* was passed? Why has the alleged grievance been hiding itself, during the two centuries that have nearly elapsed, from the time of Dr. Owen, down to the present day? Where are the persevering and constitutional petitions to parliament upon this subject, in bygone times? Where have been the remonstrances of “the Board of Deputies,” so called, as in the case of the Test and Corporation Act? Where have been the struggles to obtain this object, on the part of “the Society for the protection of Civil and Religious Liberty?” And, above all, where are the eloquent and indignant invectives of its solicitor-secretary, in his well-known anniversary speeches? Till within these four years, scarcely a whisper has been heard upon the subject;—that is to say, all the monied and influential Dissenters who possessed the elective franchise before the recent extension of that privilege, and who alone could or can take advantage of a university education, manifested no sense of grievance on this point; while, strangely enough, the enfranchisement of the ten-pound Dissenters, not one of whom can pretend the slightest personal participation in the alleged grievance, has been made a stirrup of, by a few raffish Independent and Unitarian jockeys, to vault into the saddle, with a view of running for the

sweepstakes of Church-destruction ; which assistance, however, were they only put into the scales, would inevitably be denied them, from their lightness of weight. But while the fact, that the outcry for admission to University honours was never heard of till the enfranchisement of that low class of voters, who, not being able under any circumstances to take advantage of such honours, can of course suffer nothing by the existing tests—while this fact, we say, plainly proves that the wealthier Dissenters (who alone could take advantage of these honours, and who possessed the elective franchise antecedently to the Reform-bill, and who, nevertheless, gave no instructions and made no complaints to their parliamentary representatives upon the subject) were really and truly sustaining no practical grievance whatever ; precisely the same conclusion must be come to, from their having neither resorted to such practical expedients as were made to their hand, nor created any expedients themselves, whereby the alleged grievance might, as far as possible, be neutralised or abated. Now, since it is much more rational and easy to make use of an efficient instrument already organized, than to undergo the expense and labour of creating one, whose capacity of answering its intended purpose may, after all, be doubtful—we should like to know, in the first place, to what extent the English Dissenters have made use of the northern universities. Of the efficiency of these universities, we have already exhibited a tolerable proof in the splendid names they have produced, in almost every department of literature, philosophy, and science ; nor shall we say more upon this point, than simply refer to the general professorial eminence of the whole body of the Scottish physicians, barristers, and clergy. But the efficiency of a northern education is not more remarkable than its cheapness ; and we will shew this, by the following minute and accurate details :

Expense of an entire Course of Instruction in the Faculty of Arts at Edinburgh.

FIRST YEAR.

Matriculation and Library fee	£1	0	0
Humanity Professor	3	3	0
Greek ditto	3	3	0
Mathematical ditto	4	4	0
Janitors	0	15	0

Optional entry to a Student's Literary Society	0	10	0
Books, about	1	5	0
	14	0	0

SECOND YEAR.

Matriculation and Library fee	1	0	0
Humanity Professor	3	3	0
Greek Professor	3	3	0
Logic and Metaphysics Prof.	3	3	0
Mathematical Professor	4	4	0
Janitors	1	0	0
Books, about	1	10	0
Literary Society (optional)	0	10	0

17 13 0

THIRD YEAR.

Matriculation and Library	1	0	0
Highest Humanity class, gratis	0	0	0
Highest Greek ditto, ditto	0	0	0
Highest Mathematics	4	4	0
Moral Philosophy	4	4	0
Rhetoric and Belles Lettres	4	4	0
Natural Philosophy	4	4	0
Janitors	1	10	0
Literary Society (optional)	0	10	0
Books, about	3	3	0

£22 19 0

Thus the student, in attending these courses, which, if properly improved, will entitle him to the degree of M.A., is put to an annual average expense, for education, of about £18 0 0

He can travel from London, or Liverpool, or York, to Edinburgh, for 5 5 0

He can obtain respectable lodgings, including coals and attendance, for 10s. or 15s. a-week, or as high as he can afford to go ; but taking 12s. as the fair average, this, for a session of six months' continuance, which is the whole academical year, would amount to (adding a trifle for servants) ... 15 0 0

His expense for food and washing will, of course, vary according to his means and tastes ; but a guinea a-week in Edinburgh (where excellent fish, meat, and provisions are remarkably cheap) will generally do for an economical student ; and this, for six months, amounts to 25 4 0

Add for travelling home to England, as above 5 5 0

Total expense per ann., there being only one session in the year £68 14 0

On this class, and the two preceding, attendance not obligatory.

And we may state that the burden of even this small expense may in many cases be considerably lightened, both by still greater economy than we have allowed for, and by the student exerting himself in teaching during the vacation from May till November, which latter exercise, besides adding to his pecuniary resources, is often highly conducive to his improvement.

The medical education, again, comes somewhat higher, though not a great deal. Of course, all the expenses of lodging, living, and travelling, may be set down the same to a medical student as to any other. The principal increase of expense in his case, arises from his having to purchase access to certain extra-collegiate anatomical demonstrations, clinical lectures in the Royal Infirmary, and the outlay attendant on his remaining in Edinburgh during the whole of the last year of his studies, for the purpose of taking a summer-course in botany, natural history, and medical jurisprudence, as well as of being examined in autumn, previous to his graduating as M.D. Generally speaking, however, the average sessional expense for the education, living, and travelling of a young physician *in posse* need not exceed 80*l.* for the first two sessions; while, for his last session, the whole expense, including his graduation fees, may be estimated at somewhere about 120*l.* On the other hand, if a student means to be only a surgeon, his entire expenses need not be greater than those we have enumerated under the faculty of arts.

Such, then, being the very moderate charges attending a northern education, which amount, altogether, to about one half of the aggregate expense of an Oxford or Cambridge one—we must now add that there are other considerations besides economy, which, if English Dissenters were consistent, should give the Scottish colleges a peculiar and preferable claim upon their attention. These we shall merely enumerate.

1. No subscription to any articles of faith, or to any form of church government, is required of students in Scotland, either at matriculation or at graduation. One of the sons of the late Mr. Solomon, a Jew by persuasion, and of “Balm of Gilead” celebrity, is, we believe, a medical graduate of Edinburgh University; and we are

very much mistaken if Dr. Southwood Smith was not the Unitarian preacher in that city, at the time he took his physician’s degree.

2. At Edinburgh, no attendance on any college chapel is exacted. In the other Scottish universities, where there are chapels, such attendance is, we believe, optional on the part of students. Some of the lectures, it is true, are preceded by prayer on a Monday, and followed with prayer on a Friday; but these prayers being always Calvinistic, which (with the exception of the Wesleyan Methodists, who are taking no part in this controversy) accords with the creed of by far the majority of English Dissenters, cannot of course be objected to, by them, with any show of consistency.

3. In the Scottish universities, there are no fellowships, or rich endowments for students—the absence of which, must be a great charm to single-hearted nonconformists, inasmuch as none of the temptations of “filthy lucre” are presented to lure and carnalize the young Dissenting mind; neither is there any horse-racing or gambling.

4. At all the northern seats of learning, there are Independent, Baptist, and Voluntary meeting-houses, which English Dissenting students may attend at pleasure, where they will hear unceasing declamations against church establishments to their hearts’ content. This is a spiritual luxury which Oxford and Cambridge, are rather deficient in.

Since Dissenters, then, have free and unfettered access to institutions, whose excellent education is so cheap as to be peculiarly adapted to Dissenting circumstances, whose diplomas are so creditable and so efficient for all practical purposes, and whose exemption from theological tests presents such an entire neutrality on the subject of religious peculiarities, that the whole of the Scottish Dissenters, of every profession, are regularly educated at them, without scruple and without compromise,—surely, in these circumstances, reflecting people will be very curious to know, to what extent the English Dissenters have made use of the advantages thus made to their hands, and thus inviting their acceptance.

The Scottish universities resorted to by English Dissenters, are almost exclusively those of Edinburgh and Glasgow,—the former chiefly for medicine,

and the latter chiefly for general literature. The great Robert Hall, it is true, was educated at Aberdeen, where he was the friend and fellow-student of Sir James Mackintosh; but the attendance of persons from England at that university, and at St. Andrews, is so rare, as to be undeserving of a place in this estimate. Recurring, then, to the Edinburgh school, it will be found, on consulting the usual graduation lists published in the Scotch newspapers, that out of a yearly attendance of about two thousand students, the graduates from England, in each session, do not exceed an annual average of thirty. Such, however, is the liberal and untesting constitution of that eminent university, that no record exists whereby it can be ascertained with precision, what proportion of this average may be English Dissenters, or whether so much as one student should be comprised under that designation. In the absence of statistical accuracy, therefore, we must draw our inferences upon this point, from the numerical proportion which Dissenters in England are said to bear, to the aggregate English population. And for the sake of preserving our calculation from all suspicion of partiality, we will not only make no account of the superior wealth of church people generally, as better enabling them to sustain university charges, but we will take our data exclusively from Dissenting authorities.

In December 1829, the *Congregational Magazine* (which is a leading organ of the Independent denomination) states that the Dissenting congregations throughout England, exclusive of Wales, were—

Independent Congregations...	1289
Baptist do.....	888
Presbyterian do.	258

Now since the same magazine, in December 1832, declares that the London congregations "did not average 400 each," in members and hearers—it is clear that if we apply this London average to all the provincial congregations (which, however, every person must see, is much more than rural districts are likely to yield), then the 1289 Independent chapels, at 400 hearers each, will give a total of 515,600 persons of the Independent persuasion.

That the Baptist congregations are

generally much smaller than those of the Independents, is universally admitted. Assuming, then, that their average attendance is 300, we shall find that 888 congregations, at 300 hearers each, will render a total of 266,400 of professing Baptists.

With respect to the English Presbyterians, again, which, in contradistinction to the orthodox Scottish Presbyterians (of whom there are 60 congregations in England, in communion with the northern church establishment), are almost all Socinians,—with respect to these, we say, the *Patriot* newspaper, which is avowedly a Dissenting journal, expressly says that "the total number of hearers in the Socinian chapels could not exceed 12,000, or at most 15,000." But we shall assume that the English Presbyterian Socinians have more numerical strength, than the *Patriot* has given them credit for. Allowing, therefore, that their congregations may average 150 persons each, which is a much larger number than they can fairly claim, their 258 chapels will be attended by 38,700 individuals at the highest possible estimate.

We have thus, according to the data furnished by Dissenters themselves—

Independents	515,600
Baptists	266,400
English Presbyterians.....	38,700

Total Dissenters in England,
exclusive of Wales 820,700

And that this estimate is not far wrong is again corroborated by the *Patriot* Dissenting newspaper, which says, "the orthodox Dissenting congregations of the three denominations exceed 2200 in England alone, and the aggregate of attendants is estimated at nearly a million."

In the preceding calculation, the Wesleyan Methodists are made no account of; because, from the proceedings of their last conference meeting, they are obviously to be ranked with the church.

Say, then, for argument's sake, that we have in England and Wales (including Roman Catholics, Quakers, and the smaller sects) one million, four hundred thousand Dissenters, out of the entire English and Welsh population, which in 1831 was about thirteen millions; surely it is no very extravagant inference, that the Church-folks

(supposing the twelve thousand parish churches, at only three hundred and fifty persons each, exclusive of proprietary chapels) amount to four millions; which, adding a million for Wesleyan Methodists, who are favourable to the Establishment, will make five millions, at the very least, members and friends of the Church.

Assuming, then, from these data, which (since no fewer than six millions and a-half are left out of the estimate, as not claimed by us for the Church) may fairly be regarded as much more favourable to the Dissenters than any reasonable probabilities can warrant,—assuming from these data, that English Dissenters are to English Church-people, nearly as one is to four,—then the proportion of Dissenting students among the annual average of thirty English graduates at Edinburgh, will be about eight in a session. Thus much for the proportion of Dissenters who take advantage of a college education at Edinburgh.

At Glasgow again, the number of medical students from England, is so small, that the proportion of them to be classed among Dissenters,* would scarcely amount to one in a session; while, of the eight or ten English Dissenting students who resort thither each session for general literature, and who graduate in arts—it is well known, that the greater part are supported there, not from their own funds or those of their relations, but chiefly from the exhibitions founded by Dr. Williams, of Red Cross Street Library, whose bequest (though himself an orthodox Presbyterian, friendly, in common with Calamy and others, to a national Church Establishment) has, nevertheless, been prostituted by the “board of the three denominations,” either to educate young Unitarians at Glasgow, like Lady Hewley’s Charity at York; or, what is still an infraction of the testator’s will, to educate young Independents, whose principles, as far as they involve a separation of church and state in the abstract, are directly contrary to those of that admirable man, the unchallenged perversion of whose munificence, they will not be permitted much longer to enjoy. It is clear, however, that in a question relating to a grievance which Dissenters are alleged to suffer from not having access to Oxford and Cambridge, these

elemosynary students must be made no account of, not only because the application of Dr. Williams’s funds is restricted to Glasgow, under his will—though, to be sure, the will might just as easily be turned round to Oxford or Cambridge as it has already been to Unitarians and Independents—but because the persons who get the benefit of these funds, do not pretend that they study at Glasgow merely as a relief from a practical grievance in England; and, therefore, upon the whole, we challenge refutation when we say, that the English Dissenters educated annually and spontaneously on their own pecuniary resources, do not exceed *twenty* in all the universities of Scotland.

Now, if Dissenters should think that we are doing them injustice by making this number fewer than the facts warrant, we will, for argument’s sake, make the number as high as they please. The fewer of them that go to the Scottish universities, the more conclusive is the proof that they have no desire for a college education, or that they have not the funds to pay for it. On the other hand, if a large number be contended for, and conceded,—this would only shew, that the greater the extent to which they make use of their free and unfettered access to a sound, cheap, and liberal education in the northern universities, the stronger is the evidence that no practical grievance is suffered by them, from the existing constitution and usages of Oxford and Cambridge.

It may be thought however, that the fact of the alleged grievance being felt by Dissenters, is sufficiently indicated by the pains they have taken to create a remedy, in the erection and organization of the London University. We scarcely think that this argument will be ventured on, by any very shrewd Dissenter; but if it should, our reply is briefly this:—So far was the London University from having arisen out of a felt practical grievance among the Dissenters, that the honour of originating it, is notoriously contended for, by Lord Brougham on the one side, and by Campbell the poet on the other. And though we doubt not, that several non-conformists are shareholders in that poor mercantile investment, yet, apart from the patronage, exertions, and influence of Lord Brougham, Lord

John Russell,* and other church people of Whig politics,—the Dissenters were no more able to have created the university, such as it is,—than now, when it is created, they are able to sustain it in life. It exists, at present, almost entirely as a medical school. Some of its professorships, we acknowledge, are admirably appointed, particularly in the recent case of Mr. Liston, the eminent surgeon from Edinburgh. As soon as it is given up from being private property, under the control of shareholders, to become a public national institution—a charter to confer degrees in arts, law, and medicine, may, not improperly, be given to it; while, of course, since the Dissenters voted that theology should not be taught within its walls, the power of conferring divinity diplomas will neither be expected nor bestowed. In the meantime, from whatever cause, it is certain that the Dissenters resort as little to the London University, which has not the privilege of conferring degrees, as to the Scottish colleges which have. But from a pathetic appeal in the *Evangelical Magazine* for December 1834 (which is their favourite monthly oracle) on behalf of great numbers of Dissenting ministers in every county in England, whose congregations (so much for the efficiency of “the voluntary principle”) are, therein, said to be “unable to support them”—as well as from another appeal in the same oracle, for January 1835, on behalf of the Dissenting Academy at Highbury, which, we are told, has “not only contracted a debt of 350*l.* during the last year, but sustained a deficiency in its stated income of 500*l.* per annum”—from these appeals, with multitudes of others of the same kind, in reference to the debt of Dissenting chapels, both in the poorer districts of Wales and in the more dashy suburban congregations of Pimlico and Brompton,—the conclusion is incontrovertible, that “the Dissenting interest,” as the Dissenters love to speak, is in such a state of beggary, as renders the clamour of their demagogues about exclusion from the lordly and expensive halls of Oxford and Cambridge, one of the most ludicrous

and impudent pretences put forth by modern assurance.

But it will perhaps be argued that what the Dissenters are contending for, is a principle; and that if they have an abstract right to be admitted to the two universities, no considerations respecting their want of desire, or their pecuniary inability to exercise that right, can justify its being withheld. This, we are quite sure, is the only plausible ground, though it is nothing more than plausible, on which they can rest their university claims. And could they succeed in shewing, that the contest on their part, is really one of principle, unmixed with the “pride of life” and the lust of sectarian aggrandisement,—their present struggles would command a degree of respect corresponding to their dignified disinterestedness.

Whether the glory of God or the glory of dissent, be the grand end they are aiming at, in seeking to stab the church through the sides of the universities, we shall not too curiously inquire. It is sufficient for us to know, that whatever discredit attaches to the motives of the agitators in this controversy, the principle contended for, may nevertheless be a sound one. We therefore proceed to inquire, what that principle is; and this will be best ascertained, by a plain statement of the case.

As it is a maxim of enlightened government, to employ, as far as possible, moral influences, in preference to physical force, for the maintenance of social order and virtue,—so, in this country, an episcopal administration of Christianity, has for many centuries, been established by law, for the moral and religious education of the people; and as piety and learning on the part of Christian instructors, have ever been recognised as greatly subsidiary to popular improvement, certain institutions were founded at Oxford and Cambridge by pious churchmen, and endowed with large funds, to the end that a profound knowledge of religion, and a good education, as subservient thereunto (being taught and encouraged among the *alumni* of these institutions),

* The countenance given to this institution by the house of Bedford, ought not to be considered the less disinterested, that, should it ever thrive as a national seat of learning, it will improve the Bedford property.

might qualify them, to benefit and improve the general population of the kingdom. Accordingly, these seats of learning and religion were originally founded, chiefly by private munificence, with a view to the greater efficiency and influence of the church establishment, as an instrument of national good. And in furtherance of this leading object of rendering the ecclesiastical establishment as efficient and influential as possible, these nurseries of the church received certain royal charters from the church's temporal head, by virtue of which, their senates might confer degrees and honours on those scholars who were most distinguished for their clerical acquirements—that is, for their eminence, not in divinity alone, but also in law and medicine, which in those days, were generally studied and practised by ecclesiastics. Illustrative of the union of more than one of the learned professions in the persons of individual clergymen, both before and after the Reformation,—we need only instance the case of Cardinal Wolsey, who was Lord High Chancellor of England, and the case of Mr. Robert Pont of Edinburgh, who, besides being minister of St. Cuthbert's Church, was one of the senators of the College of Justice. And there is a strong presumption, if not an absolute certainty, that the degree of D.C.L. was originally a spiritual distinction, conferred exclusively upon ecclesiastics eminent in the consistorial and other spiritual courts—till in the progress of time, when education became more diffused, and the advantage of a division of labour, as well as the propriety of clergymen confining themselves to their properly spiritual functions, became better understood,—degrees in law and medicine were extended to laymen, qualified according to the rules of certain privileged corporations, which were chartered, to protect the country from ignorant and disreputable practitioners; just as the power of examining and ordaining candidates for the ministry, was given to bishops, in order that the people might be preserved from immoral and incompetent preachers.

Now, from the preceding statement, the accuracy of which, must not be impugned without producing satisfactory evidence to the contrary, it is plain that the original intent of our university foundations, privileges, tests, and bye-laws, was to give the utmost

possible efficiency and influence to the Established Church, as an instrument of good to the English nation. Nor was this denied or objected to, by the original Dissenters in England, inasmuch as it appears from Neal's History, that their grounds of dissent consisted, not in any dislike to the principle of a church establishment, or to the reformed Church of England's doctrines, but in a rooted aversion to certain matters of ceremonial; such as "the garments," "signing with the cross in baptism," and "receiving the eucharist kneeling." Nay, the very introduction of the tests at Oxford and Cambridge plainly shews, that these universities were intended to supply education as national institutions, only in so far as candidates for admission were well affected to their main and primary object of upholding and promoting the efficiency of the national church. Nor must it be retorted, in reply to this, that since several of the more ancient university endowments were founded to uphold an ecclesiastical establishment under Popish ascendancy, the enactment of Protestant tests to qualify for admission, involved a departure from the intent of such endowments, as violent as any now contemplated by the Dissenters. At the period when these endowments were made, it is of importance to keep in mind, that there was no difference of opinion in this country, respecting the doctrine and discipline of the Church. Until the time of Wycliffe and the Lollards, the unreformed Church of England was without an open foe; and even their limited reclamations, were universally regarded as visionary and evanescent. The university endowments anterior to their day, comprising by far the greater proportion of such as can be termed Catholic, were consequently set apart for the one simple purpose of benefiting the nation by means of a church establishment, without any implied or expressed hostility to future improvements in that establishment; inasmuch as the Reformation, was a question not then agitated or thought of.

Now, that the founders of these endowments, had they survived till a later day, would have concurred in reforming the national Church, may reasonably be inferred, we think, not more from the fact that their anxiety for the greater efficiency of the establishment, as an instrument of national

good, was the motive which induced them, generally speaking, to make the endowments in question, than from the circumstance that the great body of the English Catholic clergy do not appear to have had any serious hostility to Church-reform as an abstract object; inasmuch as no fewer than 9211 priests, out of 9400, joined the reformed Church of England at the accession of Elizabeth. Nor let it be said, that the non-agitation of the church-establishment question in those times, affords an equally strong presumption that, had the Catholic founders of endowments had access to modern illumination on that question, they would have withheld their munificence, or given to it a different destination. For we have to observe, that as the inability or disinclination of the English people generally, to provide themselves with an adequate supply of highly educated religious instructors, was the very ground, substantially, on which these endowments were founded, with a view of aiding and qualifying scholars for greater efficiency in the ministry; the presumption rather is, that since the same inability or disinclination still exists, and will continue to exist till the millennium,—the ardent concern for the popular welfare which originated these endowments, would sanction their present application. And should it still be alleged, that the leading object of these endowments in Catholic times, was, not to increase the efficiency of religious instruction in the establishment, of which there was notoriously a great lack, but simply to maintain Popery in an impregnable supremacy, against assaults which were not so much as dreamed of; and, consequently, that these endowments are at present, as much perverted as they could be, by being participated in by Protestant Dissenters,—we rejoice that, to this allegation we are able to give the most conclusive of all answers; and this answer, being furnished to our hands by some of the most eminent nonconformists in England, will, of course, be received by Dissenters with becoming confidence and respect. The answer furnished us by these gentlemen is, that the Church of England,

as at present existing, is substantially a POPISH CHURCH! Nay, startle not at this; for such is the deliberate, printed, and published opinion, of the choicest ministers and laymen among the various denominations of Dissenters. In London, there is a large and active dissenting association, called *the Society for promoting Ecclesiastical Knowledge*, the professed object of which, is to fabricate, publish, and distribute such representations respecting the Established Church, as may help to pull it down.

Before us, at this moment, there is lying one of their pet tracts, entitled *The Popery of the Church of England*; from which we quote, *verbatim et literatim*, the following sentences:

“Episcopalians frequently speak of the Romish Church as if they considered the Church of England perfectly free from the corruption of Popery. We have often been surprised at their want of information or honesty. Our present object is to shew that these hierarchies are very much alike.”—Page 1.

“Both have a deal of form and ceremony in their worship—standing, sitting, kneeling, bowing, turning towards the altar, dresses, &c.; all calculated to afford ignorant persons a ground of hope and confidence in their own performances.”—Page 4.

“Both make high pretences to supernatural powers. The bishops pretend to confer the Holy Ghost on the persons they ordain; and all the clergy pretend to absolve men from all their sins upon a dying bed.”—Page 3.

“Both are peculiarly sectarian, treating nonconformists with contempt; confining their central, infant, and other schools, colleges, and charities, to their own parties.”—Page 3.*

“It is a question of some difficulty, whether the Church of England be really and truly entitled to the appellation of Protestant.”—Page 4.

Such are the published sentiments of *the Society for promoting Ecclesiastical Knowledge*; and since we find among its committee and subscribers, the names of

The Rev. F. A. Cox, LL.D., Baptist Minister at Hackney,
The Rev. Professor Hoppus, M.A., London University,

* The cool and quiet assurance of this paragraph, is really amusing. So Churchmen are to be blamed for keeping their charities to their own parties; while, of course, Dissenters are guiltless in struggling to eject Unitarians from Lady Hewley's charity.

The Rev. James Bennett, D.D., Independent Minister in London,
 The Rev. J. Cobbin, M.A., Camberwell,
 The Rev. J. Styles, D.D., Independent Minister at Brixton,
 The Rev. J. Turnbull, B.A., Bromley,
 The Rev. T. Raffles, D.D. and LL.D., Independent Minister at Liverpool,
 The Rev. G. Redford, M.A. and LL.D.,
 The Rev. J. Pye Smith, D.D. and LL.D., Theological Tutor, Homerton,
 John Wilks, Esq. M.P., a Trustee of the Tabernacle,
 Thomas Wilson, Esq., Treasurer of the London Missionary Society,
 W. B. Gurney, Esq., of the Society of Friends, or Quakers,
 J. B. Brown, Esq. LL.D., Barrister, Temple,
 J. Wilson, Esq., Barrister at Law.*

Since we find among its committee and subscribers, such names as these, which constitute, beyond all doubt, the very *élite* of the whole dissenting body,—then the dictum put forth and published by them, respecting the popery of the Church of England, plainly shews that her appropriation of the Catholic endowments is, in their opinion, no substantial departure from the original intention of the founders.

That the university-endowments, founded by members of the Church of England after her pretended reformation, were intended for the encouragement of learning and religion, in connexion with the National Church, exclusive of dissent,—is evident, we submit, in some cases, from the very phraseology of the bequests; and, in all cases, from their having been made under the existing tests, at a time when dissatisfaction with the Church had already begun to display itself. And we may here remark, that the inconsiderable sum of 3000*l.* per annum, divided by government between Oxford and Cambridge, in the shape of small endowments to regius-professorships (which, by the way, is more than repaid to the public revenue, in the form of stampduties on taking degrees, &c.), does no more entitle Dissenters to regard these universities as institutions to which the whole nation has a right of access, irrespective of attachment to the Church, than the *regium donum*, given annually to dissenting ministers out of the national exchequer, would

entitle Churchmen to claim a participation therein, on the ground of its being a national endowment.

Upon the whole, then, what is the boasted principle which the more noisy dissenting demagogues are contending for? Why, in one word, it is the principle of setting all principle at defiance. And here is the proof. They have lately instituted a chancery-suit, to rescue the endowments of the Calvinistic Lady Hewley from being perverted by the Unitarians; and yet they have the intrepidity to insist, that the endowments of Churchmen for church purposes, shall be perverted in favour of themselves. They plead, that to be placed under tests (with their deadly hostility to the Church) which operate practically to exclude them from the Church Universities, is an act of intolerance, as well as an oppressive infringement upon their religious liberty; and yet they not only enforce similar tests in their own Dissenting Colleges, but, in reference to the liberty of conscience which our rulers feel in extending countenance to the Established Church, and which millions of Englishmen feel in supporting it,—the demagogues aforesaid are so rancorously intolerant of this liberty, though it costs them nothing but mortification, that they are plotting day and night to persecute it to death. They claim credit for the utmost honesty of intention in prosecuting their university pretensions; and yet, though continually putting forth the plea that all sects should be put on a perfect equality—in subversion, obviously, of the very principle of an ecclesiastical establishment—they trickily petition parliament, not for the out-and-out abolition of the National Church at once (which would be the open, manly, and consistent enforcement of their said plea to its logical issue), but for permission in the mean time, only to creep into the Universities, as affording, in their honest minds, the most accessible by-path to church-destruction; or as gaining for them the first point in the rubber of dissenting ambition; or as giving them a Trojan horse, within whose ribs they may smuggle into the citadel, and reduce it to ashes at the earliest fitting opportunity.

* Surely, in this short specimen of the society's supporters, there does not seem much reason for complaint on the score of not having access to degrees.

But it may be thought that the universities are the two breasts of England, which all her children have a natural right to suck. By the use of this figure, we have purposely put the Dissenters' case into a more plausible and imposing form than they have hitherto put it themselves, or than has yet been done for them, by any body else. We frankly make them a present of the figure; and more than this, we make them heartily welcome to whatever benefits it may chance to involve. The two universities are undoubtedly the breasts of England, which all her children have a natural right to suck. We admit this fully and advisedly. But it must be remembered that the parent has natural rights too. She is willing to suckle all her progeny, without distinction or partiality, as far as she can do so, consistently with her undoubted right of not having her constitution injured; to maintain the health and soundness of the ecclesiastical part of which—is the object of the university tests. These tests, with a view to self-preservation, she is reluctantly obliged to enforce, for the purpose of discovering those of her children whom she can safely foster at her own breasts, without danger to her strength and beauty. Those, again, from whom she apprehends injury to her general constitution, she is obliged with equal reluctance to put out to nurse, by giving them free access to the sister breasts of Scotland. Of that constitution, the established church is a vital part; the value and necessity of upholding which, with such improvements as may be short of an organic change, can easily be argued and proved at the proper time. It is the great moral police of the country; and, as such, it is a national institution, the benefits of which, are freely extended to all—yes, and indirectly reaped by all, whether they will admit this or not. On the other hand, an English university is a national institution, only in the sense in which the army is. The one is subsidiary to the moral police of the state, the other to the physical. And, as no recruit can obtain admission to the latter service, without swearing the oath of allegiance to the monarchy, it is only reasonable, that no person should be admitted to the privileges of the former, without pledging his attachment to the church.

The same arguments that may be urged for the abolition of religious tests in our universities, would lead, with equal propriety, to the abolition of loyal tests in the civil and military service of the empire. If all persons, irrespective of their principles, are to be put on an equality in reference to the ecclesiastical branch of the constitution, we do not see why, upon the same terms, all persons should not be put on an equality, in reference to the monarchical branch. Both of these propositions must go hand in hand. Republicans hold their political opinions, just as conscientiously as Dissenters do their religious ones. With the abolition of the university tests, therefore, the oaths of allegiance must be repealed. The tests for the defence of the monarchy, must perish with the tests for the defence of the church. Loyalty to the crown and constitution of this realm, must no longer be sworn to, as a qualification for civil and military offices. Throw open the universities to Dissenters, without exacting from them a pledge for the security of the church, whose avowed enemies they are; and, by a parity of reason and consistency, Republicans, and the avowed enemies of the existing order of things, must be admitted to the army, to the House of Commons, and to the executive government, without pledging themselves whether they will uphold our mixed monarchy, or whether they will endeavour to overthrow it. Under such circumstances, we suppose it will be admitted that the concession of the assumption, that all persons should be put on an equality as regards liberty of access to national institutions, irrespective of their conscientious opinions,—would in itself be an organic change,—inasmuch as it would be yielding a principle, repudiated by the theory of the British constitution. What other organic changes, such a concession might lead to, it requires no great sagacity to foresee. The theory and practice of the state is, that all such liberty of access, must be modified and controlled by the paramount consideration, of securing intact, not, indeed, the proved abuses of the constitution, but the integrity of its component parts; and, upon this principle, it appears to us, that the designs of Dissenters upon the universities should be as steadily resisted *in limine*, as their claims in reference to marriage, baptism, and

burial (which involve no organic change, provided marriage is not reduced to a merely civil contract), should be immediately conceded, with frankness and liberality.

Finally, the privilege of admission to degrees in Scotland, extended to all persons in that country without tests, cannot be pleaded as equally entitling English Dissenters to the same privileges at Oxford and Cambridge. If the cases were in all respects parallel, such a conclusion would, not unreasonably, follow. But it is otherwise. In the Scottish universities, the students have no civil privileges; there is no parliamentary franchise; there are no foundations limited to the support of church-students within the college walls; there are no fellowships and no scholarships, either of public or of private endowment,—though it deserves to be noticed that, with the exception of Dr. Williams's exhibitions to Glasgow in favour of English orthodox Presbyterian students,—all the bursaries, even in the northern universities, are disposed of, on the principle that candidates shall profess their adherence to the Scottish established church. Besides, except the mere privilege of voting for the lord-rector, the students in Scotland have no corporate power in the government of the universities; so that, whatever might be their inclination, they have not the ability to alter, injure, or undermine, either openly or covertly, the academical or ecclesiastical order of the country. The absence, therefore, of university tests in Scotland, is just as easily to be vindicated, as their existence in England. Here, they are an indispensable safeguard against organic change; and the moment they are abrogated, every barrier will be removed for preventing Dissenters from taking advantage of the endowments of pious churchmen, to effect the overthrow of the very establishment which these endowments were founded to uphold.

To answer this, by referring us to our own acknowledgment, that were the universities thrown open to-morrow, Dissenters could not take advantage of them to any extent, is saying nothing to the purpose. That acknowledgment we, steadily adhere to. It is not from the numbers of Dissenters who would go to our universities, that serious danger to the church is to be apprehended; very few of them could afford to go—the Dissenters know this as well as we do. But it is from *the principle*, which their free admission to the universities, in common with Churchmen, would go to establish,—namely, the principle that all sects should be put on a perfect equality with the church—it is from the parliamentary concession of this principle, even though only by implication, that the utmost danger is to be dreaded, to our national religious establishment. Now to throw open Oxford and Cambridge to all comers, irrespective of any deference to the established church, would be, *pro tanto*, to yield the principle in question. The prodigious advantage which such a surrender would give to the opponents of the church, in their ultimate efforts to overthrow it, must be evident on the slightest glance. The Dissenters know this also, as well as we do; and it is simply for the sake of the vantage-ground which the yielding of this principle would give them in their future struggle for church destruction, and not because they care a whit for admission to Oxford or Cambridge—which they know they could not go to, under any circumstances—that they are now moving heaven and earth, not to remove a practical grievance, as they artfully and mendaciously affirm, but to gain a speculative point, which they know will be of unspeakable power, in carrying their ultimate designs to subvert the Established Church.

A SERIES OF MODERN LATIN POETS.

(From the *Prout-Papers*.—No. XV.)

CHAPTER I.—THE SILKWORM, A POEM. BY JEROME VIDA.

"Ecco Alessandro il mio signor Farnese;
 O dotta compagna che seco mena!
 Blosio, Pierio, e VIDA Cremonese
 D'alta facondia inessicabil vena."

ARIOSO, *Orl. Fur.*, cant. ult., st. xiii.

"Immortal VIDA! on whose honoured brow
 The poet's bays and critic's ivy grow."

POPE's *Essay on Criticism*.

At the southern extremity of the French metropolis there lieth an extensive burying-ground, which rejoiceth (if any such lugubrious concern can be said to rejoice) in the name of "*Cimetière du Mont Parnasse*." Some Cockney tourists have had the curiosity to visit this Parnassian grave-yard, under the impression that it was a kind of Gallican "Poet's Corner," a sort of sepulchral "limbo," set apart for the deceased children of the muse, in the same national spirit that raised the "*Hôtel des Invalides*," and inscribed on the church of Ste. Genevieve, or "*Pantheon*" (where Marat and Mirabeau and Voltaire, were entombed), that lapidary lampoon, "*Aux grands hommes la patrie reconnaissante*." No such object, however, appears to have been contemplated by the municipal authorities of Paris, when they inclosed the funereal field thus whimsically designated.

A collection of poetical effusions in any one of the *dead* languages would, we apprehend, considering the present state and prospects of literature, turn out to be, in the gloomiest sense of the word, a grave undertaking. Hebrew, Greek, Latin, and Anglo-Saxon, are truly and really dead, defunct, mute, unspoken.

"Monsieur Malbrook est mort, est mort et enterré."

Hebrew is dead, and no mistake!—the Wandering Jew must have found that out long since. We venture to affirm that Salathiel (who, according to Croly, lurks about the synagogue in St. Alban's Place) has often laughed at the *shervus* of our modern Rabbim, and at those pothooks "with points" which are hawked about among the learned as copies of the original Hebrew Scriptures. As to the idioms of King Alfred, the venerable Bede, or Queen Boadicea, how few of our literati are conversant therein or cognisant thereof! Kemble, Wright, and Lingard (*pauci quos equus cnavit Jupiter*), enjoy an undisturbed monopoly of Anglo-Saxon.—Greek exhibits but few symptoms of vitality; no Barnes, no Porson, no Wolff, grace these degenerate days: nay, the mitre seems to have acted as an extinguisher on the solitary light of Bloomfield. Oxford hath now nothing in common with the *Borpeas* but the name, and the groves of Cam have ceased to be those of Academus. Things are not much better on the Continent. While Buonaparte from the rock of St. Helena still threatened Europe, we recollect, in a provincial city of France, a candidate for the office of town-librarian who was outvoted by an ignorant competitor, and, on inquiry, found that many of the royalist constituency, hearing of his being an ardent "*Hellenist*," nor dreaming that the term could bear any other interpretation, had fancied him a very dangerous character indeed. Latin is still the language of the Romish liturgy, and consequently may have some claim to rank, if not as a living tongue, at least as one half-alive: "*defunctus adhuc loquitur*." Though, in sober truth, if we are to judge from the quantity of dog-Latin afloat in that quarter, we should be inclined to say that the tongue of Cicero had long since gone to the dogs.

We are tempted, however, to try an experiment on these "unknown tongues," and to essay on them the effects of that galvanic process which is known to be so successful in the case of a dead frog. We open the undertaking with a name that they give assurance to our first attempt, and prevent uncharitable folks from applying to our operations, the old surgical sarcasm of *experimentum in animâ*

vili. The beautiful poem of Vida shall fitly introduce our series, and usher in these "modern instances" of lively composition—lively even in a dead language. It will soon be seen whether Prout can be allowed by the local authorities to carry on the trade of resurrectionist in the *Cimetière du Mont Parnasse*. If the "subjects he has disinterred" be not found fresh enough for the purposes of critical dissection, still we do not despair; something may be made of the most thin and meagre anatomies, and a good price is occasionally got for a skeleton. Prout gives them such as he has dug them up. The hermit of Watergrasshill never pretended to enjoy the faculty of old Ezekiel—to clothe with substantial flesh the dry frame-work, the "*disjecta membra*," the poetical bones scattered over the vale of Tempé; though such miraculous gift might find full scope for its exercise in the Golgotha of Parnassus. "And behold, there were very many bones in the open valley, and lo! *they were very dry.*"—*Ezekiel*, xxxvii. 2.

We had first decided on calling this new batch of Prout Papers a "modern Latin anthology," but, on reflection, we have discarded that commonplace title; the term *anthology* bearing obvious reference to a still blooming flower-garden, and being far too fresh and gay a conceit for our purpose. Prefixed to a poetic miscellany in any of the *living* tongues, it might pass and be deemed suitable; applied to Latin or Greek, it would be a palpable misnomer. Dried plants, preserved specimens, and shrivelled exotics, may perhaps make up a *hortus sicous*: they cannot be said to form a garland or a nosegay.

Defunct dialects have one great advantage, however, over living languages. These latter are fickle and perpetually changing (like the sex), *varium et mutabile*: whereas the former, like old family portraits, are fixed in form, feature, and expression. Flesh and blood, confessedly, have not the durability of a marble bust; the parlance of the ancients is effectually petrified. There is nothing "movable" in the "characters" of Greek and Latin phraseology: all is stereotype. It is pleasant to compose in an idiom of which every word is long since canonised, and has taken its allotted place equally beyond the reach of vulgarism and the fear of vicissitude. Poor Geoffrey Chaucer knows to his cost the miseries attendant on the use of an obsolete vocabulary. Some modern journeyman has found it expedient to dislocate all his joints, under a pretext that his gait was awkward: to rejuvenate the old fellow, it was thought best to take him to pieces on the plan of those Greek children, who boiled their grandfather in a magic cauldron, and, as might be expected, found "death in the pot." Who can now relish Sir Walter Raleigh, or sigh with Sir Philip Sidney, or sing the merry ballads of Sir Thomas More, whose popular poems graced the dawn of metrical composition in England? Alas!

"Every wave that we danced on at morning ebbs from us,
And leaves us at eve on the cold beach alone."

O'Doherty, in his younger days, deeply pondering on the fleeting nature of the beauties of modern compositions, and the frail and transitory essence of all living forms of speech, had a notion of rescuing these charming things from inevitable decay, and announced himself to the public as a poetical EMBALMER. He printed a proposal for wrapping up in the imperishable folds of Greek and Latin, with sundry spices of his own, the songs and ballads of these islands; which, in a few centuries, will be unintelligible to posterity. He had already commenced operating on "Black-eyed Susan," and had cleverly disembowelled "Alley Croaker;" both of which made excellent classic mummies. "Wapping old Stairs," in his Latin translation, seemed to be the veritable *Gradus ad Parnassum*; and his Greek version of "Twas in Trafalgar Bay" beat all *Æschylus* ever sung about Salamis. What became of the project, and why Sir Morgan gave it up, we cannot tell: he is an unaccountable character. But while we regret this embalming plan should have been abandoned, we are free to confess that, in our opinion, "Old King Cole," in Hebrew, was his best effort. It was equal to Solomon in all his glory.

These *prolegomena* have led us in a somewhat zigzag path far away from our starting-point, which, on looking back, we find to be Jerome Vida's poem of the "Silkworm." From a memorandum in the chest, we learn that Prout was induced to undertake this translation in the year 1825, when 400,000 mulberry-trees were planted on the Kingston estates by what was called "the Irish Silk

Company," with a view to "better the condition of the peasantry in the south of Ireland." That scheme, somewhat similar to the lottery humbug lately got up by Messrs. Bish and O'Connell, produced in its day what is sought to be again effected by designing scoundrels now—it created a temporary mystification, and staved off the ENACTMENT OF POOR-LAWS for the season. Prout early discovered the hollow treachery of all these projects, and locked up his MS. in disgust. He seems, however, to have reperused the poem shortly before his death; but the recollection of so many previous attempts at delusion, and the persevering profligacy with which the dismal farce is renewed, seems to have so strongly roused his indignant energies, that, if we decipher right the crossings in red letters on the last page, this aged clergyman, deeming it an act of virtue to feel intense hatred for the whole of the selfish crew that thrives on Irish starvation, has laid his dying curse on the heads, individually and collectively, of Lord Limerick, Spring Rice, and Daniel O'Connell.

OLIVER YORKE.

Watergrasshill, May 1825.

When at the revival of letters the beauties of ancient literature burst on the modern mind, and revealed a new world to the human intellect, the first impulse of all who had the luck to be initiated in the mysteries of classic taste, was to model their thoughts and expressions on these newly discovered originals, and, like Saul among the prophets, to catch with the very language of inspiration a more exalted range of feelings and a strain of loftier sentiment. The literati of Europe conversed in Latin and corresponded in Greek. It had not yet entered into their heads, that the rude materials of Italian, French, and English, might be wrought up into forms of as exquisite perfection as they then possessed in the remnants of classic eloquence and poetry. They despaired of making a silken purse out of a sow's ear. The example of Dante and Petrarch had not emboldened them: the latter, indeed, always considered his Latin poem, written on the second Punic war, and entitled "*Africa*," as much more likely to ensure him permanent renown than his *sonnets* or *canzoni*; and the former had to struggle with his own misgivings long and seriously ere he decided on not trusting his *Comedia* to the custody of Latin. Ariosto has left two volumes of Latin poetry. It was deemed a hazardous experiment to embark intellectual capital on the mere security of a vulgar tongue; and to sink the riches of the mind in so depreciated a concern was thought a most unprofitable investment. Hence genius was expended on what appeared the more solid speculation, and no others but Greek and Latin *scripta* were "quoted" in the market of literature. All this "paper" has woefully fallen in value:

I see little prospect of its ever again looking up.

Lord Bacon and Leibnitz, Newton, Grotius and Milton, long after modern languages had become well-established as vehicles of valuable thought, still adhered to the safer side, and thus secured to their writings European perusal. An Universal Language, a General Pacification, and a Common Agreement among Christian sects, were three favourite day-dreams of Leibnitz; but, alas! each of these projects seems as far as ever removed from any prospect of realisation. Latin, however, may, in some sense, be considered the idiom most universally spread throughout the republic of letters. The Roman empire and the Roman church, by a combined effort, have brought about this result; and Virgil seems to have a prophetic vision of both these majestic agents actively engaged in the dissemination of his poetry, when he promises immortality to Nisus and Euryalus:

"Fortunati ambo! si quid mea carmina possunt
Nulla dies unquam memorivose eximet avo
Dum domus *Æneæ* capitolii immobile saxum
Accolet, imperiumque Pater Romanus habebit."

If by *domus Æneæ* he mean the dynasty of the Cæsars, the *Pater Romanus* must allude to the popes; and Leo the Tenth was probably in his mind's eye when he made this vaticination.

To excel in Latin poetry was, under that golden pontificate, a favourite accomplishment. Vida and Sanazar, Bembo and Fracastor, cultivated with success this branch of the humanities in Italy. The reformer Theodore Beza was a distinguished Latin poet at Geneva, though, in the selection of

some of his subjects, he shews a taste rather akin to that of our own Theodore Hook than marked by any evangelical tendency. The Jesuits, while they upheld the papal empire, powerfully contributed also to enlarge the dominions of the Roman muse; and Casimir Sarbievi, Rapin, Vaniere, and Sidronius, were at one time the admiration of all European academies. Buchanan is far better known abroad by his *carmina* than by his Scotch history; and the Latin poems of Addison, Milton, Parnell, with those of that witty Welshman, Owenus (not to speak of the numerous *Muse Anglicane*, *Muse Etonenses*, &c. &c.), have fully established our character for versification on the continent. It is not sufficiently known, that the celebrated poem *De Connubiis Florum*, which gave the hint of the *Loves of the Plants*,* and of Darwin's *Botanic Garden*, was, in fact, the production of an Irishman, who, under the name of Demetrius de la Croix, published it at Paris in 1727. He was from Kerry, and his real patronymic was Diarmid M'Encroe;† though, like his immortal countryman, Dinnish Lardner, he exchanged that for a more euphonous appellation. Scotland's illustrious son, the "admirable" Crichton, whose brilliant career and character should, one would imagine, have attracted the notice of Sir Walter Scott, they being wonderfully susceptible of historico-romantic development,‡ possessed, among other singular accomplishments, the faculty of *extemporising* in Latin verse; and on one occasion before the assembled literati of Mantua, having previously dazzled his auditory with a display of philosophy, mathematics, divinity, and eloquence, he wound up the day's proceedings by reciting a whole poem, on a subject furnished by his antagonist, and dismissed the astonished crowd in raptures with his unpremeditated song. Thomas Dempsterus, another native of "that ilk," won his laurels in this department of composition; as did William Lilly the grammarian, and Thomas Morus the chancellor in England. In Holland, *Johannes Secundus* gained renown by his *Basia*; Hugo, by his

Pia Desideria; not to mention Daniel Heinsius and Boxhorn. In Spain, *Arias Montanus*, so well known by his edition of the Hebrew Bible, was not inelegant as a Latin versifier. Cardinal Barberini (afterwards Pope Urban VIII.) ranks high among the favoured of the muse: the Oxford edition of his poems (e typis Clarendon, 1726) lies now before me. Ang. Politian Scaliger and Sfondrat (*De raptu Helene*) should not be omitted in the nomenclature of glory: neither should the Jesuit Maffeus, who recited his daily breviary in Greek, lest the low language of our liturgy might corrupt the pure Latinity of his style; and who, deeming the epic action of Virgil's poem incomplete, has written a *thirteenth*? canto for the *Æneid*. But of all who at the restoration of classic learning trod in the footsteps of Horace and Virgil, none came so close to these great masters as Jerome Vida; and the encomium which Pope takes every opportunity of passing on his style of excellence is not undeserved:

"But see! each muse in Leo's golden days
Starts from her trance and trims her
withered bays,
Rome's ancient Genius o'er the ruins
spread,
Shakes off the dust, and rears its reverend
head.
Then Sculpture and her sister arts revive;
Stones leap to form, and rocks begin to
live;
With sweeter notes each rising temple
rung,
A Raphael painted, and a Vida sung."

The author of the *Essay on Criticism* has more than once dwelt with evident complacency on the merits of Vida; but it was by largely borrowing from his writings (as also in the case of Boileau) that he principally manifested his esteem and predilection. The celebrated lines on adapting the sound to the sense,

"Soft is the strain when zephyr," &c., are a nearly literal translation of a passage in our Italian bishop's poem, *De Arte Poetica*; a fact which Pope has had the candour to indicate in a note in the early editions:

* These, in their turn, produced the "Loves of the Triangles," in the *Anti-Jacobin*.

† See *Botanicum Parisiense* of Levallant, edit. by Boerhave, p. 3.

‡ We are glad to find that the author of *Rookwood* has taken up the cudgels for this neglected Scot. We anticipate a romance in the true *con spirito* style already employed so felicitously in the case of the "admirable" Turpin.

"Tum si læta canunt hilari quoque carmina vultu," &c.—Lib. iii. v. 403.

But a more flagrant instance of unacknowledged plagiarism occurs in the *Rapè of the Lock*, where card-playing being introduced (canto the third), not only is the style and conduct of the Cartesian narrative borrowed from Vida's *Schacchia ludus*, or "game of chess," but whole similes are unhesitatingly appropriated by his English imitator. These are sometimes awkwardly enough—ludicrously, need I add?—compelled "a double debt to pay," being applied to the party at "*ombre*," and lose much of their original grace by the transfer. *Ex gratia*:

"Clubs, diamonds, hearts, in wild disorder seen,
With throngs promiscuous strew the level green;
Thus when dispersed a routed army runs,
Of Asia's troops and Afric's sable sons,
With like confusion different nations fly,
Of various habit and of various dye:
The fierce battalions disunited fall
In heaps on heaps—one fate awaits them all."

VIDA.

"Non aliter campis agio se buxæ utrinque
Composuit duplici digestis ordine turmis,
Adversisque ambæ fulgere coloribus alæ
Quam gallorum acies alpino frigore lactea
Corpora, si tendunt albis in prælia signis
Auroræ populos contra et Phæætonte per-
ruatos,
Insuper Æthiopas et nigri Memnonis
agmen."—*Schacchia*, c. i. v. 80.

Vida himself was addicted to copying Virgil in rather too close a fashion, and in his poetics he candidly confesses the manner in which he went to work, giving advice to all future marauders in the same line. The precept and the example are both contained in the following ingenious verses:

"Cum vero cultis moliris furta poetis
Cautius ingredi et raptus memor occultæ versis,
Verborum indicitis atque ordine falle le-
gentes."—Lib. iii. 220.

The robber Cacus having been described by Virgil as eluding the pursuit of the shepherds, whose cattle he had abstracted by dragging the animals backward by the tail, and thus *inverting* the foot-tracks in the neighbourhood of his den:

"Caudà in speluncam tractos versisque viarum

Indiciis raptus saxo occultabat opaco."—*Æneid*, lib. viii.

This work (*Poeticorum libri tres*) may be well considered as a standard production, and cannot be too sedulously recommended to the frequenters of our universities. It is dedicated to the children of Francis I. (then detained as hostages for their father at Madrid), and is evidently intended for youthful perusal. As a treatise embodying, in eloquent language and terse versification, the canons of poetical criticism, this work of Vida is wonderful for the time in which he lived, and produced a most salutary effect in the forming of a pure and classic taste among the contemporary writers. Scaliger has quoted with admiration the following lines, in which the young poet is described pruning down the redundancy of his juvenile ideas into proper trim:

"Tum retractat opus, commissæ piacula doctæ
Palladis arte luens, nunc hæc, nunc rejicit illa,
Omnia tuta timens melioraque sufficit illis;
Attenditque comas stringens, sylvamque fluentem
Luxurietque minutatim depascit inanem;
Exercens durum imperium, dum funditis omnem,
Nocturnis instans operis operisque diurnis,
Versibus eluerit labem et commissæ piarit."

Vida was born at Cremona, in 1746. After going through his collegiate course with distinction at the universities of Padua and Bologna, we find him, at the accession of Leo X. to the pontifical throne, a resident canon at the church of St. John Lateran. His brilliant acquirements were not long in attracting the notice of the Roman court, of which he at once became the delight and ornament. Familiar with all the branches of contemporary learning, his peculiar excellence as a Latin poet pointed him out to Leo as the fittest person to execute a project which that prince had long wished to see realised, viz. a grand epic poem, of which the establishment of Christianity was to furnish the theme, and Virgil's *Æneid* the model. Vida had too much sagacity and too delicate a taste not to perceive at once the utter hopelessness

of creating any thing worthy of the proposed subject in avowed imitation of that all-accomplished original; and, though a perfect master of all the resources of language and art, he still felt that it would require a greater genius than that of the Mantuan bard himself to achieve, with the severe materials of the Gospel, an imaginative epic such as the pontiff had in contemplation. The wishes of his illustrious patron, however, could not well be disregarded; especially when the request came accompanied with the gift of a rich priory (that of St. Silvester, at Tusculum), to enable the poet to compose at leisure in that classic spot the work in question. The result of his Tusculan meditations on the Christian *epopea*, was not published till after the death of its pontifical projector, and then appeared *Christiados, libri XII.*; a poem, no doubt, of considerable merit, but which was far from realising the *beau idéal* of a "religious epic," that glorious consummation being reserved for John Milton. The comparison with the *Æneid* was fatal to its success; and by too closely approaching his professed prototype, Vida enfeebled his own native powers. This unfortunate juxtaposition might, perhaps, warrant us in exclaiming with the shepherd in the *Eclogue*:

"Mantua! vae miseræ nimirum vicina
Cremonæ!"

Clement VIII., however, rewarded the bard with a bishopric: Vida was promoted to the see of Alba. In him the episcopal character did not neutralise the inspirations of the muse; nor, though wedded to his diocesan spouse, did he repudiate the ancillary graces of elegant scholarship. While he sedulously watched on the plains of Lombardy over the spiritual interests of his Christian flock, he did not neglect his poetical attributions as a shepherd of Arcadia. The little town of Alba, on the Tenaro, will be ever held honourable as the residence of this distinguished poet and exemplary prelate: his memory has been long and justly by the *albani patres* cherished. To him the inhabitants were indebted, on one occasion, for protection against a French army, and for subsistence during a famine. His brave and determined conduct in the town's defence at that crisis is highly eulogised by

the historian Paul Jovio. Than Vida no more distinguished prelate sat at the Council of Trent, if good sense and good taste, learning, and liberality, could distinguish a member of that assembly. He lived to be near a hundred years old (thirty of which were spent in discharging the functions of episcopacy), and died in the sentiments of unaffected piety which animated his whole life.

Such is the personage from whose numerous poems I am about to select one by way of specimen, and I am willingly guided in my choice by circumstances of a local nature. The introduction of silkworms into this district, as calculated to afford industrious occupation to the Munster peasantry, has engaged my most ardent wishes for the successful result of so philanthropic an experiment; and I shall feel happy if Vida's poem, *De Bombycibus*, can be made subservient to the purposes of the "Irish Silk Company." I greatly fear that the habits of my countrymen (so dissimilar from those of the Italian peasantry who cultivate this delightful branch of industry) will prove an insurmountable obstacle to the ultimate and permanent establishment of the thing in the county of Cork; but a fair trial ought to be given to the worms.

The social position of the Irish peasantry is radically wrong; and the land of their birth, teeming as it is with plenty for the *landlord*, might as well, as far as they are concerned, be a barren wilderness. To all the nations of the habitable globe, to all the children of earth—*vis vis omnium*, the soil is a common parent, on whose exuberance all have an undoubted claim; and all, more or less, have "that claim allowed." Not so here! The sun that illumines all creation shines not on the mere Irish; and *alma mater tellus* is to them but an *injusta noverca*. But "let that pass." The subject of poor-laws, and the conduct of those who, for very palpable purposes, oppose their enactment, are subjects on which I cannot enter with a steady pulse. I shall reserve my views for a more serious hour; and then, if deep conviction can give vigour to the words of a feeble old man—if *facit indignatio versum*, I shall do justice to the theme. But now, to Vida.

The Silkworm. A Poem.

CANTO FIRST.

I.

List to my lay, daughter of Lombardy !
 Hope of Gonzaga's house, fair Isabelle !
 Graced with thy name the simplest melody,
 Albeit from rural pipe or rustic shell,
 Might all the music of a court excel :
 Light though the subject of my song may seem,
 'Tis one on which thy spirit loves to dwell ;
 Nor on a tiny insect dost thou deem
 Thy poet's labour lost, nor frivolous my theme.

II.

For thou dost often meditate how hence
 Commerce deriveth aliment ; how art
 May minister to native opulence,
 The wealth of foreign lands to home impart,
 And make of ITALY the general mart.
 These are thy goodly thoughts : how best to raise
 Thy country's industry. A patriot heart
 Beats in thy gentle breast — no vulgar praise !
 Be then this spinner-worm the hero of my lays !

III.

Full many a century it crept, the child
 Of distant China or the torrid zone ;
 Wasted its web upon the woodlands wild,
 And spun its golden tissue all alone,
 Clothing no reptile's body but its own.*
 So crawled a brother-worm o'er mount and glen,
 Uncivilised, uncouth ; till, social grown,
 He sought the cities and the haunts of men —
 Science and art soon tamed the forest denizen.

IV.

Rescued from woods, now under friendly roof
 Fostered and fed, and sheltered from the blast,
 Full soon the wondrous wealth of warp and woof —
 Wealth by these puny labourers amassed,
 Repaid the hand that spread their green repast :
 Right merrily they plied their jocund toil,
 And from their mouths the silken treasures cast,
 Twisting their canny thread in many a coil,
 While men looked on and smiled, and hailed the shining spoil.

V.

Sweet is the poet's ministry to teach
 How the wee operatives should be fed ;
 Their wants and changes ; what befitteth each ;
 What mysteries attend the genial bed,
 And how successive progenies are bred.
 Happy if he his countrymen engage
 In paths of peace and industry to tread ;
 Happier the poet still, if o'er his page
 Fair ISABELLA's ean shed radiant patronage !

* Tenui nec honos nec gloria filo !

VI.

Thou, then, who would'st possess a creeping flock
 Of silken sheep, their glossy fleece to shear,
 Learn of their days how scanty is the stock :
 Barely two months of each recurring year
 Make up the measure of their brief career ;
 They spin their little hour, they weave their ball,
 And, when their task is done, then disappear
 Within that silken dome's sepulchral hall ;
 And the third moon looks out upon their funeral.

VII.

Theirs is, in truth, a melancholy lot,
 Never the offspring of their loves to see !
 The parent of a thousand sons may not
 Spectator of his children's gambols be,
 Or hail the birth of his young family.
 From orphan-eggs, fruit of a fond embrace,
 Spontaneous hatched, an insect tenantry
 Creep forth, their sires departed to replace :
 Thus, posthumously born, springs up an annual race.

VIII.

Still watchful lest their birth be premature,
 From the sun's wistful eye remove the seed,
 While yet the season wavers insecure,
 While yet no leaves have budded forth to feed
 With juicy provender the tender breed ;
 Nor usher beings into life so new
 Without provision. 'Twere a cruel deed !
 Ah, such improvidence men often rue !
 'Tis a sad, wicked thing, if Malthus telleth true.

IX.

But when the vernal equinox is passed,
 And the gay mulberry in gallant trim
 Hath robed himself in verdant vest at last
 ('Tis well to wait until thou seest him
 With summer-garb of green on every limb),
 Then is thy time. Be cautious still, nor risk
 The enterprise while yet the moon is dim,
 But tarry till she hangeth out her disc,
 Replenished with full light ; then breed thy spinners brisk.

X.

Methinks that here some gentle maiden begs
 To know how best this genial deed is done :
 Some on a napkin strew the little eggs,
 And simply hatch their silkworms in the sun ;
 But there 's a better plan to fix upon.*
 Wrapt in a muslin kerchief pure and warm,
 Lay them within thy bosom safe ; nor shun
 Nature's kind office till the tiny swarm
 Begins to creep. Fear not ; they cannot do thee harm.

XI.

Meantime a fitting residence prepare,
 Wherein thy pigmy artisans may dwell,
 And furnish forth their factory with care :

Tu conde sinu velamine tecta
 Nec pudeat roseas inter fovisse papillæ.

Of seasoned timber build the spinners' cell,
 And be it lit and ventilated well;
 And range them upon insulated shelves,
 Rising above each other parallel,
 There let them crawl — there let the little elves
 On carpeting of leaf gaily disport themselves.

XII.

And be their house impervious, both to rain
 And to th' inclemency of sudden cold.
 See that no hungry sparrow entrance gain,
 To glut his maw and desolate the fold,
 Ranging among his victims uncontrolled.
 Nay, I have heard that once a wicked hen
 Obtained admittance by manœuvre bold,
 Slaughtering the insects in their little den :
 If I had caught her there, she would not come again.

XIII.

Stop up each crevice in the silkworm-house,
 Each gaping orifice be sure to fill;
 For oftentimes a sacrilegious mouse
 Will fatal inroad make, intent on ill,
 And in cold blood the gentle spinners kill.*
 Ah, cruel wretch ! whose idol is thy belly,
 The blood of innocence why dost thou spill ?
 Dost thou not know that *silk* is in that jelly ?
 Go forth, and seek elsewhere a dish of vermicelli.

XIV. •

When thy young caterpillars 'gin to creep,
 Spread them with care upon the oaken planks ;
 And let them learn from infancy to keep
 Their proper station, and preserve their ranks —
 Not crawl at random, playing giddy pranks.
 Let them be taught their dignity, nor seek,
 Dressed in silk gown, to act like mountebanks :
 Thus careful to eschew each vulgar freak,
 Sober they maun grow up industrious and meek.

XV.

Their minds kind Nature wisely pre-arranged,
 And of domestic habits made them fond ;
 Rarely they roam or wish their dwelling changed,
 Or from their keeper's vigilance abscond :
 Pleased with their home, they travel not beyond.
 Else, wo is me ! it were a bitter potion
 To hunt each truant and each vagabond ;
 Haply of such attempts they have no notion,
 Nor on their heads is seen the bump of locomotion.

XVI.

The same kind Nature (who doth all things right)
 Their stomachs hath from infancy imbued
 Straight with a most tremendous appetite,
 And till the leaf they love is o'er them strewed,
 Their little mouths wax clamorous for food.
 For their first banquetings this plan adopt —
 Cull the most tender leaves in all the wood,
 And let them, e'er upon the worms they're dropped,
 Be minced for their young teeth, and diligently chopped.

* Improbis irreptat tabulis sævitque per omnes
 Cædē medens.

XVII.

Passed the first week, an epoch will begin,
 A crisis which maun all thy care engage;
 For then the little asp will cast his skin.
 Such change of raiment marks each separate stage
 Of childhood, youth, of manhood and old age:
 A gentle sleep gives token when he means
 To doff his coat for seemlier equipage;
 Another and another supervenes,
 And then he is, I trow, no longer in his teens.

XVIII.

Until that period, it importeth much
 That no ungentle hand, with contact rude,
 Visit the shelves. Let the delightful touch
 Of Italy's fair daughters — fair and good! —
 Administer alone to that young brood.
 Mark how yon maiden's breast with pity yearns,
 Tending her charge with fond solicitude, . . .
 Hers be the blessing she so richly earns;
 Soon may she see her own wee brood of bonny bairns!

XIX.

Foliage fresh gathered for immediate use,
 Be the green pasture of thy silken sheep;
 For when ferments the vegetable juice,
 They loathe the leaves, and from th' untasted heap
 With disappointment languishingly creep.
 Hie to the forest, evening, noon, and morn;
 Of brimming baskets quick succession keep;
 Let the green grove for them be freely shorn,
 And smiling plenty void her well-replenished horn.

XX.

Pleasant the murmur of their mouths to hear,
 While as they ply the plentiful repast,
 The dainty leaves demolished, disappear
 One after one. A fresh supply is cast;
 That like the former vanisheth as fast.
 But, cautious of *repletion* (well cylept
 The fatal fount of sickness), cease at last;
 Fling no more food — their fodder intercept,
 And be it laid aside and for their supper kept.

XXI.

To gaze upon the dew-drop's glittering gem,
 T' inhale the moisture of the morning air,
 Is pleasantness to us; — 'tis death to them.*
 Shepherd, of dank humidity beware,
 Moisture maun vitiate the freshest fare;
 Cull not the leaves at the first hour of prime,
 While yet the sun his arrows through the air
 Shoots horizontal. Tarry till he climb
 Half his meridian height: then is thy harvest-time.

XXII.

There be two sisters of the mulberry race,
 One of complexion dark and olive hue;
 Of taller figure, and of fairer face,

*Pabula semper
 Sicca legant nullaque fluant aspergin8 sylva.*

The other wins and captivates the view,
 And to maturity grows quicker too.
 Oft characters with colour correspond ;
 Nathless the silkworm neither will eschew,
 He is of both immoderately fond,
 Still he doth dearly love the gently blooming blonde.*

XXIII.

With milder juice and more nutritious milk
 She feedeth him, though delicate and pale ;
 Nurtured by *her* he spins a finer silk,
 And her young sucklings, vigorous and hale,
 Aye o'er her sister's progeny prevail.
 Her paler charms more appetite beget,
 On which they aye right greedily regale :
She bears the bell in foreign lands ; and yet,
 Our brown Italian maids prefer the dark brunette.†

XXIV.

The dark brunette, more bountiful of leaves,
 With less refinement more profusion shews ;
 But often such redundancy deceives.
 What though the ripened berry ruddier glows
 Upon these tufted branches, than on those,
 Due is the preference to the paler plant.
 Her to rear up thy tender nurslings choose,
 Her to thy little orphans' wishes grant,
 Nor use the darker leaves unless the white be scant.

XXV.

OID has told a tender tale of *THISBE*,
 Who found her lifeless lover lying pale
 Under a spreading mulberry. Let his be
 The merit and the moral of that tale.
 Sweet is thy song, in sooth, love's nightingale !
 But hadst thou known that, nourished from that tree,
 Love's artisans would spin their tissue frail,
 Thou never wouldst of so much misery
 Have laid the scene beneath a spreading mulberry.

XXVI.

Now should a failure of the mulberry crop
 Send famine to the threshold of thy door,
 Do not despair ; but, climbing to the top
 Of the tall elm, or kindred sycamore,
 Young budding germs with searching eye explore.
 Practise a pious fraud upon thy flock,
 With false supplies and counterfeited store ;
 Thus for a while their little stomachs mock,
 Until thou canst provide of leaves a genuine stock.

XXVII.

But ne'er a simple village-maiden ask
 To climb on trees‡ — for her was never meant
 The rude exposure of such uncouth task ;

* *Est bicolor morus, bombyx vescetur utraq̃ue
 Nigra albenave fuit, &c. &c.*

The worm will always prefer to nibble the white mulberry-leaf, and will quit the black for it readily.

† *Quamvis Ausoniis laudetur nigra puellis.*

‡ The good bishop's gallantry is herein displayed to advantage :—

Lest while she tries the perilous ascent,
 On pure and hospitable thoughts intent,
 A wicked Fawn, that lurks behind some bush,
 Peep out with upward eye — rude insolent !
 Oh, vile and desperate hardihood ! But, hush !
 Nor let such matters move the bashful muse to blush.

XXVIII.

The maiden's ministry it is to keep
 Incessant vigil o'er the silkworm fold,
 Supply fresh fodder to the nibbling sheep,
 Cleanse and remove the remnants of the old,
 Guard against influence of damp or cold,
 And ever and anon collect them all
 In close divan ; and ere their food is doled,
 Wash out with wine each stable and each stall,
 Lest foul disease the flock through seculence befall.

XXIX.

Changes will oft come o'er their outward form,
 And each transition needs thy anxious cares :
 Four times they cast their skin. The spinner-worm
 Four soft successive suits of velvet wears ;
 Nature each pliant envelope prepares.
 But how can they, in previous clothing pent,
 Get riddance of that shaggy robe of theirs ?
 They keep a three days' fast. When by that Lent
 Grown lean, they doff with ease their old accoutrement.

• XXX.

Now are the last important days at hand —
 The liquid gold within its living mine
 Is ripe. Nor nourishment they now demand,
 Nor care for life ; impatient to resign
 The wealth with which diaphanous they shine !
 Eager they look around — imploring look,
 For branch or bush their tissue to entwine ;
 Some rudimental threads they seek to hook,
 And dearly love to find some hospitable nook.

XXXI.

Anticipate their wishes, gentle maid !
 Hie to their help ; the fleeting moment catch.
 Quick be the shelves with wicker-work o'erlaid ;
 Let osier, broom, and furze, their workshop thatch,
 With fond solicitude and blithe despatch.
 So may they quickly, 'mid the thicket dense,
 Find out a spot their purposes to match ;
 So may they soon their industry commence,
 And of this round cocoon plan the circumference.

XXXII.

Their hour is come. See how the yellow flood
 Swells in yon creeping cylinder ! how teems
 Exuberant the tide of amber blood !

Nec robora dura

Ascendat permittit in sylvis innube virgo
 Ast operum patiens anus et out durior annis
 Sit catus (Ingratus Avilis iactura senectus)
 Munere fungatur tali. Ne forte quis alta
 Egressus sylvâ satyrorum e gremio prociot
 Suspiciat, tanerumque pudor notet om puelle.

How the recondite gold transparent gleams,
 And how pellucid the bright fluid seems !
 Proud of such pregnancy, and duly skilled
 In Dedalean craft, each insect deems
 The glorious purposes of life fulfilled,
 If into shining silk his substance be distilled !

XXXIII.

Say, hast thou ever marked the clustering grape,
 Swoll'n to maturity with ripe produce,
 When the imprisoned pulp pants to escape,
 And longs to joy "emancipated" juice
 In the full freedom of the bowl profuse ?
 So doth the silk that swells their skinny coat
 Loathe its confinement, panting to get loose :
 Such longing for relief their looks denote —
 Soon* in their web they'll find a "bane and antidote."

XXXIV.

See ! round and round, in many a mirthful maze,
 The wily workman weaves his golden gauze ;
 And while his throat the twisted thread purveys,
 New lines with labyrinthine labour draws,
 Plying his pair of operative jaws.
 From morn to noon, from noon to silent eve,
 He toileth without interval or pause,*
 His monumental trophy to achieve,
 And his sepulchral sheet of silk resplendent weave !

XXXV.

Approach, and view thy artisans at work ;
 At thy wee spinners take a parting glance :
 For soon each puny labourer will lurk
 Under his silken canopy's expanse —
 Tasteful alcove ! boudoir of elegance !
 There will the weary worm in peace repose,
 And languid lethargy his limbs entrance !
 There his career of usefulness will close !
 Who would not live the life and die the death of those ! †

XXXVI.

Mostly they spin their solitary shroud
 Single, apart, like ancient anchoret ;
 Yet oft a loving pair will, ‡ if allowed,
 In the same sepulchre of silk well met,
 Nestle like ROMEO and JULIETTE.
 From such communing be they not debarred,
 Mindful of her who hallowed Paraclet ;
 Even in their silken cenotaph 'twere hard
 To part a HELOISE from her loved ABELARD.

XXXVII.

The task is done, the work is now complete ;
 A stilly silence reigns throughout the room !
 Sleep on, blest beings ! be your slumbers sweet,

Quære, Without paws?—P. Devil.

† Mille legunt releguntque vias atque orbibus orbes
 Agglomerant donec cuncto se carcere condant
 Sponte sua. Tanta est edendi gloria fili !

‡ Quin et nonnulla paribus communia curis
 Associent opera et nebula clauduntur eadem.

And calmly rest within your golden tomb —
 Rest till restored to renovated bloom.
 Bursting the trammels of that dark sojourn,
 Forth ye shall issue, and rejoiced, resume
 A glorified appearance, and return
 To life a winged thing from monumental urn.

XXXVIII.

Fain would I pause, and of my tuneful text
 Reserve the remnant for a fitter time :
 Another song remains. The summit next
 Of double-peaked Parnassus when I climb,
 Grant me, ye gods ! the radiant wings of rhyme !
 Thus may I bear me up th' adventurous road
 That winds aloft — an argument sublime !
 But of didactic poems 'tis the mode,
 No canto should conclude without an episode.

XXXIX.

VENUS it was who first invented SILK —
 LINEN had long, by CERES patronised,
 Supplied Olympus : ladies of that ilk
 No better sort of clothing had devised —
 Linen alone their *garde de robe* comprised.
 Hence at her cambric loom the "suitsors" found
 PENILOPÉ, whom hath immortalised
 The blind man eloquent : nor less renowned [ground.
 Were "Troy's proud dames," whose robes of linen swept the

XL.

Thus the first female fashion was for flax ;
 A linen tunic was the garb that graced
 Exclusively the primitive "Almack's."
 Simplicity's costume ! too soon effaced
 By vain inventions of more modern taste.
 Then was the reign of modesty and sense.
 Fair ones, I ween, were not more prude and chaste,
 Girt in hoop petticoats' circumference
 Or stays — but, *Hani soit* the rogue *qui mal y pense*.

XLI.

WOOL, by MINERVA manufactured, met
 With blithe encouragement and brisk demand ;
 Her loom by constant buyers was beset,
 "Orders from foreign houses" kept her hand
 Busy supplying many a distant land.
 She was of woollen stuffs the sole provider,
 Till some were introduced by contraband :
 A female called ARACHNÉ thus defied her,
 But soon gave up the trade, being turned into a spider.

XLII.

Thus a complete monopoly in wool,
 "Almost amounting to a prohibition,"
 Enabled her to satisfy in full
 The darling object of her life's ambition,
 And gratify her spiteful disposition.
 VENUS,* she had determined, should not be
 Suffered to purchase stuffs on no condition ;

* Tantùm nuda Venus mœrebat muneris expers
 Egregiâ ob formam textrici invisa Minervæ.

While every naked Naiad nymph was free
To buy her serge, moreen, and woollen draperie.

XLIII.

Albeit "when unadorned adorned the most,"
The goddess could not brook to be outwitted;
How could she bear her rival's bitter boast,
If to this taunt she quietly submitted?
OLYMPUS (naked as she was) she quitted,
Fully determined to bring back as fine a
Dress as was ever woven, spun, or knitted;
Europe she searched, consulted the CZARINA,
And, taking good advice, crossed o'er "the wall" to CHINA.

XLIV.

Long before Europeans, the Chinese
Possessed the compass, silkworms, and gun-powder,
And types, and tea, and other rarities.
China (with gifts since Nature hath endowed her)
Is proud; what land hath reason to be prouder?
Her let the dull "Barbarian Eye" respect,
And be her privileges all allowed her;
She is the WIDOW (please to recollect)
OF ONE the deluge drowned, PRIMORDIAL INTELLECT.

XLV.

The good inhabitants of PEKIN, when
They saw the dame in downright dishabille
Were shocked. Such sight was far beyond the ken
Of their CONFUCIAN notions. Full of zeal
To guard the morals of the commonweal,
They straight deputed SYLK, a mandarin,
Humbly before the visitant to kneel
With downcast eye, and offer Beauty's queen
A rich resplendent robe of gorgeous bombazine.

XLVI.

Venus received the vesture nothing loth,
And much its gloss, its softness much admired,
And praised that specimen of foreign growth,
So splendid, and so cheaply too acquired!
Quick in the robe her graceful limbs attired,
She seeks a mirror — there delighted dallies;
So rich a dress was all could be desired.
How she rejoiced to disappoint the malice
Of her unfeeling foe, the vile, vindictive PALLAS!*

XLVII.

But while she praised the gift and thanked the giver,
Of spinner-worms she sued for a supply.
Forthwith the good Chinese filled Cupid's quiver
With the cocoons, in which each worm doth lie
Snug, until changed into a butterfly.
The light cocoons wild Cupid showered o'er Greece,
And o'er the isles, and over Italy,
Into the lap of industry and peace;
And the glad nations hailed the long-sought "Golden Fleece."†

* Rettulit insignes tunicas, nihil indiga lanas.

† Gratum opus Ausoniis dum volvunt fila puellis.

COBBETT.

WILLIAM COBBETT—M.P. to his ill fortune—died on the 18th of June; a day which, on account of its being the anniversary of the battle of Waterloo, he had often railed against with a wrath that now appears ominous. We had last month projected an article on his death; but, on reflection, we considered that such notice would have been too hasty, and we left the task of writing his obituary to the usual vehicles of speedier intelligence than ours. To do them justice, the writers of the newspaper press shewed a degree of attention and respect to his memory, which was little to be expected from their usual pugnacity, and the constant feuds which Cobbett had for many years maintained—not merely against the press abstractedly, but personally against those to whom its conduct is intrusted. Not many weeks before his death he designated all the parliamentary reporters by the polite title of “suckmugs;” and in former times he uttered a wish that he had it in his power to draw up by Hyde Park all persons in any department connected with the daily and weekly journals, in order that the public in general might behold what a mean, shabby, rascally, and contemptible set it was that takes on itself to guide public opinion. To these general compliments he added individual insults, and imposed special nicknames on almost every one who rose to eminence of any kind in the art of journalism.

They have forgiven all this, and so well they may. People bear with patience affronts which are diffused over a large class of men; and when Cobbett descended to personal abuse it was seldom durably venomous. Its very extravagance excited usually little more than laughter even in the persons attacked. In the case of the newspapers, the especial objects of his hatred were well able to defend themselves, and could retaliate violence with violence. All who care for such controversies—and they are not many—saw that, after all, his anger against the press proceeded from that sort of jealous feeling which proverbially prevents two of a trade from agreeing. He felt his superiority over most of our newspaper oracles in point of talent; and he felt, also, that

with the mass of the community his influence was far less than theirs. He was always boasting about his power of annihilating them, but he regularly failed wherever he made the attempt to cope with them in their own peculiar department. He ruined the *Statesman*; he was of no use to the *True Sun*; in short, out of the *Register*, as a periodical politician, he was nothing. The reasons of this would be very easily explained, if it were worth while; but, as they lie on the surface, we shall not stop to do so. His old antagonists have forgotten the quarrel, and vied with one another in heaping honours on his tomb.

We hope that some one duly qualified for the task will give us his Life. He has left sons well fitted for so doing, especially John, the defeated of Oldham. Ample materials will be found in Cobbett's own writings—a great deal in the public proceedings of the country for a long tract of years. Much, however, must remain stored as it were in the family archives. He must have had a large correspondence; his conversations must have been full of singular matter; his merely literary history, of which we know little or nothing, must be curious. He has told us what suited him to tell, and what he thought the public might be interested in. Every man suppresses in autobiography, whether preface or incidental, many particulars, some because they do not tell well, others because they do not seem to him of any importance. If the work be executed by those to whom we have already consigned it, filial duty will naturally dictate the course to be adopted. It will be graceful in them to come forward as the defenders of their father on any points on which he has been unjustly assailed, and to make the best case for him every where; but the execution of this obvious duty need not prohibit from going further into detail than he has thought fit to do, or from bringing into the light matters which, from carelessness, or their familiarity to his own mind, he altogether passed over in his revelations.

The principal events of his life he has written over and over again. We know that he was the son of a small farmer,

and assisted his father in the capacity of a ploughboy ; that he was a soldier and a sergeant ; a Peter Porcupine anti-Jacobin in America ; and, as a *Register* writer, something very like a pro-Jacobin in England : these, with all his various fights and flights, his trials, imprisonments, escape to America, quarrels with Burdett, electioneering adventures against sundry rich ruffians and others held up by him to due odium, his final appearance in parliament, his nice little books, his corn, his straw, his locust-trees, and so forth,—these have been to us narrated by himself in a manner that cannot be surpassed. It was generally made a matter of accusation against him that he was extremely egotistical. How could it be otherwise ? He felt that he drew all his importance solely from himself ; that his materials were as much his own as the web is of the spider ; and being thus every thing to himself, and from himself, was it possible that he should not imagine he was the same to all the world ? The principal value of those universities and public schools which he was in the habit of disparaging (though certainly not by any means in the disgusting manner of such low quacks as Roebuck, who are as destitute of the original appliances of education, and as low in point of early occupation, as Cobbett, but must not be named in the same breath with that which speaks of his vigorous intellect,) is to humanise the mind by teaching it that others have existed from whom lessons of wisdom may be learned. Had the mind of Cobbett been subjected to such early culture, we had never been offended by his arrogance. He would have seen, that others had discerned the principles of truth, and had expounded them in language that convinces the understanding and captivates the imagination. It is nonsensical to think that a genius so vigorous as his would have been cramped by the trammels of a liberal education. In the first place, a liberal education imposes no trammels ; and, again, if it did, the faculties of Cobbett would soon have burst them. A suitable education would have left all that was valuable, and spared us much that is offensive. The egotism, at least, would have been abated, and Cobbett might have been satisfied to be one of the ablest political writers that England has ever produced, with-

out deeming it necessary to advertise it on so many occasions. But a disquisition on the influence of education on original genius would lead us too far from our object. We shall content ourselves by asking those who contend for the sagacious theory that the mind is cramped by culture, and that the perusal of works of immortal renown narrows the ideas, whether any traces of such a result are to be found in our great political writers, from Bacon to Burke,—in Milton, or Locke, or Swift, or Bolingbroke, or Johnson—all men carefully nurtured in schools and universities ?

In another point of view, something is to be said in favour of Cobbett's egotism. What are we all—all of us who wield the political pen, however lofty, or however humble may be the height or the depth of our aspiring—but in that fact itself essentially egotistical ? The fact itself proclaims that we consider ourselves not only qualified to teach on the most momentous subjects that can interest mankind, but actually called upon to do so.* Who calls us—whence originates the mission ? Why, from ourselves. The world singles forth no man to deliver to it oracles. The God within sends us forth on our several missions of wisdom or fatuity. We generally mask our individuality by adopting the plural pronoun, and the voice of one is delivered as that of a congregation—but, after all, the “we” is nothing more than “I.” Cobbett rejected the disguise worn by his brethren of the broadsheet ; and hence, though perhaps not more essentially egotistical than contemporary writers on politics, he appeared to be supremely so. A man who week after week poured forth his opinions—avowedly his individual opinions—must often recur to what he had said on other occasions, and frequently urge on his disciples the correctness of his anticipations, and the failure of those indulged in by his antagonists. Take up any news;aper of the day, and we will be sure to find, “It now appears that the views which we took of the subject have been justified by the event, and that the contradiction which a certain morning paper ventured to give our assertions was, as usual when it impugns our statements, wholly incorrect.” Put this into the ordinary language of life : “It now appears that the views which I took of the subject

have been justified by the event, and that the contradiction which a certain morning paper ventured to give MY assertions was, as usual when it impugns MY statements, wholly incorrect;" and must we not conclude that the most ordinary and tradesmanlike paragraph manufacturer is as egotistical as Cobbett? All men who write much, inevitably write the main facts of their lives, as well as their opinions—their *αἰσχρογᾶνα* as well as their *δωρᾶνα*. From the works of Sir Walter Scott could be, without much difficulty, selected a faithful account of the principal events of his life; we mean from his novels, not from the prefaces in which occasionally avowed sketches of his personal career may be found. Cobbett was more communicative than most others. Not only in those papers expressly devoted to autobiography, but in scattered fragments, we find perpetual notices of his history. Like Lucilius of old, whom he resembled not in this particular alone—for in the fierceness of his satire, and the vernacular familiarity of his language, he had many points of likeness to the first satirist of Rome—he poured forth himself upon his page, where appeared

"Veluti votivâ descripta tabellâ
Vita senis."

One instance of this depicting of the old man's life occurs to us at once, and it is, on many accounts, worthy of being given. A more perfect *Idyl* is no where to be found. We take it from his "Advice to Young Men, and, incidentally, to Young Women in the middle and higher ranks of life;" where he introduces his first falling in love with his wife:

"Then I first saw my wife, she was thirteen years old, and I was within about a month of twenty-one. She was the daughter of a sergeant-major of artillery, and I was the sergeant-major of a regiment of foot, both stationed in forts near the city of St. John, in the province of New Brunswick. I sat in the same room with her for about an hour, in company with others, and I made up my mind that she was the very girl for me. That I thought her beautiful is certain,—for that I had always said should be an indispensable qualification; but I saw in her what I deemed marks of that sobriety of conduct of which I have said so much, and which has been by far the greatest blessing of my life. It was now dead of winter, and, of course, the snow several

feet deep on the ground, and the weather piercing cold. It was my habit, when I had done my morning's writing, to go out at break of day to take a walk on a hill at the foot of which our barracks lay. In about three mornings after I had first seen her, I had, by an invitation to breakfast with me, got up two young men to join me in my walk; and our road lay by the house of her father and mother. It was hardly light, but she was out on the snow, scrubbing out a washing-tub. 'That's the girl for me,' said I, when we had got out of her hearing. One of these young men came to England soon afterwards; and he, who keeps an inn in Yorkshire, came over to Preston, at the time of the election, to verify whether I were the same man. When he found that I was, he appeared surprised; but what was his surprise when I told him that those tall young men, whom he saw around me, were the sons of that pretty little girl that he and I saw scrubbing out the washing-tub on the snow in New Brunswick, at day-break in the morning! From the day that I first spoke to her, I never had a thought of her ever being the wife of any other man, more than I had a thought of her being transformed into a chest of drawers; and I formed my resolution at once, to marry her as soon as we could get permission, and to get out of the army as soon as I could. So that this matter was, at once, settled as firmly as if written in the book of fate. At the end of about six months, my regiment, and I along with it, were removed to Fredericton, a distance of a hundred miles up the river of St. John; and, which was worse, the artillery were expected to go off to England a year or two before our regiment! The artillery went, and she along with them; and now it was that I acted a part becoming a real and sensible lover. I was aware that when she got to that gay place Woolwich, the house of her father and mother, necessarily visited by numerous persons not the most select, might become unpleasant to her, and I did not like, besides, that she should continue to work hard. I had saved a hundred and fifty guineas, the earnings of my early hours, in writing for the paymaster, the quartermaster, and others, in addition to the savings of my own pay. I sent her all my money, before she sailed; and wrote to her to beg of her, if she found her home uncomfortable, to hire a lodging with respectable people; and, at any rate, not to spare the money, by any means, but to buy herself good clothes, and to live without hard work, until I arrived in England; and I, in order to induce her to lay out the money, told her that I should get plenty more before I

came home. As the malignity of the devil would have it, we were kept abroad two years longer than our time, Mr. Pitt (England not being so tame then as she is now) having knocked up a dust with Spain about Nootka Sound. Oh, how I cursed Nootka Sound, and poor bawling Pitt, too, I am afraid! At the end of four years, however, home I came; landed at Portsmouth, and got my discharge from the army by the great kindness of poor Lord Edward Fitzgerald, who was then the major of my regiment. I found my little girl a servant of all work (and hard work it was), at five pounds a-year, in the house of a Captain Briscoe; and, without hardly saying a word about the matter, she put into my hands the whole of my hundred and fifty guineas unbroken.*

The conclusion of the passage is so characteristic as to be worth extracting. During the years which elapsed between the future Mrs. Cobbett's leaving America and his return to England, his attentions were, it seems, on the verge of being turned to another woman; and the consequences of this alteration of sentiment might, according to himself, have been of vast importance:

"On what trifles turn the great events in the life of man! If I had received a cool letter from my intended wife; if I had only heard a rumour of any thing from which fickleness in her might have been inferred; if I had found in her any, even the smallest abatement, of affection; if she had but let go any one of the hundred strings by which she held my heart; if any of these, never would the world have heard of me. Young as I was; able as I was as a soldier; proud as I was of the admiration and commendations of which I was the object; fond as I was, too, of the command, which, at so early an age, my rare conduct and great natural talents had given me; sanguine as was my mind, and brilliant as were my prospects; yet I had seen so much of the meannesses, the unjust partialities, the insolent pomposity, the disgusting dissipations of that way of life, that I was weary of it: I longed exchanging my fine laced coat for the Yankee farmer's home-spun, to be where I should never behold the supple crouch of servility, and never hear the hectoring

voice of authority, again; and, on the lonely banks of this branch-covered creek, which contained (she out of the question) every thing congenial to my taste and dear to my heart, I, unapplauded, unfear'd, unenvied and uncalumniated, should have lived and died."

As Cobbett always attributes the "great events" of his time to himself, his fidelity to the little girl whom he saw scrubbing out the washing-tub on the snow in New Brunswick, at day-break in the morning, wrought, in his own view, vast effects; but never was there a greater instance of self-delusion than his opinion that, under any circumstances, he could have sate down on the lonely banks of a branch-covered creek, or any where else, without doing what would place him in the midst of turmoil. As Hazlitt said in one of his forgotten papers, "To sail with the stream, to agree with the company, is not one of his (Cobbett's) humours." He could not have rested in peace as a home-spun clothed Yankee, but in due course of time must have gravitated to London, the natfural centre for all such bustling souls as his.

To London he came, fresh from the anti-Jacobin glories of his *Peter Porcupine*. He had in that paper done the cause some service; and some of us, especially Mr. Wyndham, knew it. Wyndham, with a considerable quantity of wrong-headedness, and some affectation, had yet a great deal of natural and national English feeling about him, and was captivated by the sterling style of Cobbett, differing* as it did diametrically from Wyndham's own. There are many clever things in *Peter Porcupine*, most of which were plumply contradicted in his after-writings. His fierce Toryism was soon changed into as fierce Radicalism; and of the reasons of the change we never have heard any definite account. That which obtains general credence* is a display of aristocratic baughtiness on the part of Pitt, who, it is said, refused, in the most pointed manner, to dine with Mr. Wyndham, when he heard that the quondam ploughboy

* The story is thus told in the newspapers:—"His first desertion of the Tory party has been ascribed to a gratuitous insult offered to him by Mr. Pitt, who, with a superciliousness that clouded his great qualities, affected so much of aristocratic morgue as to decline the introduction of Mr. Wyndham's protégé; Mr. Wyndham being a person of higher genealogical rank than Mr. Pitt, and the person proposed to be introduced (Mr. Cobbett) being the man who, after Mr. Burke, had done in-

and ex-sergeant Cobbett was to be of the party. That Pitt might have made the objection, is probable enough. It agrees with the general current of feeling of the man; and the fierceness of rancour with which Pitt's literary retainers, such as William Gifford (a very poor creature, in what-ever light considered), persecuted Cobbett, renders it credible that some personal affront had been inflicted. Years afterwards, Cobbett, in addressing one of a name like to that of the slaving Quarterly Reviewer, but one to whose powers of mind and integrity of purpose it would be a foul affront if a comparison were instituted between them for an instant, took opportunity to refer to the now-forgotten state of that poor clod of earth, which once, by wriggling itself among the great, or quasi-great, in the mixed capacity of pimp and parasite, personal lick-spittle and literary bully, had once accomplished some shadow of repute, and to draw from it a lesson, that those who wished to win honourable fame in this world must eschew dependence upon the rich and noble; or, as he elsewhere expressed it, must turn their backs upon Whitehall and Somerset House. All this indicates favours sought, or at least expected, coupled with rejection or disappointment; and something like jealousy and vexation at the success of others. We rather think that the matter lay deeper than a mere personal slight; and this is one of the parts of his life on which we should desire to have some light thrown, not simply to illustrate his memoirs, but to serve as an instructive lesson in party-history.

Personal affront, however, always went far with Cobbett, who acted generally upon impulse. His inconsistencies may be, in most instances, traced to some offence, real or imagined, which he received from those who once had been the objects of his praise. Burdett, the saviour of England, was transformed to Burdett the type of all that is mean and base; Waithman the pride of the senate became Waithman the empty shoyboy; Hunt the patriot degenerated into

Hunt the greatest of liars; O'Connell the glory of Ireland was at one time a vile vagabond, and so forth. We are sorry to say, that kindness to him did not call forth a return as surely as did insult or neglect. There was, indeed, a harshness and cruelty about Cobbett which it is impossible to excuse. For an enemy he had no bowels of compassion. The Marquess of Londonderry fell by a calamity to which all men may be subject. In a moment of unwatched madness he died by his own hand; and ever after he was designated in the *Register* as Castlereagh who cut his throat at North Cray. Even an animal as low as one Bric, a hanger-on of O'Connell's, who was shot in a duel provoked by his own impertinence, was insulted, while yet unburied, in terms of the grossest contempt and ribaldry, for no greater crime than because, in a quarrel respecting the money to be made by Roman Catholic Emancipation, got up between Cobbett and O'Connell, Bric, on the principle of adhering to the hand that fed him, had supported the latter. These are cruel things; and fifty other instances—the merciless abuse of Lord Picknose Liverpool, and, not long ago, of Mr. Justice Taunton, immediately after his death, suggest themselves to us at the moment—could be given, if they were worth searching after. When Canning died, he wrote over him a funeral oration of withering intensity of censure; but this, though in some parts harsh, and in no part kindly timed, we are not inclined to blame. The jester on the revered and ruptured Ogden could not claim much sympathy, when a Radical trampled upon his remains with some share of brutality. That paper was a model of vituperative eloquence. We, of course, do not agree with its general politics, but for force of writing, for luminous arrangement of facts, for a complete crushing of a vapouring antagonist, it has never been surpassed. His story of the ferryman by Chiswick being totally ignorant even of the name of Canning, the late premier of England, then lying dead at the house of

comparably the most-for preserving the institutions and the honour of England—more, we do not scruple to say, than had been done by Mr. Pitt himself, from his unaided exertions. This is the common version of Cobbett's abandonment of Tory politics. We believe it is a correct one: it is, undoubtedly, confirmed by the marked and disgraceful neglect of Mr. Cobbett's services, during the interval from his return from America to the period of his change."

the Duke of Devonshire, close by; and the manner in which he applied it was worthy of the pen of Juvenal, writing upon the vanity of human renown. Flashy Canning, as he used to call him, had often wished to see Cobbett on the floor of the House of Commons, that he might be shewn his level. On his own dunghill, we are certain Canning would have over-crowded Cobbett. The tables were turned by the decree of fate, and the great child and champion of the illustrious order of Red Tapery had his way freshened into oblivion by a contemptuous but potent kick from the dealer in Twopenny Trash.

From whatever source his wrath against his old Tory friends arose, it acquired additional rancour after his being sentenced to two years' imprisonment, and a fine of a thousand pounds, for a seditious libel in 1810. Some local militiamen were whipped for mutiny in the Isle of Ely, and the soldiers who superintended the punishment happened to be of the German Legion. That the men were properly punished, and that it was necessary to suppress a mutinous spirit which was becoming rather serious, nobody who fairly looked at the circumstances could deny. The question, whether flogging is a proper punishment? is a distinct thing, and Cobbett did not raise any objections on that head; but he turned all his fury against the fact that *Germans* were selected to punish and torture *Englishmen*. The comments were insulting enough; and when the times are considered, it will be allowed that publications tending to diffusediscontent or disobedience among any portion of our troops were then deservedly held worthy of punishment. On looking over what Cobbett said, now after a lapse of twenty-five years, the infiction seems quite disproportionate to the offence. But Lord Ellenborough had a real hatred of the press, whether Whig or Tory. King's Bench has been considerably tamed since that time. The rage of Cobbett knew no bounds. He exclaimed loudly against the fine—he told his sons to remember that he was to pay a thousand pounds

to the king, enjoining them never to forget that circumstance, for if they did he wished them to become half rotten and mad. This brutal allusion to the state of George III. is one of the coarse blots which too often defaced Cobbett's writings. He well knew that the king had no more to do with the sentence, or the receipt of the fine, than the tipstaff of the court, or the hackney-coachman who drove the defendant there. From that moment he fairly flung aside the scabbard, and declared war against Toryism, aristocracy, the privileged classes, &c. without quarter.

How he carried on that war is fresh in the recollection of our readers. One of his principal instruments was his great power of nicknaming, in which he surpassed all the political scolds with whom we happen to be acquainted, since the days of Aristophanes. Some were felicitous in a high degree. Nobody ever dreamt of applying to old Burdett the stupid compliment of his being "Westminster's pride and England's glory" after it had procured for him from Cobbett the name of "old Sir Glory." "Sancho Hobhouse," "Mons. de Snip Place," "Little Shilling Attwood," "Gaffer Gooch," "Pis-aller Parkes," "Doctor Black," "Bott* Smith," "Slate-face Cropper," "Roaring Rushton," "Prosperity Fred," "the bloody *Old Times*," "the lump of horse-dung that is called the *Globe*"—Hunt, "the great liar of the South"—Baines, "the great liar of the North"—Brougham, "a mixture of laudanum and brandy, with a double allowance of jaw,"—and a hundred others, are quite familiar. He dealt them out very impartially, without confining himself strictly to any political faction. In truth, jealousy prompted much of his abuse. He could not bear that any one should approach his throne. He was to be the sole dispenser of political information; and those who agreed with him were as likely to share his vituperation if they interfered with his sole dominion, as the most avowed of his antagonists. Some of the latter, indeed, he treated with respect. The strange inconsistency

* A bott is a worm troublesome to horses. It would be unprofitable to explain why Cobbett applied this nickname to Mr. Egerton Smith, of the *Liverpool Mercury*; but so closely does it adhere to him, that we have known a literary man of eminence about to address a letter to Mr. Smith as "Bott Smith, Esq." with the full assurance that it was his name.

with which he applied his nicknames was, among other things, most amusingly pointed out in a pleasant little work called the *Book of Wonders*, compiled by John Wright some fifteen years ago, which served as a magazine for amusing Cobbett ever after.

His style was his great charm. There was, no doubt, much in his matter; but the style set it off to the utmost advantage. It was clear, perspicuous, pure, thoroughly English,—English drawn from the wells of Saxon undefiled. His argument, as the *Times* well said, is an example of acute, yet apparently natural, nay, involuntary logic, smoothed in its progress and cemented in its parts by a mingled stream of torturing sarcasm, contemptuous jocularly, and fierce and slaughtering invective. We do not know any English writer precisely like him, and it would be useless to look to those of other lands. He somewhat resembles Swift; but Swift was graver, and dealt much in irony—a weapon little used by Cobbett. Something of the manner of Defoe may be traced in his descriptive parts; but, as a political writer, old Daniel was much heavier. Perhaps Franklin, whom he with great justice used to call an old rogue, comes nearest to his manner, and Poor Richard certainly supplied many of his ideas upon life, manners, and domestic economy. Paine, also, whom he at one time denounced as a ruffian unworthy to live, and at another time set up as an idol for admiration, seems to have served him for a model; but Paine, though clear and easy, was far more feeble than his old enemy during his life, and his skeleton-worshipper after his death. He fancied, or he pretended to fancy, that he was indebted for his vigour and lucidness to his grammatical knowledge of the language, and was fond of referring to his grammars as a proof of his profound information. If he really entertained any such opinion, it was a great mistake. His grammars do not contain one grammatical principle of the slightest value, beyond what we find in a sixpenny abridgment of Lindley Murray. Of the philosophy of language he had no idea—no acquaintance with etymology, not a philological notion in his head. We have not looked into his English Grammar for many years; and all we can recollect of it is, that the examples chosen to illustrate the rules were

amusingly drawn from his political animosities. In order to explain a noun of multitude, or something of the kind, we had, "Thus we say, A House of Commons, a den of thieves." The use of a hyphen was illustrated by "Reynolds the government-spy." Interjection, if we do not forget, he derived from the Latin words *inter*, between, and *jection*, something thrown. He pulled the king's speeches to pieces in a very amusing manner—subjecting them to a species of verbal torture which no writing, and least of all his own, could bear. In this sort of work he made, occasionally, whimsical mistakes. We recollect his being peculiarly facetious upon Mr. Canning for using the word "incohere," as he spelt it, defining it to signify "not in a state of cohesion." Canning's word was "inchoate." Such accidents will happen to people who will play the verbal critic without knowing the languages from which are drawn the words on which their ingenuity is exerted.

We do not think that Cobbett ever read very much, in the scholarly sense of reading. For classical studies he always expressed vast contempt; and he informs us that he never read a word of Shakespeare until the year 1797, when he was five-and-thirty years old. He then formed a very low opinion of him, as only about a couple of months ago he took an opportunity of declaring. He attributed the admiration for Shakespeare to the mere caprice of fashion; alleging the success of Ireland's miserable imposture, *Vortigern*, as a proof that any trash was good enough to pass for Shakespeare's writing, and therefore sure of being applauded. This argument is not worth much, for Ireland's play utterly failed; and it never had any believers among men of sense. Kemble, who took the principal part of the tragedy, despised it heartily. But, on the whole, Cobbett's criticism on Shakespeare is not more offensive than that of David Hume, a critic by profession, in his *History of England*. Both would have been astonished at hearing it maintained that, in addition to the poetical beauties of Shakespeare, there could be drawn from his works metaphysical doctrines and ethical aphorisms far surpassing, in extensive wisdom and profound philosophy, any thing ever written by Hume, and lessons and reflections in politics to

which Cobbett never could aspire. Such, however, is the fact. Milton, also, be treated with deep disdain; his comments on the battle of the angels in the sixth book are very comical: but the dislike is not to be wondered at, for there is little in common between the *Register* and *Paradise Lost*. As for his contemporaries, he looked with disgust, sometimes affected, but with envy always real, upon those among them who attained popularity. Sir Walter Scott was especially an eyesore, and he seldom missed an opportunity of insulting his novels. The Ariosto of the North, if we are not mistaken, did not return the dislike, but read Cobbett with the greatest pleasure. The fame and the sale of *Waverley*, and the rest of that glorious series, were not to be forgiven; the grand political instructor of the people of England wondered at the strange taste of people in buying the works of Scott, when those of Cobbett were to be had. Byron he contemned; and of Wordsworth and Southey he knew nothing, beyond the facts that one was a stampmaster and the other a laureate. Of the ordinary run of literary labourers he never took the slightest

Though continually writing and sometimes committing called history, the stock of knowledge which he brought to historical disquisitions was singularly small. A more amusing instance of this cannot be found in the whole range of literature than his *History of the Reformation*. It was generally believed at the time, and perhaps with justice, that he entered on the writing of this book with the hope of sharing in some of the pay raised among the Irish patriots for their especial benefit. Whether he got the promised money or not is a question which we leave to be resolved by his future biographer—we are rather inclined to think that the native artists of Ireland took care that he did not. Cobbett's strong mind must have thoroughly despised the Popish superstition; and his keen sense of what are the real causes of the misery and destitution of the lowest orders must of course have taught him to laugh to scorn the supposition that the starvation of the wretched Irish peasantry, and the general pauperism of the Irish nation, were in any degree affected by the fact of the presence or the absence of Mr. O'Connell, or Mr. Sheil,

or Mr. O'Dwyer, or Mr. Ronayne, or Mr. Finn, or Mr. Lalor, or Mr. Sullivan, or Mr. Feargus O'Connor, or any of the other flourishing or drooping members of the ~~tail~~ in parliament. In fact, when Cobbett, not very long ago, went preaching in Ireland, his lectures were in general clouded a shade of unpopularity among the sagacious patriots by trade of that wise and well-behaved island, because he ventured to draw the attention of his hearers to questions of currency, trade, agriculture, manufactures, poor-laws, and so forth, and rather avoided referring all the misfortunes of Ireland to the want of a Roman Catholic establishment, without toleration of any other, as the Liberal South American states express it in their charters. But the pay was, we believe, the stimulant; and to the work Cobbett went with that peculiar fearlessness which is the concomitant of intrepid ignorance. Fearless, indeed, was the ignorance which declared Luther, Calvin, and Beza, to be the greatest ruffians that

the annals of the world, their labours to condemn; without, we need say, having ever read one line of his Popish coadjutors with materials for refuting the old slanders and insults against the founders of the Reformation here. Cranmer is a scoundrel, without a particle of redemption; Latimer a blackguard, the burning of whom was a most meritorious act; Cromwell a robbing blacksmith; and so forth. Of course, Henry VIII. cuts a great figure in this history; and whatever could be objected to the character of that burly monarch is put in the fullest light. As old Harry had many vulnerable points, it must be expected that so great a master of Billingsgate as Cobbett has succeeded in making a magnificent picture of that "rotten lump of beastliness." In delineating him he had George IV. in his eye, and many hits, directed apparently against Henry's corpulence, profusion, favouritism, and ill-usage of his wives, have a secondary aim against the character of George. Edward VI. is treated as a sickly and diseased boy, with a predisposition to cruelty: against Elizabeth the full vials of his wrath are emptied. Here, indeed, Sheridan's caution, that there should be "no scandal against Queen Elizabeth," is

wofully neglected. Every slander that ever was said or hinted against the "fair vestal throned by the West," is to be found in this accurate and impartial history of the Protestant Reformation. Her mother, Anne Boleyn, is equally ill-used; Cobbett going so far as to pretend to believe the story of some lying Popish ecclesiastics, that she was daughter of Henry VIII., and, with the usual harshness of his manner, justifying the horrors of her trial and execution.

So accurate in examination is the book, that he attributes the rack and the loss of Calais to Elizabeth (Lingard, impartial author! is his authority for the first of these discoveries); and scruples not to assert, that the persons who suffered in Mary's time suffered for felony and treason, not for heresy. He speaks rather tenderly of Bonner, who is held up as a miracle of gentleness, as compared with Lord Sidmouth. Philip obtains no small praise, especially because he brought a large treasure to this country when he married Mary: Leopold of Saxe Coburg, on the contrary, not having brought a farthing, but obtained 50,000*l.* a-year when he espoused the Princess Charlotte. The massacre of Bartholomew is rather eulogised, and Coligni, of course, set down as a scoundrel only worthy of being cut off. The number of people slain in that massacre he fixes at the precise number of 786. He nevertheless has occasionally a misgiving, that, on the whole, St. Barthélemy reflects but dubious credit on the cause of his clients; and takes care to say that, however necessary and justifiable in a political point of view, the then existing state of France being considered, it was not exactly in accordance with the generally mild and humane spirit of Catholicism. Of the approbation of the pope, and the joy diffused over all the Romish communities in Europe, Cobbett knew nothing. In fact, we have never read a more amusing specimen of the hardihood of total ignorance, than the discussion on Saint Bartholomew in his history.

The outrages of the Inquisition, the barbarities of Bonner, the treacherous massacres directed by Charles IX., the exterminating decrees and bulls of the popes, the sanguinary oppressions of the Spaniards in the Netherlands, the corruption, tyranny, avarice, and rapacity of the Romish Church, in the

sixteenth century—its resistance to the progress of learning, and its ceaseless attempts to perpetuate, by cruelty or fraud, by falsehood or by blood, its sway over mankind: of all this Cobbett says nothing. But when Elizabeth sends to the gallows those who avowedly were engaged in ceaseless plots against her own life—who were endeavouring to bend the country to a foreign yoke—whose sole thought was how to put back the human mind a couple of centuries, that their "order" might regain its lost supremacy, then the pathetic soul of Cobbett is awakened into sorrow and indignation. Nothing can be finer than his account of the Gunpowder Plot and the Revolution. Oliver Cromwell rather puzzles him. He is obliged to blame him for his cruelties to the amiable men of 1641, reeking with the blood of the most dismal massacre on record; but still the iron-souled protector finds some strings in the heart of his unwilling vituperator to vibrate in unison with his own, and he is not cursed altogether. Even toward Elizabeth, Cobbett cannot refuse some words of kindness or approbation when he speaks of the Spanish armada; and it is with evident grudging and reluctance he performs his irksome duty of reviling her, when *her* poor-laws, so often and so justly the object of his panegyric on other occasions, come under discussion. Well did he know that, if that glorious princess had done nothing else, yet for this code would she have been worthy of eternal fame; and that the misfortunes of Ireland arose, not because Elizabeth crushed rebellion in that hapless land, but because she was not able to introduce into it the laws which she had established in England. He also well knew that those who, when he wrote the book, were most loudly proclaiming themselves as the exclusive friends of the Irish—as "*the Irish*," in fact—were, as they still are, actively endeavouring to prevent the introduction into the country which they disgrace and curse, of a system which, in the course of a single generation, would, by annihilating the main cause of their mischievous power, render Ireland as amenable to the law and as tranquil as Surrey.

Considered as a history, the book is actually droll. Cobbett had never read a single line beyond the most ordinary

sources — never qualified himself for his task by any study of contemporary authors, or any researches into theology or polemics. His task was, to him, the easy one of abusing Henry VIII., Elizabeth, William III., and their ministers. This he unquestionably did in a most amusing manner. Mixed up with such abuse were tirades of all kinds on the daily politics of the time he wrote. George the Fourth's reception in Ireland, Sturges Bourne's act, Castlereagh's cutting his throat, the Scotch *fechtosophers*, the Six Acts, the National Debt, the want of reform in parliament, Queen Caroline, Bishop Somebody's selling beer at Farnham, the Manchester massacre, and a thousand other matters equally apposite, figure in juxtaposition with the "history" of Henry VIII. This rendered the book piquant at the time; but now that most of these topics are wholly forgotten, while the great events of the Reformation remain as they were before the assault of their Kensington antagonist, we fear that the work is not destined to immortality. We do not believe he found it profitable — at least, he complains that the fine-paper copy did not sell — but it won him a kind of fame, which gratified his vanity very much. The Romish priesthood had it translated into all the languages of the Continent; and this, Cobbett persuaded himself, was a great personal compliment to his own fame. What elated him most was a translation into modern Greek. "There," he said, in one of his *Registers*, addressing Mackintosh (for whom he had, very properly, a most profound contempt), "there, Jamie, think o' that! Which o' Walter Scott's novels was ever translated into Greek?" Cobbett, of course, imagined that the Greek into which his great work had been translated, was the Greek of which he had heard so much, as being the object of study in schools and universities; and, on the principle of "*omne ignotum pro magnifico*," he doubtless thought he had received a vast compliment, which would, however, have been lowered extremely in his eyes, if he heard that the very words he was disparaging (those of Sir Walter) had appeared in the same dialect; and, that the said dialect was a miserable and corrupt jargon.

It is, indeed, somewhat strange to contemplate the quantity of Cobbett's

ignorance on matters where we should have thought, *a priori*, that so constant a writer might have been accurately informed. On foreign affairs, for example, he scarcely knew any thing. His commentaries on the Peninsula would, if now put together, prove to be the most diverting collection of blunders ever made. To the very end of his life he kept lamenting over the indignity suffered by France in the removing of the pictures robbed from Italy by Napoleon, as if it were the most galling infliction that the French had undergone; and he was never weary of reminding us of the gingerbread triumphs of George IV. on the Serpentine after the war, as if such puerile nonsense were any thing more important than a piece of vulgar amusement fitted for the taste of that Cockney king. We believe that Cobbett had never been abroad, except in America; and of that country his opinions used to differ, according as he sojourned there or not. When he was in the States, they were the most brutal of places; when away from them, they received the tribute of his panegyrics with an intensity of adoration varying directly as the time of his absence. In the paucity of the objects for which he could depreciate the British army, the defeat at New Orleans was a favourite and stock subject. That a body of men should have been repulsed from before a strong and well-defended position, under any circumstances, is an ordinary accident of war; that the same misfortune should have happened after the attacking commander was killed, and the leading battalion of the attack badly brought up, as was the case with Col. Mullins, is still less to be wondered at: but Cobbett made it one of the miracles of war — a thing to be held in everlasting renown. Except in the provincial histories of the United States, it will be assuredly forgotten; and the glories of General Jackson (if he ever attain any) will not shine forth among those of great military leaders on the strength of New Orleans.

Cobbett always used to maintain, that in these reflections against his contemporary fellow-countrymen he was not at all unpatriotic, because he was only waging war against the bores — the roughmongers, "who are the real enemy." But he was English, nevertheless, in soul. Every now and then a

burst of feeling would come out, shewing that the prejudice lay deep in his heart, that the land to which he belonged was "the uncontaminated island of the brave and free." His panegyrics on the old Popish times arose from this feeling. He had a love for the old cathedrals, and what he imagined were the old manners of the country. His ideas of the greater population of England in former days was a sort of insanity, which pervaded his works in a thousand places. It would be very easy, indeed, to account for what was used to be his palmary argument to prove this, viz. the great size of the churches, on grounds far different from the populousness of the neighbourhoods in which they were built; but why argue on a matter which he contrived to handle in a manner as picturesque as it was generally provoking? He continually quoted one passage of old Fortescue, in that most lying book, *De Laudibus Legum Angliæ*, as if it were quite decisive of the whole question at issue; the book being avowedly a panegyric account of England and all therein, with no regard whatever to the truth of the statements. One unfortunate passage Cobbett hacked to death; it was that which exhibited the state of the English peasantry and farmers as something worthy of paradise—the book having been actually written when a miserable civil war was desolating the land, when plagues and famines were matters of ordinary occurrence, and when the mass of the population were little better than slaves. How Cobbett would have torn to pieces any writer who would have cited the speeches of Frederick Robinson, who is now Lord, in the year 25, as authoritative proofs to prove incontestably the immense prosperity of England in that year of bankruptcy! And Fortescue's panegyrics on his own time were still more delusive than those of Robinson.

But the time is now come when, laying aside all matters of disparagement, we must praise him altogether. He waged the war of the people of England—the *bas peuple*, as the French, or rather the Parisian *indians*, style the working-classes of the land—with a zeal, an honesty, and a fervency worthy of all honour. He came from among them, and he never deserted their cause. Many others have sprung from an origin as humble, and forgotten or

despised the source from which they rose; but Cobbett was none of these. To his soul, to his heart, the land of England, and those who cultivate it, were dear as the apple of his eye: for them he fought with unabated courage, in the most adverse circumstances, an everlasting battle. When the base Whigs prosecuted him on what they well knew to be a false charge, of being connected or participant with the Swing fires (Denman, who is now chief-justice of the King's Bench, was the attorney-general selected to do this sad work), Cobbett said, "If the Whigs hang me, let the epitaph on my tomb be, 'Here lies William Cobbett, hanged because he did not wish that the people of England should subsist upon potatoes.'" He was ever an enemy to the coarser-description-of-food gentry. He despised with a thorough contempt the Scotch feelosophers; he hated with a scorn indigenous in his nature, and a scorn which, we trust, will ever be indigenous in English natures, the scoundrel followers of Malthus. As for Malthus himself, personally, we never thought that he meant ill; but that his work is a practical manual of all the anti-social vices there cannot be any doubt. Against him Cobbett waged sempiternal war—a war, wittier in style and more rancorous in feeling than that which finally destroyed the "parson," as he was fond of calling him; but not so efficacious: for Cobbett's was not the hand to do the work of Sadler.

We must quote as much as our space will allow, as specimens of his style of description of English country scenes. We cannot find any thing better than the book before us—the *Rural Rides*. What an infinity of temporary ; for which nobody will care, and scarcely any body understand, is to be found in this book, as in all his books! But what hearty writing besides! Let us extract two passages; the first, a one of rural prosperity:

say that these gardens were laid out for one of the Howards, in the reign of Charles the Second, by Mr. Evelyn, who wrote the *Sylva*. The mansion-house, which is by no means magnificent, stands on a little flat by the side of the parish church, having a steep, but not lofty, hill rising up on the south side of it. It looks right across the gardens, which lie on the slope of a hill which runs along at about a quarter of

a mile distant from the front of the house. The gardens, of course, lie facing the south. At the back of them under the hill is a high wall; and there is also a wall at each end, running from north to south. Between the house and the gardens there is a very beautiful run of water, with a sort of little, wild, narrow, sedgy meadow. The gardens are separated from this by a hedge, running along from east to west. From this hedge there go up the hill, at right angles, several other hedges, which divide the land here into distinct gardens, or orchards. Along, at the top of these, there goes a yew-hedge, or, rather, a row of small yew-trees, the trunks of which are bare for about eight or ten feet high, and the tops of which form one solid head of about ten feet high, while the bottom branches come out on each side of the row about eight feet horizontally. This hedge, or row, is a quarter of a mile long. There is a nice hard sand-road under this species of umbrella; and, summer and winter, here is a most delightful walk. Behind this row of yews, there is a space, or garden (a quarter of a mile long, you will observe), about thirty or forty feet wide, as nearly as I can recollect. At the back of this garden, and facing the yew-tree row, is a wall, probably ten feet high, which forms the breastwork of a terrace; and it is this terrace which is the most beautiful thing that I ever saw in the gardening way. It is a quarter of a mile long, and, I believe, between thirty and forty feet wide; of the finest green sward, and as level as a die.

"The wall, along at the back of this terrace, stands close against the hill, which you see with the trees and underwood upon it rising above the wall. So that here is the finest spot for fruit-trees that can possibly be imagined. At both ends of this garden the trees in the park are lofty, and there are pretty many of them. The hills on the south side of the mansion-house are covered with old trees, chiefly beeches and chestnut: so that a warmer, a more sheltered, spot than this it seems to be impossible to imagine. Observe, too, how judicious it was to plant the row of yew-trees at the distance which I have described from the wall which forms the breastwork of the terrace; that wall, as well as the wall at the back of the terrace, are covered with fruit-trees, and the yew-tree row is just high enough to defend the former from winds, without injuring it by its shade. In the middle of the wall, at the back of the terrace, there is a recess, about thirty feet in front and twenty feet deep, and here is a basin, into which rises a spring coming out of the hill. The overflow-

ings of this basin go under the terrace, and down across the garden into the rivulet below. So that here is water at the top, across the middle, and along at the bottom of this garden. Take it altogether, this, certainly, is the prettiest garden that I ever beheld. There was taste and sound judgment at every step in the laying out of this place. Everywhere utility and convenience is combined with beauty. The terrace is by far the finest thing of the sort that I ever saw, and the whole thing altogether is a great compliment to the taste of the times in which it was formed. I know there are some ill-natured persons who will say that I want a revolution that would turn Mr. Drummond out of this place, and put me into it. Such persons will hardly believe me, but upon my word I do not. From every thing that I hear, Mr. Drummond is very worthy of possessing it himself, seeing that he is famed for his justice and his kindness towards the labouring classes, who, God knows, have very few friends amongst the rich. If what I have heard be true, Mr. Drummond is singularly good in this way; for, instead of hunting down an unfortunate creature who has exposed himself to the lash of the law; instead of regarding a crime committed as proof of an inherent disposition to commit crime; instead of rendering the poor creatures desperate by this species of *proscription*, and forcing them on to the gallows, merely because they have once merited the *Bridewell*; instead of this, which is the common practice throughout the country, he rather seeks for such unfortunate creatures to take them into his employ, and thus to reclaim them, and to make them repent of their former courses. If this be true, and I am credibly informed that it is, I know of no man in England so worthy of his estate."

er, one of rural ruin:

Having done my business at Hartswood to-day, about eleven o'clock, I went to a sale at a farm, which the farmer is quitting. Here I had a view of what has long been going on all over the country. The farm, which belongs to *Christ's Hospital*, has been held by a man of the name of Charington, in whose family the lease has been, I hear, a great number of years. The house is hidden by trees. It stands in the waste of Surrey, close by the river Mole, which is here a mere rivulet, though just below this house the rivulet supplies the very prettiest flour-mill I ever saw in my life.

"Every thing about this farm-house was formerly the scene of plain manners and plentiful living. Oak clothes-chests, oak bedsteads, oak chests of drawers,

and oak tables to eat on, long, strong, and well supplied with joint stools. Some of the things were many hundreds of years old. But all appeared to be in a state of decay and nearly of *disuse*. There appeared to have been hardly any family in that house, where formerly there were, in all probability, from ten to fifteen men, boys, and maids: and, which was the worst of all, there was a *parlour*! Aye, and a *carpet* and *bell-pull* too! One end of the front of this once plain and substantial house had been moulded into a '*parlour*;' and there was the mahogany table, and the fine chairs, and the fine glass, and all as bare-faced upstart as any stock-jobber in the kingdom can boast of. And, there were the decanters, the glasses, the '*dinner-set*' of crockery ware, and all just in the true stock-jobber style. And I dare say it has been *Squire* Charington and the *Miss* Charingtons; and not plain Master Charington, and his son Hodge, and his daughter Betty Charington, all of whom this accursed system has, in all likelihood, transmuted into a species of mock gentlefolks, while it has ground the labourers down into real slaves. Why do not farmers now *feed* and *lodge* their work-people, as they did formerly? Because they cannot keep them *upon so little* as they give them in wages. This is the real cause of the change. There needs no more to prove that the lot of the working classes has become worse than it formerly was. This fact alone is quite sufficient to settle this point. All the world knows, that a number of people, boarded in the same house, and at the same table, can, with as good food, be boarded much cheaper than those persons divided into twos, threes, or fours, can be boarded. This is a well-known truth: therefore, if the farmer now shuts his pantry against his labourers, and pays them wholly in money, is it not clear that he does it because he thereby gives them a living *cheaper* to him; that is to say, a *worse* living than formerly? Mind, he has a *house* for them; a kitchen for them to sit in, bedrooms for them to sleep in, tables, and stools, and benches, of everlasting duration. All these he has: all these *cost him nothing*; and yet so much does he gain by pinching them in wages that he lets all these things remain as of no use, rather than feed labourers in the house. Judge, then, of the *change* that has taken place in the condition of these labourers! And be astonished, if you can, at the *pauperism* and the *crimes* that now disgrace this once happy and moral England.

"The land produces, on an average, what it always produced; but, there is a

new distribution of the produce. This '*Squire* Charington's father used, I dare say, to sit at the head of the oak-table along with his men, say grace to them, and cut up the meat and the pudding. He might take a cup of *strong beer* to himself, when they had none; but, that was pretty nearly all the difference in their manner of living. So that *all* lived well. But the '*Squire* had many *wine-decanters* and *wine-glasses*, and a '*dinner set*,' and a '*breakfast set*,' and '*dessert knives*;' and these evidently imply carryings-on and a consumption that must of necessity have greatly robbed the long oak table, if it had remained fully tenanted. That long table could not share in the work of the decanters and the dinner set; therefore it became almost untenanted. The labourers retreated to hovels, called cottages; and, instead of board and lodging, they got money; so little of it, as to enable the employer to drink wine; but, then, that he might not reduce them to *quits starvation*, they were enabled to come to him, in the *king's name*, and demand food as *paupers*. And now, mind, that which a man receives in the *king's name*, he knows well he has by *force*; and it is not in nature that he should *thank* any body for it, and least of all the party *from whom it is forced*. Then, if this sort of force be insufficient to obtain him *enough* to eat and to keep him warm, is it surprising, if he think it *no great offence against God* (who created no man to starve) to use *another sort of force* more within his own control? Is it, in short, surprising, if he resort to *theft and robbery*?

"This is not only the *natural* progress, but it *has been* the progress in England. The blame is not justly imputed to '*Squire* Charington and his like: the blame belongs to the infernal stock-jobbing system. There was no reason to expect that farmers would not endeavour to keep pace, in point of show and luxury, with fundholders, and with all the tribes that *war* and *taxes* created. Farmers were not the authors of the mischief; and *now* they are compelled to shut the labourers out of their houses, and to pinch them in their wages, in order to be able to pay their own taxes; and, besides this, the manners and the principles of the working class are so changed, that a sort of self-preservation bids the farmer (especially in some counties) to keep them from beneath his roof.

"I could not quit this farm-house without reflecting on the thousands of scores of bacon and thousands of bushels of bread that had been eaten from the long oak-table which, I said to myself, is now perhaps, going, at least, to the bottom

of a bridge that some stock-jobber will stick up over an artificial river in his cockney garden. 'By — it shan't,' said I, almost in a real passion; and so I requested a friend to buy it for me; and if he did so, I will take it to Kensington, or to Fleet Street, and keep it for the good it has done in the world.

"When the old farm-houses are down (and down they must come in time), what a miserable thing the country will be! Those that are now erected are mere painted shells, with a Mistress within, who is stuck up in a place she calls a *parlour*, with, if she have children, the 'young ladies and gentlemen' about her; some showy chairs and a sofa (a sofa by all means); half-a-dozen prints in gilt frames hanging up; some swinging book-shelves with novels and tracts upon them; a dinner brought in by a girl that is perhaps better 'educated' than she; two or three nick-nacks to eat instead of a piece of bacon and a pudding; the house too neat for a dirty-shoed carter to be allowed to come into; and every thing proclaiming to every sensible beholder, that there is here a constant anxiety to make a *show* not warranted by the reality. The children (which is the worst part of it) are all too clever to *work*: they are all to be *gentlefolks*. Go to plough! Good God! What, 'young gentlemen' go to plough! They become *clerks*, or some skimpy-dish thing or other. They flee from the dirty *work* as cunning horses do from the bridle. What misery is all this! What a mass of materials for producing that general and *dreadful convulsion* that must, first or last, come and blow this funding, and jobbing, and embezzling, and starving system to atoms.

How beautiful! how graphic! how true! *Si sic omnia*, we are tempted to exclaim; but even when we do not approve, we cannot find a dull passage in his writings. We hope that a selection of Cobbett's works will be made; we suggest, in chronological order, explaining the motives of each production. What a grand gallery of sound writing this might be made! For all his errors, much might be said in palliation. In the business which occasioned him most to be insulted — that of Burdett's money — we are certain that not Cobbett, but the mean baronet, was in the wrong. The really paltry sum which was in question had been well earned by long years of devoted service, and the accomplishment of the wishes of his wife afforded it with niggard and reluctant hand. We are quite confident that John Cobbett will be able

to put this matter in very different colours from those in which Sir Glory has hitherto contrived to have it represented. Of the other particulars of his life we have nothing to say here. We differed with him on points of vital importance; we had no hesitation in saying, that he with whom we differed was a great man. Let us conclude our hasty article by quoting from one whom we should love to laud, but we fear that so doing would offend. Let us cite the extemporaneous tribute paid to the memory of Cobbett, on the day after his death, by the learned, the sincere, the straightforward, the kind-souled, the true-hearted editor of the *Standard*. Be not displeased, Dr. Giffard, if we prefix your honoured name to the following sentences, worthy of being written in letters of gold:

"That the efforts of his [Mr. Cobbett's] genius were, during the last twenty-five years, too generally directed to evil purposes, we must be the last to dispute; but we deny that this misdirection is any impeachment of the eternal and universal truth of the proposition, that without moral there can be no intellectual grandeur. In our imperfect nature, all is mixed good and evil; and we cannot expect in man those qualities which we most love and admire, without their associate defects of corresponding magnitude. Men of limited powers may be, and commonly are, also men of limited defects; but, beside, the natural tendency of all power to abuse the constitution of mind, from which extraordinary vigour arises, has an original tendency to error. Great energy is ever, more or less, connected with a more or less impetuous violence; and the tendency of the imaginative faculty to seduce men into moral extravagance, and often into a practical extravagance of conduct, is a threadbare commonplace.

"Of these unhappy failings of our mixed nature, Mr. Cobbett's history affords a remarkable example. Gifted with the most extraordinary powers of intellect, and the clearest original views of what is right and profitable to mankind — instinctively imbued, too, with generous and manly sympathies, more than half of the deceased gentleman's life has been engaged in a course of at least questionable hostility to the institutions of his country, and in a bitter warfare with all around, of all parties, about which there can be no dispute. There was much in the circumstances of Mr. Cobbett's early life, and in the state of society in our age, to account for, and therefore to excuse, this seeming para-

dox. Born a peasant in a day of wealth-idolatry, uneducated and plain in his tastes and attainments, amongst a people of much fallacious and artificial refinement, the son of the Farnham cottager would originally feel his own intellectual superiority a perpetual prompter to despise the system in which he moved. Through life a laborious man—uncharged with any expensive tastes or passions—and still, we fear, struggling to the close in narrow circumstances—he would find new reason, in his own experience, to condemn a state of society that awarded as chance should direct, or suppleness, the very brand of inferior intellect, should lead the golden prizes of affluence and attendant consideration, that ought to have been the meed of genius and industry.

"The pride of purse persecuted him in America, and persecuted him no less in England, as it persecutes us all, and will continue to persecute, until, in the fulness of its cup, it shall be laid low. The purse-proud Americans were a democracy, and therefore in America Mr. Cobbett was a royalist. In England the vice is impartially distributed amongst all classes of the wealthy, and therefore in England Mr. Cobbett's resentment took a more definite, perhaps a more just direction; associating himself successively with whatever party most unequivocally prosecuted the war against wealth. This we believe to be the solution of whatever seems inconsistent in the career of the deceased gentleman.

"In his early education, too, and in the circumstances of his after-life, will be found enough to explain the temper, as they explain the direction of his political course. There is, undoubtedly, a discipline which strengthens the genius while it polishes the manners, but this is a reasoning discipline; it is the regimen which, from childhood, teaches to control our passions and dispositions—not under the influence of fear, but from a sense of what is virtuous and becoming. Men trained in this discipline acquire an art of self-government, which qualifies them to exercise any power which they may possess over others, with a gentleness and consideration for human weakness which no teacher but the early liberalised self-love can impart. There is, however, a discipline of another kind, which often breaks, though not always, intellectual power, but which is sure to unfit him who has been subject to it for the exercise of any power: this is the discipline of force. To this last discipline Mr. Cobbett was unfortunately subjected, during that whole period in which the formation of character is completed. There is no reasoning in the

obedience of the farm-yard; there is no reasoning in the discipline of the barrack; and, up to his thirtieth year, we believe Mr. Cobbett suffered one or other of these forms of slavery. The very same cause which renders the harshly-reared orphan a domestic tyrant—the foremost man, or the late private, a harsh officer—the military man, of any class, a functionary almost too severe for civil life—the emancipated slave, the cruelest of slave-drivers—this same cause would naturally give to the polemics of a powerful disputant all the intolerant asperity with which Mr. Cobbett's writings have been charged.

"This first error of his political life, Mr. Cobbett owed in part, at least, to the humble circumstances of his birth and education. He was not a man, however, to do any thing by halves: having abandoned Tory politics, because he thought he saw the fruit of these politics in Mr. Pitt's ungrateful, arrogant, and contumelious conduct, Mr. Cobbett fell to the opposite side, to which he was otherwise attracted by his hostility to overgrown wealth. We should reprint a whole library of his *Register*, to show with what indefatigable vigour he warred against the manufacturing, the commercial, and the financial system of the empire; and all engaged in them. He seems to have had no original dislike of the aristocracy, or of the church; but the samples of the aristocracy with whom, as a Liberal, he necessarily came in contact, early disgusted him with that order; and the church, forty years ago, was very different from what it had been in the preceding century, and still more different from what, thank God, it now is. Indeed, the theory of right, into which Mr. Cobbett's long course of controversy had impelled him—a theory which almost limits the right of subsistence and enjoyment to those who exercise manual labour, marks out every possessor of property beyond the necessities of life, whether that property be acquired or inherited, or its excess above bare competency, the result of merit or chance; this theory naturally marks out the aristocracy and the clergy, as well as the capitalist, for bands of usurpers. We need not say how fallacious the theory is. Next to preventing a perpetuation of augmented wealth, through restraints upon its dissipation—the fatal error of our time—the duty of the legislator is, to maintain property not merely in security, but in reverence. Mr. Cobbett saw, however, that the unfortunate disposition of the time was to promote the augmentation of wealth in few hands, and to keep it in those hands; and he

directed his shafts accordingly with indiscriminate violence against the guilty cause and the innocent effect. He was, indeed, under a particular difficulty in this matter. He had originally committed himself again: a paper currency, by treating, as universal and permanent, its partial and temporary ill effect. He prophesied that such a currency could not be continued, and that a departure from it would necessarily lead to ruin. The first part of his prophecy was unhappily acted upon; and the acting upon it went a great way towards realising the second.

"But we must not get into this controversy again; and we have already gone far beyond what we had intended. We shall, therefore, conclude with a repetition of the opinion with which we commenced, namely, that Mr. Cobbett was one of the greatest men whom England has ever produced; that, as his powers were vast, his instincts were good; and that, if he had faults, as he had many, the circumstances of his birth, education, and manner of life, and the treatment he received from those who ought to have acted a different part, must bear the blame. He has left us, in his writings, some of

the best models, a monument of industry unequalled, and of genius scarcely excelled.

"Mr. Cobbett has left several children; among others, three sons, endowed, we believe, with a full share of the hereditary genius. It may be hoped that, as these gentlemen possess advantages of education, such as their father never enjoyed, the literary reputation of the family will be continued."

To these sons, then, we leave the fame of the father to be defended. We are sorry that he went into the House of Commons, for at seventy no man can make a figure there; and his voice had in a great measure failed. The late hours and unhealthy atmosphere of St. Stephen's contributed to hasten his death. He died a Church of England man; it was the creed, he said, in which he was born, and in that would he die. His end was easy; and we trust that the good which he did during his life has preponderated over the evil, in the eyes of Him to whom motive as well as act is known.

THE GREEK PASTORAL POETS—THEOCRITUS, BION, AND MOSCHUS.*

THEOCRITUS.

It has been a favourite amusement of critics to institute a comparison between Theocritus and Virgil; and Longpierre has touched upon the qualities of both with considerable ingenuity. With many of his remarks we are disposed to coincide. It forms one of the great charms of the Greek poet, that in all his works the true simplicity of nature is visible, diffusing a mild and delightful serenity over the composition. If by chance we meet with art, she is so happily disguised under the garments of nature, that the deception is scarcely perceived, and very slightly regarded. In the Italian poet we discover more art, indeed, but, according to the French translator, "*un art naturel*,"—an art which, instead of revolting from nature, triumphs only by imitating her. The muse of Theocritus is simple and unadorned, delighting the beholder by the healthful spirit and freshness of her looks. Like the heroine of one of Words-

worth's poems, her beauty makes us glad. If Virgil arrayed her in more splendid apparel, it should be remembered that the ornaments were usually chosen with great propriety and taste. The flowers were such as grew in the field-paths and on the hill-side, and might have been gathered by any shepherd. Warton concludes his essay on Bucolic poetry with a very graceful comparison of the verses of Theocritus to a spacious meadow, fruitful by nature, and spontaneously giving birth to salutary herbs and lovely flowers; Virgil to a garden, where flowers of the richest hues abound, ranged into beds by the hand of science, and cultivated with diligence and skill, but all originally transplanted from the Sicilian meadow. Both were equally happy in being born under a delicious clime, where Nature seems to have prepared a paradise for Poetry and Love. Perhaps, if all the circumstances be considered, Theocritus was the most for-

* With original Translations. Interspersed with numerous imitations and parallel passages, from various poets; including Chaucer, Lydgate, Tasso, Spenser, Marino, Crasaw, Dryden, Akenside, Collins, and many others.

fortunate. If his mind, it has been remarked, was at any time satiated with the corn-valley and the vineyard, he could turn his eyes to Mount Ætna, venerable with trees, and half-covered with snow; or to the blue sea dashing against the rocks of his native island, with all its fabled prodigies. The climate of Sicily, says Warton, in his *Essay on the Genius of Pope* (which Hazlitt thought proper to sneer at, but which is the most elegant and entertaining piece of criticism in the language), was delicious, and the face of the country various and beautiful. Its valleys and precipices, its grottoes and cascades, were sweetly interchanged, and its flowers and fruits were lavish and luscious. The poet described what he saw and felt, and had no need to have recourse to those artificial assemblages of pleasing objects which are not to be found in nature. The figs and the honey which he assigns as a reward to a victorious shepherd, were in themselves exquisite, and are, therefore, assigned with great propriety; and the beauties of that luxurious landscape, so richly and circumstantially delineated in the close of the 7th Idyll, where all things breathed of summer and of autumn were really present:

"In that fair clime the lonely herdsman,
stretch'd
On the soft grass through half a summer's day,
With music lull'd his indolent repose;
And in some fit of weariness, if he,
When his own breath was silent, chanced
to hear
A distant strain, far sweeter than the
sounds
Which his poor skill could make, his
fancy fetch'd,
Even from the blazing chariot of the sun,
A beardless youth who touched a golden
lute,
And filled the illumined groves with ravishment."

WORDSWORTH'S *Excursion*.

Nurtured amid such scenery, and under the shadow, as it were, of such beautiful superstitions, who can wonder that the poet imbibed a tunefulness of nature, and drank in with delighted ears the delicious harmonies of the country? The very minuteness and delicacy of his pictures declare the fine and observing eye of the painter. If we were desired to name one of our own poets, whose vivid and distinct sketches of rural circumstances might

convey to the English reader the manner of Theocritus, we should refer, without hesitation, to William Browne, the author of *Britannia's Pastorals*; a writer known comparatively to few, but glowing with a passionate love of nature, and gifted with a richness and truth of colouring not inferior, in his happier moments, to that which Thomson has poured over his immortal *Seasons*. In his pastorals, every incident takes the prevailing hue of the author's mind; and the hours of the day are distinguished by the declining light or the silent bird. He rises with the lark, and makes "the lamb his curfew." The Sicilian poet might have marked the early morning by the cattle chewing the cud levelled on the grass, or as the period when

"The slimy snail
Might on the wainscoat by his many
mazes,
Winding meanders, and self-knitting
traces,
Be follow'd where he stuck, his glittering
slime
Not yet wiped off."

Brit. Past. b. ii. song 2.

Browne was a scholar as well as a poet, and could have given the world a translation of his Grecian rival, which it would not willingly have let die.

Theocritus had too pure and correct a taste to suffer his characters to break the harmony of the landscape; he painted a portrait with as much gusto as a tree or a garden. What can be more lively or dramatic than the interview of Eucritus and his companions, in their "vernal voyage," with young Lycidas of Crete?

"The goat's white skin, that smell'd as
newly flay'd,
His shoulders loosely with its shag ar-
ray'd;
His wide-wove girdle braced around his
breast,
A cloak whose tatter'd shreds its age
confess'd;
His right hand held a rough wild-olive
crook,
And, as he join'd, he cast a leering look
From his arch hazel eye, while laughter
hung
Upon his lips, and pleasure moved his
tongue.
Where, where, my friend Simichidas, so
fast?
Ere now the heats of sultry noon are past,
While sleeping in each hedge the lizard
lies,
And not a crested lark swims o'er the skies.

Struck by thy hurrying clogs the pebbles
leap."

Nothing can be happier than the picture of a burning noon; the lizards sleeping in the hedges, the absence of birds from the sky, all identify the hour. The last line is admirable—the *αεβόλις* was a wooden shoe, armed with nails. Polwhete, however, is not quite accurate in his version. We are not told that the stones *flew*, but that they struck against the shoes; *tinkled*—*ασίδας*.

The boy set to watch the vineyard
is still more graphic. He

"Sits idly by,
In ambush near two skulking foxes lie;
This plots the branches of ripe grapes to
sip,
But that, more daring, meditates the scrip:
Resolved ere long to seize the savoury
prey,
And send the youngster dinnerless away.
Meanwhile on rushes all his art he plies,
In framing traps for grasshoppers and
flies;
And earnest only on his own designs,
Forgets his satchel and neglects his
vines."—FAWKES.

This is a picture.

Eclogue, says Rapin, should only delight by its taking prettiness. All ravishing delicacies of thought, all sweetness of expression, all that salt from which Venus, as the poets fable, rose, are so essential to this kind of composition, that it cannot endure any thing scurrilous, maliciously biting, or ridiculous. There must be nothing in it but honey, milk, roses, violets, and the like sweetness; so that when you read you might think that you are in Adonis's gardens. The subject of pastorals, remarks Michael Drayton, one of the manliest and most sincere of our elder poets, as the language of it, ought to be poor, silly, and of the coarsest woof in appearance; nevertheless, the most high and most noble matters of the world may be shadowed in them. The chief law of pastorals is the same as of all poetry, and of all wise carriage, to wit, DECORUM; and that not to be exceeded without leave, or at least fair warning. This law Theocritus very rarely infringes. The goat skin "newly flayed" was perhaps truer to nature than to poetical beauty. Virgil would have sent it to the furriers. The gifts of his shepherds are in harmonious keeping with their manners.

There is a passage in the fifth Idyll, where the lover promises to bring a pigeon to his mistress from the juniper tree, which Shenstone is supposed to have copied in that pretty pastoral stanza, by Johnson considered worthy of being transplanted into his life—

"I have found out a gift for my fair,
I have found where the wood-pigeons
breed;
But let me that plunder forbear,
She will say 'twas a barbarous deed."

Shenstone was a weak man, as well as a weak writer; but he had a heart open to the influences of nature, and manifested occasional symptoms of a plaintive and pensive morality.

Dryden, to whom we are indebted for the rudiments of criticism, not less than the embellishment and refinement of our poetry, has left a character of Theocritus, in the preface to the *Second Miscellany*, which the kindred spirit of OLIVER YORKE delights to acknowledge. It is briefly and hastily sketched, yet not without one or two happy touches peculiar to the writer. "That which distinguishes Theocritus," he says, "from all other poets, both Greek and Latin, and which raises him even above Virgil in his *Eclogues*, is the inimitable tenderness of his passions, and the natural expression of them in words so becoming of a pastoral. A simplicity shines through all he writes. He shews his art and learning by disguising both. His shepherds never rise above their country education in their complaints of love. There is the same difference betwixt him and Virgil, as there is betwixt Tasso's *Aminta* and the *Pastor Fido* of Guarini. Virgil's shepherds are too well read in the philosophy of Epicurus and of Plato, and Guarini's seem to have been bred in courts; but Theocritus and Tasso have taken theirs from cottages and plains. It was said of Tasso, in relation to his similitudes, *Mai esce del bosco*,—that he never departed from the woods; that is, all his comparisons were taken from the country. The same may be said of our Theocritus. He is softer than Ovid; he touches the passions more delicately; and performs all this out of his own fund, without diving into the arts and sciences for a supply. Even his Doric dialect has an incomparable sweetness in its clownishness, like a fair shepherdess, in her country russet, talking

in a Yorkshire tone. This was impossible for Virgil to imitate, because the severity of the Roman language denied him that advantage. Spenser has endeavoured it in his *Shepherd's Calendar*; but neither will it succeed in English, for which reason I forbore to attempt it."

This tribute is rendered more valuable and interesting by the fact that Dryden himself possessed a very feeble sympathy with that simplicity which he commends. Johnson has observed, that, with all his variety of excellence, he is not often pathetic; and had so little sensibility of the power of effusions purely natural, that he did not esteem them in others: simplicity gave him no pleasure, and for the first part of his life he looked on Otway with contempt. Very late, indeed, he acknowledged that nature was in his play, and admitted it to be the chief beauty. But his conviction, if sincere, exercised no control over his own works; and his biographer has conjectured, with reasonable acuteness, that those bursts of tumid magnificence—the Dalilahs of the theatre—with which his dramas abound, were not introduced so much to gratify "an injudicious audience," as to obviate the difficulty he found in "exhibiting the genuine operations of the heart." We shall presently have occasion to return to his versions of Theocritus.

It may be concluded from these remarks, that the peculiar beauty of the Greek pastoral consists in its descriptive passages. It is certain that the writer poured his heart into them with a fulness of delight, and an abandonment of fancy, not present in his more ambitious productions. It was this prevailing bias of feeling that induced Quintilian (the Addison of his age, at least in criticism) to describe him in these words: "*Admirabilis in suo genere Theocritus, sed musa illa rustica et pastoralis non forum modo, verum urbem reformidat.*" Sometimes, however, his muse did not disdain to partake of the frolics of the city; and we shall see, in the *Syracusan Gossips*, that he could, when it pleased him, exchange the pipe for the "satiric thong."

Of the simple style of Theocritus, the "Harvest Feast, or Vernal Voyage," contains some of the most pleasing examples. It describes the journey of a party of friends, who, weary of being so long in "populous city pent," bend their way to the green fields

surrounding the Halys. We give the charming picture of the dwelling of Phrasidamus, where they rested. It is a wood scene by Claude.

"There in kind courtesy our host had spread,

Of vine and lentisk, the refreshing bed;
Their breezy coolness elms and poplars

gave,
And rills their murmurs from the Naiad's cave.

Cicadas now retiring from the sun,
Amid the shady shrubs their song begun.
From the thick copse we heard, far off
and lone,

The mellow'd shrillness of the wood-
lark's tone;

Warbled the linnet and the finch more
near,

And the soft-sighing turtle sooth'd the ear;
The yellow bees humm'd sweetly in the
shade,

And round the fountain's flow'ry margin
played.

All summer's redolence effused delight,
All autumn in luxuriant fruitage bright;
The pears, the thick-strown apples' vermeil glow,

And bending plums that kiss'd the turf
below."—POLWHEEL.

These are pleasing and harmonious lines; yet, unlike the original, the words convey no pictures. Theocritus does not sink into the prosaic coldness of saying that the trees gave a shade, but that they were agitated by the wind—shaken to and fro (*δονεῖται*). So the grasshoppers beginning their song is no copy of the *εὐτρεῖς λαλαγόντες ἔχον ὥσιν*—that strife, as it were, of shrill voices; an image not more agreeable in itself than true to nature. It may not, however, be uninteresting to quote the remark of Fawkes, that the Greek word *εὐτρέ*, and the Latin *cicada*, mean a different insect from our grasshopper; for it has a rounder and shorter body, is of a dark green colour, sits upon trees, and makes a noise five times louder than our grasshopper. It begins its song as soon as the sun grows hot, and continues singing till it sets. Its wings are beautiful, being streaked with silver, and marked with brown spots; the outer wings are twice as long as the inner, and more variegated.

In an earlier part of the same poem, Lycidas promises to celebrate by a festival the safe arrival of his friend at Mitylene.

"O may my fair one reach the quiet bay,
And ev'ry blessing speed her destined
way!

Then with white v'lets shall my brows
be crown'd,
With anise wreaths and rosy garlands
bound.
Then at my hearth the Ptelean bowl be
quaff'd,
And the parch'd bean add flavour to the
draught.
Then as my elbows high my couch shall
awell,
Of pearsley form'd, and golden asphodel."

What an image of voluptuous and poetic delight is presented in the last couplet,—pleasanter far than Gray's imaginary sofa, whatever might be the charm of the "eternal new novels" of Crebillon which he longed to read upon it. It is one of the many merits of Theocritus, that his customs are real and peculiar to the people whom he sung. Mr. Hughes informs us, in his *Tour through Sicily*, that the peasants brought him beans roasted over a fire kindled for that purpose; thus realising the line—

Παρ πυρι πεπλυντους πυρρον δε τις εν πυρι
φρουει.

But he adds, that it required all the sweetness of the Doric song to render the draught palatable. The traveller in Sicily, with a Theocritus in his hand, will continually be gratified by these vestiges of ancient manners. The Olpis of the third Idyll has his successor at the present day in the man who watches from the mast-head the approach of the sword-fish—

"Where yonder Olpis, on the rocky steep
His tunnies marks, reflected from the
deep."—POLWHELE.

In the twentieth Id., Eunice sneers at the lips of the shepherd; and we are told that the effect of constant playing on the *fistula*, still to be found in the Grecian isles, may be seen in the thick, hardened lips of the inhabitants. These coincidences might be enlarged.

If Langhorne, as he relates, never heard that graceful line from the *Oriental Eclogues* of Collins,

"Their eyes' blue languish, and their
golden hair,"*

without experiencing a degree of pleasure to be accounted for only by the influence of melody upon the feelings, Theocritus will also receive very warm commendation. In no poet is the word more frequently the echo of the sense. In the following line,

Ὀδὲ καλὸν βορβινοῦται ποτὶ σμῆνισσι μάλισσιναι.

we hear, says Fawkes, the very humming of the bees. Here, too, is the gliding down of a rivulet from a rock:

Τὴν ἀπὸ τοῦ πίτρου καταλιγίσσιναι ὑψόθεν ὕδωρ.

He seems to have derived a peculiar delight from the rustling of leaves, and has painted the sound, to borrow an extravagance from Æschylus, very happily:

Ἄδυσσι το ψύθυσμα καὶ α πίπυς, ἀπὸ τοῦ τῆς,
Ἄ ποτὶ ταῖς παγῶσι μάλισθι ται.

Pope, whose claims to a genuine feeling for the beautiful and picturesque are not often admitted, has described the wind among the trees with great success in his *Abelard and Heloise*, one of the most intensely passionate compositions in the language—

"The darksome pines that o'er yon rock
reclined,
Wave high, and murmur to the hollow
wind."

The waving high is a touch from nature. Polwhele remarks that these lines move with slow solemnity, not with dactyl lightness; they do not lull to repose, but awaken to fear. This is partly true. The sensation intended to be awakened is that melancholy which disposes the mind to gloom and awe.

A charming description of a spring of water occurs in the 22d Idyll, where Castor and Pollux, eager to explore the beauties of the country, land in "Bebrycia's wild abodes." It may be proper to remark, that the original reading of the following passage was ἄλλαι κρυπταλλαι. But as this, from

* Which in reality was borrowed, as we believe Polwhele has noticed, from Pope's *Homer*:

"And the blue languish of soft Alia's eye."—*Il.* xviii. v. 50.

The beauty and expressive harmony of the versification of Theocritus must strike every student. In one Idyll, to describe the overflowing joy of a shepherd, he employs a line composed of dactyls, except in the last place, where the metre required a spondee:

Ὡς μὲν ο ποῖς ἔχρη καὶ ἀνελαι καὶ πλαταγῆσι.

A perfect dance of words. . .

the contradiction it involved, was a manifest corruption, the ingenuity of the commentators was incited to amend the text; and Runken, with a most happy and rare ingenuity of conjecture, suggested the substitution of *καλλι*—*calami*, or *pebbles*; an alteration which delighted Musgrave, and which the reader may find strengthened and confirmed by various passages collected in Warton's note.

Ευρον αἰνέσαι κραίαν ὑπὸ λισσαδί πταρῇ
Τῶντι πεισληθῆναι ἀκρηατῇ, αὐτὸ ὑπινεθῆναι
Καλλιὰ κρυπταλλῇ ἢ ἀργυρῇ πιδάλλοντο
Εἰς βύθον.—*Idyll* xxii. v. 37.

Literally—

They found a perpetual spring under a
lofty rock,
Filled with pure water; and underneath
The pebbles sparkled as with crystal and
silver
From the bottom.

Warton has remarked, that the circumstance of the pebbles and gravel of a transparent stream glittering against the sun has much of the brilliancy of Italian poetry. Lydgate, who brought some of his sweetest flowers from the gardens of the south, has a similar passage in the poem on the destruction of Troy:

"Till at last among the bowes,* glade
Of adventure, I caught a pleasant shade;
Full smooth and plain, and lusty for to
sene,
And soft as velvet was the youngè grene.
Where from my horse I did alight as fast,
And on a bough aloft his reynè cast.
So faint and mate of weariness I was,
That I me laid adown upon the grass,
Upon a brinckè, short for to tell,
Beside the rivers of a crystal well;
And the water, as I rehearse can,
Like quicksilver in his streames yran,
Of which the gravel and the brightè stone,
As anygold against the sun yshone."

This comparison may be traced in others of our elder poets; but it will be sufficient to add a passage from Lydgate's venerable master, Chaucer. It is one of those rich scenes from nature which the author of the *Canterbury Tales* portrayed with so warm a pencil:

"And me before I saw a little well,

That had his course, as I could well
behold,
Under an hill, with quick stremit and
cold.

*The gravel gold, the water pure as glass;
The banks round the well enviroing,
And soft as velvet was the young ygrasse
That thereupon lustily came springing;
The rute of trees abouten compassing,
Their shadows cast, closing the well
arownd,
And all the herbes growing on the ground."*
The Complaint of the Black Knight.

In the same poem he has—

"Water clear as beryl or crystal."

But the most glowing description of a river, within our remembrance, is in one of the forgotten poems of Kit Marlowe, whom his friend, Michael Drayton, has so finely spoken of as "bathed in the Thespian springs."

"I walkt along a stream, for pureness
rare,
Brighter than sunshine; for it did ac-
quaint

*The dullest sight with all the glorious prey
That in the pebble-paved channel lay.
No molten crystal, but a richer mine;
Even nature's rarest alchemy ran there:
Diamonds resolved, and substance more
divine.*

Through whose bright gliding current
might appear

A thousand naked nymphs, whose ivory
shine

Enamelling the banks, made them more
dear

Than ever was that glorious palace-gate,
Where the day-shining sun in triumph
sate."

The reader will forgive the addition of one brief extract from the same writer's tragedy of *Edward II.* He is describing the amusements prepared by Piers Gaveston, the profligate favourite of Edward, for the delight of his royal master:

"My men like satyrs, grazing on the
lawns,
Shall with their goat-feet dance the antic
hay;

*Sometimes, a lovely boy in Dian's shape,
With hair that gilds the water as it glides."*

This is what Mason, with a justice of taste worthy the friend of Gray, called *pure poetry*; and might have induced the nephew of Milton to pronounce

* Boughs. Wherever it has been thought desirable to introduce parallel passages from the elder English poets, the quotations are modernised, except in cases where the rhythm, or rhyme, required the old accentuation to be preserved.

† Streams.

the writer "a second Shakespeare, not only because he rose like him from an actor to be a maker of plays, but also because in his begun poem of *Hero and Leander* he seems to have a resemblance of that clear, unsophisticated wit, which is natural to that incomparable poet." Gawin Douglas, a name of which Scotland may well be proud, with the same picturesque truth, in one of the prologues to his version of the *Æneid*, makes the small pebbles by the river side to glitter in the sun. We meet with another charming sketch in the romantic disappearance of Hylas. He was seeking water for Hercules and Telamon, when suddenly,

"Straight in the bosom of a lowly dell
He found, beset with plants, a shady well.
On its cool marge the fringing herbage
grew,

The mingling dyes of celandine so blue,
With verdurous parsley, maiden-hairs
bright green,

And vervain; while amid the watery scene
Naiads, the dread of ev'ry rustic wight,
Led the gay dance, and revell'd through
the night.

Young Malis and Eunice form'd the ring,
And sweet Nychea, like the blooming
spring.

The vase now dipping in the sable lymph,
Fair Hylas struck each fond enamoured
nymph;

They seized; down, down he dropp'd,
as from heaven's height
Shoots, gathering to the main, a starry
light."—POLWHELE.

In the original, Nychea is not said to resemble the spring, but to *look* it,—*Εμφ' ὥσπερ Νύχμα*,—a picture full of beauty. Even through the diffuseness and uncertain light of a translation the beauty of the original may be traced. The vanishing of Hylas like a star is very picturesque. Ovid compares the fall of Phaeton to the gliding of a star down a serene sky; and in later poets the same image is met with. So Shakespeare, in *Venus and Adonis*—the earliest poetical work of that hand which was to enchant the world—describing the departure of the beautiful youth—

"Look how a bright star shooteth through
the sky;
So glides he through the night from
Venus' eye."

The remainder of the Idyll is equally pleasing. Nothing can be more natural or lively than the comparison of Her-

cules, attracted by the call of the drowning youth, to a lion drawn from its solitude by the mournful cry of a fawn. We hear him shouting the name of Hylas through the woods. So Spenser:

"And every wood and every valley wide
He fill'd with Hylas' name; the nymphs
eke Hylas cried."

The answering voice of Hylas, faintly issuing from the water, seems to sigh through the following verses:

Ἀκούει δ' ἰκτερο φωνή

Ἐξ ὑδάτος, παρῶν δὲ μάλα ἐχίδν, ὑδατοπύργου.

Which Polwhele has translated in a line intended, he says, to express the sound rising from the fountain with an undulatory motion, and dying gradually away—

"Though near, each feeble murmur, as
at distance, died."

It may be fairly doubted how far this version realises the commentary. Apollonius and Valerius Flaccus, who have also described the beatification of Hylas, only mention one nymph. Butler launched a good-humoured shaft at the imitators of Theocritus, in the third canto of *Hudibras*, where Orsin's dismay at the pursuit of his bear is amusingly narrated:

"He raged, and kept as heavy a coil as
Stout Hercules for the loss of Hylas;
Forcing the valleys to repeat
The accents of his sad regret."

The epithalamium of Helen has long been esteemed one of the most finished and graceful productions of the author; we have therefore attempted a version of it in a new form, though with a faint hope of success. It is supposed to have been chanted to the sound of music, by twelve beautiful noble virgins:

Happy sleeper, haste, arise!
Why hath slumber bound thine eyes?
Doth the drowsy breath of wine
Make thy heavy limbs recline,
In the noonday's burning light?
Thus we rouse thee! Sleep to night!
Happy bridegroom! let thy bride
With her tender mother stay,
Till the purple dawn of day;
Who from thee her love will sever?
She shall be thine own for ever.

Not a face so fair doth beam
O'er Eurotas' haunted stream.
The eyes of morning dawneth
Sweetly through the mist of night;

It will be seen that a few lines are omitted.

The winter passeth, and the spring
In the orient looketh bright.
Such the golden Helen's light,
Proudly towering to our eye,
Like the cypress in the glen,
Or the steed with burning ken
In the car of Theseus.

Thus the rosy Helen shineth,
Lacedæmon's fairest theme;
Who like her the basket twineth?
Who like her the poet's dream
Teacheth o'er the woof to gleam?
Gentle Helen! who can sing
Like thy soft lute's carolling?
Hymning the lofty forest-queen,
Or Minerva's solemn mien.
Love breathes in thy balmy sighs,
Playeth in thy dewy eyes.*
Though to us no more belong
The pleasant music of her song,
In the morning we will go
Where the brightest flowers grow;
Through the fragrant meadows creeping,
Beautiful! whilst thou art sleeping,
Redolent garlands reaping;
Thinking still, with mournful heart,
Lost companion, upon thee;
Like the meek lamb that pines apart
From its mother on the lea.

At the quiet morning hour,
Of the lotus, humble flower!
The shepherd's wondering eye shall see
A wreath upon the plaintain-tree.
Then a silver cruse we'll take,
Beloved maiden! for thy sake,
And the precious ointment pour
Underneath the shady plane;
While the letters evermore,
Graven in the Doric strain,
Shall say unto the passing swain,
*Shepherd! look with love on me,
I am Helen's tree.*

Sleep upon each other's breast,
Breathing fondness, breathing rest;
With the flush of morning skies
Let sleep vanish from your eyes.
Soon as daylight's early bird
In the sunny air hath stirr'd,
And its chant of pride begun,
Its rich throat glancing in the sun,
We will come with flowers and song:
Spirit of Love! continue long.

In that beautiful epithalamium in the *Masque of Hymen*, which Jonson informs us he composed "both in form and matter to emulate" the epithalamium of the ancients, one or two imitations of Theocritus may be discovered,

although he took for his immediate model the graceful poem of Catullus on the nuptials of Julia and Manlius. The custom among lovers of writing names upon trees, &c., is not confined to the shepherds of Sicily, as Kensington Gardens and Greenwich Park can testify. Drayton, in the *Quest of Cynthia*—an elegant trifle, hardly to have been expected from the heavy hand that indited the *Poly-Olbion*—has introduced the bees filling up the letters cut in the bark with honey—

"Which whilst with wonder I beheld,
The bees their honey brought,
And up the carved letters fill'd
As they with gold were wrought."

Some of the most striking passages of this nuptial hymn of Theocritus are supposed to have been imitated from the Song of Solomon, which the translation of the Septuagint, then the theme of the learned at Alexandria, was very likely to bring under his immediate notice.

It must be granted, remarks a writer in the *Classical Journal*,† that the Septuagint translation was executed in Alexandria in the time of Ptolemy Philadelphus. This translation was undoubtedly a work of considerable celebrity even then, and might naturally attract the attention of the learned in general, and of Theocritus in particular. The Song of Solomon would more especially win his notice. As he must necessarily be a stranger to any allegorical interpretation of it, he would consider it as composed by King Solomon in praise of his bride, the daughter of Pharaoh, King of Egypt. Residing himself in the court of a splendid monarch, living in great love and harmony with his queen, such a representation of chaste and refined love as is contained in the Song of Solomon must have appeared very striking. The following passages are selected as the possible imitations of the Hebrew poet:—

1. *Song of Solomon*, chap. i. v. 5.—"I am black, but comely." V. vi.—"Look not upon me, because I am black; because the sun has looked upon me."
Theocrit., idyll x. v. 26. In the resp-

* *Εὐφροσύνην καὶ ἀγάπην ἐν ἡμέρᾳ.*

Which Polwhele renders,

"Love, charming boy! sits playing in her eye."

So Cupid, in Meleager's epigram, is hidden in Zenophila's eye.

† Containing several very interesting papers on Theocritus, &c. See vols. 17, 18.

er's song in praise of his mistress, we have—

"O graceful Bombyce! all call thee a Syrian,
Slender and sun-burnt; but I call thee honey-coloured.
The violet is black, and the inscribed hyacinth is black,
Yet they are called the choicest flowers in garlands."

2. *Song of Solomon*, chap. i. v. 9.—"I have compared thee (for excellence and beauty) to the mare in the chariots of Pharaoh."

Theocrit., idyll xviii. 2, 30, 31.—"As the Thessalian horse is (an ornament) to the chariot, so is the rosy-coloured Helen an ornament to Lacedæmon."

3. *Song of Solomon*, chap. ii. v. 9.—"He standeth behind our wall, he looketh forth at the windows, shewing himself through the lattice."

Theocrit., idyll iii. v. 7.—"Why dost thou not, peeping out from the grotto, call me thy love?"

4. *Song of Solomon*, chap. ii. v. 11.—"The winter is past, the rain is over and gone, the flowers appear in the earth." And again, chap. vi. v. 10.—"Who is she that looketh forth in the morning?"

Theocrit., idyll xviii. v. 26.—"As the rising morning displays her fair face distinguished above night, when winter sends us the white or serene spring, so the golden Helen shone distinguished among us."

5. *Song of Solomon*, chap. iv. v. 11.—"Thy lips, O my spouse, drop as the honeycomb; honey and milk are under thy tongue."

Theocrit., idyll xx. v. 26.—"Thy mouth was sweeter than curdled milk, and from thy mouth thy voice flowed sweeter than the honeycomb."

6. *Song of Solomon*, chap. viii. v. 14.—"Be thou like to a roe, or to a young hart upon the mountains of spices."

Theocrit., idyll xi. v. 21.—"More friskily than a calf." Idyll xii. v. 6.—"As a fawn (or young hart) has more agility than a calf."

7. *Song of Solomon*, chap. vii. v. 7.—"Thy breasts are like to clusters of grapes."

Theocrit., idyll xi. v. 21.—"Galatea more shining than an unripe grape."

8. *Song of Solomon*, chap. ii.—"Take us the foxes, the little foxes that spoil the vines; for our vines have tender grapes (or our vines *never flower*, bud, as it is in the Septuagint)."

Theocrit., idyll v. v. 108.—"Ye locusts that leap over my hedge, do not injure my vines; they are young ones."

These examples will furnish the reader with an opportunity of esti-

mating the obligations of Theocritus to the Hebrew sage. The tenderness of his nature led him to delight in the expression of elegant and poetic feeling; and he has left sufficient testimony to prove that as an amatory writer his success would have been great. He touches on the most delicate sensations of the passion with the finger of a master. Sometimes the complaining lover, in the manner of the Persian amorist, would be a humming-bee—*βυβυσσα μέλισσα*—that he might penetrate the ivy-leaves and couch of fern. In the 8th Idyll, the presence of the beloved object brings spring and flowers, and milk to the herd, and beauty to the lamb; while in her absence the fragrant meadows pine away. So Drayton, in his *Shepherd's Sirena*:

"For when my love too long
Her chamber keepeth,
As though it suffered wrong,
The morning weepeth."

In the same spirit of poetical gallantry, by her side the oaks become higher—*καὶ δρυὶς ὑψίσταται*. Drayton has not omitted to mention the delight of the fields:

"The verdant meads are seen
When she doth view them,
In fresh and gallant green,
Sweet to renew them;
And every little grass
Broad itself spreadeth;
Proud that this bonny lass
Upon it treadeth."

In the poetry of India, as we find in the Hindu Theatre of the learned Sanscrit professor, the stem of the Asoka tree is supposed to burst into bloom when touched by the foot of a beautiful woman. Nor should Pope's harmonious paraphrase be forgotten:

"All nature mourns, the skies relent in showers,
Hush'd are the birds, and closed the drooping flowers;
If Delia smile, the flowers begin to spring,
The skies to brighten, and the birds to sing."

To the warm and picturesque eye of the painter, Theocritus united a large share of that graceful simplicity and unaffected sweetness which have preserved so many of our own early poets from decay. For every subject his pencil has some pleasing colours or illustration. He paints the minutest

object with the finish and correctness of a Bassan, and gives the interior of a fisherman's hut, in the 21st Idyll, with the liveliness and truth of a *Snyders*. Its solitary situation on the sea shore, with no other habitation in view, continually beater and worn away by the melancholy dashing of the waves—

Οὐδὲν ἐν μισθῷ γυῖων, πανταχὲ παρ' αὐτὴν
Θαλασσομένην καλυβάν τρυφίῃσι περιστοιχισμένην.

The two fishermen asleep on a bed of dry sea weed, with all the implements of their labour strewed around, hooks, nets, rods, baskets, &c.; their pillow consisting of their old clothes piled up beneath their heads—

Νιφθὺν τὰς κεφαλὰς φορμὴν βραχέως, ἡμάτια,
πίλοι.

The boat, meanwhile, drawn up on a plank. Not a vessel for domestic use to be found, nor any dog or other living creature heard or seen. Here is a sketch that Crabbe might have delighted in.

The confusion of a lover at a first interview with the object of her affection is portrayed by a singular comparison, not more new than expressive :

Οὐδ' ὅσον ἐν ὑπνῷ
Κυζύνται φανύμενα φίλων ποτὶ μάτηρ τινα.
Id. ii. v. 108.

Thus Englished by old Fawkes :

"Faint tremors seized my tongue,
And on my lips the faltering accents hung;
As when from babes imperfect accents fall,
When murmuring in their dreams they on their mothers call."^a

This is excelled by a picture in the 6th Idyll, of a dog running by his own shadow in the water :

Πάλιν αὖ (ἄν) τὰν νύκτα βαλλὺ
Ἄται τὰν εἶον ἰστανταί σκῆτος· ἀδ' βαῖνδ' αὖ
Εἰς ἀλὰ διερραμένη· τὰ δὲ ἐν πάλᾳ κυματῶ
φαίνε
Ἀσυχὰ καχλαζόντα ἐν' αἰγιαλῷ θίσσας.—
Id. vi.

Rendered by Polwhele :

"There! there! the little wanton pelts
thy dog!
He on the lucid wave his form surveys,
And on the beach his dancing shadow

But here, as in many other instances, the delicate simplicity of the original has evaporated. The dog surveying his form has not the liveliness of the *με ἀλὰ διερραμένη*, looking into the water as he runs along the shore. Reiske, in the same spirit of tasteless innovation which induced Bentley to undertake, if we may employ the term, a crusade against the *Paradise Lost*, proposed to destroy all the beauty of this passage, by substituting *φαίνε* for *φαίνε*, and sprinkling the dog with water, instead of reflecting his form in it.

In the 2d Idyll, Simoetha, the lover of Daphnis, describes the melancholy disquiet of his heart in a very beautiful manner :

Ἦνδ' εἴργη μὲν ποταύς, εἴργοντι δ' αὖταί,
Ἀδ' ἡμὰ ἐν εἴργῃ στήθεσιν ἐντροπὴν ἄνα.

Literally—

Lo! the sea is still, and the breezes are still,
But the trouble within my bosom is not still.

This affecting contrast recalled to the recollection of Warton the noble passage in Apollonius Rhodius, where the enchantress is introduced with so powerful an effect :

"Night on the earth pour'd darkness;
on the sea

The wakeful sailor to Orion's star
And Helice, turn'd heedful. Sunk to rest,
The traveller forgot his toil; his charge,
The sentinel; her death-devoted babe,
The mother's painless breast. The vil-
lage dog

Had ceased his troublous bay; each busy
tumult

Was hush'd at this dread hour, and
Darkness slept,

Lock'd in the arms of Silence. She alone,
Medea, slept not!"

These are very striking lines. But in a poem, supposed by the historian of English poetry to be the oldest existing example in our language of the pure unmixed pastoral, we find two stanzas scarcely to be equalled for affecting simplicity of thought and easy harmony of expression :

"The owl with feeble sight
Lyes lurking in the leaves;
The sparrow in the frosty night
May shroud her in the eaves;

^a Not on my fainting lips such accents hung
As murmur feeble from an infant's tongue;
When, querulously dreaming on her breast,
His mother lulls him into gentle rest."—POLWHELE.

But wo to me, alas !
In sunne, nor yet in shade,
I cannot find a resting-place,
My burden to unshade."

An incident in the 8th Idyll may also be mentioned :

Βάλλει καὶ μέλαινα τὸν κιστῶνα ἡ Κλισριστα
Τῶς αὐγῆς παρὶ λῶνα, καὶ ἀδύτι ποστυλαιοῦ.

Which Polwhele has degraded into foolish insipidity :

" Oft Clearista pelts with apples crisp
Her swain, and in a whisper loves to lisp."

Correctly :

" Clearista pelts the goat-herd with apples
While driving his goats ; and she hums
something sweet (the while)."

Class. Jour., v. 18.

The swallow (Id. 14) is seen continually skimming about for fresh food, and returning to the nest with a supply ; a slight incident, but deserving notice for its truth and nature.

The fisherman, in the 1st Id., is beheld pulling a great net, and labouring with all his might, so that *the muscles of his neck swell* :

Αἰὲς αὖ ὀθηκέντι κατ' αὐχένα παντὸς ἐν ἡμέρῃ.

" Hard by, a fisherman, advanced in years,
On the rough margin of a rock appears ;
Intent he stands 't inclose the fish below,
Lifts a large net, and labours at the throw ;
Such strong expression rises on the sight,
You'd swear the man exerted all his might :
For his round neck with turgid veins appears."—FAWKES.

When Galatea has quarrelled with Polyphemus, his faithful dog barks at her heels : but when he loved her,

" It fawned and whined,
And softly on her knees its head re-
clined."—FAWKES.

This is a charming image, and highly characteristic of a poetical mind.

Leigh Hunt, in the preface to the recent edition of his poems, has a pleasant digression about Theocritus, which, now that we are weaving a garland for his brows, may be advantageously quoted :—" Let me take this opportunity of saying, that with all the praise occasionally bestowed upon the serious powers of Theocritus, and his indications of a genius for epic poetry, I am not aware that justice has been done to the wonderful evidences he has given of a combination of faculties for the light and the passionate, the social and the sequestered, the humorous and the pathetic, the minute and the grand. This delightful poet courts a milkmaid

or a sea-nymph with equal fitness of address ; is a countryman and a townsman ; a clown, a courtier, and a satirist ; fills a house at midnight with ghastly phenomena ; describes a piece of pugilism in a style to make the bones of the ' Fancy' crack under them ; and makes us at once shudder and pity the great monster Polypheme, whom he reconciles to humanity by subduing with love. Then there is his Hylas disappearing under the water like a falling star ; and his lion at noonday, with all the villagers indoors around him ; and his infant Hercules, the little jovial potency, the true infant demigod, tearless and sovereign, of whose encounter with the serpents I have endeavoured to give some idea. If Theocritus had written an epic, the world would have had a poet unknown to it, a romance writer equally great for abundance and concentration, a Greek Ariosto."

Our readers will be able to judge of the variety and force of the poet's genius far better by specimens of his manner than by any critical disquisitions ; and we shall accordingly introduce them to the infant Hercules, whom Mr. Hunt designates the little jovial potency,—a title at which Theocritus, who never had the opportunity of reading *Rimini*, would perhaps feel some little astonishment.

THE INFANT HERCULES AND THE SERPENTS.

The story is briefly given by the translator. Juno, jealous of the child which Jupiter has had by Alcmena, sends two dreadful serpents to devour the boy. The serpents come upon him while he and his half-brother Iphiclus are sleeping together. Iphiclus, the child of the mortal father, is terrified ; Hercules, the infant demigod, seizes and destroys them as if they were living playthings. His mother consults the prophet Tiresias on the occasion, and is told of her son's future renown.

" Young Hercules had now beheld the light

Only ten months, when once upon a night,
Alcmena having washed, and given the breast

To both her heavy boys, laid them to rest.
Their cradle was a noble shield of brass,
Won by her lord from slaughter'd Pterilas.
Gently she laid them down, and gently laid

Her hand on both their heads, and yearned, and said :

'Sleep, sleep, my boys! a light and pleasant sleep.'

My little souls, my twins, my guard and keep!

Sleep happy, and wake happy! And she kept

Rocking the mighty buckler, and they slept.

At midnight when the Bear went down, and broad

Orion's shoulder lit the starry road, There came careering through the opening halls,

On livid spires, two dreadful animals—Serpents, whom Juno, threatening as she drove,

Had sent there to devour the boy of Jove. Orbing their blood-fed bellies in and out, They tower'd along; and, as they look'd about,

An evil fire out of their eyes came lamping;

A heavy poison dropp'd about their champing.

And now they have arrived, and think to fall

To their dread meal, when lo! (for Jove sees all),

The house is lit as with the morning's break,

And the dear children of Alcmena wake. The younger one, as soon as he beheld The evil creatures coming on the shield, And saw their loathsome teeth, began to cry

And shriek, and kick away the clothes, and try

All his poor little instincts of escape; The other, grappling, seized them by the nape

Of either poisonous neck, for all their twists,

And held like iron in his little fists; Buckled and bound he held them, struggling wild.

And so they wound about the boy, the child,

The long-begetting boy, the suckling dear, That never teased his nurses with a tear.

Alcmena heard the noise, and 'Wake!' she cried;

'Amphitryon, wake! for terror holds me tied;

Up! stay not for the sandals. Hark! the child—

The youngest—how he shrieks! The babe is wild!

And see the walls and windows! 'Tis as light†

As if 'twere day, and yet 'tis surely night. There's something dreadful in the house; there is,

Indeed, dear husband! He arose at this, And seized his noble sword, which over-head

Was always hanging at the cedar-bed.

All in an instant, like a stroke of doom, Returning midnight smote upon the room. Amphitryon called, and woke from heavy sleep

His household, who lay breathing hard and deep:

'Bring lights here from the hearth! lights! lights! and guard

The doorways! rise, ye ready labourers hard!'

He said; and lights came pouring in, and all

The busy house was up in bow'r and hall; But when they saw the little suckler, how He grasped the monsters, and with earnest brow

Kept beating them together, plaything wise,

They shrieked aloud: but he, with laughing eyes,

Soon as he saw Amphitryon, leaped and sprung,

Child like, and at his feet the dead disturbers flung."

Every reader will admit the merits of this translation; it is generally harmonious, animated, and correct. But the writer will forgive us if we point out two errors into which he appears to have fallen. The first occurs in the following line, when Alcmena is lulling the children to rest:

"My little souls, my twins, my guard and keep."

This is hardly English—at any rate, it is not Greek. The words are,

Εὐδα' ἡμὰ ψυχὰς δὲ ἀδελφῶν, ὡσεὶ τινα·

simply implying a wish that they may

* The melody of the original breathes an exquisite and soothing repose: no lullaby was ever more delightful.

Εὐδα' ἡμὰ βρεφῶν γλυκύτροπον καὶ ὑγρῶσιμον ὕπνον,

Εὐδα' ἡμὰ ψυχὰς, δὲ ἀδελφῶν, ὡσεὶ τινα,

Ὅλβιον ὑπαρξαισθῆναι καὶ ἄλβειν αὐτοῖσι θά.

The celebrated song of Simonides is of a similar character.

† This lustre may be thought to proceed from the eyes of the serpents, from which the καὶ οὐκ ἔφε δατὸν around. But Warton, with greater justice, considers it a supernatural accompaniment; an opinion strengthened by the radiant appearance of the walls, and, still more, by the returning darkness. 'o

sleep in security. The second is where he makes Amphitryon command the servants to *guard* the doorways; but the original,

Θυρῶν ἀναινεύων' οἴχους,

conveys an injunction of a directly contrary character, viz. to *draw back* the bolts, and consequently open the doors. Before we leave this poem we must quote a few of the concluding lines for the beautiful domestic picture they describe. Alcmena having sent for the prophet Tiresias to interpret this supernatural occurrence, he unfolds to her the future celebrity of the infant Hercules, and alludes to her own fame as the mother of such a hero. This, says Polwhele, enlarging on Warton, is a fine stroke of the poet. We have been terrified at the marvellous achievements of the infant Hercules; but here our sensations become mixed. While he throws the serpents at his father's feet, we have still a shade of terror on our minds; but his engaging manner, so natural to his age, recalls our pre-conceptions of the child, and tempers our fears with the feelings of affection. This scene affords a noble subject for painting; and Philostratus, in the *Icones*, had evident reference to Theocritus:

Ναὶ γὰρ ἴμει γλυκὺ φηγγοῖ ἀπὸ χειρὸς
παλαί στυγνῇ,

Πολλὰ Λακωνίδων μάλακον περὶ γυνάτι νάμω
Χεὶρ πατατρεφύονται, αἰσινάκων αὐδοῖσιν
Ἀλαμπήται σκαμνίστι, εὐδαί' ὃ ἰσθ' Ἀργυμῖσι.

"For by my sweet sight,
Which once divided these poor lids with
light,

Many Greek women, as they sit and weave
The gentle thread across their knees at eve,
Shall sing of thee, and thy beloved name:
Thou shalt be bless'd by every Argive
dame."—L. HUNT.

These lines are very beautifully rendered, and are infinitely superior to Polwhele's version, in which the exquisite simplicity and truth of the delineation are lost:

"The days shall come, when many a
maid of Greece,
Twirling on rapid wheel the carded fleece."

Were we not fearful of being suspected of hypercriticism, we might object to the construing of *μάλακον* by *gentle*. We say a *soft* pillow, a *soft* silk; but hardly a *gentle* pillow, or *gentle* silk. Neither did Theocritus write so.

How eminently he might have shone

in light and mirthful comedy he has shewn in the *Syracusan Gossips*, resembling in parts some of the more graceful passages of Aristophanes, whom he rivalled at least in richness and festivity of spirit, however unequal to that extraordinary genius he may have been in the amplitude of his resources. Warton, whose learned and polished taste rarely deceived him, esteemed it an exquisite painting of a female fluttering with various feelings amidst her preparations for a public place—where she is going to be seen, rather than to see—more than usually anxious about ornamenting her person—full of conceited airs and affected delicacy—chiding her maid without knowing why, and in violent haste—exhibiting all the marks of levity, caprice, and arrogance. The Syracusan gossip has her rival in the nineteenth century; and the Praxinoe of Theocritus, pushing her way to the festival of Adonis, may find her sister in Cheapside on any Lord Mayor's Day. The incidents of the piece are light and graphic. Neither are the glimpses it affords of the domestic manners of that age uninteresting to the observer. It tells us that the luxury of chairs and cushions was general, and that umbrellas and cats were almost as common as now. Even with respect to the mysteries of the toilet the dialogue is not without instruction; and the reader who has the opportunity and inclination to investigate the subject, may look to the *Aulularia* of Plautus, Act III. Scene V., for an amusing collection of items considered necessary for a Grecian lady of the *beau monde*. Among these perfumery occupies a very important place. Lucian, whose eyes were always turned to the follies of his country, has an allusion to this prevailing passion in his *Ἐρωτῆς*, where he says, ὅλην Ἀραβίαν ἐχθρὸν ἐκ τῶν τριχῶν ἀποστύσσουσι—that *well nigh all Arabia breathed from their tresses*; an idea which Pope transplanted into the description of Belinda's toilet, in the *Rape of the Lock*:

"This casket India's glowing gems unlocks,

And all Arabia breathes from yonder box."

It may be observed that the making of ornamental goods, such as head-nets (*σφαχυρόνται*), or stuffs of Amorgus and variegated clothes (*σμιλλῶται*), formed the most lucrative trade in Athens.

The voluptuousness of the Athenians was more graceful and ingenious than our own. Mr. Mitchell, in his notes on the *Acharnians* of Aristophanes, quotes from Plautus an amusing method adopted by a man of *ton* to gratify the senses of his guests :

“ Nor fell
His perfumes from a box of alabaster ;
That were too trite a fancy, and had
savour’d
Of the elder time—but ever and anon,
He slipp’d four doves whose wings were
saturate
With scents all different in kind ; each
bird
Bearing its own appropriate sweets :
these doves,
Wheeling in circles round, let fall upon
us
A show’r of sweet perfumery, drenching,
bathing
Both clothes, and furniture, and lordlings
all.”

We humbly recommend this contrivance for the next *fête* at Devonshire House. And Mr. Bunn may also find his account in adopting the custom of the Roman managers, who were wont to refresh their audiences with clouds of odour diffused over the theatre,—a practice of which Ben Jonson has availed himself in one of his masques.

We may attempt the interlude, as Polwhele entitles it, at another time ; at present, we have only room to introduce the reader to the Grecian Malibran ; cautioning him, in the words of the communicative Gorgo, to listen with becoming attention :

“ Gorgo. Hush, hush, my dear life ! she’s
preparing the song.—
The sweet little Grecian !—how still is
the throng !

* So Catullus, *De Nup. Pel. et Thel.* :

“ Quæque regia Golgos, quæque Idalium frondosum.”

† The *Adonis* were celebrated in most of the cities of Greece, in honour of Venus and her beloved Adonis. The solemnity continued two days ; on the first of which, certain images or pictures of Venus and Adonis were brought forth, with all the pomp and ceremonies practised at funerals, &c. There were also carried along with them shells, filled with earth, in which grew several sorts of herbs, especially lettuce, in memory that Adonis was laid out by Venus in a bed of lettuce. These were called *anem.*, or gardens ; whence *Adonis anem.* are proverbially applied to things unfruitful or fading, because those herbs were only sown so long before the festival as to sprout forth and be green at that time, and then were presently thrown into the water.—(See Potter.) Milton, in his catalogue of fallen spirits, alludes to this celebrated fable :

“ Thammus came next behind,
Whose annual wound in Lebanon allured
The Syrian damsels to lament his fate
In amorous ditties all a summer’s day,
While smooth Adonis from his native rock
Ran purple to the sea.”—*Par. Lost*, b. i.

She’ll excel pensive Spermis. See, see
her prepare
With a languish so soft, so delicious an
air ;
So meltingly plaintive her musical tone is.
But, hark ! she’s beginning the death of
Adonis.”

There is no word in the English language, says Polwhele, to render the force of *ἡσυχία*. It is in itself a picture. We see the Greek girl preparing to sing with a “languishing sportability” of air. He employs the same word in the 6th Idyll to portray the gracefulness of Galatea, who frolics

Ὡς ἂν ἀνὰ θάλασσαν
Τῆς καυρῆς χεῖρας, τοῦ καλοῦ δίφου ἀνὰ
φρεντί.

Literally —

“ As from the thistle
The dry down flies, when the beautiful
summer burns it.”

An image of peculiar delicacy and softness, and worthy to describe the harmonious motion of Taglioni. The primary signification of *ἡσυχία* is to break in pieces, to enervate by luxury.

Mistress ! who dost love to roam
In Golgos, or the verdant home*

Of the fair Idalian bowers,
Wandering, at thy own sweet will,
Over Eryx’ breezy hill ;

Lo ! the slow soft-footed hours
From Acheron, the dark and drear,
Bring thy loved Adonis here.†
Welcome hours ! longed for by
Many a heavy, watching eye,
The tears of pining grief to dry.
Child of Dione ! thou hast led
Berenice from the dead
To the gardens of the blest,
Breathing ambrosia through her breast !

Unto thee, the queen divine
Of marble temple, golden shrine,
Deth Barabas's daughter bring
Radiant flowers, for garlanding
The tender lover whom we sing.
Fruits, the richest, strew the ground
From the heavy trees; and round
Flowers of every gorgeous dye
In the silver baskets lie,
And the blood of Syrian rose
In the alabaster glows.
Bowers of arching anise rise,
With Cupids in the flow'ry skies
Hovering o'er the wondering eyes;
Like the tender nightingale
In the dark-embosomed vale,
Hopping on from tree to tree,
And bough to bough, all timidly.
O scene of beauty! Look, on high,
Two ivory eagles through the sky,
Bearing on their shining wing
Ganymede unto his king!
Beaming on the upturned eye,
See the purple tapestry,
Where the glowing shadows creep,
Sweeter than a summer-sleep.
How softly streams the lustre shed
From yonder flower-strewn silver bed,
Where rosy-armed Adonis lies;
While Venus, with enamoured pride
Rejoiceth in the vernal pride
Of that red lip of young delight!
Rouse not the celestial bride!
In the fading mist of night,
With floating robe, dishevell'd hair,
His image to the shore we'll bear,
Unto the dewy hours of day
Breathing thus our plaintive lay:

"Only thy white unchained feet,
Dear youth, whom now our carols greet,
From Acheron's dark banks are seen
To wander on earth's flow'ry green.
Not Ajax, nor the King of Men,[†]
To their loved homes return'd again;
Nor the mighty Trojan chief,[‡]
To calm his mother's night of grief;
Nor heroes of the elder years,[§]
Before the beaming of whose spears
Death and Terror left a track,
And the battle-storm went back!
Sweet spirit! shine upon us now,
With the mild beauty of thy brow,
Friendly and meek thou comest here,
Be come again another year!"

Of all the picturesque pieces of Theocritus, says Polwhele, this song is the most elegant and beautiful; of

all the Greek poetry, it is without exception the most exquisitely polished. From this eulogium few will dissent. Whether we consider the softness of the language, the delicacy of the imagery, or the animation of the style, our delight is unalloyed—a most graceful taste presides over the whole. Its subject was indeed the favourite of the Grecian muse; who seems, adds Polwhele, never so sweet an enthusiast as when she gives music to the sighs of Venus over the dead, yet beautiful Adonis.

We have previously spoken of Dryden's character of Theocritus in the preface to the *Second Miscellany*. Of his translations from that poet, the only one that could be extracted with advantage is the "Despairing Lover." His opinions of the duties of a translator are unfolded by himself with great precision. He is to make his author, he says, appear as charming as he possibly can, provided he maintains his character, and makes him not unlike himself. Translation, he says, is a kind of drawing after the life, where every one will acknowledge there is a double sort of likeness—a good and a bad. It is one thing to draw the outlines true, the features like, the proportions exact, the colouring itself perhaps tolerable; and another thing to make all these graceful by the posture, the shadowings, and chiefly by the spirit which animates the whole. The criticism of Dryden is not always reflected in his translations. When he gave diamond buckles to the buskins of Sicyon, and converted the *Palatia Cali* of Ovid into the Louvre of the sky, and made the shepherdess in the 27th Idyll declare that she would die "pure as Queen Elizabeth," he was certainly not maintaining the character of his author. What he wanted in correctness, however, he generally supplied in animation; and if he did not always dress his part well, he looked it. His predecessors had, with few exceptions, been content to flutter along the ground with a verbal adherence to their original; but Dryden took a more daring flight.

* "We cannot easily determine whether these figures were in tapestry, painting, or sculpture. The critics have very confused and discordant ideas on the subject. There is every reason to think that some of them were solid figures, and there is no doubt that tapestry was the most conspicuous and ornamental part of the scene."—*as quoted by Polwhele.*

† Hector.

‡ The heroes of early Grecian history. This is put paraphrastically, to avoid the introduction of names not very susceptible of rhyme.

The tale of Myrrha, in the *Metamorphoses*, is one of the most beautiful specimens of translation in the language. But it is time to return to Theocritus.

The Despairing Lover.

"With inauspicious love a wretched swain
Pursued the fairest nymph of all the plain;
Fairest, indeed, but prouder far than fair:
She plunged him hopeless in a deep despair.

Her heavenly form too haughtily she
prized,

His person hated, and his gifts despised;
Nor knew the force of Cupid's cruel darts,
Nor feared his awful power on human
hearts;

But either from her hopeless lover fled,
Or with disdainful glances shot him dead.

Yet could not he his obvious fate escape,
His love still dress'd her in a pleasing shape;
And every sullen frown and bitter scorn
But fann'd the fuel that too fierce did
burn.

Long time unequal to his mighty pain,
He strove to curb it, but he strove in vain;
At last his woes broke out, and begged
relief

With tears, the dumb petitioners of grief!

'Ah, nymph more cruel than of human
race!

Thy tigress-heart belies thy angel-face;
Too well thou shew'st thy pedigree from
stone—

Thy grandame's was the first by Pyrrha
thrown.

Unworthy thou to be so long desired—
But so my love, and so my fate required.
I beg not now (for 'tis in vain) to live,
But take this gift, the last that I can give.
This moment puts an end to all my pain;
I shall no more despair, nor thou disdain.
Farewell, ungrateful and unkind! I go,
Condemn'd by thee, to those sad shades
below;

I go the extreme remedy to prove—
To drink oblivion and to drench my love:
There, happily, to lose my long desires.
But, ah! what draught so deep to quench
my fires?

Farewell, ye never-opening gates, ye
stones

And threshold, guilty of my midnight
moans!

What I have suffered here ye know too
well,

What I shall do, the gods and I can tell.
The rose is fragrant, but it fades in time,
The violet sweet, but quickly past the
prime;

White lilies hang their heads, and soon
decay,

And whiter snow in minutes melts away.
Such is your blooming youth: and with-
thering so,

The time will come—it will—when you
shall know

The rage of love; your haughty heart
shall burn

In flames like mine, and meet a like return.
Obdurate as you are, oh! hear at least

My dying pray'rs, and grant my last
request.

When first you ope your doors, and,
passing by,

The sad ill-omen'd object meets your eye,
Think it not lost a moment if you stay—

The breathless wretch, so made by you,
survey;

Some cruel pleasure will from thence arise,
To view the mighty ravage of your eyes.

I wish—but, oh! my wish is vain, I fear—
The kind oblation of a falling tear.

Then loose the knot, and take me from
the place,

And spread your mantle o'er my grisly
face;

Upon my livid lips bestow a kiss—
O, envy not the dead, they feel not bliss!

Nor fear your kisses can restore my breath;
Ev'n you are not more pitiless than death.'

Thus having said, and furious with his
love,

He heaved, with more than human force,
to move

A weighty stone (the labour of a team),
And, raised from thence, he reach'd the
neighbouring beam:

Around its bulk a sliding knot he throws,
And fitted to his neck the fatal noose;

Then, *spurning backward*, took a swing,
till death

Crept up, and stopped the passage of his
breath.

*The bounce burst ope the door; the scorn-
ful fair*

*Relentless look'd, and saw him beat his
quivering feet in air;*

Nor wept his fate, nor cast a pitying eye,
Nor took him down, but brush'd regard-
less by.

And, as she pass'd, her chance or fate
was such

Her garments touch'd the dead, polluted
by the touch;

Next to the dance, then to the bath did
move.

The bath was sacred to the god of love,
Whose injured image, with a wrathful eye,

Stood threatening from a pedestal on high:
Nodding awhile, and watchful for his
blow,

He fell; and, falling, crush'd the un-
grateful nymph below.

Her gushing blood the pavement all be-
smear'd,

And this her last expiring voice was
heard:

"Lovers, farewell! revenge has reach'd
my scorn;

Thus warn'd be wise, and love for love
return!"

These verses rather claim the merit of a paraphrase than a translation. Dryden, indeed, was more fond of measuring his genius, so to speak, with his original, than of following humbly in his footsteps; and the reader to whom the finest passages of his *Æneid* are familiar, will admit that he often walks a rival by Maro's side. In the present version from Theocritus, he has entitled himself to the celebrated character drawn by Fanshawe, of being in a certain degree true to his sense, and truer to his fame. He has preserved the outline and brightened the colouring. The lines he has occasionally introduced, some of which we have put into italics, are forcible and spirited; and the picture of the unfortunate lover suspended in the air is given with remarkable animation:

*Ταις ἰδρῶν ὕδασι καὶ σπέρματι, ἃ ἐκρημασθή
Ναρκῶς, ὃ δ' αὖτ' αἰεὶ θυρεὺς καὶ τοῖς νεκροῖς ἰδοῖ
Αὐλῆς ἐξ ἰδρῶς κρημαίνων.*

Theocritus, unlike many eminent poets of past and present times, was free from mannerism, and could descend with facility from the loftiest theme to the humblest circumstances of domestic and rural life; and the same lute that vindicated the glory of the bard, and woke such a strain of triumph for the illustrious Ptolemy, chimed with equal melody to the feet of shepherds at a village festival, and called the tears into the eyes for the little Eurymedon. One specimen, indeed, in the very best style of our own Bloomfield, must be offered, though we have to go back to the 13th Idyll for it:

*Οὐδ' ὅπου στυγαλῆαί μινυροι ποτὶ καὶ τοὺς ὄρνιθας,
Συσταμένοις περὶ μακρῶς ἐπὶ ἀνάλουσι
πτερυγῶν.*

"Or the hen shook her wing at twilight's gleam,
Gathering her chickens to the smoky beam."—POLWHELE.

The shaking of the wings (*συσταμένοις πτερυγῶν*) and the *αἰθαλοῖσι πτερυγῶν*—the sooty or dark-coloured roosting-place, tell of an eye accustomed to some pleasant Sicilian farm. His songs of a higher mood have frequently the dignity and force of Sophocles and Pindar, and his playfulness is light-hearted and sprightly as Anacreon's. He has, indeed, in one instance fairly challenged the Teian minstrel, and certainly with no displeasing effect. We render a version of our own:

Cupid and the Bee.

Love one day was stealing
The honey of the bee,
But it stung him, and he wept
In his agony.
He struck the ground, and sprang
To his mother in the skies,
Shewing where the insect stung;
The tears were in his eyes—
Wondering why such sting should be
In so small a thing—a bee!
His mother smiled: 'Art thou
Not like the little bee?
For thou art small, yet men have found
A painful sting in thee.'

The poem of Theocritus is an imitation of one on the same subject by Anacreon, which we quote from the rare translation of Stanley:

"Love a bee that lurk'd among
Roses saw not, and was stung;
Who for his hurt finger crying,
Running sometimes, sometimes flying,
Doth to his fair mother hie,
And, 'Oh, help!' cries he, 'I die!
A winged snake hath bitten me,
Called by countrymen a bee.'
At which Venus: 'If such smart
A bee's little sting impart,
How much greater is the pain
They whom thou hast hurt sustain!'"

The playful genius of Herrick has also celebrated the wounded Cupid:

"Cupid, as he lay among
Roses, by a bee was stung;
Whereupon, in anger flying
To his mother, said thus, crying:
'Help! O help! your boy's a-dying!'
'And why, my pretty lad?' said she.
Then, blubbering, replied he,
'A winged snake has bitten me,
Which country-people call a bee.'
At which she smiled, then with her hairs
And kisses drying up his tears,
'Alas!' said she, 'my wag, if this
Such pernicious torment is,
Come tell me, then, how great the smart
Of those thou woundest with thy dart.'"

Spenser, who seems to have been as fond of the Greek pastoral poets as Milton was of Ovid, has imitated this pleasant little Idyll, though not with his usual success, in one of his minor poems, beginning,

"Upon a day, as Love lay sweetly slum-
b'ring
All in his mother's lap,
A gentle bee, with his loud trumpet
murm'ring,
About him flew by hap." &c. &c.

The following poem is in a similar vein, and, by many of the commentators, has been attributed to Anacreon.

The measure is certainly not in the manner of Theocritus. We attempt a traduction :

Ἀδωνι ἡ Κυθήρη
Ὡς ἴδε νεκρὸν ἦδη,
Στυγῆται ἔχοντα χροῖαν,
Ὀρχαὶ τὴν παρῶν,
Ἀγρίῳ τοῖ ὄν πρὸς αὐτὴν
Ἐσάει τοῖς ἔρωται.
Οἱ δ' ἰσθμῶς ποταμοῖ
Πάσαν δαμοντὸς ὕλαν,
Στυγῆται τοῖ ὄν ἀνιερὸν,
Ἀπασαί τε κήπιδόσωναι·
Χ' ὦ μοι, βρογχ' παδάψας
Ἐστυρὶ ἀχμαλῶτον.
Ὅδ' ἔξισθ' ἑλάνου
Ἐνυαὶ τῶν τοῖ ταῖς.
Ὁ Σηρ' ὄβριον ὕλως.
Φόβητο γὰρ Κυθήρη.
Τῇ δ' ὕπνῳ Ἀφροδίτα —
Παντοῖ πακιστὶ Σηρῶν,
Σὺ τοῖ δι μὲρ ῥῶν;
Σὺ μοι τοῖ ἀνδρ' ἐνυψας;
Ὁ Σηρ' ὄβριον ὕλως.
Ὀμνυμι σοι, Κυθήρη,
Αὐτὴν σὺ, καὶ τοῖ ἀνδρα,
Καὶ ταῦτα μοι τὰ δίσμα,
Καὶ τοῖς δι τοῖς κυτῶν,
Τοῖ ἀνδρα τοῖ παλιν σὺ
Οὐκ ἥλιν πατάξαι.
Ἀλλ' ὡς ἀγαλμ' ἰσίδον·
Καὶ, μὴ φέρον το καύμα.
Γυμνοῖ τοῖ νυχὶ μὲρ,
Ἐμαίωμαι φιλάσαι.*
Καὶ μοι σινὰς κρητῆρ,
Τούτους λαβύσας, Κυθρὶ,
Τούτους παλάξῃ, τιμῇ
(Τὶ γὰρ φέρον πρὸς σῶν);
Ἐρωτικῶς ὀδόντας·
Λι δ' οὐχὶ σοὶ τὰ δ' ἀρῶν,
Καὶ ταῦτ' ἔμην τὰ χυλῶν.
Τὶ γὰρ φίλων ἰσλῶν;
Τοῖ δ' ἡλιν Κυθρὶ,
Ἐστὶν σὺ τοῖς ἔρωσι
Τὰ δίσμα αἰ' πύλῶναι.
Ἐκ τῶδ' ἰσπαιλῶναι,
Κήρ ὕλῶν οὐκ ἔβριον
Καὶ τῇ πυρὶ πρὸς ἰλῶν,
Ἐκαστὸς τῶν ἔρωται.

When Cythere's weeping eye
Saw her wounded lover lie,
His radiant locks of golden hair
Floating wildly on the air,
The rose upon his cheek no more —
She bade her Cupids seek the boar.
They, with step of winged speed,
Hastened o'er the grassy mead,
Searching all the wood to see
Where the guilty boar could be :
Hid among the trees they find him,
With a merry shout they bind him.
One draggeth him in haste along,
A rueful captive, with his thong ;
Behind, to make the culprit go,
Another beats him with his bow :
But he, with face of sorrow bent,
And lingering step, to Venus went.
When thus, in accents sad to hear,
Her voice of anger smote his ear :
" Wherefore, fellest beast that roams
Through the green-wood's gloomy homes !
Wherefore hath thy raging tooth
Wounded this beloved youth ?"
Soft he answered : " Lo ! I swear
By thyself and lover fair,
By these hunters, by this chain,
By these tears of grief and pain,
Queen of Love ! no thought had I
To rend thy dear Adonis' thigh ;
Its naked charm my heart did win —
Too much love my only sin !
An image bright it seemed to me —
I burned to kiss the ivory.
Therefore, Venus, now I pray,
Cut these guilty tusks away ;
If too light the suffering be,
My lips I offer unto thee.
Wherefore, wherefore should I cherish
Tooth or lip now ? — let them perish !"
Venus, soften'd by his strain,
Told her Loves to loose his chain.
He roam'd no more the forest wide,
Following ever at her side ;
And rushing to the blazing fire,
Burnt his tusks of warm desire.

His epigrams have, we think, been somewhat undervalued : one or two are finished with a grace and polish equal

* Warton renders *ἐμαίωμαι φιλάσαι*, *I was mad to kiss it* ; and he illustrates the phrase by an epigram of Nicæus :

Ἀέλον ἡμερόβλιον ἐκ φανύσας μέλισσα,
Κούρα, ἐφ' ὥρῳις ἀνδρὶ μαίωμαι.

" Circa varium et benigne florens ver apparens, O apis,
Flava, in tempestivos flores insanians."

It is worthy of observation that Shakespeare, in *Venus and Adonis*, employed the same conceit of the boar's passion for Adonis :

" 'Tis true ! 'tis true ! thus was Adonis slain :

He ran upon the boar with his sharp spear,

Who did not whet his teeth at him again,

But by a kiss thought to persuade him there.

And nuzzling in his flank, the loving swine
Sheath'd unaware the tusk in his soft groin."

Milton, in his lines on the daughter of his sister, Anne Philips, refers to the same story :

to any in the anthology. Take the following on a fawn, in an original translation:

Weep not, Thyrais; tears may lie
For ever in thy mournful eye—
Morn and eve, and morn again,
Though you weep, you weep in vain!
He no more the field doth roam;
He hath found a dreary home
In Hades' meadows, lone and dim:
The wolf's red paw hath been on him.
'Thy sweet fawn is for ever flown,
Lost e'en the ashes of his bone!'

We have followed the conjecture of Reiske—*οστις ουδε τιφρα*. This epigram, writes Polwhele, closes with something like pleasantry; but the humour would have been stronger if the shepherd's dogs had asked him, "To what purpose he grieved for his kid, when not even a bone of it was left?" This, he adds, would have been characteristic; but the embers of humour are smothered in *ashes*. It will be seen that a more serious turn is given to our translation. In reading these epigrams, it may be expedient to recollect the observation of Warton, that they were not only inscribed on marbles and statues, but were also traced on the ancient paintings. If, he says, we carry this idea with us, we shall discover an elegance that may have hitherto escaped us, while much of their obscurity will also disappear. The epigram became, in fact, an explanation of the picture. For example, in the Offering to Pan:

"Daphnis, the fair, who tunes the reed,
To Pan these presents hath decreed:
Three pipes his lip that deftly suit,
A scrip that oft hath borne his fruit,
A skin which from a fawn he took,
A pointed dart, a shepherd's crook."

POLWHELE.

Here, continues Warton, the shepherds seem to have been painted in the act of playing their rustic ditties; and, at a little distance, Pan sleeping in a cave near an aged oak.

A certain natural and simple tenderness forms, indeed, the most interesting

characteristic of these compositions, which often succeed, like our own early ballads, by their sincerity and heartiness alone, in awaking a sentiment of sympathy. We subjoin the epitaph on Eurymedon, with the versions of Fawkes and Polwhele. Fawkes is the more simple and literal, and therefore the best.

Νηπιος υιος ελπιος, ω αλκιμη δε και αυτος,
Ευρυμεδον, θυμβον σουδε θανων ιταρχις.
Σαι μιν ιδρα θιωσι μιν' αιδωσι, τοις τε λελυται
Τιμασινονται, πατρος μνημενι ως αγαθου.

"Dead in thy prime, this tomb contains,
Eurymedon, thy dear remains!
Thou, now with pious men enshrined,
Hast left an infant heir behind;
The state due care of him will take,
And love him for his father's sake."

FAWKES.

"Here, doom'd in early life to die,
Eurymedon, thy relics lie!
Thy little wandering son we see,
While the cold earth incloses thee.
Yet is thy spirit with the blest,
Enthroned amid the realms of rest;
And all shall watch with dutious care,
For thy dear sake, the infant heir."

POLWHELE.

The two following carry us into the silent woods, where we behold Priapus hunting for Daphnis, and Pan reposing beneath a tree:

Ευδus φυλλοστεφανη πωδω Δαφνι, σωμα νεκ-
μακος

Αρπασσων σταλινος δ' αετιςπαγλις αν' ορη-
Αγριου δε τυ Παν, και ο τοι προσηνεται Πριηπος,
Εισονι ιφ' ιμμετη κρητι καλαπτομενος,
Αντρον ισω στυχοντις μορφοδωρ αλλα τυ
φινγι,

Φινγι, μιδος οντω κωμα καταρχεμενοι.

"Softly sleeps thy weary head,
Daphnis, on its leafy bed;
On the hills thy snares are laid;
But, listen! through the forest glade,
Under every twilight tree,
Eager Pan is hunting thee,
With rude Priapus, ivy-crown'd.
They enter now thy quiet grot;
Start them quickly from the ground;
Let the revellers find thee not."

The reader will remark the peculiar

"O fairest flower!

Summer's chief honour, if thou hadst outlasted
Bleak winter's force that made thy blossom dry,
For, being amorous, he that lovely dye
That did thy cheek envermilion, thought to kiss,
But kill'd; alas! and then bewail'd his fatal bliss."

Polwhele has also devoted the greater portion of the eighteenth canto of the *Adone* to a description of this incident, which he has invested with all the allurements of picturesque and extravagant fancy.

beauty of the word *αγγελου*, as applied to Pan.

Αγε, ποτι τας Νυμφας δίδυμους αυλαιοις αυτωι
 Αδω τι μοι; κήρυ παλαιδ' αυραμενος
 Αρξομαι τι κραιπν' οδω δουκαλες αμμου Σιλλει
 Δαφνις, ημεδεντ' ανιωματι μελ' αμμου
 Εγγυι δε σταντες λασις δρυες αντρον οπισθεν
 Πανα τον αυγισταν ορφαισμενος υπνου.

Dost thou wish with me to suit
 A song unto thy double-flute?
 By the wood-nymphs' merry choir,
 I, too, will wake the rustic lyre;
 And Daphnis on his pipe shall play
 Some sweet shepherd-roundelay,
 Underneath the spreading tree,
 With our gleeful harmony,
 Rousing angry Pan, who lies
 With his arm upon his eyes.

It was the belief of the ancients that their gods slept at noon, from which circumstance they were accustomed to attribute to that portion of the day a peculiar silence and serenity. So, in the first Idyll, the Goatherd refuses to play at the request of Thyrsis, lest he should interrupt the slumber of Pan. We are induced to quote the passage for the lively picture it furnishes.

Ου θιμις, ο ποταμος, το μεσημεριον, ου θιμις
 αμμου
 Χοριδεν τον Πανα διδουκαμεν. η γαρ απ' αγγελου
 Ταυκα κικρυμαις αμψανται, εντι γι σινκρος
 Και ο αι δριμυια χολα ποτι ρηα παθηται.

"I dare not, shepherd, at the hour of
 noon,
 My pipe to rustic melodies attune—
 'Tis Pan we fear: from hunting he
 returns,
 As all in silence hush'd the noonday
 burns;
 And, tired, reposes mid the woodland
 scene,
 Whilst on his nostrils sits a bitter spleen."
 —POLWHELE.

Philostratus has a very beautiful portrait, almost precisely similar, in his *Icones*:—*Εκαθιδε δ' αρα προτιρον
 μου, ανιωματι τι και πρηνι την ρηα, και τον
 σιγχαλον αουτης λιαπων τη νυφ. Τημερον
 δ' υπερχολα, παραπασσεναι γαρ αυτη αι
 Νυμφαι. Dormiebat igitur prius qui-
 dem remissus ac mitis nasum, et iracundiam
 ipsius somno leniens. Hodie vero supra
 modo irascitur ingruentibus in ipsum Nymphis.*

From the works of many of our elder poets might be selected specimens of brief and touching pathos, not to be excelled by the most happy remains of Grecian art. The names of Carew, Dr. King (a writer deserving a wider

fame), and Ben Jonson, particularly recur to the recollection. To Jonson, indeed, may almost be applied the remark of Livy, that he meditated upon antiquity until his very imagination took the hue of his dreams, and became antique also. But his genius was not more susceptible of the grandeur of the ancient poetry than of its minuter graces. The epitaph on Elizabeth L. B. might have been written by Meleager or Theocritus:

"Would'st thou hear what man can say
 In a little? Reader, stay.
 Underneath this stone doth lie
 As much beauty as could die,
 Which in life did harbour give
 To more beauty than doth live.
 If at all she had a fault,
 Leave it buried in this vault.
 One name was Elizabeth,
 Th' other—let it sleep with death;
 Fitter where it died to tell,
 Than that it lived at all. Farewell!"

But probably one of the most graceful copies of antique simplicity and grace is contained in Akenside's inscription

For a Grotto.

"To me, whom in their lays the shepherds call
 Actæa, daughter of the neighb'ring stream,
 This cave belongs. The fig-tree and the vine,
 Which o'er the rocky entrance downward shoot,
 Were placed by Glyceon; he with cowslips pale,
 Primrose, and purple lychnis, deck'd the green
 Before my threshold, and my shelving walls
 With honeysuckle cover'd. Here at noon,
 Lull'd by the murmur of my rising fountains,
 I slumber: here my clustering fruits I tend,
 Or from the humid flow'rs at break of day
 Fresh garlands weave, and chase from all my bounds
 Each thing impure and noxious. Enter in,
 O stranger! undismay'd; nor bat nor toad
 Here lurks; and if thy breast of blameless thoughts
 Approve thee, not unwelcome shalt thou tread
 My quiet mansion, chiefly if thy name
 Wise Pallas and th' immortal Muses own."

Akenside appears to have been an admirer of Theocritus; and Mr. Polwhele has remarked that his third Inscription is an evident imitation of the Vow to Priapus.

And here we rest for the present.

THE NATIONAL CONTROVERSY.

I. ITS SUBJECT MATTER.

THERE are many persons in the community who, either under the influence of mere indolence, or from a secret distrust of their own intentions, while they join in the political warfare of the day, seem ever anxious to confine our views and their own within the smallest possible limits, consistent with any kind of discussion. It seems to be their aim to keep their minds ever in blinkers, and to avoid as much as possible the intrusion of any thing but that which lies immediately under their view. With them the constant cry is, "Only just pass this one measure—only just agree to this single proposition—and every thing hereafter will be peace and quietness, happiness and prosperity."

It has been by the votes and the persuasions of such characters as these that we have been led from one disorganising measure to another,—from Popish emancipation to the Reform-bill,—from the Reform-bill to the now attempted spoliation of the Church; and at every step the fallacy is repeated, that *this*, the present proposition, whatever it may be, is to settle, to pacify, to harmonize, and to give stability to every thing. Instead of which, when the step so urgently desired is taken; we find, before many weeks have passed over, that instead of being *the last*, it is only *the first* of a series; that instead of settling and establishing, we have only been unsettling and disorganizing; and that every inch passed over, in a descending course, only adds to the momentum which urges us more rapidly onwards!

Surely, then, if we would act, in political matters, like creatures possessed of reason, and capable of learning from experience, and of combining probabilities, it is time that we endeavoured to settle our minds in some connected view of the respective policy of the contending parties in the state. Those who are actively engaged in the warfare of the legislature, and who give the impulse which propels the machine of government along, are not acting from mere whim, or momentary fancy. Whether we believe it or not; whether we understand their designs or not; they have, in every case, a connected plan or scheme of operations. In every thing they do there is a drift; and when their followers are often without suspi-

cion, they are leading or guiding, in an unseen way, the course of legislation and of government.

But what are the leading plans or schemes of operation according to which the great political parties in the state are steering their course? In answer to this question we must state plainly, that however parties may split, divide, amalgamate, or perplex matters, there are, in fact, but two great schemes or systems now espoused; and by their attachment to one of these two schemes must all our modern politicians be designated. These two schemes are, that which is called "*Conservative*," and that which is termed "*Destructive*;" or, to describe them more at length, that which advocates a government *with Institutions*, and that which prefers a government *without*.

But, in order to be understood, we shall again, at whatever risk of repetition and tediousness, try to sketch the outline of two existing examples, by which the matter in hand will be far better understood than by any abstract theories.

In the first we see a nation, the great mass of which knows and admits, as a first principle, the truth of the Holy Scriptures. The one all-important fact, that God has given us a revelation of his mind and will, is admitted; and by that revelation, as by a test, every notion of legislation or government is tried and approved. As a necessary corollary, Popery, the chief antagonist and rival of Christianity, and whose policy and condemnation are alike developed in the single fact, that she wars with the Bible as with a natural enemy, is laid under restraint; the partisans of that immoral and destructive creed being left, as citizens, unharmed and unmolested; but their faith having no admission or favour among the authorities of the realm. The nation whose policy we are reviewing has been governed from time immemorial by a race of kings, and its hills have been crowned for centuries by the palaces and castles of its ancient nobles. All the powers and privileges, both of sovereign and peers, are now studiously reviewed, and carefully adjusted. Monarchy is found, if the lessons of the world's experience, through more than thirty centuries, are of any value, to be the most stable and

permanent form of government. Aristocracy, too, has its advantages; and nothing can be more obvious than the expediency, if powerful nobles exist in a land, of assigning them a fixed place, and privilege, and responsibility. The people, meanwhile, acting by their own representatives, balance and check the other two estates. And thus grows up that entire system, hitherto unparalleled among the nations of the world, under which, ever since its settled establishment in A.D. 1688, England has been perpetually advancing in power and wealth, intelligence and prosperity.

Now examine the other case. In this a large body of men, all of equal rank and circumstances, settle and colonise a country. Circumstances throw upon them the task of erecting a constitution. They have neither king nor nobles among them, and common sense teaches them that such things are not to be manufactured in a moment. In matters of religion, too, they have no common faith, but consist of a medley of various sects, who can agree in nothing but the mutual right of maintaining their own opinions. In this state of things, therefore, the result of the whole is, that a sort of standing committee, or parish vestry, is constituted, to which every district sends its representatives; and a kind of chief clerk, or secretary, is appointed, with power to sign papers, and write official letters.

Such are the two systems: they have alike arisen, each out of the circumstances of the case; and the folly against which we desire to protest is, that which would forcibly conform either to the different circumstances and different wants of the other. How absurd, for instance, would be the idea of setting up a king and a house of peers in America. The *material* is wanting—there are no peers, no great landed proprietors, to be found; nor is there any race in whose line sovereignty has become entwined: nor are the minds and prejudices of the people prepared for such a system. They neither feel the want of it, nor could perceive its utility if established.

And equally absurd would be the idea of forcing the American system upon England, as of transplanting the British constitution to America. We both possess a royal line, and we possess, also, long hereditary attachments to that line. We have a powerful array of peers, who for centuries have been lords of the soil; and we also

have notions deeply imbedded in our minds, that those peers, in their places, and performing their duties, are of real value and utility, as well as ornament, to the community. We have a church, too, which, when first formed, comprehended in its pale nineteen-twentieths of the people of England, and which would soon, were the means of extension provided, again include a like proportion. All these we have, and it is not the whim of a theorist that will make us lightly let them go.

Yet the present controversy, if we search out the real ground of it, turns upon nothing else than this,—that some vain and foolish men really conceive that all we have, over and above the American system, is useless and mischievous surplusage.

Many of these are parish vestrymen under Sir John Hobhouse's Bill. They sit in a room, with eighty others, ruling in sheer despotism the concerns of Marylebone or Pancras; and it constitutes no small part of their enjoyment, that they so sit and so rule in despite of all the education, and intelligence, and property of the district. And their *beau idéal* of a legislature and a government is,—that it should resemble, in all points, the Marylebone vestry!

Now, whatever dishonest or silly Whigs may say, this is the real question at issue: The true moving power in the House of Commons is that of the Hume and O'Connell party; and the drift of these worthies is merely this,—that they may rule in the legislature as they now do in their own parochial assemblies. At present they are checked and overruled. The House of Lords stands right across their way, presenting a stern negative to every democratizing proposition. The king, too, sometimes exerts a judgment differing from their own. He has been known to break up a parliament consisting of three-fourths Whigs and Radicals, and thus to make room for one in which the detested Tories hold at least three-sevenths of the total number. All these things are scarcely to be borne. But if the sway should once be theirs—if only for a short two years' reign—how quickly would these things be made to flee away!

The controversy, then, really is,—Whether the British constitution shall be cut down to the American pattern. The utility of kings, and lords, and an established church, is wholly questioned by the party with whom the initiative now rests. True, it is felt to be not ex-

pedient to assail all points at once. The narrow end of the wedge is ever preferred. But there is not the least blinking of the real question; on the contrary, it is plainly confessed, that much more remains behind after the present demand, and that each step now contended for will only be taken as an "instalment" of the whole demand.

No one, in truth, can have given the least attention to the struggles of the last five years, without being made

aware that a great and general change is in the view of those who have been the leaders through all that period; nor can any one have observed their motions, and listened to their words, without being made fully aware that the real drift of their thoughts tended to nothing less than the demolition of the church, the peerage, and the throne, and the reducing all things, as speedily as might be, to the level of the American congress, or the Marylebone vestry.

11. THE PARTIES TO THE CONTROVERSY.

In thus attempting to describe that warfare which is at present carrying on, not against this or that institution, or pervious corner of an institution merely, but in fact, and in the deliberate intention of the real movers of the political drama, against each and all of our establishments, we are quite prepared to hear the angry interrogatory, from some silly Whig, "What! do you mean, seriously and deliberately, to charge the Melbournes, and Russells, and Greys, and Lansdownes with an intention to uproot that church to which they are attached by so many ties? that peerage which raises themselves to such an elevation? or that monarchy to which they have so repeatedly sworn allegiance?" To such a querist we should proffer, in reply, a page from Mr. Coleridge's *Table-Talk*. The passage runs thus:

"I could not help smiling, in reading the report of Lord Grey's speech in the House of Lords the other night, when he asked Lord Wicklow whether he seriously believed that he, Lord Grey, or any of the ministers, intended to subvert the institutions of the country. Had I been in Lord Wicklow's place, I should have been tempted to answer this question something in the following manner: 'Waving the charge in an offensive sense of personal consciousness against the noble earl, and all but one or two of his colleagues, upon my honour, and in the presence of Almighty God, I answer, Yes! You have destroyed the freedom of parliament—you have done your best to shut the door of the House of Commons to the property, the birth, the rank, the wisdom of the people, and have hung it open to their passions and their follies. You have disfranchised the gentry and the patriotism of the nation. You have inflamed and exasperated the mob, and turned the balance of political power into the hands of that class which, in all countries and in all ages, has been, is now, and ever will be, the

least patriotic and the least conservative of any. You are now preparing to destroy for ever the constitutional independence of the House of Lords; you are for ever displacing it from its supremacy, as a co-ordinate estate of the realm. And whether you succeed in passing your bill by actually swamping our votes by a batch of new peers, or by frightening a sufficient number of us out of our opinions by the threat of one, equally you will have superseded the triple assent which the constitution requires to the enactment of a valid law, and have left the king alone with the delegates of the populace!'—Vol. II. p. 24.

This is a sufficient answer to the question. We neither know nor care whether Lord Melbourne and his colleagues have any *bad intentions*: it is enough for us to perceive, what no one can close his eyes against, that the Melbourne administration has entered into a close league and partnership with those whose hatred of our institutions is matter of no doubt. Take, then, a general view of the heterogeneous coalition of parties which now carries a majority in the House of Commons, and say what rational hope can be entertained, that those who "mean no harm" will ever be able to act the part of the *drag* so effectually as to stay the destructive progress of that mob with whom they are allied.

In the session of 1833, in the first vigour of "the Reform Ministry," and in the first session of the Reform parliament, the power of Lord Grey's ministry was such—his majority in the Commons so overwhelming—that the Conservatives might with some safety rely on his intentions, seeing that he *had the means* of carrying them into effect. But the *movement party* has wondrously increased since then, both in power and in audacity; and the Whigs, hemmed in between the Destructives and the Conservatives, have been so fearfully thinned in numbers

as to have now become incapable of maintaining their own ground.

Surely, then, it would be mere folly to judge of the policy of the ministry by the supposed views or intentions of some of its leading members. The cabinet, at the present moment, is a mere machine, forced along by the movement party. Our prospects and expectations, then, must be built mainly on the views and known intentions of that party, and not on the poor and fruitless wishes of those who do their bidding.

And what are the declared views and objects of that band of active, restless, and energetic spirits, who are now urging on the Melbourne cabinet? The very last debate on the Irish Church-bill furnishes sufficient proofs and evidences of these. In that debate we find such sentiments as these:—

Mr. HUME "was not, he confessed, quite satisfied with the bill; for the effect of it would be to keep up an establishment in Ireland which was *not wanted*, and to perpetuate the domination of a party that was *justly obnoxious to the population* of that country."

Here we are distinctly told that the Established Church in Ireland, having, as the commissioners' report has lately shewn, nearly a million of people within its pale, and comprehending within that number the far greater portion of the property and education of the land, is "not wanted," and ought not to be kept up. The six millions of Papist peasantry, destitute alike of any knowledge of religion, and of any freedom to use that knowledge if they had it, are described as "the *population*;" and the million and a half of Protestants, owning at least nineteen-twentieths of the property of the island, are designated as "a party which is *justly obnoxious* to the population of that country." These are the sentiments of Mr. Hume; and no one, at all acquainted with the existing state of parties, will deny that Mr. Hume is one of that "party" which exercises the most complete "domination" over our present rulers.

But we turn to another of the ministerial supporters, for one of the most choice and elaborate specimens of artful misrepresentation that the language can afford:

Mr. SMITH said, "I speak it with pride, we maintain our priests in comfort, our hierarchy in respectability, and in the Christian mediocrity that

becomes them. To the worship of our God we raise magnificent temples, worthy of the lofty recollections associated with our religion, and with spires 'whose silent fingers point to heaven.' And when, out of our own resources, we do all this ~~and~~ when; paupers as we are represented to be, we have thus, unaided by the state, not only given sustenance, but a just elevation to our ancient church, how paltry is it of Protestantism, with its enormous revenues, boasting as it does that all the aristocracy belong to it, to come here, making a poor face, and with its coffers replenished with the public gold, whining and whimpering about the wretched destitution to which it is reduced."

This is one of the most favoured of the ministerial orators; and this is the sort of glittering and serpent-like falsehood which, levelled as it is against Protestantism, is greeted with "loud cheers from the ministerial benches."

The Popish priests of Ireland wring from their wretched peasantry from one million and a half to two millions a-year. One of their number, Mr. Croly of Cork, has lately described the screwing, wheedling, half-bullying half-whining process by which this vast sum is extracted from these miserable creatures. Yet, out of all this vast income, they tell us that they have neither wherewithal to build their places of worship, nor to educate their youth. For the first they are ever putting about the begging-box among those whom they call heretics. Hardly an Irish newspaper can we take up, without some notice of the benefactions of *liberal* Protestants—i. e. of Protestants who do not protest ~~as~~ to the erection of Popish chapels. For the second they come to parliament; and the very question now at issue is, whether they shall be allowed to rob the Protestant Church of some 50,000*l.* a-year, for the establishment of schools to teach Popery!

But turn to the other side of the picture. The revenues of the Protestant church, were they collected, would amount to about 500,000*l.* a-year, or less than the half of the sum which the Popish priests draw from their wretched dupes."

Yet, what is the "poor face" which Protestantism puts on? What is it that brings Protestantism before parliament at all, at the present moment? Is she asking for any new benefaction

or endowment? Not at all; she merely asks that her undoubted rights and possessions may be protected by the law, and that her inveterate foes, the Irish priests, may not be allowed to halloo on the peasantry to the entire destruction of her rights. And the "destitution" of which she complains is nothing more than just that *destitution* which either the Duke of Devonshire or Lord Lansdowne would feel, if all their tenants were to refuse any longer to pay rent, and were to find impunity in so doing.

The priesthood, then, possessed of at least 1,500,000*l.* a-year, insist upon it that they cannot educate their youth, except they are allowed to pillage the Church of Ireland of 50,000*l.* a-year to provide the funds. The present ministry agree to the demand. And Mr. Shiel is set up to distort the facts in this atrocious way, amidst "*loud cheers from the ministerial benches!*"

But we proceed one step further, and one step higher, for we shall next quote a minister of state.

LORD MORPETH said, "The honourable and learned member who last addressed the House said, that the state was bound to support that religion which was founded in *truth*. That principle would impose upon those who dissented from it the duty of eternal opposition. And, after all, *who was to decide what was the truth?* Was knowledge on that point to be obtained from the fallible lips of the honourable and learned member, or the equally fallible lips of himself? No! the only intelligible ground on which an established religion could rest, was on its being the *opinion of the majority*."

Assuredly we have not been standing still of late! It is not to be questioned that the movement sensibly advances, when we thus find the foundation of infidelity thus openly built upon by a leading minister of the crown.

What is truth? This is the question, says Lord Bacon, which was asked by scornful Pilate, who, however, went out without staying for an answer. If Lord Morpeth thinks that this question cannot be answered, why does he profess his attachment to Protestantism and the Protestant Church? If we cannot know "what is truth," and on which side it exists, clearly it is as possible that the Protestants may be in error as that the Papists are. Then why should any reasonable man profess a preference, which, on his

own shewing, he cannot justify? And how, if no other rule than that of the fancy or belief of "the majority" is to regulate the question of an established church—how, in the name of common sense, can Lord Morpeth entertain the idea of keeping up in Ireland a church which is *not the church of the majority*? Surely, upon his lordship's own principles, he can adopt no other course than that of establishing Popery in Ireland, Hindooism in India, Buddhism in Ceylon, and the worship of the devil in Western Africa!

But is Lord Morpeth really so far "enlightened," and has he so profited by the "march of intellect," as to pretend either to forget or not to know that there is such a book as the Bible—that that Bible is neither more or less than the word of God—and that it was especially vouchsafed to men as "a light unto their steps, and a lamp unto their paths?" This is the turning point in the whole matter. Does he believe the Bible or not? We do not mean in his closet, but in the face of day. If he believes that book to be the word of God, then he has a firm and safe foundation on which to build. Allowing a degree of latitude, under national peculiarities, for variations in church government, and thus accepting Episcopacy in England and Presbyterianism in Scotland—each church resting its hopes and its creed solely on the inspired word—he will yet reject all casts and forms of idolatry without hesitation, as being *false*. And, in like manner, he must turn a frowning countenance alike upon Popery and Socinianism, because neither of these creeds will yield a frank and fair allegiance to God's word. The Papist declares it to be hurtful to the people; the Socinian denies its divine authority, or endeavours to garble or mutilate it. If he adheres, therefore, to his first principle, the Christian statesman must look coldly upon each; taking for his stand the full admission of the Bible as the word of God—as "the truth."

But if he adopts the other alternative, and professes, with Lord Morpeth, that we cannot know with any certainty "what is truth," then, to maintain that position, he must either assert that the divine authority of the Scriptures is a doubtful point, or that, admitting their authenticity and inspiration, they have no clear and intelligible meaning. If the Bible be the word of God, and if

its meaning be plain and practical, then the question is at an end. To maintain, as Lord Morpeth does, that the truth cannot be known, is to maintain the opposite view. But then that view is the view of an infidel—i. e. of an *unbeliever*!

Such, then, are the doctrines enunciated from the ministerial benches in the House of Commons. They at least shew one thing with a clearness which cannot be surpassed, namely, that the established churches, both of England and of Ireland, and the Protestant religion in both countries, have nothing to hope from the present government. Possessing no principles or prejudices of their own, the members of Lord Melbourne's cabinet will be guided in these matters by the counsels of

O'Connell, of Sheil, and of Hume; and those counsels will be moderated only by a fear of precipitating measures too hastily. The pulse of the people of England will be their only point of inquiry. So far and so fast as Englishmen will let them, will they proceed in the demolition of both establishments, and in the restriction and silent persecution of Protestantism in both countries.

We cannot now advert to other topics, but no one who has read history will have any doubt that the fate of the church, the monarchy, and the peerage, will be one. The war rages chiefly against the first at the present instant: but our foes know full well, that in assailing one they virtually assail the whole.

III. THE POLICY OF EACH PARTY.

This is a branch of the subject on which we feel it peculiarly necessary to enlarge. The policy of the leaders of each party must obviously be,—to foster and strengthen the hands of their friends. In doing this, the Conservatives would only be doing justice; while the Deconstructives, on the other hand, in pursuing the same course, would be exaggerating the injustice they have already committed. Yet, strange as it may appear, while the latter keep this point ever in view, the former appear to feel very little interest in it.

By encouraging and strengthening the hands of their friends, we mean nothing so mean and low as mere patronage or pecuniary aid. We mean just this,—that it is the settled purpose, and constant aim, of the Whigs and Radicals, to depress and keep down the Conservatives among the people, and to deny them their fair share in political rights and political influence; and it ought to be just as much an object with the Conservative leaders to do their followers justice in these points, and to strengthen their hands by every just and lawful expedient.

Political power among us, as far as the people are concerned, consists mainly in the share possessed in the representation—in the House of Commons. That house, under its new Whig construction, is not chosen by all the people, nor by the greater part of them, nor by some of every class, nor according to any other just and reasonable principle. It is elected—or we should rather say *the majority of it is elected*—by a certain class of the people, that

class having been chosen and invested with this momentous power, not on the score either of natural rights or of any acknowledged fitness, but *professedly* on the ground of general expediency, and *really*, because it was expected that they would be favourable to the continuance of the Whig domination.

Let us look a little closer at this matter. In the constitution of that assembly of representatives, in which the chief political authority must remain, we might naturally look for some rational and defensible principle, upon which the whole scheme of representation might be built. Compare the English system, as it now exists, with that of other countries, or with the dictates of a philosophic mind.

In France, the chamber of representatives is chosen by all who pay a certain amount of direct taxes. This amount, we believe, is now as high as two hundred francs; and, consequently, political power is thus reposed solely in the middle and higher classes—in those, in fact, who have enjoyed such means of acquiring political knowledge as may fit them for the duty laid upon them. In Holland, Belgium, Switzerland, and other free countries, a similar principle prevails.

A more extended scheme was propounded about forty years since by the acute and sagacious Horne Tooke. He proposed to divide England into a certain number of electoral districts, allowing each district to elect one representative. He then gave to every man in the district a vote in such election. But he had the prudence and the jus-

tion declares, that though "every man had an equal right to a share" in the representation, yet "every man had not a right to an equal share;" an observation perfectly irrefragable, and full of practical wisdom. He, therefore, commenced by giving the lowest a *single* vote, multiplying the suffrage as he advanced upwards, in proportion to the electors' contribution to the state, till the higher classes had reached the maximum of *ten* votes. This was the deliberate proposition, after many years' consideration, of the early friend and adviser of Sir Francis Burdett.

There can be no doubt that either of these plans would be greatly preferable to our present system. That system, hastily patched up to meet an emergency, is full of anomalies and inconsistencies. Its chiefest condemnation, however, may be expressed in its author's words. It especially favours the inhabitants of large towns. Now Lord John Russell had long before declared, in his work on the British constitution, that the inhabitants of large towns formed "*the worst possible constituency.*"

Nevertheless, such as it is, this electoral system must, in its main features, remain. We cannot be perpetually constitution-making. Still, as opportunities occur, such as the Corporation Bill now in progress, the Conservative leaders ought to be ever watchful for such improvements as are practicable.

It is of the last importance that the character and feelings of the middle classes should be well understood by the aristocracy. There is no section of the people combining such opposites; no section, one portion of which is so entirely separated from and opposed to another. It is natural enough, that those who mingle little with the middle classes should scarcely understand them. But nothing can be more important than that they should be understood.

Be it observed, then, that this class or order in the community is divided into two great sections. In the first you find mercantile men, professional men, gentry of moderate incomes, tradesmen of opulence and education. In the other you find the petty tradesmen, the publican, the broker, the small farmer, the brothel-keeper, the hawker, and a mass of persons of low and uneducated, and often immoral character. Between these two sections there is no community of feel-

ing, no interchange of mind; no commerce but that of mere business transactions. The one section mingles freely with the higher classes of society; the other is at home with the lowest; but between the two there is "a great gulf fixed"—a gulf never passed, either in painful or in pleasurable moments.

And if these two sections of the same class are divided and opposed in habits and in feelings, equally divided and opposed are they in political feelings and prejudices.

The *highest conservatives* in England are to be found among the respectable, opulent, educated tradesmen, merchants, and professional members of the community. The lowest Destructives, or Radicals, are those who keep chandlers' shops, serve writs, sell horses, and open beer-houses, in Finsbury and the Tower Hamlets.

Canvass the Regent's Park, or Russell Square, or Guildford Street, or Clapham Common; you find at least four-fifths of the inhabitants to be strong Conservatives. Canvass Saffron Hill, Petticoat Lane, the New Cut, or Tothill Fields; nine out of ten will vote for the fiercest revolutionists they can find.

Now this is a practical point of the last importance, when Corporation Bills and Vestry Bills are under the consideration of parliament. To popularise corporations and vestries is both safe and expedient, up to a certain point. But beyond that point all is dangerous. If you can adopt Horne Tooke's plan, and give one vote to all, and ten votes to the highest contributor, all may be safe. But in giving an equal vote throughout, remember that St. Luke's or Clerkenwell may have twice the number of houses, and twice the number of votes, that are found in St. George's, Bloomsbury. One equal vote throughout, therefore, gives the sole nomination to St. Luke's, while Bloomsbury pays two-thirds of the taxes!

Upon these matters of detail hang the real merits of every question. It is impossible to extend political power too widely, or to place confidence too implicitly, in the higher ranks of the middle classes. But, when you pass from them to the remainder of that body, you find none but Radicals and Destructives of the most furious character. Let these things be thought of, when the Corporation Bill is in committee in the House of Lords.

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VOL. XII.

RECOLLECTIONS OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.

I.—HIS BOYHOOD AND YOUTH.

It is a remarkable fact, that, up to the present date, scarcely any memoirs of Scott have been published, except those which, shortly after his lamented death, were circulated in some of the weekly journals.

Yet for this there are many reasons. The silence, however, is not altogether imputable to the expectations formed of his literary life, to be published by a highly distinguished relative and friend; for that circumstance would not prevent, and *ought not* to prevent, others from recording, out of their own recollections and experience, whatever tends to illustrate a character which, the more it is developed, will be the more admired and respected.

In regard to utility, the portrait-painter and sculptor have little pretensions when compared with those of a faithful biographer. But if the features of a great and good man have been perpetuated by Lawrence or Chantrey, will this destroy the interest attached to his likeness, when rapidly and *faithfully* sketched by the hand even of a nameless artist, however humble and obscure? If a tomb were erected by his relatives in Dryburgh Abbey, or if the nation combined in raising public monuments to his memory, should this prevent the grief-stricken villager from wending his way, unseen and unknown, to strew flowers on the grave of a departed friend and benefactor?

Whoever attempts the biographical
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portrait of Scott must be, in one sense of the word, his eulogist, or he will exhibit no likeness; but from this it does not follow, that information drawn from different quarters will be wanting in variety. Moreover, such recollections committed to writing may be considered a pious tribute to the memory of the dead; while for the public they assist in diffusing that inestimable knowledge which is derived from the contemplation of illustrious examples.

But, as above said, there are many reasons why so little has yet been published on the subject. In weekly and other journals appeared summary views of the principal events in Sir Walter's life, which, when accurately given, another writer can only repeat without alteration. The biography of an eminent author may, it is true, be rendered more instructive, if not more entertaining, than even that of a historical hero exposed to "moving accidents by flood and field;" but it can be so treated only by individuals who have been honoured with his acquaintance: and of those who really knew and *appreciated* the character of Scott, there are perhaps few who can subdue their own feelings for his loss in such manner, that they may calmly write of him as numbered among the dead. Besides, those who, by friendly intercourse, became best qualified for the task, are not unlikely to remain the longest mute, from the mere conviction how inadequate, in this instance, must

be the efforts of a biographical delineator when contrasted with the merit of his original.

To such difficulties and objections no one can be more thoroughly awake than the writer of these lines; yet he has, notwithstanding, been induced to act on the suggestion of a valued literary friend, who proposed that he should commit to writing whatever recollections occurred to him respecting the life of Sir Walter Scott from early years to its close. In a remote situation of the continent, without a single English book to assist him, he has begun this task; and is induced to continue it by reflecting that, in the memoirs expected from Mr. Lockhart, it would be impossible to include even one-twentieth part of the letters, conversations, anecdotes, journals, and memoranda of all sorts, which have been already accumulated. Nor, probably, will it be thought fantastic, or out of place, to compare that repertory to the "*cairn*" of a great chieftain, the existence of which need not prevent any distant admirer from raising a solitary obelisk, however inadequate and simple, to his memory.

Sir Walter Scott, as is well known, was one of the sons of Walter Scott, Esq., writer to the signet, and was born at Edinburgh in 1770, or 1771.

Of men, afterwards greatly distinguished in the world, I know not if it has ever been remarked how many individuals were, in early youth, subjected to precarious health, this naturally leading to seclusion and mental amusement, instead of public school discipline and boisterous competition; but, certainly, a long list might be adduced. For this cause it was found advisable to remove Scott, in early boyhood, from his father's house in the College Wynd to that of his grandfather, in a wildly beautiful district of Roxburghshire, where, among the lonely hills, he was allowed to spend many a day that would otherwise have been darkened by the premature tasks and restraint of a grammar-school.

Here, at all events, he was in a situation calculated to produce poetic impressions such as become indelible, and revive with double force in after years. Of such feelings it is almost superfluous to remark that he was, from earliest youth, keenly susceptible; but as no author ever spoke of his own

talents more humbly than Scott, he used sometimes in conversation to deny, as applicable to himself, the maxim, "*poeta nascitur*;" and to maintain, that whoever exerted an equal degree of labour or application would achieve the same or equal results.

Truly this, though otherwise intended, was a mode of stating the question which an opponent would have found it no easy matter to disprove practically. It was much the same as if a champion, after having overthrown every adversary in the list, were to say, "Good friends, I have not done all this through any great personal superiority: *only learn* to wield the lance and sword, and manage a horse with the same precision, and you will obtain equal triumphs."

But that imagination and poetic sensibility, as well as strength, courage, and perseverance, depend on gifts *hereditary* or *innate*, is a position which, of course, cannot seriously be disputed. Suppose a harp made of stone and strung with *whipcord*, to all intents and purposes it is still a harp, and may be played on after a fashion; but can any skill on earth extract good music out of such an instrument? Men differ from each other in original character, almost as much as if they were composed of different materials. Will a born coward ever become truly brave by any efforts of discipline? Is it possible by mere tuition to form a musical ear, or an eye for painting? One might suppose that, in the case of young pupils, this last question might be answered in the affirmative; but experience teaches an opposite result. The piano is thumped and battered, and the canvass smeared in vain. Michael Angelo himself could not adequately impress the laws of proportion and anatomy on one party, nor Mozart bring the other a single semibreve nearer to the right comprehension either of tune or time. On the contrary, the self-disciplined soldier, like Blücher in boyhood, will contrive for himself the means of fighting, though he be sent to the quiet island of Rügen in order to be out of harm's way. The young poet will, unobserved, and perhaps unconsciously, accumulate materials or imagery for future composition, though he has only a halfpenny ballad of the olden time, and the inspiration derived from a wild heath, a

ruined castle, and a moaning autumnal wind, to assist him. The painter also, like Opie in his early years, will do more with charcoal and chalk, and without a word of encouragement or instruction, than one not gifted with the graphic impulse could effect, though the Royal Academy took him under their special protection.

Accordingly, men of genius have, in most instances, *educated themselves*, under circumstances rarely auspicious; and sometimes fearfully adverse, from which they have suddenly emerged, with power and brilliancy altogether unexpected.

Till within the last two years of his life, the public only knew Sir Walter Scott as a flourishing author in the plenitude of prosperity; yet, as he once observed to the writer of these pages, "every step that he had gained in the world was hard won." He was never, it is true, subject to the horrors of dependence—never placed in a situation inconsistent with his birth and lineage; but, in early life, he had some share of the "*res angustæ domi*:" nor was the farewell stanza in the *Lady of the Lake* wholly without foundation in truth—

"Much have I owed thy charms in
life's long way,
Through secret woes the world has
never known."

Yet with reference to these lines he observed, with his usual good-humoured drollery,

"As Master Stephen says, they are melancholy and gentlemanlike."

It was fortunate, therefore, that in his mind poetic sensibility and imagination, which have too often degenerated into irritability and caprice, were never allowed to assume any undue preponderance. It may rather be affirmed, that the ruling traits in his character were unconquerable courage, energy, and perseverance—endowments which he probably inherited from remote ancestors, and which might have advanced him to the rank of a field-marshal, had not the lameness caused by an accident in childhood prevented his entering the army.

"Certainly," he remarked, in 1810; "I should in my younger days have preferred being a soldier to any other profession, and would not feel averse to it now, only with one modest stipulation—that I must be a general from the outset. Circumstances forbid the notion of rising from the ranks. But establish me once in full power, and good old John of Eldin* never managed his fleet at Lasswade better than I should arrange my troops for action."

Accordingly, this disposition to a military life had been shewn, even in boyhood, by the eagerness with which he heard, and fidelity with which he recollected, every old chivalrous ballad recited by friends during his abode in Roxburghshire; where the impressions of such rude though powerful verses were deepened by his access to the identical scenes which they commemorate. The lords and ladies, wizards and monks, dwarfs and fairies, lived only in song; but the ancient fortresses existed in all the grandeur of gloom and desolation, as monuments to prove that the minstrels of the olden time, marvellous as were their tales, had not dealt wholly in fiction: nor could it be said that their personages were "without local habitation and name."

In consequence of uncertain health, and until after his sixteenth year, it is probable that Scott, like his own Wilfred in *Rokeby*, passed his leisure time, for the most part, in that sensitive mood of poetic reverie which, had it not been for innate energies that afterwards triumphed, might have rendered him a mere dreamer, or poet of a very different class from that of which he afterwards became the chief. But a stout and chivalrous spirit lurked in a then weakly frame, and of the elements from which Wilfred's character is composed there was just enough inherited by Scott to produce those acute perceptions, and that high tone of feeling connected with the external influences of nature, from which are derived the best adornments and purest influences of poetry.

Consequently, the days which he spent in wandering through the wild districts of Roxburghshire were never

* The person here mentioned was John Clerk, of Eldin, Esq., author of *Naval Tactics*. In the garden adjoining his house, near Lasswade, was a pond, where he used to amuse himself by floating his mimic ships; but, as a greater singularity, there was in the pond an island, cut and decorated into the resemblance of a seventy-four.

forgotten, but supplied him with those vivid and accurate descriptions of scenery and seasons which beautify all his works of fiction, and are introduced with so much judgment as invariably to strengthen his delineation of character and passions.

Of the old ballads by which his attention was first drawn to poetry, Scott remarked (ann. 1798), that, "considered in regard to their connexion with true history and real personages, these fragments ought never to be despised. They are," said he, "like the rapid but powerful drawings of an old master, which a modern hand, if sufficiently experienced, may yet transfer to the canvass, and finish into complete historical pictures."

How admirably he soon after realised this idea, must be admitted by all who have read the Scottish "*Border Minstrelsy*;" in which work the ballads have been used as a starting-point, whence to enter on a wide field of historical research: but, in his allusion to "sketches and finished pictures," Sir Walter possibly had, even in 1798, some inward anticipations of the highly wrought and accurate compositions which, as an ORIGINAL artist, he was destined to found on these rough models.

As already said, his earliest impressions of poetry were fixed and perpetuated by associations with surrounding objects and scenery. In the immediate vicinity of his grandfather's house was the ruined tower of Smaylholme, situated among high crags, and commanding extensive prospects in every direction. This fortlet is naturally defended on three sides by a morass and precipitous cliffs, being accessible only by a steep and rocky path from the west. The stairs are (or were, not long ago) in such a state of preservation, that one might safely ascend to the bartizan at the summit of the castle, which is lofty, and forms a landmark at a great distance. Near the court are the remains of a chapel.

From his eighth or tenth year this tower, and the adjoining beacon-cliff, called the "*Watch-fold*," were his favourite haunts; and it may not be unworthy of remark, that he was here on ancestral ground, Smaylholme castle, with the adjoining lands, being the property of his opulent relative, Mr. Scott of Harden.

Hither, after long previous wander-

ings, he would scramble up, carrying with him such books as he could obtain and delighted to pore over. The place formed a kind of poetic observatory, whence he watched the varied aspects of the landscape, now darkened by the sweeping storm that howled through the desolate fortress, and now cheered by the shifting sunlight of an April or October day; while, undisturbed, his imagination might brood on the legendary lore which he had collected.

If Byron through life never ceased to remember the scenery of "dark Loch-na-gar," with which he became acquainted in childhood, no less durable in Scott's mind were the imagery and impulses derived from the crags of Smaylholme, the gloomy heath of Brotherston, and the "Eildon hills cleft in three;" but it was not till fifteen years later, that, remembering those early dreams, he began to avail himself of such inspiration for the production of powerful and harmonious verse. Smaylholme tower deserved to be specially recorded, and as there happened to be no suitable legend of its own attached to the spot, he made it the scene of his highly spirited ballad (probably the best of his earlier poems), entitled the "*Eve of St. John*," first published in his friend Monk Lewis's *Tales of Wonder*.

It may be thought that I have dwelt too long on these early reveries and the formation of his poetical taste, which, it must be owned, would have been of little value, were it not for the stores of acquired knowledge and the sound sense by which he was afterwards distinguished. Yet the subject is far from uninteresting, especially for those who remember the notable dispute betwixt Lord Byron and Mr. Bowles on the merits of Pope, and the question, What ought to be the prevailing characteristics of a true poet?

Perhaps there would be no great trouble in compressing the arguments of that controversy into narrow bounds; at all events, it can scarcely be disputed that, in the crowded walks of social life, and amid the affairs of the working world, whether in high ranks or low, imagination is chilled and invention fettered. It is only by getting out of the mill-horse track in thought, if not in reality, that such powers can have free scope. Society may be pleasant, and its duties interesting, but,

for the most part, its pleasures and duties are circumscribed and conventional; therefore, not likely to harmonise with emotions and impressions such as, when recorded, will prove effective and intelligible over the whole world, and in future generations. On the contrary, the mind is enthralled by the necessity of attending to merely ephemeral tasks, of which the interest often hinges on a question of little more dignity and moment than that of warm carpeted parlours in winter, or a grotto (*vide* Pope) stuck with shells for the summer season.

Such questions arise and pass away; nor are the fantastic systems of particular *coleries* in literature less transient. Who cares now for the principles of taste and criticism adopted in France at the court of Louis XIV.? or in England, under the reign of Charles II.? The habits, or, I may say, *duties* of society, then required that every one should wear an enormous curled periwig, containing about a ton weight of horse-hair; and even the *pleasures* considered suitable for a cavalier, *comme il faut*, were not less influenced by eccentricity and caprice. In those days, Sir Charles Sedley had a fairer reputation as a poet and *savant* than "one John Milton, the old blind schoolmaster, who had lately writ a poem;" for the copyright of which he received fifteen pounds, and which, till Addison reviewed it thirty years afterwards, nobody would read.

Might not the debate on the true elements of the poetical character, or on poetical habits, resolve itself into this conclusion, that the narratives, arguments, emotions, and eloquence, which are associated with imagery *lasting and universal*, stand the best chance of being *widely* appreciated and of *lasting* to future ages? The winds, clouds, and sunshine—the hail, rain, and thunder of Heaven—the green hills, waving woods, rocky cliffs, and wild heaths of the earth, with all its leaves, flowers, and blossoms, are universal and perpetual; therefore, the language they inspire is universally understood. A taste for such imagery is not conventional, nor dependent on the caprice of fashion. The sun, moon, and stars, were the same in Homer's day as they are now.

Consequently, in spite of those who maintain that Racine is the first of poets in France, and Pope the *facile*

princeps in England, it certainly must be admitted, that the man who comes into the arena of literary competition armed with verses (let the subject be human adventures and passions), but which he has composed while wandering amid the mountain-solitudes and listening to the eloquence of Nature in her cataracts, winds, and waving forests, will have a far more powerful voice than the gentleman who wrote elegant, trim, and precise verses, at Eton or Harrow, proved acute in geometry or algebra at Cambridge, and who finally settles into his library in Grosvenor Street, *turning* occasionally an ode of Horace, and estimating Pope's Pastorals and "Windsor Forest" as unexceptionable models.

But enough and too much of such remarks, from which I shall abstain through the rest of this memoir, unless when scraps of criticism may occur in recollected conversations with Sir Walter Scott.

In 1812, a minor author of the *tenth* grade having been kindly admitted to the *sanctum* in Castle Street, happened to insist that Pope was no poet, but a mere mechanic, who gleaned thoughts from others, and had the art of setting them forth in verse; which, though melodious, was tiresome from want of variety.

As usual, when any vehement and sweeping assertion was made, he smiled good-humouredly; for, even on subjects of importance, far less about criticism, it was impossible to draw him into dispute. Then, assuming a serious air, "Rely on it," said he, "the time will come when you will admit that Pope, whatever be his defects, was a worthy *deacon of the craft*; and, if he gleaned thoughts from others, almost always improved on his models. We must not limit poetical merit to the class of composition which exactly suits one's own particular taste."

"But," persisted the argumentator, who was a descriptive sonneteer, "I must confess my inability to discover in Pope the energies of a poet. There are in his works no descriptions, either of character or scenery, drawn from real life. All is artificial, and he is a decided mannerist."

"Rather say, not the kind of life or scenery which you like best to see drawn," answered Scott; "but it is going too far, merely on this account, to deny the far-famed bard of Twicken-

ham that laurel-wreath which, in spite of infirm health and the seduction of potted lampreys, he laboured so assiduously to win. Would you like to hear my short definition of poetry?"

"From a first-rate master, the definition of art must be inestimable."

"Umph!" rejoined the Minstrel, smiling at this very needless attempt at compliment. "Well, here you have it. Poetry is the art of expressing or illustrating ideas, arguments, characters, situations, moral lessons, emotions, and events, in clear, melodious, and powerful language, such as is fit to impress the minds of an audience, and to be remembered."

"But the true poet must be an original genius; he must, as the name imports, have creative power."

"Ha, ha! *creative* is a strong term. But if an author expresses an old idea in a new way, will you not allow him, even on that score, a share of originality? Suppose a clever workman makes an elegant elbow-chair out of a lumbering old settle, is he not as praiseworthy as another who begins upon new timber? I had a house ready made when I commenced operations at Abbotsford—a queer one, it is true; but still, to all intents and purposes, it was a house, and, notwithstanding its previous existence, I must frankly own that I am very proud of the originality already displayed in improvements, not to mention the grand architectural schemes which are hereafter to be realised. At present, however, they are scarcely to be reckoned *in posse*; which, as we lawyers find, often proves no better than *in nubibus*."

"And would you number such writers as Butler and Swift among poets?"

"I should be sorry if they were not so numbered; *Hudibras*, especially, being a great friend of mine: and as to Swift, though *Gulliver* is beyond comparison his best work, yet some of the dean's verses are not to be despised. But if you put the question, Whether there be not authors whom I join with you in liking better than either? I should answer at once in the affirmative. Besides, I cordially agree in a preference for poetry that has been indited 'all under the green-wood tree.'

The life of Robin Hood has great charms for a minstrel."

"Surely the grand principle of the poet should be to study nature, instead of limiting his attention always to the same tiresome models."

"Variety is pleasant, certainly. On this account, I have always been disposed to put more faith in Scotch fairies than in the 'muses nine;' and, if there must be gods and goddesses, would, upon the whole, prefer to deal with Odin and Freya rather than Jupiter and Juno. As to the actual study of nature, if you mean the landscape-gardening of poetry, I know not how it may be with others, but, for my own part, I can get on quite as well from recollection, while sitting in the parliament-house, as if wandering through wood and wold; though liable to be roused out of a descriptive dream now and then, if Balmuto, with a fierce grunt, demands, 'Where are your cautioners?'"*

The author of *Waverley* so seldom talked of himself, that even scraps like this seem not unworthy of preservation.

Of Scott's boyhood many anecdotes have been told, which hardly deserve repetition. It is worthy of remark, however, that almost all of them hinge on his juvenile passion for enterprise, romantic legends, and the profession of a soldier. Sometimes, also, they indicate a waywardness and caprice of temper, which, if natural to his character (as is very probable), he had in after-life most thoroughly subdued.

The roving habits and minstrel dreams of the lonely infant at Smaylholme tower, were ill adapted to promote his advancement at the class of Mr. Luke Fraser, one of the masters of the Edinburgh High School, where Scott's name was first entered in December 1779. The first task imposed by Mr. Fraser was to get by heart the Latin rudiments. But in the case of one whose intellect and feelings had already been roused, where there existed even in childhood a fondness for books, of which the sense was understood, it was no easy matter to force lessons that were to be learned merely by rote, without one iota of intelligence thence derived, and without even any adequate explanation why it was ne-

* Lord Balmuto was one of the Scotch judges, and remarkable for an odd manner of enunciation, which was very ludicrously mimicked by his brother-senator, Lord Ogilby.

cessary that the task should be encountered.

The rudiments were overcome; which, of course, afforded no other impression but that of a repulsive penalty imposed on the victim of arbitrary power. On this followed the usual divertisements of Corderius's *Colloquies*, Cæsar's *Commentaries*, and Cornelius Nepos; which, if they had been thoroughly understood, would not perhaps have afforded much entertainment for one whose boyish mind was already stored with more interesting *matériel*,—

“ With tales that cheered the winter-hearth,

Alternating from wo to mirth —

Of lovers' slights, of ladies' charms,

Of witches' spells, of warriors' arms,

Of patriot battles won of old,

By Wallace wight and Bruce the bold,

Of later fields of feud and fight,

When, pouring from their mountain-height,

The Scottish clans in headlong way

Had swept the scarlet ranks away.”

But the worst is, that those early studies are too often conducted in such manner as to have no efficacy in the department of learning which they are intended to promote; and, in fact, have no other useful result but that of trying a child's patience, and keeping him out of harm's way. A correct knowledge of grammar is certainly indispensable, while to have the power of carrying on trains of thought in a foreign language, whether a dead or a living one—to *write* as well as to read it with facility, are invaluable acquisitions; but, unfortunately, there are too many schools in which these do not seem in reality to be the objects aimed at. On the contrary, the existing system tends only to encourage boys who, by a kind of mechanical effort, submit themselves to be led on and guided through certain tasks, which very possibly leave them as ignorant of the true spirit and principles of the language as when they commenced. Paradoxical as it may seem, the best writer of themes and learner of exercises is not always the best scholar, in a full sense of that word; and a youth of mediocre abilities may come through the trials honourably, though little benefited by such labours in after-life.

Unluckily for himself, at this period Scott proved a very unmanageable pupil. Julius Cæsar, in his own im-

mortal *Commentaries*, did not prove an agreeable companion on the benches of Mr. Luke Fraser's class-room; nor could the heroes of Cornelius Nepos equal in interest the “Laird of Thirlestane” or “Christie's Will.” In short, his attendance was irregular, and his progress below par; yet he could not be reproached with dulness. On the contrary, he was not only alert in youthful exploits with his companions, but acute in comprehension for all but the mechanical tasks of the High School; where he used to sit impatient and disconsolate till the time came when he could either betake himself to his sports, or, as frequently happened, secure an old folio from his father's library, over which (particularly if it related to Scottish history) he would pore intently for hours together.

A town more completely dissimilar to the “Modern Athens,” it would be scarce possible to imagine than Edinburgh presented during the years from 1780 to 1790. It is of little consequence to observe, that only a few houses of the new town were then built; for the manners, customs, and opinions of the people, in all points but that of hospitality, with a disposition to jovial habits and good living, were immeasurably different from those of the present generation. Certainly, had it not been for innate propensities, and the impressions made by Smailholme tower and the old ballads, Scott would have stood little chance of being led into the pursuit of poetry and romance by the *prevailing* taste which existed, both in England and the north, fifty years ago. It is almost needless to remind the reader, that Scotland could then boast of many authors highly eminent; for example, take only Hume, Robertson, Mackenzie, Lord Kames, and Beattie. Yet the fountain of poetry was at the lowest possible ebb; as the strongest proof of which, may be adduced the facility with which Hayley, in England, raised himself to high reputation. With regard to works of fiction, also, it is not unworthy of remark, that this era gave rise to a very odd class of “fashionable novels;” namely, productions pompously announced as in three or four volumes, but which contained so few pages, and were so widely printed, that a volume at least, if not a whole work, might be comfortably perused during the time which was then considered indispens-

ably requisite for the operations of the *friseur*. A vehement contrast, truly, to the closely printed volumes of Richardson; in whose days the still extant periwigs rendered such complicated and tiresome proceedings out of the question for one sex, and the charm of scientific curls was not so inordinately displayed by the other.

Of the five authors to whom I have alluded, Beattie as a poet deserves particular notice, were it only for the analogy betwixt his habits in early life with those of Sir Walter Scott. The scenes described in the *Minstrel*, the vivid feelings which animate its stanzas, were all drawn and derived from recollection of rambles in boyhood through the wild and gloomy, though not unpicturesque, hills in the neighbourhood of Laurencekirk and Fordun. There he actually beheld the landscapes which he afterwards delineated in verse, and which, like the Eildon Hills with Scott, or Loch-na-gar with Lord Byron, never faded from his memory. But Beattie engaged in long laborious works of a different description—besides, was of a melancholy temperament, increased latterly by domestic misfortunes—otherwise he might have risen to far greater eminence as a poet.

But were I to instance any Scottish author, who in point of talent and energy might be compared to Sir Walter Scott, I should be inclined to name Smollett, as a man of Herculean and versatile powers; also possessing in a high degree the vivid emotions of a poet. In proof of which need only be adduced his odes to Independence, to Leven Water, and on the civil war of 1745. Yet through nearly his whole life Smollett contended with pecuniary embarrassments, and, like the illustrious subject of these memoranda, undertook tasks for which human strength was unequal; at a period, moreover, when the rewards of literary labour, unlike those of more modern days, afforded but poor encouragement for its votaries. Hence even the genius of Smollett and Fielding could scarce protect them from want, while it supplied the public with those admirable fictions, which, notwithstanding their objectionable licentiousness, still retain a place in every library.

Of Smollett, Sir Walter Scott entertained a lively admiration:

"Few stories," he has observed, "are more distressing than that of his latter

years, especially when he represents himself as existing in a state of *comu vigil*; which proceeded, doubtless, from overstraining of the nervous system, from disappointments, and from being forced to turn his exertions into channels which did not accord with his natural disposition. How melancholy, too, is it to read the account of his foreign tour, when, having postponed recreation and relaxation till it was too late, he travelled on the continent amid scenes which at an earlier period would have afforded him intense interest, but where he then pertinaciously selected only such impressions as were painful and repulsive. To a man in that state, even the remains of ancient Rome would present no better imagery than that of mere mouldering walls; and in the midst of all its wonders, he would long for his own fire-side, his elbow-chair, and his bed wherein to sleep, forgetting, if possible, for ever, the weariness of this unprofitable world.

"Naturally," he continues, "Smollett had almost as much poetic power as Burns, and the faculty only required cultivation to raise him to a high rank in that department. There is poetry even in his prose novels, where every scene and every character is so vividly conceived and depicted. In a word, Smollett was a man of rare and extraordinary powers, such as do not occur above twice in a century; and had he lived in our times, would have made a fortune even by the bad trade of authorship."

Among the literary characters always resident in Edinburgh, who were well acquainted with Scott, perhaps the most remarkable was the late venerable Mr. Henry Mackenzie, who had already acquired no slight distinction in literature, while the author of *Waverley* was yet a schoolboy. Between them there continued a cordial intimacy; and dissimilar as they might appear to a superficial observer, there yet existed many points of similarity in their characters.

In both, while holding high ground in the world of letters, there was the most perfect absence of self-conceit, envy, and censorious bitterness towards contemporary authors. Mackenzie, like Scott, was always ready to discover merit in others, to promote the efforts of deserving *aspirants*, and by his hearty praise add fresh laurels to the wreaths of those who had signalised themselves in the literary arena. For vivacity of conversation, too, they might be designated "*Arcades ambo*;" and Mackenzie was one of the few individuals by whom

Scott could be led even into the semblance of an argument, conscious, as he no doubt was, that his friendly opponent, like himself, talked only from a wish for mutual instruction and entertainment; not from the pugnacious obstinacy of a narrow mind bent on asserting its own dogmas, or proving its own fancied superiority. In their amusements, too, their love of the country and field sports, there was a congeniality. Up to his seventy-ninth year, after which he was inconvenienced by lameness, Mr. H. Mackenzie used to take the field with his couple of pointers and fowling-piece, as buoyant and vivacious in spirit as if he had been only nineteen. The author of the *Man of Feeling* was in form thin and attenuated, with features not unlike those of Voltaire, if the sarcastic and somewhat malevolent expression be excepted. He was an acute man of business, an admirable critic, an entertaining companion, a steady and kind friend.

But to return. In regard to Scott's progress at the High School, some change for the better took place when, in his twelfth or fourteenth year, he was transferred to the class of the rector, Dr. Alex. Adam, who, in his peculiar department, was unquestionably a man of genius, and evinced the most persevering industry. Deeply read in the classics, the doctor took a real and enthusiastic interest in his own studies — in fact, might be represented as conferring in a limited degree the same services respecting Roman literature, which Sir Walter Scott afterwards effected with regard to the remnants of old minstrelsy. He traced out ideas as well as words to their origin, and delighted by means of parallel passages to illustrate and revive the great characters of antiquity, and explain ancient manners and customs, so that their tendency might be thoroughly felt and understood. Through the day he was of course occupied with his duties as head-master; and his publications (especially, for example, the *Ancient Geography*) requiring much time, as well as labour, he was in the habit of rising all the year round at four in the morning. Consequently, in winter, he betook himself to the kitchen, where, by the aid of a *happin peat* left in the grate over night, he kindled a good fire without troubling any of his small establishment to assist him. Hither he

brought his table and books, and passed many an hour in writing or research long before others thought of commencing the business of the day. Among Dr. Adam's peculiarities was his activity as a pedestrian, by which his health and spirits were promoted and preserved to a very advanced age. In the welfare of his pupils he took a lively interest, and was generally attended in his holyday rambles by one or two of those boys who had acquired his good opinion, with whom he would converse freely on what they read, and enable them to apply what they had learned practically to the business of life.

I do not remember having heard Scott speak of Dr. Adam, but doubt not one of his biographers is in the right who observes, that such an example may have had some influence on the poet's future habits of life, as to early rising and industry.

But as Sir Walter has himself recorded, not even Dr. Adam's example and instructions could make him an accurate scholar, nor a writer of trim and precise exercises. Even his metrical themes were deficient in those points which are essential in the eyes of a pedagogue, and he left the High School without the most distant prepossession of his inherent talents for literary distinction. Meanwhile his mind, in its own favourite departments, was never idle; and he has himself described the kind of amusement which then afforded him most pleasure:

"I must refer to a very early period of my life were I to point out my first achievements as a story-teller; but I believe some of my old schoolfellows can still bear witness that I had a distinguished character for that talent, at a time when the applause of my companions was my recompense for the disgraces and punishments which the future romance-writer incurred for being idle himself, and keeping others idle during hours that should have been employed on our tasks. The chief enjoyment of my holydays was to escape with a chosen friend who had the same taste with myself, and alternately to recite to each other such wild adventures as we were able to devise. We told each in turn interminable tales of knight-errantry, and battles, and enchantments, which were continued from one day to another as opportunity offered, without our ever thinking of bringing them to a conclusion. As we observed a strict secrecy

on the subject of this intercourse, it acquired all the character of a concealed pleasure; and we used to select for the scenes of our indulgence long walks through the solitary and romantic environs of Arthur's Seat, Salisbury Crag, Braid Hills, and similar places in the vicinity of Edinburgh; and the recollection of those holidays still forms an oasis in the pilgrimage which I have to look back upon."

Among other favourite scenes of these juvenile rambles may be reckoned the neighbourhood of Kelso, where Scott passed some time, and where also he attended school. There he became acquainted with the three Messrs. Ballantyne, who used occasionally to be his companions in such story-telling excursions, and with whom he kept up a friendly and confidential intercourse during the whole of his after-life.

On such occasions, though he has described the task of romantic invention as being mutual, yet it is almost superfluous to observe, that little more was required of his associates than to play the part of good listeners. But the power thus evinced by Scott in fixing the attention of his auditors, was immeasurably different from that of a whimsical *improvisatore*, who utters a vague rhapsody, perhaps very magnificent in sound, but containing in reality no sentiments or imagery which can either dwell in recollection or deserve to be recollected. One great secret of his art depended on a faculty which, even from childhood, he possessed in a most extraordinary degree, namely, that of memory; which, to the same extent, is very rarely united to original genius. All who knew the author of *Waverley*, will be ready to bear me out in asserting that this was one of his most remarkable characteristics; for whatever narratives, either in prose or verse, he had once heard, were never entirely forgotten. Of this, instances frequently occurred at convivial parties, if a *bon vivant* wished to favour the company with a song, while his treacherous memory declined supplying him with the words. On such occasions, Scott used to help out the performer in a style most ludicrously adapted to the occasion; and was usually prepared from beginning to end with every stanza. Among other examples it happened, when a copy of a then anonymous poem—the "Inch Cape Rock"—was wanted for inser-

tion in the *Edinburgh Annual Register*, he gave the whole from recollection; strengthening the verses, however, and giving more clearness to the story: so that, but for his denial, it might have been looked on as his own composition.

In fact, the main-spring of interest attached to his repetitions as a storyteller (when he did *repeat*) depended on improvements and alterations which he freely made on his original. According to his own ludicrous metaphor of the workman who created a handsome elbow-chair out of an old *settle*, it may be said that even the *membra disiecta*, the fragments, or even a single spar of the old furniture, sufficed for him; he had magical power to produce a lasting superstructure on the most trifling foundation. In his hands, all materials derived from history, romance, or legend, with which memory supplied him, became in the utmost degree *plastic*; so that, while the leading incidents remained, the general character of the narrative and impressions it conveyed were entirely new, and altogether his own.

Hence the almost miraculous facility with which he seemed to compose his prose fictions. A scene was laid, and period of history chosen. The scene, if he had only once beheld it, rose up around him with all the force of reality. He "knew every dell and bosky bourn of the wild wood." The principal events of history, the costume and habits of the era, once learned, were on his mind indelible. He needed not any recurrence to books for assistance; but some times he did turn to maps, that he might be accurate in distances. As to characters, these for the most part, like every good painter, he modelled from real life; of which it is superfluous to observe he had been an attentive and scrutinising spectator. Respecting the plot, he might have revolved in his mind hundreds of intricate fables derived from novel-reading; and on some insipid production of the Minerva press, forgotten by all but himself, have constructed a fiction amply suited for his purpose. *But this was never done.* With regard to the plot, indeed, he was comparatively careless; the invention, the actual creation of it, sprang mysteriously out of the delineation of situation and character. Often, when two volumes were printed, he knew not how the story was to terminate—confiding, however, as he

well might, in his own patience and ingenuity for bringing out an effective catastrophe.

In one of the brief memoirs already published, it has been observed that during Scott's early youth an attempt was made to give him instructions in music, which failed. It is added that he was totally deficient in an ear for music, and incapable of producing two consecutive notes that were correct, either as to tune or time. This, however, is erroneous. He delighted in music; and there were many Scotch airs for which he had an enthusiastic predilection, and which, without any pretensions to musical voice, he could strike up in convivial parties with perfect correctness; though, for the sake of entertaining his auditors, the performance was generally grotesque, and the ditty comic. Among his especial favourites were "Auld lang syne," "Bannocks o' bear meal, bannocks o' barley," and "Kennure's on and awa."

About the year 1784 he matriculated at the College of Edinburgh, entering the classes of Professor Hill and Mr. Dalzell for Latin and Greek; but his attendance afterwards was not exemplary, nor did he profit more by his academic studies than by those formerly at the High School. This, however, is not to be wondered at. What the system now may be at the Edinburgh University I know not; but though the above-named professors were themselves eminent scholars, there was little in their public mode of discipline that was calculated to attract a wayward pupil—nor, dissimilar as they were in manners, did either succeed in maintaining much of professorial dignity in his class-room.

As might have been expected, the young poet was by no means complimented by them on his appearances when examined. But in proof of what I have elsewhere said with regard to dull boys rising to distinction at school by mere mechanical efforts and docility, it may be noticed that one of his class fellows, the late worthy Mr. James Hogg of Edinburgh, always went through the ordeal with great precision and *éclat*.

By many living practitioners at the Edinburgh bar, James Hogg is no doubt kindly remembered; and to those who did not know him, it would have been difficult for any one, except the author of *Waverley* himself, to con-

vey an adequate idea of a being so ludicrously formal, so learned, and yet in intellect so *borné*. The profession adopted by Mr. Hogg was that of a "grinder," or private assistant to students who (perhaps *invitissima Minerva*) are preparing to undergo their public trials for the learned professions, and who, not being much accustomed to carry on discourse in Latin, would find the necessity of so doing a stumbling-block quite sufficient to overcome their courage; not to mention the dry and repulsive questions of law or medical science which they were expected to have at their finger-ends. To those whose hard fate imposed on them the necessity of grinding for an examination on Roman law, Mr. Hogg proved an invaluable acquisition. Had any one wished to study more profoundly, he would, with the most inflexible perseverance, have expounded every chapter and clause of the whole *Corpus Juris*; even had the volume been five times its existing bulk. According to modern practice, however, it was not unusual to obtain a private hint from the examiners on what chapter their questions were to be founded. These were conned over night and day; and finally, if the student was not able to compose in Latin his own inaugural dissertation, he might choose a subject at haphazard, and Mr. Hogg would, at twenty-four hours' notice, supply him with a discourse which always answered the purpose, quite as well as if the style had been Ciceronian. By such means the worthy man made an income of about 200*l.* per annum; to him an ample fortune, for assuredly more than two-thirds of that revenue were saved.

That Mr. Hogg was a sound scholar there could be no doubt, and for invincible patience and good humour he was almost unequalled. At all hours of the night and day, from seven o'clock of a dark winter morning till midnight, he might be met on his way from one pupil's house to another, with the identical long great-coat closely buttoned to his tall gaunt figure, and the identical cotton umbrella, both of which had lasted him at least twenty years, and with the same expression of calm contentment and placidity on his features. I believe this personage had some share in contributing, as a model, to the portrait of Dominie Sampson; which may afford some ex-

case for devoting so many lines to his memory. In study he was like the dominie, indefatigable; but the works of Heineccius were quite as acceptable and entertaining to him as those of Cicero: and he would have most willingly laid down Cervantes or Shakespeare (of whom, in all probability, he had read neither), in order to take up Durie's decisions or Erskine's Institutes.

An individual like this was exactly calculated to shine at examinations in the Edinburgh University; and those who could not or would not succeed so well in the same arena, revenged themselves for the disappointment by turning into ridicule the uncouth formal student who had triumphed over them. On one occasion, Scott, to the great amusement of his class-fellows, affixed to Mr. Hogg's coat-collar a slip of paper, inscribed "*The learned pig casts accounts*;" with which, unconsciously, he paraded through the college-court. James Hogg soon found out the individual to whom he was indebted for this distinction; a quarrel and fight were the consequence, in which, as might be expected, Scott proved no flincher. I know not how it terminated, but probably the battle was a drawn one, as a friendly feeling always existed betwixt them, *malgré* the difference of rank and character.

Owing to the combined obstacles of bad health, and, probably, his disgust at the Edinburgh University, he seems to have gone through no regular course of education there, except that to which in later years he was necessitated, in order to become qualified for passing his trials at the Scotch bar. In fact, after his entrance at college, till his seventeenth year, he was through more than half the time subjected to that hazardous illness, the effects of which he has himself described. *Naturally*, Scott was not only buoyant in spirits, but irritable in temper; and, by some over-exertion, he had the misfortune to rupture a blood-vessel—an injury which could only be repaired by the most perfect state of quiescence, and the most rigorous abstinence from food more than was absolutely necessary to support existence. In his case it was to be expected that the utmost precaution must be observed, in order to secure obedience to such irksome regimen; and it is probable, that to his inordinate love of reading he owed the

preservation of his life. To induce tranquillity and submission to medical treatment, the best and only method was to allow him the free use of books, and to make his own choice of what he wished to read. The library of Mr. Scott, senior, (who at this time resided in George's Square), was far from inconsiderable, and its contents proved of great service to him in after years; as there was not merely an ample stock of law-books for professional reference, but of history, antiquarianism, and even theology. These, however, could not afford sufficient entertainment in his present state; and having subscribed to a long-established and extensive circulating library in Edinburgh, he actually, in the course of his slow convalescence, read through almost the whole of the romances, old plays, and poetry of the collection, "*unconsciously*," as he observes, "amassing materials for the task in which he was afterwards to be so much employed."

"At the same time," he adds, "I did not in all respects abuse the license permitted me. Familiar acquaintance with the specious miracles of fiction brought with it some degree of satiety, and I began to seek in history, memoirs, voyages, travels, and the like, events nearly as wonderful as those which were the work of imagination; with the additional advantage that they were, at least, in a great measure true. The lapse of nearly two years, during which I was left to the service of my own free will, was followed by a temporary residence in the country, *where I was again very lonely*, but for the amusement I derived from a good though old-fashioned library. The vague and wild use I made of this advantage, I cannot describe better than by referring my readers to the desultory studies of Waverley in a similar situation, the passages concerning whose reading were imitated from the recollection of my own."

The ability to derive advantage even from misfortunes, and to extract good from evil, is surely one of the most distinguishing characteristics both of an amiable disposition and powerful mind. To this illness it is obvious that Scott owed his subsequent predilection for romance-writing; but to the same cause may perhaps be ascribed, in great measure, that unexampled command of temper which it was almost impossible to disturb, and the inimitable patience which he

afterwards displayed. In proof of his extraordinary patience, need only be adduced the many arduous tasks to which, independently of his novels, plays, poems, and ballads, he submitted himself with a calm, equable enthusiasm — (for enthusiasm *may* be calm) — such as has not been equalled since those early eras of the Christian religion when a single individual, with his own hand, wrote more than in the same space of time it would have been supposed possible for *ten* caligraphers to accomplish. But when it is also recollected in what degree, from the year 1806 to 1830, he was subjected to the daily worry of business, to hourly interruptions of his literary labour, and to harassing applications from all quarters for assistance, advice, and patronage, those who remember with what mildness and unconquerable good-humour all this was borne, will not wonder at my assertion that his patience was unexampled and inimitable. Perhaps on this virtue also depended the power which he possessed of retaining his own trains of thought unbroken — of escaping at will from present scenes into an ideal world; also that admirable harmony preserved in his own mind, where no *one* principle or faculty was suffered to obtain an undue preponderance to the injury of the rest.

After his sixteenth year, his constitution began rapidly to triumph over the indisposition by which he had hitherto been at all times more or less molested. He became keenly addicted to field sports, which contributed to his perfect recovery; and as his fondness for books and study seemed well suited to the habits expected from a special pleader, it was decided that he should qualify himself for the legal profession. For this he had some especial advantages, as, in regard to Scotch law, he needed only to study zealously under his father's care, in whose office all the forms of process and routine of practice were to be learned, and whose library, as already mentioned, afforded an ample stock of books.

Accordingly, he went through the usual forensic course of education, and in his twenty-first year assumed his gown and paraded the outer house. But as he had before "*unconsciously*" amassed materials for the task in which he was afterwards to be en-

gaged," so it is very possible that, with the intention of proceeding exactly as a man of business ought to do, he all the while, and "*unconsciously*," despised his employments at the bar. This may seem paradoxical. However, we find no instance on record, except one criminal case, in which his powers as an advocate were called into action and concentrated. Had he seriously determined on rising to high honours in his profession, there can be no doubt he would have attained his object. But faculties immeasurably inferior to those of the author of *Waverley* could, *when drawn into a focus*, effect the purpose at which apparently Scott had aimed in vain. The truth was, however, that he never roused his energies, or looked steadily at the mark.

Among other preliminary steps towards becoming an advocate, he entered the Speculative Society, a literary and debating club, since noted for having had among its members many of the most distinguished men both of England and Scotland. This club had a room and library of their own in the college, and met once a-week during the winter session of the courts, when, in the first place, an original essay was read by some one of the members, whose production was freely commented on and criticised. Thereafter a question was proposed from the chair, and discussed with far more adherence to dignified formality than that of the British senate. As shallow streams make the most noise, it often happened that the most distinguished orators in the Speculative Society had little else but their fluent verbosity to recommend them; and, as far as I can remember, Scott was more inclined to turn the proceedings of the society into ridicule than to make any brilliant figure at its debates. Moreover, so little practised was he then in composition, that the production of a literary essay, when it fell to his turn, was not achieved without considerable labour, and seemed to be undertaken *invitâ Minervâ*.

To one who is not imbued with a genuine taste for the enlivening contests of the bar, as well as prepared with legal knowledge, and who is not resolutely bent on living by the profits of his profession, the Edinburgh *outer house* is the worst school that can be imagined. If employment does not

increase, habits of idleness and dissipation are *almost* inevitable. Through the whole of the winter months the young aspirant must rouse before daylight, and *malgré* pitiless east winds and driving sleet, proceed to the great hall, where it is considered indispensable that he should make his appearance by nine o'clock. From nine till ten, few of the elder and more experienced practitioners, unless when particularly requested, condescend to *turn out*; and as to the youths who "stand and wait" at nine, unless favoured by influence and connexion, they may for the first year consider themselves honoured if requested by the "writers" to address a few words to the judges, in absence of senior counsel, for which service no fee is given or expected. However, they must be careful as to the mode in which even this operation is gone through, as according to the tact, precision, and readiness therein displayed, will be proportioned the future patronage of *Messieurs* the writers to the signet, who are in fact the wealthiest and most influential body in the Scotch metropolis. But from this early hour, *whether employed or idle*, it is expected that they shall every day walk the boards till two in the afternoon; consequently, how to pass the weary interval without perishing of *ennui* is a frequent question. However, the *outer house* is a place of rendezvous for all the idlers, as well as the *élites* of the land; and there are always among the learned faculty of advocates a number of young men, either possessed of or heirs to independent fortune, who have adopted the profession without the remotest view to emolument. These gentlemen being systematically idle themselves, are always ready to encourage idleness in others; and they form what is technically called the "stove-school," from the circumstance of their congregating in winter round the fire-places, where they will stand for hours together, robed in gowns and wigs, but carrying on conversation, the tone of which harmonises but awkwardly with the grave character which might be expected from such habiliments. Among them the Parliament House is voted an insufferable bore; but attendance is persevered in from habit, and because one meets his friends, and makes arrangements of pleasure of the rest of the day for the succeeding night. After five hours already spent in

mere idleness, not unaccompanied with fatigue, who on earth would ever think of going home to study, unless it were to dream over the pages of a novel, or, on pretext of study, to fall asleep in an elbow-chair? No! mind and body are already worn out in doing nothing, and the best way to get through the rest of the time is by a walk or scamper on horseback into the country; then a dinner and jollification, lasting, perhaps, till four in the morning. After which the usual, however disagreeable, appearance on parade at nine—the stove deliberations—the scamper and dinner again. If a young man attends the house, without being actively employed in his profession, of course he runs a risk of being elected a pupil of the "stove-school," and is henceforth alienated from every pursuit requiring any degree of labour or self-denial.

As might be anticipated, however, Sir Walter Scott shaped a course for himself, which differed from both. He shewed no great taste for the alterations of the bar; and the resources of his father as to fortune being overrated, and calculated on the chances of a much longer life than fell to his lot, there was no immediate spur to great exertions for the sake of profit. However, he persevered in regular attendance; and, like others who were not overloaded with briefs, felt the necessity of having some better means than the Parliament House afforded to fill up his time. But his active disposition and ardent spirits protected him from the temptations of the "stove-school;" and he had not been two years entered at the bar ere he began to exhibit unequivocal indications that, in the words (on another occasion) of his lamented friend, Lord Kinnesder, he was "no ordinary man."

The two main principles on which his activity now hinged were the love of military enterprise, joined with great zeal for the Tory politics of the day, and increasing fondness for literary research. By this last he contrived most assiduously to fill up the hours which would otherwise have been vacant. Having derived so much enjoyment from reading, it is probable that he commenced much earlier than any one suspected to form ideas, however vague and shadowy, of contributing to the public stock of knowledge and entertainment. In order to extend

his command over the world of books, he now very sedulously devoted his attention to the study of modern languages,—the best resource possible for a literary man who has leisure-time and patience, being for this pursuit the grand *desiderata*. In Italian, French, and German, he made such progress as to have the power of translating even difficult authors with facility and precision,—an employment in which for several years he greatly delighted; but to the study of grammar abstractedly, and scholastic exercises, he still entertained an aversion—consequently, never acquired a critical knowledge, or the power to speak and write correctly in any foreign tongue. As a proof of his patience, it may be noticed that there was scarcely one of the old French romances (no easy reading for a beginner in that language) which he did not accurately peruse. To the Advocates' Library he had frequent recourse. However, his private collection rapidly augmented on his hands, as from earliest youth he shewed that passion for bibliography, which in after life was one of his distinguishing characteristics.

But, as he has himself commemorated, it was the modern German literature which most powerfully attracted his attention, without the study of which, perhaps, he never would have become an author of eminence (though this was but a spark to kindle the train). At all events, the analogy and coincidence between the revolution which took place in Germany and in England with regard to works of imagination are very remarkable. What Goethe achieved in Germany, Sir Walter Scott effected in Britain; and it must not be forgotten that the first work of any length to which the latter affixed his name was a translation of the *Goetz of Berlichingen*. On the part of both authors was entertained a due respect for those models of composition which had hitherto been admired; but both doubted the propriety of considering these as the *ne plus ultra* of excellence. The French school, as they well knew, had its merits; and so had that of Dryden and Pope in this country. It was well to imitate such powerful precursors; nor was the literature of ancient Greece and Rome to be neglected. But all this, which had been considered quite enough for a course of poetical study, Goethe (and after him Scott)

looked upon as only a commencement and foundation. Both clearly perceived that as the delineation of characters, incidents, scenes, and emotions, taken from real life, was by far the most difficult species of art, so also it was the noblest; and that for one who had courage and perseverance to cultivate this department of literature, the field which it opened was inexhaustible.

To the dramatic writers of Germany we certainly are indebted for the first dawnings of that revolution in literary taste which soon afterwards spread through Europe; but it is also certain that this change never would have been effected without the study of Shakespeare and some of his contemporaries. Nor should it be forgotten that, from early youth to his latest years, Shakespeare was the constant companion of Sir Walter Scott.

With regard to German literature, perhaps I may be excused in this place for repeating some paragraphs, which appeared eight years ago in a review of Klingemann's plays. Until about 1773, when *Goetz of Berlichingen* was first published, the principles of the French school reigned paramount in Germany, and all those who aspired to the rank of good critics were swayed by its dogmas. But Goethe had also his precursors, who laid the foundation on which he afterwards built a superstructure, the commanding character of which was soon universally acknowledged. Among the first who paved the way for this change was Lessing, a man of very powerful mind; who, with all the critical world against him, set the example, in 1760, of writing "*bürgerliche trauerspiele*," or tragedies of real life, in opposition to the inane and declamatory kings, queens, gods, and goddesses, of the French. But, like other men of genius, he had a tendency to run into extremes, and thus also set the example of writing tragic dramas in prose; a fashion which continued in Germany till twenty-five years afterwards, when Schiller decided that blank verse was the proper medium for this kind of composition.

On the performances of Lessing immediately followed those of Gerstenberg; to whose *Ugolino* it might almost be said that we are indebted for the works of Schiller, as it has been specially recorded of the latter that he dated his first genuine fervour of inspiration from the perusal of that unique,

however faulty, performance. Incredible as it may seem, this tragedy was many times represented on the stage; from which, of course, it has been long since banished. As far as I can remember, the dialogue commences when Ugolino and his three sons have been already for a considerable time imprisoned. The varied and increasing horrors of their *last day and night* are divided by the poet into four acts, throughout which such unrivalled power is evinced, both of conception and language, and so admirable are many passages, that we read as if spell-bound; and, feel almost as if it were a duty, however revolting, to contemplate in detail the dread realities of that story, which Dante has given comparatively but in outline. In 1768, Gerstenberg also published his *Bride*, a rifacimento from Beaumont and Fletcher, which is included in his collected works, three vols. 8vo, 1816.

But of all Goethe's contemporaries, assuredly the individual who next to himself and Schiller had most influence on the public mind was Klinger, who, when twenty-one years of age (in 1774), published his *Twin Brothers*, a tragedy in prose, exhibiting scenes which for horrid strength are unrivalled, and to the cautious cold propriety of the French authors and their followers exhibits a contrast the most violent imaginable. The subject of his first play was the insane hatred and jealousy entertained by one brother against another; and though such a spectacle is revolting, the composition was unavoidably admired for its overpowering energy of style; and was followed up with incredible rapidity by three or four other tragedies and a comedy, all which he seems to have completed within little more than twelve months.

To Goethe's honour be it recorded, that his account of Klinger's early prowess forms one of the most eloquent and interesting eulogies that have ever been pronounced on a literary character; and as the *laudatus a laudato viro* is entitled to respect, it may not be irrelevant to quote the following very sensible remarks from one of Klinger's prefaces, especially as they tend to illustrate the critical spirit of the times:—

"We have had numberless complaints against the wildness and irregularity that characterise the literary productions of Germany, especially those intended for

the stage; and, to use a homely comparison, it may be said that the process which has been gone through was like that of fermentation, without which the pure essence could not be extracted. Unquestionably, the cautious, narrow rules of the French theatre, with its sonorous declamation, could not satisfy the more active, robust, and vigorous character of the Germans. He who feels not within himself a share of that spirit which led on the Romans to their wondrous victories, may write indeed as correctly as Corneille or Racine; but never will such an individual have the power of an enchanter, to bring before us men with all the real energies of life, as exemplified by Shakespeare in his *Brutus*, *Cassius*, and *Coriolanus*.

"In truth, the wild struggles for which we have been censured were but endeavours to find out a mode of composition suitable for us; though, if we had been one individual nation, the case would have been widely different, and our progress in the arts and sciences would have been as regular as that of our neighbours. But why should our theatre be modelled after the French, seeing that we are Germans, and that the artificial finery of Racine's heroes is so unsuitable to us? or after the modern English, between whose humour and ours there is also a wide difference? A character marked by straightforward honesty, courage, perseverance, and strength, rouses the hearts of the German people, while they know not what to make of the polite Greeks and Romans of our Gallic neighbours; and with the capricious caricatures of the modern English school are not likely to be better pleased. Suffice it that the simplest form is always the best; but methinks the Germans would rather have life, reality, and action, than listen to mere sounding declamation. It is infinitely more difficult to write one piece drawn from real life, than twenty wild productions framed out of the author's own brain; indeed, to the facility of such compositions must be attributed their superabundant quantity. I certainly found it much easier to compose my fantastic *Grisaldo*, than to trace the fates of *Conraddin*."

So much for those by whom Goethe was preceded, or in his early efforts accompanied. In the year 1773, having already gained considerable reputation by his *Werther*, he came before the public with his *Goetz of Berlichingen*; and from this period may be dated the first general manifestation of that *perfidum genium*, that ardent

and creative spirit, which henceforth continued to exist and spread among the Germans; and under whose influence, instead of merely indulging themselves in wild and irregular phantasies, they have left no class or style of composition unexemplified; nor is there any department in which they cannot boast of authors highly estimable and distinguished.

The effect of his first play was electrical; nor was this more than might with certainty have been predicted. According to the Latin adage, the greatest difficulty of art lies in its concealment; and, unquestionably, the production of a tragedy like the *Goetz* was no easy task. With infinitely more talent than Lessing or Gerstenberg, Goethe for the first time exhibited a dramatic work, in which not only was the principal personage a real and well-known character in German history, but in which, without looking to the right or left, the poet had chosen that which "lay before his hero in daily life" for the sources of interest and sympathetic emotion; proving incontestably that, by the energies of a powerful mind, such materials could be rendered beyond comparison more valuable than those chosen by the admirers of the French school for the subjects of their vague and sonorous declamation. The true poet exalts and ennobles his subject, while the mean imitator must have recourse to characters and situations which, by their pompous attributes, may afford him a semblance of that dignity and power in which he himself is deficient.

With his usual acuteness, and the keen interest he always evinced for any new production of genius, Mr. Henry Mackenzie had in 1798 read a paper in the Edinburgh Royal Society on the modern literature of Germany; and it was enough for Scott to know that there were plays and poems worth reading, in order to make him a zealous member of a small club who agreed to study German under the instruction of Dr. Willich, a medical gentleman of considerable repute, who spent some time in Scotland. The doctor earnestly wished to make his pupils *au fait* of what he called the "*geheimnisvolle tiefe*" (mysterious depth) of his native language, which, as he well knew, could only be mastered by gradual progress and by patient submission to grammatical exercises. According to

his own statement, Scott's idleness made him the laughing-stock of his companions; but it may, of course, be doubted whether he has given a just account of his own progress, for without labour and attention he could not have acquired that power of reading German which he retained in after life.

Among his fellow-students, Mr. John Macfarlane, advocate, always received high commendations for his patience and assiduity, while Dr. Willich predicted that Mr. Scott would never succeed, as he determined at once to come to the superstructure without laying a stable foundation. The truth was, that his ambition centred in being able to understand the modern productions which Mackenzie had recommended; and he always spoke with animation and pleasure of his early German studies. A German book at Edinburgh, especially a modern one, was then a rare acquisition, and valued in proportion to its rarity. Scott, however, soon got into his possession the works, so far as they existed, of Goethe, Schiller, and Bürger; and, "*having*," as he used afterwards to say, "*little else to do*," he very sedulously set to work and translated right through them; not troubling himself at the time to polish his versions, but content if he transferred to paper in a broad outline the sense of the author. In this manner, I believe, he went through not only the prose plays of Schiller and Goethe, but even some of the now-forgotten romances of Spiess, then an eminent manufacturer for the Minerva press of Germany. Among these I have heard him speak with peculiar interest of the *Petermännchen*, a production of *diablerie*, which his own genius had probably invested with interest which no other reader could have discovered in it.

In Bürger's *Leonora* and *Wild Huntsman* he found ballads of which the tone was quite according to his own heart, and assimilated with his early impressions and reveries at Smaytholme tower; and, as is well-known, a version of these ballads formed his first publication. But there is every reason to believe that the *Goetz of Berlichingen* had more influence in disposing his mind for the course which he afterwards pursued than any other production, either foreign or domestic, which fell in his way. His other translations,

to the turn of the mouth upwards, so is the amount of the difference of property possessed between any two persons meeting or passing each other in London streets, &c. &c. But the most common-place observer in this beehive, or wasp-nest, as our philosopher would call it, may, every hour of his existence, find an infinitude of amusement by peering out of his cell upon the supercilious airs of those whose thighs are loaded with honey; and the disputes regarding supremacy and precedence, all of which, both in matters of authority and intellectuality, it is previously understood shall be settled in favour of those who have most of it, whether collected by themselves or otherwise.

The employer now thinks, that if he pays those in his employ sufficient to feed, clothe, and lodge them, there needs no contingent stimuli to industry and fidelity. Abstractedly considered, it may be asked, Who can complain of this? Weighed and tested in the scales of Astræa, she may approve of it as a dry principle of justice; although, in many cases, *moral* is sacrificed to *legal* right. It has driven genuine confidence out of the London market of trade. Men do not, in casting up their book of self-satisfaction, and in arranging the affairs of the conscience, erect any standard of justice by at once (as they were wont to do) appealing to their own innate feelings of generosity. Confidants in trade, and those who have gone through a long life, becoming grey in one service, receive their stipends, and are told to be thankful that they are allowed to eat, and are occasionally commiserated with the epithet of "Poor old fellow!" and at last, as the high-mettled racer is sent to the knacker, they are consigned to the workhouse, there to finish (or be finished), as regards their mortal career, as speedily as possible. We, who are not very old, remember the time when, throughout London, nothing could be considered so much a stain upon a mercantile firm, or a greater reproach upon the establishment, than suffering a faithful auxiliary in trade to want in his old age, after his sinews and bones had been worn out in their service. At the present moment, within our own individual circle of inquiry, we can adduce a daily instance of an opposite mode of procedure among wealthy men, as regards

their treatment of decayed clerks and assistants. This change has operated upon society most powerfully; it has induced men to shift from place to place, in the hope of getting better paid for their services at the time being; and as they do obtain more wages than their predecessors did, and as frequent change of place is considered no bar now to character, nearly the whole of the London shopmen are alternately in and out of employment. The effect of this modern custom upon the rising generation, and all generations to come, so long as the evil exists, we need not describe to any who are acquainted with the nature of society in the metropolis, and with the multifarious ways and multiform shapes in which vice is presented to the view of half-experienced boys; which half-experience engenders conceit and confidence, rendering the want of the whole more apparent and dangerous than if they were as unsophisticated as the mountain-peasant. Motions have been made in the house of parliament for committees, for the purpose of inquiring into the cause of immorality and drunkenness. If any benefit in this way is to be rendered to the community, the evils must all be traced to their source, and made known to those classes of society who from station can control the causes. Acts of parliament, mulcts, fines, and penalties, will be worse than useless—they will be mischievous. There is still virtue enough remaining among us to correct all flagrant public moral evils; but that which is every one's business is nobody's. A committee, therefore, may very usefully employ their time in laying the source of immorality before the public, which will give the impetus and direct the energies of the respectable classes to the object so desirable of attainment, namely, the improvement of the demoralised classes; among which, if all questions be taken into consideration, none stands so pre-eminent as the one now before us, which, in the course of these remarks, we intend to establish. It is futile and puerile to waste our time in talking of gin-shops and Sunday-preventive bills; the seeds of evil lie buried in the mass of the people: edicts and ordonnances will no more root them out, than an act of parliament will clear a farmer's corn-field of thistles or carlock.

Those who occupy the ground and

are upon the spot must weed it. Society must be shewn the way to regenerate itself; the moral good must be brought to bear upon the bad; silently, not blusteringly and boisterously, or with threats, coming out with swords and staves as against a thief: nor will the voice of reason, as experience teaches us, avail much against habitual and confirmed immorality. If it be asked, then, What is to be done? we answer, investigate, and probe the question to the bottom; never rest till you find out the causes which have led the people on from bad to worse; then instruct the teachable and moral classes in the nature of these causes, and, by appealing to their good sense, persuade them to become auxiliaries in placing British society in a healthy and natural state of reciprocal, general interest. To which end, it were devoutly to be wished, all who can use a pen would direct their energies, rather than in vain denunciations against particular classes, and in attributing the whole blame of demoralisation to those who are, under the ban of circumstances, connected with ignorance.

If the goddess of truth, as represented in an admirable painting in the Pantheon, were really discovered, she would declare all the classes equally in error as regards the immorality of the age. All classes are waging war with each other, and engaged in puffing off the merits of their own; while venal writers are ready for hire to laud any sect or party, however pernicious to the common weal.

Under the old system of servitude, if there were comparatively few prizes, it brought many to enter for the race; the course then to be run was one of virtue, as well as talent: salaries were lower, but then each strove to acquire a good name, so "dear in man or woman."

Cheating and trickery, in common parlance modified by the word shrewdness, is now the only marketable talent: long and faithful servitude is now better rewarded by the nobility in the persons of their menials, than industry and fidelity is among traders. Nor are instances wanting, in which mercantile men often leave their own menial servants more substantial proofs of their affection than they do those who have mainly contributed to make them wealthy, and were the cause of their possessing property to bequeath.

Philosophy cannot penetrate or fathom the motive in these cases, unless it be, that the almost universal sinister ways by which money is acquired in these times may occasion a man, who has accumulated a fortune in trade, to hold a bad opinion of all who have worked in the same field with him. His right, however, to dispose of his possessions, however obtained, is inherent and inseparable from property. But it does not follow, that, because we admit the right, we must in all cases approve the exercise of it.

The mode of receiving apprentices, too, has undergone a change for the worse. When apprentices were selected from society by the free choice of masters, and passed through all the gradations of business, from the lowest station upwards; habit, gratitude, and interest, all conspired to make steady, faithful, and industrious men. Premiums are now given in many cases with youths, to induce the master to relax his surveillance over them, and wink at their running precociously into society. We never now see an apprentice following (as in former times) his master and mistress to church, with the Bible and Prayer-book under his arm: it appears as if mankind had conspired to strike out the period of adolescence in the existence of human beings, and that their minority should terminate at fourteen years of age, leaving nothing to be done for them after they come out of the hands of the schoolmaster. Yet parents are weak enough to ask what it is that has produced such a change in the middle classes!

The object of education has also been mistaken in this walk of life: the training of youth, too, has altogether been founded in error. The mania for education has jumbled all the classes in one imaginary but false notion of equality. Nothing is talked of but education: some have over-done it, many have altogether mistaken the road, but more have been taught the wrong matter. The first carry gold about with them, and are every minute in want of ready change; the others, in their attempts to arrive at the temple of Minerva by new roads, have lost sight of the path which leads to substantial and practical knowledge: these are the flippants and pragmatics who infest all the highways of society, being, in the end, distinguished only

for coxcombry, folly, and debauchery. Three-fifths of the metropolitan shopmen and clerks are formed of this compound; and it is remarkable, that although their origin, as a body, is the most diverse of any class, and, of course, their education of various kinds, yet they all settle down to one set of ideas and habits. Whether this is in part effected by the nature of their employment, which is that of trifling talk over the counter, and the non-intellectual nature of their avocation generally, we will not take upon ourselves to affirm; but we do know, mentally considered, that in Britain the sun shines not upon a poorer set of mortals, or upon any that work more mischiefs in society: which we shall proceed to shew.

It would be gratifying to us if one of their body took up this general censure, and entered upon their defence, proving that all were not barren; but the exceptions are so few among them of those who possess intellectual exertion, that we are without a hope. They have all, we may reasonably suppose, received some kind of education; many have been sent into the world with the rudiments of Latin, while not a few have a knowledge of the French language; and then, when they come into employment, are brought immediately in contact with general society. Still, as a body, they possess a vacuity of mind unparalleled when these advantages are taken into account.

May this not arise from the foolish custom among retail tradesmen, of making a display of a corps of smart young men in their shops, and the inducements thus held out to a boy who expects to walk such a path in life, *in limine*, to bestow more thoughts upon his person than his mind, which is the sure road to ignorance, and from thence to vice? And again, may it not induce the naturally vain and light of mind to prefer such a course, and thus create a specific class of noodles? Although assured of the truth of every line we are writing, we should not occupy so much space were we not anxious to rouse so large a body to self-examination, and induce them to make some efforts to redeem themselves from the slavery of ignorance.

If there be any use in one man making known his opinions and the result of his experience to others, we consider this class demands public at-

tention above all others—we mean, of London society: they are a very numerous body, are very variously connected, occasion more distress of mind by their conduct to parents than any other body, and stand in a position in society which for a time enables them to effect much moral mischief. The custom of the day allows them to dress after the manner of gentlemen, while their conceit carries their ideas far above their station, and is the cause of a larger number of individuals in this class falling out of their position every year than from any other. It may be said, that one-fifth annually are driven out of the class by bad conduct, the repetition of which disqualifies them for a situation, while others rise up to fill their places; added to which, a change of faces in shops appears to be considered an advantage in the present day. When we reflect that this portion of one-fifth have no trade upon which, when they are cast upon society in a state of idleness, they can fall back, and obtain a livelihood, it is natural to ask what becomes of them. We know, at the smallest calculation, that there are 60,000 individuals in London who do not shew any exterior signs of poverty, but rise of a morning without knowing where to obtain a meal for the day. It is beyond a doubt, that none of the lower orders put on a fashionable-cut coat, and affect airs of grace; and the mechanic weighs too well his own worth, and supports his place. It is his interest to be, and seem to be, what he really is—a *working man*: his usefulness is his pride, and gives him an independence which would make him a *loser* were he to change it for any thing artificial. All the classes above the mechanic no doubt do, in a small degree, through individual improvidence and misconduct, contribute to add to the one which subsists, as it is said, nobody knows how—by casualty; sometimes assisted by the voluntary contributions of their friends, but more frequently by forced funds from the public, varied in ten thousand ways of exaction. If it be now asked from whence the bulk of this body of men come, I answer, from the class of shopmen and clerks. If we suppose the surplusage of this body compelled to remove from London, they will carry more than half the vices of it with them, and nearly the whole of our street *bonarobes*;

leaving only the coarser and open vicious habits of the labourer and costermonger, who support the spirit-bazaars, for the moral legislator to compete with. That one-half of the world knows not how the other half lives, is a common and just observation: it is not, however, necessary that it should be known: for all useful purposes it will be sufficient if we can ascertain and separate the number that live by regular, from those who subsist by irregular means. In reference to this class, not one moiety are in constant employment; upon an average throughout the year, there are from 5000 to 6000 linen-draper's shopmen loose upon the town, and not many years since they were calculated, by those who possessed the best means of information, to amount to 8000. Youth, ignorance, and vanity, combine to make these men lovers of pleasure to excess; and such are always lovers of themselves in the same degree. A nation of would-be or imaginary philosophers will be more moral, and in a better state of security, than a country peopled by sensualists and fops. Notwithstanding the conduct of many intellectual individuals is far from being virtuous, yet, dividing society as nearly as we can into two classes, it will always be apparent that the best-informed approximate the nearest to moral perfection. But we must descend a little more into minutiae regarding the class we have in hand.

In describing this class generally as immoral, superficial observers will say that they cannot be so, from the very nature of their employment, and their confinement to late hours of business. Heretofore these were restraining causes, their character depending upon steadiness of conduct and length of service; but, in the present day, these are qualities of minor importance, provided the party is a good salesman, in their own phraseology—one who never suffers a lady, when she once enters the shop to buy a yard of riband, to depart until she has made a five-pound parcel. Those who possess this harlequin kind of property of turning goods into money, are, as a matter of course, sought after by all the trade, and spoken of as geniuses in their way: they may be compared to jugglers, who perform their tricks of legerdemain through the agency of confederacy. When one of these famed hands is engaged at a

shop, the whole *corps de ballet* of the establishment is called up for private rehearsals, which sometimes last during the whole night; at which all the juniors are taught how to play their part—shift and exchange pieces of goods; to remove one away that has been offered at a low price, and bring it back as a different piece at another charge;—how to detain and amuse customers, cheat, and make solemn asseverations to matter which is untrue: in short, to learn by rote a manual of trade that must leave the initiated stripped of every vestige of principle, as bare as deciduous trees at the winter solstice. Some masters, whose shops I could name, take this duty upon themselves; placing their men behind the counter, and then themselves affecting to come in as troublesome customers, and difficult to please, &c. &c. Where there are many hands, an account is kept of the amount of sales daily made by each; the assistants being paid wages in proportion to the aggregate amount of sales against their names, when cast up at stated periods.

In the nocturnal lectures which we have spoken of, it may be imagined that there is little said of honour, honesty, or moral principle of any kind; the master, therefore, is aware he can place but little reliance upon the notions the employed may imbibe of the rights of *meum* and *tuum*. Arrangements are made to meet this evil, which arises out of the system: no money is allowed to be received by the shopmen; they make their bill, and hand it over to a person appointed for the receipt of cash. Notwithstanding this and every other imaginable caution is adopted, so vitiating is the school for young men which we have attempted to describe, that, confining ourselves to the last thirty years, we will undertake to prove, as far as the available tables of the return of crime will enable us to do so, that, for every mechanic found guilty of felony, there have been upwards of twenty out of this class, and ten from the drapers alone. There is one house, which we need not name, that for a very long period never allowed an Old Bailey session to pass without bringing up two or three for trial; six or seven of whom have actually suffered death. At length it was noticed from the bench. One, a Scotchman, who was transported for

fourteen years, in 1829, by the same firm, we examined as to the system which brought so many into crime. He told us, that the system of trade was such, that it broke down the principles of all who entered the house; and he believed, at that moment, there was not one in it who was not in the habit of robbing the principals of their property. Subsequent events have proved the truth of this statement.

A great evil arises out of the practice of shopkeepers taking almost any smart young man upon trial, regardless of general character, in the hopes of selecting in the end a combination of talent and personal appearance; conceiving, as all of them do, that where the most handsome young men are, to that place will the females be attracted. Shopmen are now hired upon the principle of the mechanic; no warning being required, they may be paid up to any hour and discharged forthwith. In the corivalry of trade it is supposed, that upon the tact of the assistants depends the success of the master in competing with his neighbours; hence it is they are ever changing, in the hopes of being better served. The evils of this practice are, 1st, the number which obtain temporary employment induces an injurious rush of youth into the market; 2dly, as not more than one-half at any time can meet with employment, a vast body of young persons are thrown loose upon the town, at the most unfavourable age, to become masters of their own time and actions. Lastly, nothing can be more detrimental to society than the existence in it of a half-educated, half-boy-and-man class, who are constrained to pick up a living in a chance manner.

Since Lord Byron has told the world that the mark of gentility and aristocracy is to be found in the hand, too many seek to preserve that member by serving ribands behind a counter, rather than use the saw and plane. The mischief these young men produce, besides effecting their own ruin, among that class of females with whom they come immediately in contact (milliners' girls and shopwomen), is incalculable.

In order to form something like a correct estimate, and convince ourselves of the real facts upon this subject, we have only to take a view of the number of places of rendezvous open for the accommodation of these

young men in and about the metropolis. If we were to attend "sing-songs," that is, free-and-easy clubs, in every quarter of the town, public parlours, and card-clubs held at the same houses, we should find a large majority of this class in every place: the concerts held at public-houses licensed for musical parties are nearly wholly supported by them. It may not be generally known, that these performances are very common in and about London, especially in the suburbs, where they are held three times a-week upon alternate nights, commencing at eight, and terminating at half-past eleven or twelve o'clock; the price of admission being from twopence to fourpence each. It is, however, but just to acknowledge, that this is the most rational and harmless amusement with which idle persons in this metropolis are furnished. It has escaped the wisdom of our legislators, that the idlers in society ever seek with avidity cheap places of entertainment, to spare themselves the trouble of thinking and applying their leisure time to an improvement of the understanding. The authorities have been very tardy in recognising the policy of giving encouragement to economical amusements for all classes; for, if not allowed innocent enjoyments of a public nature, they will have recourse to others, which, although of a more private character, yet are pernicious and vitiating to an extent unknown to those who are over-officious in suppressing that which is open, and, as the sailor would say, above-board. Proofs of this, for the satisfaction of legislators, may be adduced *ad infinitum* by those who are well acquainted with the arcana of this town. One practice prevails to a frightful extent in the class now under consideration, productive of infinite pernicious results. Men (miscreants!) who are in the occupation of private houses issue cards of invitation, through the agency of young men with whom they have a previous understanding. These cards seem, upon the face of them, to be such as are issued by private persons when they invite their friends. No money passes between the proprietor of the house and the visitors; some three or four of the party are appointed to circulate the tickets and receive the money: of course, the whole is paid over privately to the person who belongs to the house;

and provides music, &c. &c. Cards of this description have been shewn to us, which we might have purchased from 3d. up to 3s. 6d. each; and, from the knowledge which we have subsequently obtained, we are bound to notice these houses as the most destructive to virtue of any places yet known; not even excepting the commonest brothels, which, indeed, none but the most depraved and abandoned will enter. At the houses, however, where these dances are held, under the cover of a harmless, and, to all females, a favourite amusement, an inducement is held out to giddy and thoughtless, but perhaps at the same time, in the general acceptance of the term, virtuous girls, to join in one of these parties, which rarely ends otherwise than in their ruin.

Some of the wretches who obtain a living by lending themselves and their houses to this work of destruction, unblushingly wait upon young men of known means, and who are conspicuous for gallantry and their love of intrigue, proposing to introduce them upon certain terms of remuneration for the basest of purposes. Instances have come to our knowledge of young men just embarked in business, having three or four offers from as many different quarters of the town in one week, to effect meetings to their tastes upon payment of a sum of money named.

When the evening is not spent by unemployed shopmen at these or similar places, public-houses are resorted to, where whole nights are consumed in card or bagatelle playing; a private room is appropriated to their use, and not unfrequently the days are spent in the same manner. There are many houses in the neighbourhood of Oxford Street and Regent Street, of apparent respectability, where these practices are carried on to a great extent; and to several of which, through the introduction of a party known at the house, we have been admitted. Here we have seen two whist-tables going on at noon-day, the players having commenced at them the preceding night. The room contained from twenty to thirty persons, all drapers; and this we understood was a common practice. In two instances we saw the masters of respectable shops—one residing in Oxford Street, and the other in Regent Street—at play with shopmen who had recently left their situations, and resorted

thither to spend the money they had received for wages.

Describing any class of society, a writer must be understood as treating the question generally. In every class there are exceptions, as regards character and deviations from common practices; so, in this particular body, there are thousands in various trades, although clerks or shopmen, who are not distinguished by any striking marks of character, propensities, or habits, more or less vicious than other men of the common herd; excepting only those induced by the peculiar nature of their calling or trade, and which may in nowise militate against their honesty or morality. Of those who jog quietly on through the high road of life, and retain for a term of years one position, striving only to maintain their castes, a writer can have but little to say, more than that they deserve any reward for their straightforward honest conduct. Fortune may bestow upon them.

In the prudence of some men, all desires for change of situation or efforts for advancement in life are paralysed; contented to remain in the walk in which they are placed; happy if they can save themselves from a retrograde movement; and when they die leave a good name behind them; in these objects are merged all their hopes and fears. Such men are peculiarly adapted to serve a master well; and happy is society in having a fair proportion of such members to fill up the number of those who are destined to be useful according to their station. We would not, therefore, be understood as mixing up all shopmen in one general censure—confounding the good with the bad; yet knowing the character of the majority of them, as we think we do, we would say every thing we can to induce them to place themselves in a more respectable point of view in society. The value of a good assistant is too well known, and, to some extent, is found by many not to be so very scarce as some would imagine; it therefore needs no argument of ours to prove that such men do exist. The lives and characters of steady plodding men are much the same in every grade, as regards morality, and are understood by all persons, however circumscribed their experience may be. The tendency, however, of members in every class to

start off, and diverge from the position in which they are placed, is not observed by all; it is, therefore, only by following the erratics through their concentric courses that we can trace out the manifold ways and vices of man. For this reason it is we have felt it a duty to bestow as much time as possible upon the vices of the town and its inhabitants. Flattery, like a poisoned arrow, is directed to the imagination of men, praising their exalted nature in almost every work upon this subject issued from the press. The oblique gilded pill is greedily swallowed by the public, making those whom reason would pronounce fools to walk between heaven and earth, with a conceit and carriage of the hamstrings as if they were gods. Man boasts of his reason, but here this noble faculty is wonderfully eclipsed. Did men in general entertain a worse opinion of themselves, flattery would be disarmed, and sincerity of public sentiment meet with encouragement. The virulence and acrimony with which mankind assail those who would shew humanity in its true colours, is a proof of its weakness. Diogenes says, "Flatterers are of wild beasts, detractors; and of tame beasts, flatterers bite worst. Smooth language is a sugared halter. Flattery is like an empty tomb, on which friendship is inscribed."

"Beware, for wicked man must still be watch'd,
Lest secret mischief in his heart be hatch'd;
Man's double tongue can flatter or can howl,
When prompted by a black corrupted soul."

That which is good and estimable in man is universally known, is brought out into open daylight, exposed to the view of all, and their unqualified applause required: their vices, on the contrary, they seek to hide. In any attempt, therefore, to correctly estimate the moral character of man, it is of the first importance that the black side of his character should be thoroughly known. The reverse of the picture is but too much before the public. The historian is misled by contemporary writers, in every age, as to the actual motives and actions of men in bygone times. This is a vain and foolish weakness, which we should now shake off, and have the courage to describe times and men as they are,

not as we would have them to be. Shakespeare's aphorism may be reversed, and written thus: "Men's virtuous manners live in brass, their vices we write in water." We would not have man falsified, or his bad propensities exaggerated; nor would we wish to become a showman, who magnifies all the objects he has to exhibit to the public. From the charge of flattery we may hope to escape. Truth tested by experience is our guide. We write not from books or hearsay, therefore may fail in entertaining some of our readers; but our object is to record faithfully the view one man has taken of society: let others follow the example, and we may soon have a more perfect account of it.

It must be borne in mind, that society carries an artificial face, and that it is not what it appears superficially. Every man, more or less, possesses a certain degree of knowledge of those that belong to his own grade; and easily persuades himself that he is well acquainted with human nature, as seen in all the other walks of life. The unlettered man and the provincial burgher do not more frequently fall into this error than the philosopher and the legislator. We may speak of this universal conceit as Dr. Young did of our carelessness regarding death:

"Of man's miraculous mistakes this bears the palm."

He who would approximate to a knowledge of his species in a civilised or uncivilised state, must bring to the task a mind free from the prejudices of schools, books, clans, or sects; he must possess patience of investigation without having any latent favourite theories of the mind to establish, and he must defer framing any opinion until he has had extensive experience in the school of real life; he must possess a sound body in a sound mind; his eye should never be diverted from his object; truth must be his polar star; and courage, to give the oracle utterance, must be his companion; his course must be steady, and not as Lord Byron, comet-like, take an eccentric course through the world, or skim only on the margin of the horizon; neither must he, wedge-like, drive himself, or be driven through society, pressing and galling the sides of those with whom he comes in contact, and then sit down to paint their portrait. All the asperi-

ties of his nature should be worn off by long friction and collision with his fellow-men, until he be, like a ball, perfectly round, easy to be set in motion, and free to move in every direction, without standing in the way, or annoying those whom he may meet in his path. Finally; he should contemplate his subject analytically and synthetically—view it in detail, and as a whole. "*For not this man and that man, but all men, make up mankind.*"

There is a most preposterous outcry in one class against the vice and demoralisation of another. Unquestionably the bad qualities preponderate in us; and did not the construction of society in what is called our refinement point out the policy of amending some of our faults and masking others, we should present but a sorry spectacle even to each other. Let not the novice be deceived, and, under the guidance of a pseudo-moralist, be led to expect to meet with vice only clothed in rags. The poor bear all the burden, both of want and opprobrium: they are the scape-goats of all the other classes. While expatiating on the vices of the poor, men contrive to turn the mirror from themselves, and find a vent for their spleen by assailing those who are unable to defend themselves.

To sum up the character of shopmen, &c. Unlike the poorer classes, they have a motive to keep up appearances; but, Janus-like, they carry two faces—one for public, and the other for private uses. Wherever we have met them ungartered and at ease, we have seen them as demoralised as any of the lower classes; perhaps more prone to lewdness than drunkenness, but sufficiently to both. We may say, in the language of Rowe,

"A skipping, dancing, worthless set ye
are,

Fit only for yourselves; ye herd together;
And when the sparkling glass goes round,
ye talk

Of beauties which ye never saw, and speak
Of raptures that ye never felt."

We have observed throughout society, that the intellectual improvement of all classes has been preceded by a period of greater or less duration of inebriate habits. It would seem to be with bodies of men as it was wont to be some few years since with youths rising up to maturity—the first proofs of manhood were held to be a capa-

bility of drinking an entire bottle of wine without falling under the table. When they could accomplish this, they were considered full-grown men. Human happiness consists in action; excitement is the only real pleasure short of reason a man can know: the ignorant drudges in society, after labour, ever fly to drinking to rouse their energies. Shopmen, considered as human beings, heretofore enjoyed but a sort of passive animal existence, pursuing an undeviating course of submissive acquiescence to their masters' will. They have, however, in a manner revolted against domestic restraint, holding themselves not as they were wont to do, amenable to their employers for their moral conduct after the hours of business as well as in it, but come out when unkenelled to act a part of their own. Like all that have preceded them, in first efforts towards emancipation from control, the conduct of shopmen has been marked with erroneous views of self-management. Their course is one of error; the absence of good sense, want of judgment, and the more powerful effects of example among themselves, militate against their keeping up in the race of improvement with other men.

After what has been said of retail-shopmen, it is but fair to state the disadvantages under which they labour, and the grievances of which they may reasonably complain. Every household or head of a family, a few years anterior to the enlightened days of 1834, felt himself, by the laws of proscription, responsible for the entire moral conduct of his household; and none would be taken as assistants but those who consented to sleep upon the premises and conform to the family rules: one of which, with most regular families, was morning and evening prayers. No one thought himself or his property safe with a man upon the premises whose actions and conduct were not known throughout the whole twenty-four hours each day. Now, in every case wherein the nature of the business will admit of the practice (and sacrifices are made to further the arrangements), masters of families prefer, in all trades, out-door shopmen, servants, and apprentices; being only desirous of relieving themselves, to the greatest extent possible, from all responsibility of moral guardianship.

Tradesmen are ready enough to avail themselves, as far as their interests are concerned, of the assistance of men, boys, and girls, but are unwilling to spare one half-hour in the day from money-making or following pleasure to inform or morally protect the youthful classes, from whom they are constrained to draw their assistants. The tradesman's wife, too, who has never been brought up to household duties, must not be annoyed in her piano practice and poonah daubing: she must not be fatigued with the concerns of a large family. "It is therefore best that all the people should be boarded out; my wife says she knows it will be a saving: besides, she is so delicate that she is not equal to the competing with and providing for a large family." Thus are excuses made for a neglected duty which our ancestors considered paramount, and prided themselves in the performance of above all others; viz. a good regulation of the household, and exercising a moral surveillance over all within the range of their control. When the fractions of society did their duty, the whole felt a beneficial moral effect; but when those relax who are, from their position in society, peculiarly and imperiously called upon to be active, the integer will naturally become corrupted and disorganised. All the junior members of society are now nightly turned loose, to revel where "riot cries aloud, and staggers and swaggers in his rank den of shame." Old and young, male and female, are seen associating with vice, through all the multiform and multitudinous receptacles with which this Babylon is infested. The master's non-responsibility for the moral education of his apprentices and young men, has operated more than any other cause to bring about the demoralising nocturnal habits of the young men in London of the present age. The only person who can effectually control the headstrong violence or passions of youth and inexperience, is the one upon whom he depends for character, fame, and bread. Parents they generally disregard, relying upon natural affection for forgiveness whenever they think proper to return to virtue. The master, however, if his business be performed, cares not now how the leisure hours of any of his household are passed. Until this system be reformed, *vice must progress*.

Another disadvantage shopmen labour under is, that knowledge of a general kind is no where estimated among their employers; a showy exterior, with a knowledge of the tricks of trade and the art of gulling, are all the qualifications sought in a retail shopman. Those, therefore, who are vain of their persons, and dress the smartest, are most like to succeed; and it need not be told the world, that the more vanity a man possesses generally, with less sense he is endowed. This, then, is one cause for the number of empty heads found among this class. Besides, the common run of every day's colloquial business which occurs in retail shops, is of such a nature as none but those of weak intellect could endure for a week, much less undergo for a term of years: moreover, we must suppose that those who enter young, and have any talent, that their mental qualities must, in such an employment, become stultified, and their habits so far effeminized as to rank them among the epicenes. We have in these men a highly valuable practicable example in education, of the estimation in which we ought to hold a proper development of the physical powers. We see under the factory system how wretchedly weak, poor, and depressed the mental powers become, when the deterioration of the animal qualities is effected by excessive labour and want of air. This class, however, can scarcely be said to receive any education; but in the instance before us of linen-draper's shopmen, we behold young men, who have been educated to a degree at least of mediocrity, if not above it, dully receding as an intellectual class through habits of frivolity and comparative physical indolence. The adjunct to a bold, open, manliness of character, is good moral sense; genius is found sometimes in company with a weak frame of the body: but these instances are generally the result of constitutional conformation, and are not rules, but form exceptions to them.

As there cannot very well be any happiness without the possession of money, or its equivalent—the means of subsistence, men have fallen into the error of supposing that all happiness is comprised in possessing it: a fact which would make a very apposite heading to the intended report of the parliamentary committee which is to

be formed for the purpose of inquiring into the cause of the people's demoralisation. London society presents to our view two vortices, having bipartite peripheries, the one merging into the other, their centres leading to the accumulation of money and the pursuit of pleasure; with here and there a self-devoted philosopher, or, as it may be, a fanatic, hovering about the margin of the whirlpools, endeavouring to dissuade the multitude from suffering themselves to be carried round so rapidly, and forewarning them that they will shortly sink to rise no more upon that surface. The love of money has introduced late hours of business, highly injurious to morals, which cannot be too severely censured; it has thrown the domestic evening of all the working classes into midnight. The cupidity of shopkeepers prompts them to expose their wares until midnight, confining their assistants for a number of hours far exceeding that which is either reasonable or necessary, if uniformity of action were established among them, excepting only those trades which supply eatables, drinkables, medicine, &c. The keeping any shop open after eight o'clock in the evening is no benefit to the public, nor does it pay any proprietor for the expenses incurred; yet each, in the hope of doing more business than his neighbour, continues the practice. It is desirable that some understanding among tradesmen should take place, to enforce one general rule of shutting up public shops throughout the metropolis. Many shopmen, after shutters are up, remain until one or two o'clock, putting the stock in order for the ensuing day. All irregular habits and unreasonable demands on the part of masters beget corresponding evils on the part of the servants. Early to bed leads to early rising. The habits acquired in early life of sitting up late is seldom, if ever, overcome; when, therefore, those shopmen who usually sleep at their masters' houses are at large, and out of place (which, upon a general average, they are for at least a quarter of the year), their habit remains the same; and they resort to late houses of entertainment, which never fail to destroy their health and deteriorate their morals.

The number of young females who are employed as shopwomen also demand that the practice of late hours should be abolished by legislative

enactment. In this country, the daughters of decayed persons, and girls who are friendless, are, in very numerous instances, shamefully and cruelly treated. If a commission were issued to inquire into the condition and treatment of young girls in this metropolis who are apprentices to milliners, dressmakers, and other sedentary trades, we will venture to predict, that the publication of the report would occasion as much feeling of excitement in the public mind as the question of factory-children has produced. In Paris, this class of unfortunates is peculiarly under the protection of the laws; but in London, if a girl has the misfortune to fall into the hands of a cruel and mercenary master or mistress, she is condemned to spend the most critical period of her life upon her seat for sixteen hours every day out of the twenty-four; and not unfrequently for several whole nights, during one week, in addition, when work is pressing, and her employers too parsimonious to engage efficient hands for the business they have to perform. We have perused with attention the factory-reports, and have no hesitation in saying that we could produce evidence of greater human suffering among this class in the metropolis than is any where to be found in that work. We must, however, consider the difference as operating upon a greater or lesser number of individuals. In London we cannot possibly ascertain the extent of human sufferings, but if we may judge from the cases which have come within the range of our own observation, and the opinion of other persons well acquainted with society, the condition of female apprentices demands legislative interference from their treatment, second only in a degree to the factory evils. The effect of deterioration upon individuals in factory employment from superaction, bears no comparison to the constitutional ills engendered by long sitting in sedentary trades; disease and mortality make greater havoc among females in London, who are employed by far too great a number of hours at their needle, than in any other classes throughout the country. If the stature and robust conformation of human beings be a consideration with us, let commissions seek for the causes of the deterioration of man among the deep recesses of bricks and mortar in the metropolis.

In order to investigate this point thoroughly, we should recommend that a census of the metropolis be taken — (a system of public registration, of which we shall speak in another place, would obviate the necessity of this measure) — with the trades and avocations of its inhabitants, their stature and general health, malconformations, &c. &c., together, as far as could be ascertained, the stature and employment of their parents. From such a return, a set of statistical tables might be formed as would, we think, explain the cause which crowds London streets with a race of pigmies, whose want of pride, sinking with their physical powers, urges them to prefer an eleemosynary state of existence to work. The streets, however, afford us but a small sample of the present race of diminutives. He who would inform himself correctly upon the subject, must ascend into garrets and descend into cellars — visit houses having from fifty to sixty inhabitants of men, women, and children in them, crowded seven, eight, or nine in one room — dive into the *penetrals* of the neighbourhood of St. Giles's and Spitalfields, where he will perhaps find, as the Irishman said to a little man boasting of his ancestry, that "the descent must have been great indeed." One of the main causes of our puny, sickly, squalid, emaciated, and stunted race of beings in London, is the treatment of female apprentices, who are subsequently to become mothers, laying the foundation of the most distressing chronic diseases. The evidence of the medical men upon the question of the factory-children, all prove that exercise, even when excessive, and in confined workshops, is not constitutionally deteriorating in any degree, at least equal to what we witness in the metropolis for the want of it. Much stress has been laid upon the supposed breaking down of the plantar arch, by continually being on the feet: the evidence adduced, however, proved that none have better formed feet than factory-girls, who are uniformly strong and active compared to the sempstresses in London, who, when let out for a walk, can scarcely use their feet; as all who are observers must have noticed. Indeed the whole of the evidence, as regards females, leads us to an inference that we should find the finest-formed women in factories, where they are more generously fed.

In London, spinal curvatures are so common among females who go through an apprenticeship to the needle, that it is rare to see one free from it. We observed the sternum pressed inwards, preternaturally narrowing the chest, generating asthma, consumption, and internal chronic diseases; which not only renders their lives a burden, but quite unfits them for becoming mothers. All which, timely, natural exercise, might have averted.

Here, we repeat, is human suffering greater than is to be found in the factory system; the only remedy for which is a ten-hours' bill for London female apprentices, with the appointment of district agents, who, when complaint was made, should be authorised to examine into the cases and correct the abuses. Magisterial interposition, which in extreme cruelty is now resorted to, is insufficient and ineffectual, unless the case be so aggravated as to excite the humane feelings of some one who will volunteer to bring it before the public eye. The very name of a magistrate is terrifying in the ears of a young and timid girl; besides, if they had courage, they know not the law, or how to seek the benefit of it. If some enlightened member of parliament will take up the cause of these poor girls, we suggest that all the apprentices should be bound in the parishes where the master or mistress resides, by an agent authorised for the purpose, who should be compelled to live in the parish over which he was appointed when the indentures were signed. It should be his duty to explain the law to both parties, and particularly make the apprentices understand that he was their guardian; to whom, upon all occasions, they might apply if ill-used, or treated contrary to the tenor and provision of the act of parliament passed for their protection.

There are extremes of ill-usage of an opposite nature, not less pernicious in their effects. Those who take female apprentices should be made responsible, in every way, to exercise a proper guardianship over their charge. In many instances, mistresses select one apprentice to perform the out-door business, i. e. carry home the orders when completed by those kept at home to their needle. So thoughtless and totally careless are some upon this head, that hundreds of young girls are constantly sent from one extremity of

the town to the other, at all hours : many, from the length of their walks, are not able to return home until midnight. Those who are condemned to this duty, are seldom long before they walk the streets in another character. We know one mantuamaker's establishment from which no less than four girls, in one year, were brought upon the *pavé*, entirely owing to the practice of sending them out with orders, in all seasons, to distant parts of the town ; still the same parties continue to pursue the same course, with a recklessness that nothing but a legal interference can abate. It would be wise and humane if all persons who give orders to milliners and mantuamakers were to intimate, that they would invariably remove their favours if their articles of dress were sent home after the close of the day by a female. This would have a more salutary effect, perhaps, than any other measure. It is the duty of females to be unanimous in the general protection of their sex.

Very few of these remarks upon shopmen and junior clerks are applicable to the warehousemen and clerks of higher salaries. Those who are employed by wholesale houses have to do business with the principals of retail shops, and necessarily are a superior class. Skill and attention to business, with conversational powers, are necessary to gain attention and form friendships with the buyers of goods ; through which they may be induced to give a preference to the house in making their purchases. Such men are esteemed good salesmen, and are supposed, whenever they leave one house to serve another, to command a connexion ; provided the goods at each warehouse are equally good and cheap. Of all hired assistants in trade, these men are the most respectable, intelligent, and moral : their salaries vary from 100*l.* to 400*l.* and even 500*l.* per annum.

Town and Country Travellers.—

The former are now, from the increase and competition in trade, a considerable body of men, employed by wholesale dealers daily to traverse the town for orders. These may be considered, regarding emolument and station, to be below the warehousemen, but above the retail shopmen : many of them are paid from 100*l.* to 200*l.* per annum, others by the week, from 1*l.* to 3*l.* The travellers who take the country business are another description of persons altogether, and consider themselves of more importance than the home-warehousemen. The regular traveller, who is upon the road all the year, acquires habits and ideas which are confined to the whole fraternity ; exhibiting an effect quite at variance with the notion supposed that travelling tends to generalise and rub off local habits, prejudices, and peculiarity of ideas. English commercial travellers, like the sailors, are marked with a fixedness of character which distinguishes them from other classes, and likens them to each other. These observations apply to the travellers who are upon the road belonging to the old school ; like other classes they are rapidly undergoing a change, and that much for the better. The information of an old commercial traveller is entirely confined to the goods he has to vend, the distances the towns are apart, and the best inns for accommodation.

Twenty-five years since, no class was more characterised for inebriation. In this particular they are much reformed. The number of candidates in the commercial world for this calling, and the competition upon the road, has reduced their means of expenditure, and consequently obliged them to keep a more cautious rein upon their conduct. The salary of travellers seldom exceeds 200*l.* per annum ; the majority are from 100*l.* to 160*l.*, independently of an allowance for expenses on the road.

No. LXIV.

MICHAEL THOMAS SADLER, ESQ.

THERE is a sadness, not unmitigated, indeed, but not the less deep and lasting, connected with our personal memorial for the present month.

SADLER is dead.—MICHAEL THOMAS SADLER! He who truly earned, and without the least descent into cant or affectation, the title of *the poor man's friend!*

His career as a public man has been short, but it has been long enough to leave a name that will not soon be forgotten. Many men have, in a period equally short, gained more *distinction*, and far better served *themselves*—*Macaulay*, to wit—but few have realised or deserved equal *honour*.

The secret of his parliamentary career was briefly this: instead of coming there, like many others, with an empty head but a voluble tongue; with wit, and repartee, and smartness, and party audacity; Sadler came there with his mind and heart overcharged with schemes and plans for the good of the working classes. During the whole time of his attendance on the House of Commons, *politics*, properly so called, did not occupy the tithe of his time or his thoughts. He was ever brooding over some scheme for the relief of the Irish poor, or the bettering the state of our own agriculturists, or the emancipation of the infant slaves of our factories. His range of topics was entirely his own; and as they were ever crossing and thwarting the common current of daily politics, it was no wonder that he became reckoned, by the dandies of the house, as an odd and impracticable sort of a fellow.

His manner, too, of dealing with these topics, had the fault of Burke and of Mackintosh;—it was the style and manner of a *student*, of one who had gone to the bottom of his subject, and who insisted on taking with him even those careless or reluctant hearers who had hardly patience to skim the surface for a few moments.

Yet, with all these disadvantages against him, he was appreciated by the excellent among the people. Scarcely during his absence from parliament could a vacancy occur, in any place having a respectable constituency, without his being the first name mentioned. The applications he was perpetually receiving, and from places such as Bath and Marylebone, were not to be reckoned by units, but by scores.

His fame, however, is of a higher class than that of a parliamentarian. His was the hand which, after a hundred fruitless attempts, and those by men of no mean rank—his was the hand that threw down, and broke to pieces, and stamped into powder, that Moloch principle, long worshipped as an idol by many, of *the superfecundity of the human species*. The Malthusian theory was by him, at once and for ever, put an end to. It is true that the numerous disciples of that heresy will still adhere to it, “for the term of their natural lives.” But it is now a detected imposture, and its fate is sealed.

The public life of Mr. Sadler may be reckoned to have fallen within the last eight years. His great work on the *Evils of Ireland, and their Remedies*—a book which has been publicly declared by political opponents to be “the best ever written on that subject,” was published in 1827. He entered parliament in 1829, and retired from it at the dissolution in December 1832. His labours had then so far aided a constitutional malady, as to have excited the anxious apprehensions of his friends; but within the last year the symptoms of its advances became unquestionable. His age was, we believe, about fifty-four or fifty-five.

He was a man of rare natural endowments, and of extraordinary accomplishments; but these qualities could only be known, in their variety, to his private circle and friends. His enthusiastic devotion to the welfare of the poor was the leading feature of his character; and in this point his value was felt and appreciated by the people generally. We perceive that the men of Leeds are claiming the honour of rearing and possessing his monument. But there must be a record of his labours and his doings, of a more extensive and durable character than a local column, or tablet, or statue. Seldom has a nobler subject for the pen of the biographer been afforded, and we are glad to hear that it will not be allowed to pass unnoticed.

THE CHICKENS IN THE CORN.

BY THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.

JENNY GILL went out in a May morning,
 An' syndit her bonny brent brow;
 An' she wash'd her arms to the elbow deeps,
 Her craig an' her rosy mou :

An' she wash'd her cheeks wi' the new won milk,
 As shinin' as they could be,
 Till her very breath was like to cut,
 An' the tear stood in her ee.

An' as she look'd in her keeking-glass,
 An' said fu' daintilye,
 "Troth, my goodman has sorry skeel
 When he gaiks sae sair at me.

For Johnny will kiss an' toy wi' me
 Where there's nae skaithe nor scorn;
 But if there's ane bonny lass in the land,
 He will have her before the morn.

I wonder what can him provoke
 To skyre his mate sae sair :
 He's nae better than ane barn-door cock,
 With twenty hens an' mair."

Then Jenny rose up to her keeking-glass,
 An' close unto it she came,
 And she saw what she wish'd she had not seen;
 An' wha would not wish the same ?

For she saw her hair of the raven black
 All mix'd wi' the siller grey;
 And the wrinkles ray'd out frae her een;
 An' O Jenny Gill was wae !

But then, good Lord, as she did rave
 And shake her grizzly powe;
 For jealousy, lang by her beauty smoor'd,
 Now burst into a lowe.

She lookit through her window blind—
 Her heart loup to her chin;
 For she saw ane lass at the stable-door,
 That lithely glidit in.

"By the faith o' my body!" said bauld Jenny Gill,
 "But their haffits I shall claw;
 For I see by the limmer's flisky stride
 There's a tryste in the stable sta'."

She kickit her stockings an' syne her shoon,
 Gart a' her body-claes flee;
 But her petticoat she hastit on,
 Though it hardty reach'd her knee.

An' she's away to the stable sta'—
 Gramercy as she ran;
 An' she gart the door clash to the wa',
 Wi' rage at her goodman.

"Wha have we here?" cried bauld Jenny Gill,
 An' ran through the sta's wi' speed;
 "Wha have we here?" cried the jealous jad,
 In a voice wad hae waken'd the dead.

The lass she answer'd frae the loft,
 Since better might not be;
 But she was sae fuffed wi' affright,
 That she only cried "'Tis me!"

"What seek you there, you limmer quean,
 In the stable-bed your lane?"
 "I was looking for eggs," quo' the frighten'd lass;
 "But eggs I can get nane."

I think our chickens lay in the corn,
 Or never will lay again;
 I heard ane cackling in this loft—
 But eggs I can get nane."

"Are ye sure it was not the auld grey cock?"
 Quo' the wife, wi' girnin' leer;
 "For he sometimes cackles in the loft
 When he wants the hens to hear."

Then the lass she shook for very dread,
 Her mistress was sae snell:
 "Let down the ladder, you limmer loon!
 I will look for the eggs mysel'."

"There is no ladder," the lass replied;
 "We climb up by the wa'."
 Then the wife she rampit as she'd been mad,
 And flew at the stable sta'.

She set her foot on the manger-tree,
 And claught at the loft amain;
 But she miss'd her foot, an' down she fell,
 An' snappit her left leg bane.

An' there she lay, and sair she cried,
 An' near fell in ane swoon;
 But never a foot would she be moved
 Till the auld grey cock came down.

But the lass she heav'd her up an' ran
 As fast as she could dree,
 An' she never lan'd till she had the wife
 Where she neither could hear nor see.

An' O she lay in grievous plight!
 An' sair she made her maen!
 But it was not for her bloody snout,
 Nor yet her left leg bane:

But it was for the bonny young hens
 That lay'd amang the corn;
 An' maist of all for the auld grey cock
 That cackled so bold at morn.

O wha hasna heard o' the merry merry tale
 O' the bonny lass that clamb the wa',
 An' the chickens in the corn, an' the jealous wife
 That fell in the stable sta'?

May every auld wife of jealous heart
 Of the comely an' the young
 Get sickan a cast as bauld Jenny Gill,
 An' gang hirpling o'er ane rung.

ON KER'S NURSERY RHYMES AND PROVERBS.*

IN days of yore, somewhere about the time when Charlemagne, that "bigoted and ferocious tool of the pope," was oppressing the Saxons on the Continent, and when the Anglo-Saxons held possession of this island, it was a sad time for the poor farmers and their labourers, ground and oppressed as they were by "a foreign and onerous church-sway, bringing with it a ministry to which a goaded people imputed fraud and vexation." Loud and vigorous though, as it appears, useless were the outcries of the oppressed; much and various was the scorn and insult heaped upon them by their oppressors. There is outcry enough at the present day, heaven knows; but it is child's play to what might then be heard in every corner and in every street. Valuable to us, in these our present troublous times, would be the history of those commotions; but, unhappily, no historian, no chronicler, has deigned even to notice them. The only documents which throw any light upon the subject have been preserved in a singular and unlooked-for form,—in a form after the antiquary's own heart; and for their discovery, for the interpretation of the untranslatable language in which they are written, we are indebted to a gentleman hight John Bel- leuden Ker, Esq. How well can we figure him to our imagination, sitting night after night in his solitary chamber, placing together and considering anxiously and laboriously letter after letter, word after word, sentence after sentence, before this important piece of history came to light.

It appears that the monks and priests succeeded always in keeping the power in their own hands. The peasantry, oppressed and insulted, and at the same time unable to help themselves, sought some consolation in making lampoons on their tormentors, in the shape of songs, in which they uttered somewhat freely their complaints and their imprecations. For a time, the other party paid no attention to those squibs of a mob which they despised on account of its weakness, till at length they became so numerous

and so violent as to call for some decisive measures.

"The outrageous bearing of the satellites of the Roman church, under the protection of this imperial scourge, increased from day to day the number and circulation of these popular execrations, till their rifeuess produced an urgency to rid the church of this perplexing mode of stigmatising the conduct of its members. The remedy was ingenious, and worthy of the astuteness of friars. An unparalleled and constant corruption of the dialect in which they were composed was taken advantage of, and the invective of the lampoon was gradually undermined by the introduction of a harmless, unmeaning medley of a precisely similar sound and metre, in the latest forms of the altered dialect; till in time the original import was forgotten, and its venom and familiar use replaced by the present *Nursery Rhymes*." (Vol. i. p. 246, new edit.)

It is in these *Nursery Rhymes* that now exist the only documents of the history of those commotions to which we have alluded. We must indeed laud the patience and foresight of these men, who, not being able by one stroke of their wand to annihilate at once the songs of their enemies, were content to submit themselves to all the present inconveniences which arose from them, and to adopt a method so slow, but yet so sure, for the delivery of their descendants and successors. "By whatever hands the scheme was accomplished, its success has been complete, and the ingenuity and dexterity employed conspicuous; for, while not a trace of the former meaning has been suffered to remain, not a particle or note of either sound or metre has been lost to the public ear, in which their echoes still continue to resound in their various and wonted proportions." (*Ib.*)

Three dozen examples, precisely, has Mr. Ker given us of these singular compositions, which all breathe equal vengeance against the parson and the tithe-collector. It appears from some of them that the people were then much oppressed by select vestries, who were ever grinding them with new

* An Essay on the Archæology of our Popular Phrases and Nursery Rhymes. By John Bel- leuden Ker, Esq. First Edition: London, Longman, 1834. Second Edition: Vol. I. London, Longman. 1835.

rates, and demands for new contributions; and the first of their songs which we shall quote seems to have been composed when the vestry was in the habit of sitting in committee at a village alehouse, where their shouts of satisfaction at every new rate were perhaps rendered more audible by the brown-stout of the good man of the house. "It would seem," says Mr. Ker, "some church-rate is referred to, where the clergy assessed, but did not pay." It may be so; and we can easily fancy the poor labourer wetting his whistle perhaps with inferior swipes, and singing loudly and ferociously these homely rhymes, smothering his indignation for the present in threats of future retribution. Thus, then, or something in this manner, he sang in home-spun ballad rhyme,—

"Hear their insolent clamour!
The committee, what axes
From us church-ridden elves
Nought but rates and new taxes.
There they sit in the tap-room,
Nor once think of compassion:
We must pummel their noddles,
If they grind in this fashion.
Let us stop their long speeches,
Their high-vaunting words;
And when they're gone to pot,
We shall all live like lords."

In the "outlandish" tongue, indeed, which people spoke in those days, the song ran thus—

"Guise guise gae'n daer!
Weer schell-hey waene daer
Op stuyrs sendoen stuyrs;
End in mèlyd is schem baer.
Dere ei! met een ouwel-man!
D'aet, woed n'aet, sie ee is Par-heers.
Hye tuck heim by die left legghe
End seer ruwe hem d'-s sen stuyrs."
(P. 259.)

This song the cunning and politic monks exchanged for the following, which, as our readers will observe, might be passed upon a dull and illiterate peasantry for the original, whose meaning and point are entirely destroyed.

"Goosy goosy gander!
Where shall I wander?
Up stairs and down stairs,
And in my lady's chamber;
There I met an old man
That would not say his prayers;
I took him by the left leg,
And threw him down stairs."

What the monks failed to obtain by open extortion they wheedled out of

people's pockets by their cunning tales and persuasive speeches. We have at times had the luck to hear the following ditty:

"Jack Sprat
Had a cat;
It had but one ear;
It went to buy butter
When butter was dear."

But we did not then know that this wretched monkish composition had been smuggled in in place of the following song, which laments in pathetic strains the miseries of poor cloddy—for so the husbandman is designated—and the system of imposition to which he was exposed.

"Jackes praet
Huydt er guit;
'Et huydt Bot wan hier;
'Et wint toe Baei Bot er;
Wee 'n Bot er! Wo aea dij hier?"
(P. 257.)

Which, being translated, sounds somewhat thus:

"The tales of the parson,
Faith! they're all mighty good!
They fill the rogue's belly
With poor cloddy's food.
These smooth-faced tormentors
Live upon cloddy's labours,
While cloddy, poor soul!
Must go beg of his neighbours."

The great ally of the priest was the lawyer: in the following song they are introduced together, and are equally stigmatised for their grinding propensities.

"The parson and lawyer,
Who sit at their ease,
They'd go grind in hell
Could they get any fees.
Now, grind them well, parson!
Till their rates be all paid,
And, if the rogues grumble,
Call the law to thine aid."

The four last lines appear to contain an address from the lawyer to the priest; an address, by the way, not altogether disinterested. We think it unnecessary to quote here the original, which the monks superseded by the following song, without doubt familiar to the ears of some of our readers:

"Jack and Jill
Went up the hill
To get a pail of water;
Jack fell down
And broke his crown,
And Jill came tumbling after."
(P. 264.)

In the third line the more common reading is, "to fetch a pail," &c.

The monks employed another method of exaction, which was neither more nor less than begging—the vocation of a large portion of the fraternity. There is preserved a short but pithy exhortation to the poor gulled peasant, to be aware of this insidious mode of tax-gathering, which sounds thus to ears uninitiated :

“ Go to bed, Tom !
Go to bed, Tom !
Drunk or sober,
Go to bed, Tom ! ”—(P. 264.)

But of which the actual meaning is—

“ Why give all to the friar ?
You poor simple boor !
Button your pockets, and
Give him no more ! ”

“ The sum of this short pasquinade,” observes Mr. Ker, “ amounts to,—don't be a proof of the old saying, of ‘ a fool and his money are soon parted.’ ”

The wretchedness of the plundered peasantry sometimes drew forth the commiseration even of those who plundered them ; but the expression of such feeling came so little from the heart, that it commonly dwindled into a sneer. Take, for example, the following, in our homely style of translating,—for we approach as nearly as possible the manner of the originals :

“ Poor dolt of a sinner !
Thy life is *unasy* ;
Thou must labour for prog,
While we live fat and lazy :
Thy diet is slender,
Gain'd with care and anxiety ;
While we pick thy bones
To fatten our piety.”

This song has degenerated into the vulgar rhyme—

“ Cock-a-doodle-doo !
Dame has lost her shoe,
Master's broke his fiddlestick,
And don't know what to do.”—(P. 260.)

Mr. Ker says that it is “ a jeering apostrophe to the noodle peasant put into the mouth of the monk by the Saxon lampooners.” We are the more inclined to acquiesce in Mr. Ker's decision on this point, because it is the only instance wherein we find the hard-hearted monks susceptible of compassion. How different is the spirit of the following, evidently sung by the monks over their cups, when exulting at a successful excursion of their provider, the begging friar.

“ Little Boo-peep !
His food is good liquor :
When his cup's drained out,
• Why, he begs all the quicker.
A fig for their grumbling !
Live the jolly old dog !
Who procures for us all
Good swipes and good prog.”

Mr. Ker gives the following explanation of the name which occurs in the first line of this ditty :

“ Boo-peep is here the limitour ; the friar employed by the monastery in begging about for its support, was formerly [so] called amongst us. *Boo* is the contraction of *bode*, a messenger ; and the limitour was as he who intruded himself into every man's home to procure provisions for his convent, and pick up all the idle gossip he could besides.”

When the monks, wishing to destroy the remembrance of the commons' discontents, and not foreseeing the penetration of Mr. Ker, changed this song into the following tetrastich, the name thus given to the friar was retained, but not understood.

“ Little Boo-peep has lost his sheep,
And cannot tell where to find 'em ;
Let him alone, they'll [all] come home,
And bring their tails behind 'em.”—(P. 261.)

We have only thought it necessary to add here a word which Mr. Ker had evidently forgotten.

The last specimen which we shall give, were it not for Mr. Ker's assertion of its antiquity, we should conceive to have been made on the passing of the Reform-bill. In the original it runs thus :

“ De volcks hate er holle,
Hij dijd in 'e noô-weêr ;
Hijt lucht in hys stel
End hij vond 'et wass teêr.”—(P. 280.)

Which, translated, might run somewhat in this manner,—

“ The mob was unquiet,
And kicked up a storm :
'Cause the state was all crazy,
And wanted reform.”

The monks, wishing to falsify the history, introduced, in place of these rhymes, a certain and somewhat unseemly song, commencing thus :

“ The fox had a hole,
He didn't know where,” &c.

“ It is,” says Mr. Ker, “ the only composition of this nature I have yet lit upon which leaves the lawyer and priest out of the question. It seems to

have been produced on the occasion of some popular dissensions with the managers of the concerns of the commonwealth, by whom the people began to fancy they had been defrauded." For our own part, we are inclined to suppose rather that it is a verse of the prophecies of Merlin, or of Thomas Rhymer, which seemed so extremely improbable that it was omitted when these productions were transcribed into the English tongue. In this case the allusion would indeed be remarkable.

Such is the lost chapter of our national history which Mr. Ker has brought to light. But he has not stopped here; he has discovered that, in a manner similar to that in which our nursery rhymes were formed, though more accidentally, originated all our proverbs and popular sayings. They were not, indeed, all political squibs; but they were at one time sententious moral sayings, which the gradual change of the dialect already alluded to has transformed into unmeaning medleys, bizarre observations which, singularly enough, the peasant still unwittingly applies in the same manner as were once applied the originals.

After all, it cannot be disguised that Mr. Ker's fabric, specious and ingenious as it may appear, is no more solid than that described by the poet — the "fabric of a vision." It is a building without foundations; its author, indeed, starts with an entire misconception of the nature of the ground upon which he has to work. He says:

"It will not be denied, I suppose, that English and Anglo-Saxon are at least sister languages; and if so, as the offspring of a same parent, at one stage of existence an identical language. And if we believe (which I do) the Anglo-Saxon and the Low-Saxon (still surviving, in the main, in what we now call the Dutch) were the same language, our own must at one period have been as these once were, also the same language."
— *Preface to first edition.*

Hereupon, with wonderful ingenuity, he transforms our proverbs and nursery-rhymes into modern Dutch sen-

tences and rhymes, having a great similarity of sound to the originals, but differing widely from them in sense. These modern Dutch sentences and rhymes he immediately supposes to be what he is pleased to call Low-Saxon, and this Low-Saxon to be Anglo-Saxon; and then he supposes them to be English in its original state, it being a sister-language. But it never seems to have occurred to him that we know these languages in all their stages; that, as to our own, we know all its changes, and every form which it has taken from the time of its being first brought into our island. English is not a sister-language to the Anglo-Saxon; it has had no separate origin; but it is merely Anglo-Saxon moulded down in the course of ages. To suppose that the older form of what we now call the Dutch and the Anglo-Saxon were identical, is a mistake: they were, no doubt, cognate languages. But, while Anglo-Saxon has been changing gradually into English, the Dutch language has been undergoing similar changes; and Mr. Ker's versions of our proverbs and nursery-rhymes would be not a jot more intelligible to an Anglo-Saxon than they would have been had he translated them into Chinese.

Mr. Ker is, indeed, totally unacquainted with Anglo-Saxon, and with the different stages of what is called Middle-English, extending from the breaking-up of the Saxon in the twelfth to the fifteenth or the sixteenth century. There is not a word of Anglo-Saxon in his book. He derives, for example, *hobbledehoy* from "*Ovelde hoy* ; q. e. damaged hay, mildewed hay, and thus neither good hay nor good grass."

"*Ovelde* is the Anglo-Saxon form of *euvelde*, *geeuvelde*, the feminine gender of the participle past of *euvelen*, *euvelen*, to injure, to damage, from *euvel*, *euvel* ; in German, *ubel* ; in Anglo-Saxon, *uvel*, *ovel* ; and now, *evil*." — P. 68, *first edit.**

Now, none of the above words could possibly have been Anglo-Saxon, for this one simple reason, that that lan-

* Nothing can shew more clearly the hollowness and absurdity of Mr. Ker's system, than the facility with which he can explain and *Dutch-ify* the same proverb in half-a-dozen different ways. He appears to have been dissatisfied with what he had done in the first edition, and in his second edition he has altered almost every sentence. His new explanation of *Hobbledehoy* (p. 84, *new ed.*) is, perhaps, more ridiculous than the one we have quoted. "*Hobbledehoy* ; as he beldt the increase of the portends a near approach to the maturity of manhood. *Heop belst de hoy* ; q. e. it is by being formed into the heap [by heapings] that grass matures into hay : implying,

guage never had such a letter as *v* in its alphabet, it having been introduced by the Normans. Moreover, the Anglo-Saxon verb is *yfelian*, and the noun *heg*; and though it is not probable that an Anglo-Saxon would use such a phrase as "ge-yfelod heg," he might say "se heg is ge-yfelod;" *the hay is spoilt*.

Not only does the phraseology of every sentence of Mr. Ker's Dutch differ entirely from what could possibly have been Anglo-Saxon phraseology, but the sentiments which he makes them to express are entirely abhorrent to all our ideas of Anglo-Saxon modes of feeling and thinking. The saying, "To put the nose out of joint," becomes, in his Dutch, which he would have us take for good Anglo-Saxon, "*Te putten de noose uit afjonst*; *q. e.* to exhaust (extract) the mischief of a disgrace or (mishap)." In this sentence, the only word which has a kindred word in the Anglo-Saxon, used in any similar sense, is *afjonst*, and that differs very much in form. The Gothic ansts, *gratia*, naturally becomes the Anglo-Saxon *ést*; and with the *af* (or in Anglo-Sax. *æf*) prefixed, the word becomes *æfest*, *livor*, *invidia*, or, as it is more commonly found, *afst*, the Anglo-Saxon form of the word *afjonst*. The proverb,

"Money makes the mare to go,"

becomes, in Mr. Ker's version,

"Menig maeckt die meere to goe;
q. e. They are the little that give value to the great."

All the words of this sentence appear, though under different forms, in the Anglo-Saxon; and the nearest resemblance to the Dutch would be a very wretched Hamiltonian version: thus,

"Seó menigeo mæcð þone mærne tó
gólde."

But, though the words in this version be all Anglo-Saxon, the sentence itself is any thing else than Anglo-Saxon; and indeed it is quite impossible to translate the foregoing Dutch sentence into any Anglo-Saxon phraseology having the least resemblance to the original.

that with the various gradations of heapings and gradual increasings of size [well known to haymakers], grass, in the last and largest of such forms, becomes hay, and is considered fit for its intended use!" We shall have reason to quote his explanation of the saying, *Hobson's choice*: in the new edition (p. 73) he applies it to a coy maiden, who complains of the conduct of her lover—"Op soen's schie ho eyneke; *q. e.* when he had a kiss, he soon made higher demands upon me!!!" Thus he explains the saying as meaning "no choice at all."

Mr. Ker has indeed followed an entirely wrong track, in his attempt to explain our old proverbs. He should have traced them back in our own language—he should, as far as possible, have investigated their history—he should have sought the forms which they really had, and ascertained how many of them existed, in the Anglo-Saxon, before he attempted to form such a table of derivations as he has here published. He would thus have discovered that a great part of our commonest proverbs existed then in nearly the same words, if we take into account the change of orthography and construction, and that they had precisely the same meaning and application as they have at present.

A history of English proverbs would be a curious and interesting book; but it would be a work of labour, requiring extensive reading and deep research. The materials are plentiful; for, not to speak of the frequent allusions to them in all our old writers, we have, in printed books and manuscripts, collections of popular proverbs at different periods, from the twelfth century to the present day. A valuable collection of English proverbs of the sixteenth century is found in a rhyming treatise, entitled, *A Dialogue, containyng in effect the number of al the Proverbs in the English tongue, compact in a matter concerning two mariages*, by John Heywood, which was first printed in a black letter quarto in 1547. Heywood always quotes those proverbs as old sayings: thus,

"*Folke say of old, the shoe will holde with the sole,*" (part 2, chap. v.),

and praises them exceedingly, as

"Our common, plaine, pithie proverbes olde,

Some sense of some of whiche beyng bare and rude;

Yet to fine and fruitfull effect they allude,
And their sentences include so large a reache,

That almost in all thinges good lessons they teache."—*Preface*.

If we except a few of these proverbs,

which contain allusions to stories popular at that time, and perhaps sung or told at every alehouse throughout the land, we find scarcely one in this collection which is not also current at the present day. But there are here often additional circumstances in the comparison or in the allusion, which help us onward in our search into their history. Mr. Ker quotes the proverb, "To leap out of the frying-pan into the fire;" but in Heywood there is a part of the proverb preserved which is now lost, and which tells us that the comparison in this proverb is between a man and a flounder:

"From suspicion to knowlage of yll, for
sothe,
Coude make ye dooe but as the flounder
dothe —

Leape out of the fryng-pan into the fyre;
And chaunge from yl peyn to wurs is
worth smal byre."

Unfortunately, in the extensive literary remains of our purely Anglo-Saxon forefathers, in their poetry and their theology, their romance or their histories (unless, perchance, in the Exeter book), we have few allusions to the proverbs and saws of the people. There is, however, preserved in manuscript a poem in the semi-Saxon of the twelfth century, which is evidently a modernised copy of something older, and pretends to contain the wise sayings of King Alfred. It is one of those works which helped to preserve a Saxon feeling among the people after the conquest; and shews to us how dear to them even then was the memory of their great king, who is termed in it "both the leader and darling of Englishmen."

"And heke Alfred,
Englene herde,
Englene derling."

In this curious poem there are several allusions to popular proverbs, which are afterwards applied. As, for instance:

"þus quad Alfred,
leve þu þe nout to swiþe
up þe se flod."

"Thus quoth Alfred, Put not too strong trust in the flood of the sea;" a saying which is immediately afterwards applied to those who depend too much on present riches, which may be destroyed or taken from them. So again:

"þus quad Alfred,
Moni apþel is wid-uten grene,

brit on lema,
and bittere wid-innen."

"Thus quoth Alfred, Many an apple is green without, bright in appearance, and bitter within;" and immediately the proverb is applied to women, and to gay and boasting men who are cowardly in battle. Another proverb is quoted as a saying of the people; and there are two proverbs mentioned of the most popular class, which we shall presently quote.

Another manuscript of the end of the twelfth century, or, at latest, the beginning of the thirteenth, contains proverbs in English, Latin, and French, the three languages then commonly used by the three classes in England, the people, the clergy, and the court. The contents of this manuscript are very miscellaneous. Among much curious Latin poetry, we have riddles and conundrums (a species of composition which seems to have been a great favourite with our forefathers) written in Leonine verse: such as,

"Est avis in nemore nigro vestita colore,
Si caput abstuleris, res erit alba nimis."

The solution of which, as we are told in the margin, is *cornix*, a crow; which word being robbed of its head, or first syllable, becomes *nix*, or snow. Again:

"Est animal parvum, quod nunquam
pascit in arvom,
Si convertatur, bene quadrupes inde
ligatur:
Musca ligabit equum, si ait conversa
retrosum."

Musca, a fly, as the margin tells us, by placing the first syllable last becomes *camus*, a bridle. There are also epigrams, such as the following, which is curious, because it appears again, a little changed in the details, as the subject of a Norman-French fabliau, published, if we remember right, in the collection of Barbazan, and also afterwards, in one of the *Canterbury Tales* of Chaucer.

"Versus de Mola piperis.

Militis uxorem clamidis mercede subegit
Clericus, et piperis clam tulit inde
molam.

Mane redit, referensque molam presente
marito,

Dixit, 'mantellum redde, reporto mo-
lam.'

'Redde,' maritus ait: respondit femina
'reddam:

Amplius ad nostram non molit ille
molam."

The manuscript also contains a collection of vernacular proverbs, some alliterative and some in rhyme, translated into Latin Leonines. Above each of the Latin lines a space is left for the insertion of the English and, sometimes, French originals in red ink; but, unfortunately, a few only have been so inserted. Thus we have the well-known saw,

"Neode makas heald wif eorne."
(*Need makes the old wife run.*)

translated into Latin by

"Ut scito (*cito*) se portet vetule pes
cogit oportet."

And again,

"Veld haues hege, and wude haues
heare."

(*The field has eyes, and the wood has ears.*)

Or, as it is in the Latin version,

"Campus habet lumen, et habet nemus
auris acumen."

Which proverb is again cited in a poem of the thirteenth century, "King Edward and the Shepherd:"

"The herd bade, 'let sech (*such*) wordis
be,

Sum man myzt here the,

The were better be still:

Wode has crys, felds has sist,

Were the forster (*forrester*) here now
right,

Thy wordis shuld like the ille.'"

So also,

"Tunge bregþ bon, þezh heo nabbe hire
sif non."

(*The tongue breaks bones, though she her-
self has none.*)

Meaning, that by not properly govern-
ing our tongue, we are often the cause
of broken bones. In the Latin:

"Ossa terat lingua, caret licet ossibus
illa."

This proverb also occurs among the
wise sayings of Alfred:

"Nim hund to godsep anne staf in þire hond."

(*Takes a dog for a companion, and a staff in thy hand.*)

"Quisquis fungetur cane compatre verga (*virga*) paratur."

"Hund and cat kissat, ne beoþ hi noþe bet ifrund."

(*The dog and cat kiss, they are none the better friends.*)

"Si catulo catus dat basia, non fit amatus."

"Ne bigge no man cat, bute he iseo þe clifres."

(*Let no man buy a cat without seeing the claws.*)

"Nullus emat catum, nisi viderit unguipedatum."

"Hund eet þat hen man spelat."

(*The dog eateth what the miser hoardeth up.*)

"Sepe vorat gnarus canis id quod servat avarus."

"Wil ðe hund gnash bon, ifere neld he non."

(*While the dog gnaws his bone, companion will he have none.*)

"Dum canis os reddit, sociari pluribus odit."

"For ofte tunkte brekit bon,
And nauid hire selwe non."

And again, in a song of the end of the
fourteenth, or beginning of the fifteenth
century (MS. Sloane),

"Wykyd tunge breket bon,
Thow the self (*same*) have non,
Of his frynd he maket his fon,
In every place qwer that he go."

Again, we have the proverb,

"Ho wle wel segge, he mot hine wel
bi-þenche."

(*Who will speak to the purpose, must think
well before he speaks.*)

"Qui bene vult fari, bene debet pro-
meditari."

Many of our popular proverbs, and
these often the "most burlesque and
unmeaning" at first sight, allude to
familiar animals, such as dogs, and
cats, and cows. So, among those which
Mr. Ker has "over-set" into Dutch,
we find,

"He is as proud as a dog with two tails."

P. 10 (*new edit.*).

"He looked as melancholy as a gib-cat."

P. 13.

"He is as much behind as a cow's tail."

P. 47.

However, such proverbs as these are
found among the oldest in our lan-
guage. In the above-mentioned poem
of the wise sayings of Alfred, we have
two instances of them: as,

"For ofte mused þe catt
After þe moder."

And again:

"þe bicche bitit ille
þan he berke stille."

So, in the collection of proverbs of the
twelfth century, from which we have
already given a few specimens, we have—

"Cat lufat visch, ac he nele his feth wete."

(The cat loves fish, yet he will not wet his feet.)

"Catus amat piscem, sed non vult tangere flumen."

"Wel wot hure cat whas berd he likat."

(Well knows our cat whose beard he ticketh.)

"Murelegus bene scit cujus barbam languere suescit."

This last, like several of the others, is still preserved. In Heywood's book, before alluded to, we also find it quoted in almost the same words (part 2, chap. ix.):

"The cat knowth whose lips she likth well enough."

These few examples will shew that, at least as early as the twelfth century, the popular proverbs were precisely similar to those of the present day; indeed, that a very large portion of them were the same, long before Mr. Ker's Low Dutch would have had any chance of being understood. They shew also that, in the alterations and modulations which our language has undergone, its proverbs have varied in words, and not in sense. Indeed, Mr. Ker has been unfortunate in this point, for he has invariably taken the proverbs in their most modern form, never seeming to suspect that some few centuries ago their forms may have been very different. The proverb, "Needs must when the devil drives," becomes immediately with him, "*Nood's meest wen't evel te rijf is*; q. e. necessity is the master where the evil is too exuberant." But in "maister" Heywood's time the wording of the phrase was a little different, for thus he quotes it (part 2, chap. vii.):

"He must nedes go whom the divle doth drive."

"To kick against the bricks," says Mr. Ker, is nothing more than "*Te kicken afgunst des bruiks*; q. e. to let out or betray dislike of general usage, custom." But the proverb, as he gives it, if not an erroneous quotation of the Scripture phrase, "To kick against the pricks," is merely a modern improvement of the older phrase, "To kick against the wall;" which is thus quoted by Heywood (part 2, chap. v.):

"Foly it is to spowrne against a pricke,
To strive against the streame, to winche or
kick

Against the hard wall."

Many of these proverbs and sayings of old times, which we cannot now

understand, referred to stories and fables that are forgotten. To mention one or two out of a host, we have in Chaucer—

"And eke this olde widewas, God it woþe,
They connen so moch craft on Wade's bote."

A proverb founded upon a legendary history, which is now supposed to be lost. So in Heywood we have—

"Nay, backare, quod Mortimer to his sow;"

And,

"Then wolde ye looke over me with stomache swolne,
Like as the divell lookt over Lincolne."

Still there are many such sayings, and not a few in Mr. Ker's book, of whose origin a very satisfactory account may be given. He has certainly shewn a want 'of respect to our great poet Chaucer, when he derived the saying, "A Canterbury tale," in the sense of a fable, from the Dutch "*Gaen-deur-op-cere-te-heel*; q. e. to go on (get through) by the help alone of reiterated appeals to honour." When he derived "Hobson's choice" from "*Op soen's gheeijsch*; at the command of a sacrifice," he should not have passed over the other half of the proverb, "this or none," or have forgotten the story of old Hobson of Cambridge, who let out his horses in rotation. "To bell the cat," he says, is "*Woe wel beul, dije guit*; q. e. and though there is a hangman, yet you see robbing still goes on." Yet in a book nearly as old as the middle of the fourteenth century (which was formerly exceedingly popular, and now deserves to be read and well studied—the *Visions of Piers Plowman*), we find the fable on which this proverb was founded; how the rats and mice held a council, to consider the means of escaping from the claws of their tormentor, the cat; how they determined to put a bell round her neck, that might give warning of her approach; and how at last the question was, Who should undertake to put on the bell?

THE METROPOLITAN EMIGRANT.

BY JOHN GALT.

EVERY man has his own reasons for emigrating, so had I : but I think that, by relating the events of my own life, the reader will have a better idea of them than by any other account I can give ; I will, therefore, without delay, relate the incidents that led to, and those which followed after, my emigration.

I was bred by my father in the haberdashery line, and was by him installed in a shop in the borough, with a due assortment of goods ; but, after a few days, I perceived that there was some vacancy in my household ; long was I before I discovered what this want was — indeed it was not I that found it out, but Miss Barbara Putty, my cousin, who one day, for the first time, deigned to enter my shop : the very first observation she made was —

“Cousin, you want a wife.”

“Indeed, I think I do,” replied I, in a demure tone ; for much did I dread lest my not having thought of it before might have been deemed by Miss Barbara an insult to the sex, represented in her person : however, my forebodings were, happily, not realised, for nothing more was said until the departure of the stale damsel, when she exclaimed, in an intended jocular tone,

“Cousin Stephen, I shall call next month on your bride, whom I hope to find in the person of Miss Amelia Sprat ;” and, adding in a lower tone, “who will have three hundred pounds fortune.”

My want was thus explained, and I forthwith conned over my list of female friends, and the one I thought would suit me best was the identical Miss Amelia Sprat, the daughter of a plump rosy-faced fishmonger. That very evening I shut shop full an hour before the usual time, and proceeded to Mr. Sprat’s, whom I found busily engaged in his own concerns ; but, as I had screwed myself up to the sticking-place, I at once said that, as I had an important communication to make, I would be much obliged by his giving me a private interview.

He at once ordered his boy to attend to the business, and, having taken me into a small room, desired me to acquaint him with what I had to say, as he was very busy, and wanted to get back.

“Mr. Sprat,” answered I, “I have found that an essential article is wanted in my household, and —”

“Oh,” interrupted he, “you want a wife, I suppose.”

“Exactly so,” continued I ; “and in your amiable daughter I think I have discovered the person I should wish to espouse.”

“Very well,” said he, “if she agrees I will not withhold my consent ; so there’s the parlour-door, and Amelia’s within.”

All went well — I was married, and my cousin, Miss Barbara Putty, fulfilled her prediction ; moreover, staid the remainder of the day with us, during which she enlightened my wife on sundry points of domestic economy, and in the craft of household management.

For some time things went on better than I had ever anticipated, and, by degrees, I was led into speculations in various kinds of haberdashery, pronounced so many gold mines ; but it is wonderful that they all, without exception, turned out losses, to the great detriment of my purse and temper, for, as things grew worse, I am told that I became remarkably crabbed and peevish.

One day as I was standing behind my counter, two elderly gentlemen came in and asked permission to wait for a little, till it had ceased raining, as it was at the time very wet : of course I complied, and handed them seats. After a little they began to converse about the Canadas, and, having been but little instructed about foreign countries, I listened attentively to what they were saying, which was, as near as I can recollect, to the following effect :—

“I think, Mr. Brown,” said he who seemed the elder of the two, “that I shall soon emigrate myself, things are becoming worse every day, and I believe that the States or the Canadas are now the best place for a poor man ; and, if I mistake not, they will soon receive many of the poor bankrupt tradesmen and others who find themselves sinking lower every day.”

“Ah, Mr. Millman,” answered the other with a smile, “both you and I are too old to think of it now ; we could not change our habits so much as to be able to endure the privations

of the backwoods : emigration appears to me fitted chiefly for the lower orders, and those who have no fixed habits ; but I agree with you in thinking that Canada is the place for the poor tradesmen of this country."

"My opinion," replied Mr. Millman, "is, that those tradesmen who are going on the high road to ruin, could do no better than, instead of selling their goods at half-price, carry out their merchandise with them to Canada, and begin business again."

This advice appeared to me very judicious, and from that time I commenced revolving in my own mind what I had heard about this land of refuge, and likewise endeavoured to inform myself better on the subject, whereby it was soon noised abroad that I, Stephen Needles, was going to emigrate ; and among other circumstances arising from this report, was the following, which serves as an instance of the manner in which I was induced to buy things, which were afterwards found to fetch no advance of price equivalent to the cost of carriage, and, in some instances, they were a total loss :—

One day I was seated in my little parlour by myself, making up my accounts, when my shop-boy came in and said that a person wanted to speak to me ; I desired him to be shewn in ; he was a tall, sallow-faced, roguish-looking man, of about thirty-five years of age, but wearing a wig. I handed him a chair, and requested him to explain his business.

"Why," said he, "I am a stranger in London, and, to tell the truth, somewhat in want of the needful, and, therefore, compelled to dispose of some worsted I was going to have taken out to Canada, where there is at present an enormous price given for it, and which is not likely for some time to abate ; but, as I said before, I am in want of the money to take me out there, and, therefore, obliged to part with it, though it is with great unwillingness, as I know I could realise a great sum by it in America ; but hearing in the neighbourhood that you were thinking of emigrating, I thought you might be willing to take it at prime cost."

"Very well, Sir," I answered, "if your commodity is good, may be I will purchase some of it."

Accordingly he shewed me a sample he had brought in his pocket, and, after some bargaining, I agreed to give five

guineas for all he had, if it was of the same quality ; and, very soon after, a box full was brought, which was very good looking, therefore I paid the money, and away he went, reiterating his regret at being obliged to part with it, and leaving me in an ecstasy of delight at the fortune I was to make by it, and the variety of other things I was going to take out with me ; for I had now resolved to emigrate.

I therefore stuck up printed handbills in my shop-windows, that contained a great deal about "prodigious sacrifices," "great catch," &c. ; and in a few days disposed of all the things I did not intend to take with me.

Every thing went on as well as I could wish ; and I sailed on the 10th of July, in the ship Providence, from London for Quebec, with a great assortment of goods.

With respect to our voyage, I will say nothing—neither about my own sickness and fears, nor those of Amelia ; but will merely state that, after a wearisome voyage of seven weeks, we arrived at the capital of Lower Canada. I was sitting sick in my cabin when we came within sight of Quebec. My wife, who was then on deck, suddenly came running down, and cried in my ear : "Oh ! Stephen, Stephen, we'll grow rich in no time, for the houses are all covered with silver."

Never did any pill or lotion act on a sufferer with such mitigation of pain as this intelligence did on me. I bounced like a piece of Indian rubber from my seat, and was on deck in a twinkling of an eye, followed by my triumphant consort ; and verily I did think that she had not surpassed the truth, for the rays of the sun were glancing on the roofs of the houses in a manner that made my heart leap at having arrived at this land of wealth.

Without saying a word, I took Amelia by the arm, and led her down again, when we commenced agitating what we would do when we had got rich. We had just come to the conclusion of returning home, and cutting a great figure—I was to be made lord mayor, and a great many other fine things—when a loud voice shouted down into where we were seated, "If you want to go ashore, there's a boat alongside."

Up we got, eager to put our feet on this land of silver ; and as we stepped out, I saw half a dollar lying on the

wharf, close to my wife, whom I told to pick it up.

"Pick up that," said she scornfully; "do you think I would stoop to pick up that?" and gave it a touch with her toe that sent it spinning into the water.

I certainly did not approve of such conduct, but I kept my sentiments to myself; and she had soon the mortification of knowing that she had thrown away real silver, while her eyes were bewitched with glittering tin.

I can assure you we returned much downcast to the vessel, after we had secured lodgings in one of the inns; and the country was greatly deteriorated in our eyes by the discovery of the false glittering of the dwellings. Indeed, we soon saw that the people had to work as hard in Canada as in the old country.

We did not remain long at Quebec; for I was dissuaded from opening shop there by being told that the market was decidedly overstocked, and was advised to go to some of the new settlements, where I would be able to drive a prodigious trade. I therefore determined to set off the next Monday, being the second we had spent in the "false city," as my wife denominated Quebec, giving orders for the construction of an enormous beef-steak pie.

Monday turned out, to our delight, a very fine day, and we started by six in the morning in a vehicle denominated a wagon; which name, however, I cannot say I think appropriate. We were accompanied with three veritable wagons, containing part of our luggage; the other part of which I had agreed with the man to be sent after me.

When we had travelled several hours, we began to feel the admonitions of hunger; and we therefore resolved to breakfast at the place where we then were, as no inn was in view. So, having got it out of the wagon, we placed the ponderous pie on the ground, and satisfied the cravings of nature. Then we spread a cloth over it, while we went to look after the rest of our train, which was just appearing in sight.

We found no damage of a serious nature had befallen our articles; and we therefore prepared to re-enter our conveyance, when Amelia recollected our provisions, and ran to fetch the pie; with which she soon returned and placed it upon the seat, while we got in;

which we had barely accomplished, when we perceived the cloth moving.

"What can it be?" said my wife, putting down her hand to lift it. She had hardly touched it when a hiss was heard beneath, and a snake thrust out its head and began to crawl up her arm. She gave such a terrific scream that the horse took fright, and setting off at full speed, ran foul of a stump, and precipitated us, snake and all, to the ground.

"Ah, ah!" shrieked Amelia, in a tone of horror; "I feel it twining down the back of my neck. Oh, oh! take hold of its tail—stop it!"

"I'll not touch the reptile," said I; "I'm sure its a rattlesnake. Wait till I——"

"Oh! I am dying—I feel it stinging me. Ah, ah!—there again," interrupted my wife, throwing herself with all her force on the ground; and the snake, finding itself, I suspect, in no very comfortable quarters under Amelia, who is corpulently inclined, abandoned its position, and, to its victim's horror, glided across her mouth in its progress. She then got up; and the driver, who was indulging in a fit of laughter at her expense, soon extirpated the reptile, which he pronounced of the most harmless dispositions. However, nothing could induce either of us to taste the pie again; on which the man and his companions breakfasted, and enjoyed a hearty laugh at our expense.

Nothing more occurred till we arrived at the place where I intended to settle, as it is called; and we got to the tavern just before sunset. Here we had some tea; and then went to the balcony, where we remained talking of our prospects in Canada till we were completely discomfited by whole swarms of mosquitoes, that fastened on our hands and faces in such a manner as to occasion us some pain.

In a few moments I became disagreeably itchy; and as we were scratching the blains in very agony, a person told us with a grave face that doing so only made them worse, as if it were possible to help it. In the irritation of my nerves, I answered him very tartly; and on his laughing, grew so angry that I quite forgot myself, and in the end made him equally furious.

From that time to this I have had reason to repent having so given way to my temper; but to the irritation

inflicted by the bites of the mosquitoes. I attribute all the misfortunes that I experienced in that part of the country; for I have reason to believe that this person went about the village, and stirred them up against me.

The next day I purchased a convenient house, and removed my goods into it without delay; and after being occupied a fortnight with carpenters, joiners, &c., I placed my commodities in excellent order (the remainder having duly arrived), and was quite prepared to receive customers.

My store, as they called it, being opened, the people of the village immediately flocked to it, and bargained for articles, which, to my astonishment, they were about to carry away without paying; and on my asking them for money, they impertinently shrugged their shoulders, and went away leaving the things behind them. Strange as it may appear, it is the fact that not one of those who entered the shop purchased an article: all without exception, on my demanding the price, muttered some outlandish gibberish and walked out.

"Well," says I to myself, "these are the poor people of the village, who are trying to get me wheedled out of my property; those that can pay will come to-morrow."

But the next day, and the one following, not the shadow of a customer crossed my threshold, and I began to fidget; but I shall always think that it arose from that quarrel I had at the inn; and what makes me more certain is, that the same individual told me that the reason I had no custom was because I did not give credit, as if I should have trusted persons I never saw in my life before. They were, however, to say the mildest thing of them, barbarians; for they could not speak a Christian tongue, but uttered gibberish, and laughed one with another as they left the shop. As a proof of their utter foolishness, when I was showing some capital cloth to one of these habitants, as they are called, he held up his garment, and said, with a corresponding shrug, "It isn't as good as that;" when it was better beyond comparison. But my store-business was fast coming to a standstill; and the following incident tended to hasten its consummation.

It was the evening of the fifth day

after my opening shop in Labois that I was sitting behind the counter, wondering when the great trade that had been promised me was to come, as my money was beginning to run short, and I had not sold an article, when my wife came in and said, in a low squeaking voice, "Oh, oh! we'll all be killed now, for an evil spirit, in the shape of a turkey-poult, is flying about in the store-room."

I started up with haste and went to the door, but, being imbued with Amelia's fears, first held my ear to the key-hole, and to my petrification I heard a loud flapping in the room. Notwithstanding my trepidation, I determined to see what it was; therefore I desired my wife to get a candle, while I went and fetched the gun. Without delay both errands were executed; and having ascertained that the fowling-piece was loaded, I told Amelia to open the door and go in first with the candle, that I might have light to see and shoot the intruder, if it was in a tangible form. To this my wife objected; but I remarked that it was necessary one should go first, and that if I went first with the gun I would not be able to see how to fire, but if she went in with the light I would shoot before the creature could attack her.

After some delay she agreed, and with a trembling hand turned the key and entered. Just as I was about to follow, a blast of wind blew out the light and slammed the door in my face. There was an instant's pause, and then a scream arose from within the room that went through my head with unparalleled acuteness; I shall never forget it. Another moment of silence, and then a second shriek, followed by a grappling of fingers at the door, which I was unable to open. It turned out afterwards that I was pulling it the wrong way, and by that means preventing Amelia from getting out; but the energy of terror in her overcame my opposition, and bursting out, she rushed away with great speed, leaving me alone in the dark. Nothing could persuade her to return; and I was therefore compelled to go for a neighbour.

The first person that I addressed myself to immediately agreed to come; and having got another candle, we proceeded to the room. Hardly had we entered when, on casting my eyes around, I perceived a great thing flying about. I watched it till it settled;

and then, taking good aim, fired and shot it. With great alacrity, Lafatu, as my companion was called, picked it up, and shewed it to me. It was an owl, and not remarkable for beauty. In triumph we left the scene of action, and went into the parlour, where we found Amelia on the tiptoes of expectation to hear what it was. On being informed, she set about making tea, to which I invited my ally.

During tea the conversation was for the most part concerning our fright; and the evening passed very pleasantly; for Lafatu related a number of curious and marvellous stories; one of which seemed to me rather too extraordinary. Our guest said that he knew a man who affirmed that he had once fired at such an immense flock of pigeons, that, having aimed rather too low, he shot off more than a bushel of legs.

Next morning I went to my store-room to see whether I had injured any thing by the shot; and on taking down the bundle of worsted, it all fell to pieces, each hank being cut through and through, and greatly singed by the flame. There was five guineas' worth totally destroyed. It was heart-breaking; and I immediately went into conclave with my wife, who agreed with me that we were evidently not succeeding in the store-keeping line; wherefore I proposed that we should dispose of all our goods and betake ourselves to farming. She, however, to do her justice, said that she was certain we would not succeed in making money that way; but I silenced her by asking her to shew what way we could do better.

Accordingly, that same day, I went to our rival in the village trade, and struck a bargain with him for both the goods and the house.

The next week I left Labois, but with a much smaller retinue than when I entered it a month before, being only attended by one wagon. During the week I had come to the determination to settle in the township of Inverness; and, having arrived there, purchased a two hundred acre lot on the banks of a small stream, and at once contracted with two men to build a house and clear ten acres of land for me.

On the third week I entered on my land, the house having been put up and the greater part of my bargain finished. I had provided myself with the necessary woodsman's utensils, and having seen the progress of the men I had

hired, now thought myself capable of cutting down the trees that grew around.

I had resolved to follow their modes in every thing, and, among others, had noticed that they never wore coats (I was afterwards told that they were at the time in pledge for whisky); accordingly, I took off mine, and worked hard for the first two days, when I began to feel pains in my back and arms. I with great difficulty managed, however, to continue throughout the third; but the next morning I suffered so acutely on attempting to rise, that I was certain I had got the rheumatism by going without my coat. All that day I lay in bed, and had warm cloths and flannels swathed about me, and, on the suggestion of my wife, suffered a mustard blister to be applied. These remedies, in five days, succeeded in allaying the pains, and on the sixth I left my room, but could not stand upright; on the contrary, I had to get two sticks, and move forward, stooping very much; only now and then lifting my head to see I did not run against stumps. That evening I was, in spite of the exhortations of my well-meaning spouse, round the edge of my clearing, and examining the place where I thought I could best renew my operations. After moving about a little in my stooping manner, I lifted up my head to see where I was going, and to my horror perceived a great bear wriggling its jaws and advancing towards me. I chose the lesser evil of the two, and disregarding the pain in my back, rushed to the house at the top of my speed. On getting in, I locked and bolted the door, and went up to the bedroom window (for we had that unusual thing—a two-story house), from which I saw the bear very scientifically pull down the pig-sty, and remove a fine fat pig we were intending to have killed for our Christmas dinner. The squeaking of the victim brought my wife, who, with great daring but little prudence, ran towards the thief, but, fortunately for herself, fell before she was up to it, having put her toe under the exposed root of a tree; I, say fortunately, although she broke her arm in the descent; but to our great satisfaction it was soon healed, though the doctor's bill was any thing but a trifle.

Every one who knows any thing of Canada must have heard of the shocking winters of the Lower Province; and as

the cold weather approached, I began to get rather terrified as to the result, it being the first winter I had been there. Accordingly I hired five immense stoves, one for the kitchen, one for the parlour, and the rest for the bedrooms, for which I paid five-and-twenty dollars. Indeed, this way I found was common with those who were not determined as to their stay; and as I had moved so much of late, I thought it was better than to purchase them. I then busied myself in cutting fire-wood, but the trees on my lot were unfortunately soft wood, which does not burn well; and what with being green, and what with being soft, we were placed in rather a disagreeable situation, as will be seen in the sequel. But, to tell the truth, I must say that my constitution was more adapted to cut and measure cords of lacings than cords of wood. It was while I was thus engaged, that I discovered that what I and my wife had imagined to be the rheumatism, was merely the pains occasioned by such unusual hard work, and not at all to be regarded, though it was no joke at the time.

It was about the middle of January, and a bitter cold morning, for a piercing north wind that nothing could repel, having arisen, we, as may be expected, instantly set about lighting a fire. Shivering and shaking with cold did I view Amelia's vain efforts to strike a light, in trying to effect which she only bruised her fingers, and failed in eliciting a single spark for at least five minutes. When at length that desirable object was attained, a candle having been lighted, we discovered that there was no wood in the house, and I had therefore to go to the shed where it was, a distance of about seventy yards. Although I knew it was a very cold morning, yet I thought as it was so near it would be needless to put on a greatcoat or gloves, therefore I rushed forth, and was instantly enveloped in a violent *poudre*, which almost blinded me, and cut my face to the bone. Though the wood was, as I have said, so close at hand, it was full three minutes before I reached it. Having loaded myself, I again entered the whirlwind of ice and snow; and though my hands were dreadfully cold, yet I managed to carry my load almost to the door, where, being unable to retain it any longer, I let go, and tumbled in half dead to death: both my hands

and the tip of my ear were frozen, which it took some time to get into their original state. Meanwhile Amelia ran out and brought in the firewood; yet it was so green and wet with melted snow, that it was full three quarters of an hour before it was kindled, during which period we were in a lamentable state, cold and comfortless within, while we could hear the bleak biting wind rushing without, whirling the small frozen snow into every cranny and crevice that it could get near, and threatening destruction to any one who should attempt to go out.

This, with one or two others like it, were the only days that no one could have gone out in; for, with these exceptions, all the subsequent ones were, though cold, yet so clear and bracing, that the weather was exceedingly pleasant, and when warmly wrapped up, sleighing was a very convenient and agreeable way of travelling. But I ought to mention that, in the beginning of the winter, before the snow fell, there being a good deal of skating, I was persuaded to try and learn myself; but the first day was sufficient, and I never again troubled any one to lend me their skates.

During this winter an unusual quantity of snow fell, and covered the roofs of the houses for some depth. While the frost lasted it was prevented from sliding off; but when spring approached and the days grew warmer, it loosened its hold on the roof, and would slide off in a great heap. One night, having occasion to go for some thing or other to the store, Amelia went out while I waited for her return. As the store was not more than ten minutes' walk, she had not thought it needful that I should go with her, though the night was as black as pitch.

For at least half an hour I sat ruminating beside the stove, listening to the snow falling off the roof, when my attention was roused by hearing a great portion slide off with a vast din, and at the same instant I imagined I heard a faint outcry; but as nothing followed, I sat still, greatly rejoicing that so much had fallen, as its melting on the roof made the house very damp, and likewise thinking it would greatly lessen my labour in throwing the remainder off, as I had intended to do on the morrow.

I waited for about ten minutes longer, reflecting on my fortunes in Canada,

and revolving in my mind the events that had happened within the last twelvemonths—my twofold emigration, first from England, and then from the village where I had kept store, and hoping that I was now fairly settled for life, when I suddenly recollected my wife, who I found had been absent some time more than was necessary. Wondering what could have delayed her, I stepped to the window and looked out: all was dark and dismal, and I could not see further than an immense mound of snow that had slid off the house. On finding how useless it was to remain looking for her from the window, I shut it and returned to the stove; but becoming uneasy, I silently, and with a kind of stealth, reached my hat and coat from the peg, and putting them on, resolved to go out and look for the missing Amelia. As the road was straight; I was under no apprehensions of losing my way, and therefore, climbing over the aforesaid high pile of snow, I hastened towards the store, hoping to meet her on the road, when the thought struck me that she was lying buried under the heap before my house. Having, therefore, called a neighbour, we procured torches, and looked for her tracks in the snow.

As we were going along, my companion eyeing me in a curious manner, said—

"Between neighbours I don't intend to say any thing, but you had better make off before it's known."

"What's known?" answered I, much astonished at his words.

"Oh," said he, "you are quite safe with me; you need not fear my informing."

"What do you mean?" cried I, in some alarm.

"Only that you might not have met with any other person so accommodating. I have killed a man myself."

I started back from him in horror, and then asked, though almost choked with fear—

"Do you suppose I've killed my wife?"

"Certainly," said he; "or what are these spades for? but you ought to have chosen a better time—waited till the frost was out of the ground; it will be hard work to dig through."

I was quite thunderstruck; so much so, that I dropped my spade, which he perceiving, added,

"You may rely on me; only be off

as quick as you can, for all the people hereabouts are expecting it, as they saw that you could be here for no other reason than to get rid of her, being nothing of a farmer."

Here I interrupted him, having recovered my breath and faculty of speech, both which had deserted me; and after some time made him understand that it was to dig her up that I required his assistance.

Having by this time reached the mound of snow, the mystery of her disappearance was cleared up by our perceiving one of her feet sticking up. We soon extricated her, almost dead with bruises, wet, and want of air: indeed, she would have been suffocated, had not her head got beneath the platform before the house.

As I had received something of a fright when my auxiliary said he had killed a man, I asked him to come in with a very bad grace; which he perceived, and gave vent to shouts of laughter, whereof I was in a manner constrained to ask the cause; upon which he answered, still laughing, "Why, Mr. Needles, we saw you were a coward, and therefore determined among ourselves to have some sport with you; and I was just amusing myself with you the whole time."

On hearing this, I asked him in and gave him a dram to say nothing more about it; but, notwithstanding, the story was in every body's mouth two days after, and it was always in my ears for a month. But to continue.

The next morning my wife awoke with a very bad cold, that confined her to the house for a fortnight; by which time the snow was nearly all off the ground, and the spring fairly set in. The persons who had maple trees on their lots now commenced making sugar for their consumption during the rest of the year. But I was unable to do this, as my lot was covered with *magnificent pines*, and similar unprofitable trees; the sight of which, growing in great luxuriance, had induced me in my inexperience to take my present land in preference to that covered with far better trees. But the not being able to make sugar was the first and least of my manifold misfortunes while engaged in farming.

In stocking and clearing my farm I had expended much the greater part of my money, and the remainder, suffered a considerable diminution in

preparing for and putting in my crops. I shall not, however, waste time in describing the progress of their growth, and the multitude of cares I had to keep out pigs, and various other equally destructive animals.

This season happening to be a very bad one, my crops, when harvested, produced so little, and that little of such bad quality, that I found myself out of pocket; which was a very discouraging thing to a new settler, and occasioned many sad reminiscences of my shop in the Borough, both to myself and Amelia. But we knew that, now we were out, we could not easily get back; so we mutually desisted from speaking on the subject.

Just before harvest I got engaged in a very disastrous occurrence, which arose from the following circumstances. One of my neighbours had a very large, ferocious sow, that he used to allow to wander about the road, and which frequently managed to get into the corn-fields, where it would commit sad depredations. This great creature had often attempted to enter mine—indeed it had sometimes succeeded in effecting an entrance; but I had turned it out before it had done any injury. For several weeks I had missed it along the highway, and I began to think it was either sold or dead, and was therefore much rejoiced, when one morning I espied this huge sow, attended by fourteen smaller ones, routing and running through the best part of my field.

On seeing the injury the animal had done, I was very angry, particularly as I had requested her owner to keep her up; and therefore, resolving that it should do no more harm, I took down my gun and went to the field. On arriving at the spot, I found all the greater part of the wheat trodden down and rooted up; and my indignation being greatly increased by perceiving the extent of the damage, I took aim and fired at the sow, which was in the midst of its progeny.

When the smoke cleared away I discovered that my shot had taken effect, and that the mother and three or four of the piglings were shot. My anger would have been appeased with this, had not the remainder with one accord rushed away into another field. This raised my corruption anew; and, loading my gun, I pursued and killed three or four more. After having had

the carcasses removed, I sent over to the owner to tell him what I had done. He came to me immediately in a great rage, and said that I must pay for them, or else he would go to law with me.

On hearing this threat, I answered, that if he would pay me for the loss I had sustained by them, then I would pay him for the pigs; but he would not agree to this fair offer, and left me, declaring that before long I would have to pay something more than the price of the "swinish multitude," or the massacre of the innocents, as he termed the number of the slain. And it was not long after harvest before I received a notice that he was prosecuting me.

I will not trouble the reader with an account of my case, which was a very lamentable one, and ended with a verdict against me, on what grounds I know not; but I had to pay a lawyer's bill, and for the pigs likewise. This dreadful result almost ruined me; and, to add to our affliction, I got an attack of the fever and ague, with which I was long laid up. But at length I recovered, just in time to experience the rigour of another winter, which was, like the former, a very fine, but cold one.

In the spring I suffered the loss of one of my oxen by the falling of a tree; and it was impossible to repair its loss, as I had hardly sufficient money left to crop my land. While in this deplorable situation, I received 20*l.* from my father, accompanied with many hopes that we were succeeding in the farm; for he knew that I had left the store-keeping. This money restored me in some degree, and I managed to live to the autumn; when I again had a miserable crop, although my neighbours had very good ones.

On my expressing my wonder at this circumstance, one of them had the kindness to tell me that I never would make a shilling out of my land, it was so poor; adding, "And those pine stumps will hold up their heads for at least twenty years to come, in spite of all you can do. I advise you to clear out for some better location."

On hearing this opinion from one who ought to know, and as I had no reason to disbelieve him, as every pains had been taken in vain to render the last crop more plentiful, I thought it was deserving of attention and consideration. Accordingly, after tea, I thus addressed Amelia on the subject:

"We have now been in this country upwards of eighteen months, and nothing but vexation and loss have attended us ever since we set foot on it. We have expended almost all our money, sold our goods, and, in fact, have been step by step going on to ruin. I therefore think that we had better scrape together what money we can, and return home. But what say you?"

Her answer was quite accordant with my wishes. But she added: "I think you would have done better if you had followed my advice, and never had any thing to do with a farm, as I do not pretend to know any thing about it; and the result proves you are no wiser than myself."

From this time we began to make preparations for our departure, which we had resolved should take place before winter. The selling of our furniture, farming utensils, oxen, &c. procured us the necessary sum. And as we could not hope to find a purchaser for the farm, we left it to re-

ceive a new coating of trees, and with all expedition set out for Quebec, which we expected to reach in two days, but which, by unusual rains and other circumstances, took us four; by which we arrived just in time to get on board the ship *Frederick*, bound for London; thus escaping the fraudulent, or at least exorbitant, charges at the inns.

This time we had a rough, boisterous, four weeks' passage, in the course of which I enjoyed the felicity of many a good ducking, as, not being very sick this time, I stood for the most part on deck. Nothing remarkable happened throughout, and glad was I when the ship anchored at Gravesend; from whence I was soon conveyed in the steam-boat to London; where, having taken a coach, I arrived about eight o'clock in the evening at my father's, where we staid till we were re-established in another shop, into which I was right glad to enter, after having experienced in Canada the folly of emigration.

MIND AND MUSIC.

A MELODY.

Ποῦ παρτίδος ἀδομιλίστρια,
Χρυσὴ χρυσίστρια.—SAPPHO.

ENCHANTRESS! cease to touch the string,

Nor play nor sing:—

Had Lesbian Sappho looked like thee,

The fatal sea

Had not in her despair been tried,
But she had lived her Phaon's bride.

When rapt Pygmalion, dreaming oft

Of beauty soft,

An Image of his brightest thought

In marble wrought,

And wished it, as entranced he stood,
Were flesh and blood;

And, madly loving, fondly prayed

His marble maid

Might to his passionate touch grow warm,

A living form;

And in the madness of his mind

For his own creature sighed and pined:

At first the lovely shape he made

The stone bewrayed;

Till Cypris heard his frantic prayer,

And warmed his fair;

When she to light of love awoke,

And lived and breathed and sighed and spoke;

Then in her eyes the liquid fire
 Of soft Desire,
 And in each feature of his Queen
 Quick Mind was seen ;
 And to his arms, true Woman all,
 She stept from off the pedestal.

Fair as that Statue, Beauty bright !
 Wert thou to-night ;
 And to my thought thy drapery's fold
 Hid one as cold ;
 Till thou didst touch the stringed keys,
 And loose their prisoned melodies.

The soul of Music sighed and stirred,
 And like a bird,
 Sprung sudden on her eager plume,
 And filled the room,
 While heaving heart and kindling eye
 Swelled, glistened to her melody.

Who held not in his breath ? Hush ! hush !
 O ! what a gush
 Of saddest, wildest eloquence
 That Innocence
 Trills—till e'en Vice, on her intent,
 Forgets it is not innocent.

How, while she sings, glows every feature
 Of that bright Creature
 With inborn light ! The Muse is here,
 To eye and ear
 And heart confest ! from human face
 Breathing her own immortal grace.

The magic of the melting tone
 Is all her own ;
 The burst of song—its dying fall,
 So musical !
 It is the Muse herself, revealing
 The dearest mysteries of Feeling.

No more ! no more ! Enchantress, cease !
 And give me peace :
 The sense of pleasure wound to pain,
 Is like a chain
 Too fine to see—too firm to sever,
 We can not break at once—and never.

The light yet hangs upon thy face ;
 The dewy trace
 Of Feeling fringes either lid,
 By which is hid
 The liquid radiance soft and bright,
 That bathes those orbs of love and light.

Sweet soul of Song ! whom I confess
 Best Poetess—
 The faintest honey-sugh, that trips
 From those red lips,
 Is Poetry. I am thy thrall—
 O give me love, and with it all

That life endears. Enchantress, speak !

Sweet maiden meek !

Dear girl ! a dearer woman be

To only me,

Than ever sang at Passion's call,

Or ever step'd from pedestal.

No Sappho thou — no marble maid !

Sweet soul arrayed

In goodliest form that e'er may die —

Best Modesty !

My own Areté ! bless my lot —

Despise me not — refuse me not.

THE PRESERVATION OF THE MONARCHY AND EMPIRE.

"I proceeded upon principles of research to put me in possession of my matter ; on principles of method to regulate it ; and on principles in the human mind and in civil affairs to secure and perpetuate the operation. I conceived nothing arbitrarily ; nor proposed any thing to be done by the will and pleasure of others, or my own ; but by reason, and by reason only. I have ever abhorred, since the first dawn of my understanding to this its obscure twilight, all the operations of opinion, fancy, inclination, and will, in the affairs of government, where only a sovereign reason, paramount to all forms of legislation and administration, should dictate. Government is made for the very purpose of opposing that reason to will and to caprice, in the reformers or in the reformed, in the governors or in the governed, in kings, in senates, or in people."—BURKE.

So spake this illustrious Whig, with reference to the reforms made by him in the name, and through the exertions, of the great Whig party. We quote him, not only to shew the true principles of reform, but to draw public attention to his forgotten writings. Never did the principles which he held to be the most vital and indubitable bear so directly and comprehensively on the affairs of this empire as they now do ; never were they in management of these affairs so contemptuously violated as they now are.

We are numbered with those who conscientiously believe the monarchy to be in extreme danger ; and we deem this danger to be inseparable from another, which to our infinite regret receives less attention than it merits. In our eyes, it is certain that the fall of the monarchy must dash to pieces the empire. Whether we pass to an actual republic through civil war, or the republicans gain regular dominion quietly by retaining the form of a monarchy, we must as the fruit lose every territorial possession save the island of Great Britain. An empire like ours is the monster which it is the great end of republican principles to destroy ; they are the most bitter satire on its figure, composition, and regulation ; they can only be practised to undermine and dismember it.

Most joyful should we be if we could examine the momentous question here involved without even alluding to parties ; to us their names are wormwood. But the great battle has to be fought by them ; and little more is allowed us than to scrutinise their proceedings. We think we should give the wrong side the best service, short of direct support, were we to pass without notice the errors of the other.

Our sanity would be doubted were we to deny the truism, that all men are fallible and fall into great errors ; nevertheless, there are people, we fear, who will deem us little better than insane if we say that the Conservative leaders can, and do, err in managing the vast and complicated interests confided to their care. To them we leave the strain of incessant, unmeasured panegyric : duty calls us to another.

We have only to look at the sad history of the Conservative part of the community for the last ten years, to be convinced that in the management of its affairs very great errors have been committed ; and who must bear the blame ? The Whig leaders have been continually subject to the rebukes of their press ; and their followers, in sturdy, noble independence, have placed before them a certain course, or desertion. They have been coerced and dragged into their exaltation. On

the other side things have been different; the followers have been passive, or they have been disregarded, and there can be no mistake touching accountability. There is still no change. Two or three individuals monopolise council, follow only their own will, and frequently differ from those who can only act through them, and whom they rule rather than lead. The Conservative leaders, in voluntarily taking on themselves the most awful responsibility that ever rested on man, impose on us the obligation of watching their conduct. In so far as they differ from us, they practically exclude us from the great councils of the state, and turn against us our own resources.

We mention the Conservatives alone, because they tell us the country contains only them and the Destructives. Of course, we speak not of Tories. If that which once was the most puissant and glorious of parties—which once saw all Europe, not excepting the United Kingdom, bent at its feet in admiration, gratitude, and praise—be now only a name disowned by all men, we will pass the mournful relic in silence. Our business here is with, not the dead, but the living. Trauducers!—yes, but who may be permitted by scorn to answer them, until they shall erect such an empire as the Tories ruled in virtue of parentage when they shared the fate of every thing earthly? Let the new party architects rise from what they are overwhelmed in to the dignity of competition; and then the spotless and mighty dead will find champions! Perhaps it is fitting that not a remnant wearing the name of the party should survive to witness the fall of the proud theatre of its triumphs—the hallowed constitution it saved and perfected—the colossal empire it raised—and the magnificent fabric of religion, honour, patriotism, wisdom, and heroism, it created. On this matter we have feelings bitter and impassioned; but this is not the time or the place for giving them utterance.

The Peel ministry, in its formation and death, added largely to that which is without precedent in the state of public affairs. It has thrown us on a part of the constitution hitherto inoperative, and on maxims which, in the condition of dead letter, have been acquiesced in without scrutiny. It has placed us on ground which, in respect of the essence of our interests,

is untrodden. If the principles on which its policy evidently, and its resignation avowedly, were based, be just, it is in our eyes wholly above question, in the first place, that there never can be another Conservative ministry—in the second, that the monarchy and empire must perish.

In this state of things duty calls every man into the field without admitting any claim to exemption, and enjoins him to combat in rigid conformity with the desperate character of the contest. He must have no object of his own; he must covet no petty plunder; he must hide no misconduct of his fellow-soldiers; he must be free to admit his errors and change his operations. Resources must be calculated, counsels sifted, and evolutions tested.

In the erection of our new constitution, we hear nothing of following principles of research, method, the human mind, and civil affairs. They are ridiculed and denounced by one side of parliament; they are held to be incapable of practice by the other. Principle and reason are regularly sacrificed to will and caprice; all is done arbitrarily. If the ruling party, no matter what its name may be, concur in the measures it proposes, it still grounds their introduction on the will of a certain part of the community: if it profess to dissent from them, it nevertheless pleads such will as an irresistible cause for their adoption.

The great source of this is formed by the House of Commons. While it is boldly asserted on the one hand, it is admitted on the other, that the House, in the change of composition it has sustained, has acquired new rights, functions, and powers. The Conservative leaders tell us by word and deed that it must now be implicitly obeyed in the general scheme of policy it may dictate—that any innovation it may resolve on must be adopted in essentials—and that ministers who cannot gain its confidence, even when they offer to follow its pleasure, ought to resign. It must be remarked that resignation here has nothing to do with the general measures of the king's servants; it is to take place simply because they are obnoxious in person and party name. We are guilty of no exaggeration when we say that the WILL of the House of Commons is the only actual government we possess, even in such a matter as the creation of a new government.

Whether absolute power shew itself in a king or a ministry, a revolted army or a rebellious populace—or a house of commons; the only difference we can perceive is, that it ought to be resisted with the most resolution and severity in the latter. So long as this house may confine itself within the circle of trust and right drawn round it by law, we shall revere it as the first of national institutions; but if it cross this sacred circle, we can only see in it a self-constituted assemblage of lawless men, covered with guilt, and to be treated as freebooters and traitors. Tell not us of ministers appointed, decrees issued, a throne occupied, and a legislature commanded, by it we find no mention of such things in the great compact between us and our rulers—we owe obedience only to the laws of England. We are quite sure that it has acquired no new right from reform, even though it have passed under the sceptre of Mr. O'Connell—that it has gained no new trust, even though it be in the hands of the most loathsome coalition ever recoiled from by common decency. As to the last plea—submission from necessity—we deny it altogether. Perhaps a necessity could arise for submitting ourselves to something wearing the dignity of man, at least in form and aspect; but we doubt whether we could ever feel it necessary to submit to such a monster, the very opposite of man's image, as is exhibited by the dovetailing into one of Whig and Radical.

We deem it certain that it will never again, within the term allowed by salvation, be possible to form a Conservative ministry which, at the time of its birth and for six months afterwards, shall be able to command a majority, even for purposes of defence, in the House of Commons. Here is abundant cause for subjecting the doctrines on which the Peel ministry fell to careful review.

It is a first principle with statesmen of all denominations, that the executive and legislature ought to be in duties and powers essentially distinct. Its truth can need no demonstration, because all may see that if it be violated, it is a mischievous delusion to make them distinct in name. Whether the one make itself the other also in form, or merely dictate to it, there is no real difference; they are one in effect.

The duties of a legislature are, of course, strictly deliberative. It is to

sit in judgment, in the first place, on the conduct of the executive—in the second, on the propositions of individual members—and, in the third, on claims and complaints preferred by the community. In all cases, it is to give disinterested, impartial decision. When it becomes a party in the cause, or an advocate, it necessarily ceases to be a legislature.

From composition and trust, it is at least as prone as an executive to encroachment and usurpation. Liberty has commonly fallen from these causes—the legislature by unsuccessful aggression has given the executive pretext and means for its extinction, or by triumphant aggression it has made itself the executive. It is manifest that if the legislature can command, it becomes, the executive; and that in this, it destroys a limited executive on the one hand, and the substance of a legislature on the other.

The power to prevent this fatal consummation can only be vested in the executive; and let it ever be remembered that it is a power to enable a limited executive to prevent the most despotic one from gaining birth—to enable the state to restrain its legislature from becoming a body of usurpers and tyrants. The structure of national right and liberty finds its keystone just as much in the power of the executive to bind the legislature, as in that of the latter to bind the former, to the path of duty.

It is of course essential for the executive to be separated to the utmost in person and connexion from the legislature. The latter has no more right to select the members of the former, than the former has to elect those of the latter. If the executive from party union or compulsion obey, or command the majority of the legislature, both are destroyed for legitimate use.

We are told that at present the House of Commons appoints the ministers; and for what purpose? That it may prescribe their course and exercise their executory functions. Well, then, where are our limited executive and independent legislature? That great constitutional lawyer, Lord Brougham, will not point out their locality, though he made a voyage of discovery to the moon. Let us no longer deceive ourselves with names and forms. What is the majority of the House in deliberation? Is the Catholic party disinterested and impartial? Is the

Radical one? Is that of the Whigs? A combination of parties deliberates as to what will the most serve its vicious interests, and then it executes its own decisions. The men who ostensibly lead this majority are ministers; and on what tenure do they hold office? Why, they are to be expelled the moment they may refuse to be its menials! Are we to call a thing like this a legislature? The very Mr. O'Connell, capacious as his throat is for ejection, would hardly care to risk suffocation by attempting an affirmative. What care we whether its decrees reach us by a journey through what is called the House of Commons, or by a mute dance across a clubhouse! It has not a single characteristic of a legislature, but it has every characteristic of an unlimited executive. If a lord-chancellor should give judgment between himself and another man in a cause involving his estate and office, all would cry out against the enormity: yet we are told that the House of Commons ought in right to constantly perpetrate what is the same in nature, but infinitely more comprehensive in effect.

Let us now look at the proposition of the other side, that a ministry appointed by the king must now generally obey the House, even to its resignation. Then the latter ought to appoint the ministry. The one proposition is the other. If we are to have in substance the same measures, give us Whig ministers; nay, we shall be much rejoiced to see Mr. O'Connell substituted in office for Lords Melbourne and J. Russell. We have some liking for puppets in amusement, but we detest them in business. The formality and burden of a ministry are useless, if it merely execute the commands of the House. Its leading use is to resist these commands, as illegal and subversive of the executive.

The line of duty admits not of mistake; it is that between restraint and dictation. If a ministry be beaten by the House in measures of its own, it is bound to submit; resignation in such case is refusal to obey the just power of the House. But if it be beaten in measures of the latter, it is bound to resist to the last; resignation here is the surrender of the matters contended for; and the sacrifice of the executive. The state of things before us is this: The House insists on appointing the

ministry, directing domestic and foreign policy, and making sweeping changes of institution and law. It is the antipodes of negation and restraint—all is executory: not a particle of power is left to the nominal executive, and not a limit is imposed on the actual one. Are we to believe that here it is the duty of a ministry to yield implicit obedience—to resign, that the House may replace it with its own creatures? Not, if we be Conservatives—not, if we disdain to be made instruments in destroying our own rights and liberties.

Examine the proposition with reference only to a single measure. The House carries one great and vital measure in despite of a ministry. The latter remains in office; and in consequence the crown is involved in conflict with the House, but it can only act on the defensive against hazardous change. The Peers are enabled to stand as the barrier between them, and reject the measure. Here all the three exercise their rights, and the constitution has full operation. But if the ministry resign, the king is compelled to accept and obey ministers appointed by the Commons; the real executive is practically destroyed; the crown is trodden down at the moment when it becomes, not the ruler, but the restrainer, of the Commons; the prostrate Peers can only aid, instead of preventing, encroachment, and the Commons swallow them as well as the crown. Here the three estates are all really suppressed, the constitution is set aside, the House of Commons becomes an unlimited executive, and the legislature is lost.

Thus the doctrine so fashionable with all kinds of public men, that if a ministry cannot always possess a majority in the House of Commons, it ought to resign, is so subversive of freedom, that it in effect declares no effective legislature ought to exist—the powers and duties of the legislature and executive ought to be one and indivisible—and a nominal legislature ought to be the actual, despotic executive. The wiseacres who gravely pretend to reconcile and couple the dogmas,—the House must appoint the ministry, the House must govern the ministry,—could not well do any thing more supremely absurd. Whom does the House put into the cabinet? Its own heads—they who are held to compose it. It makes itself the mi-

nistry, and in this capacity is only governed by itself.

To give the legislature temptations and means for making itself the executive, is to commit that fatal error which up to the present hour has prevented free government from gaining permanent being in any great nation. Our constitution displays too much of the error in letter, but this has been generally corrected in practice. In the tinkering it has sustained, its practice has been reversed; and to this reversal we beseech the attention of every friend of national liberty.

Hitherto the king was allowed full power to select his ministers. This power, vital and indispensable for forming a real executive, for making the executive and legislature distinct, and jealous restraints on each other, was held sacred. The king individually, and the Peers, were allowed the free exercise of their legislative rights. Hence no party in parliament, however unprincipled it might be, could hope to enter the cabinet by force and usurpation. The House of Commons, in its most turbulent and unmanageable fits, commonly went no farther than to reject the measures of the executive, censure its conduct, and demand at its hands redress of grievances; it did not attempt to seize its functions. Security existed for extracting the good without the evil from ministers of any denomination; whether Whig or Tory, no one feared that they would even propose the measures they were the most strongly pledged to against the conviction of the king or peers.

This is the present practice: Ministers are chosen by the House of Commons; the king and peers are allowed no legislative rights in matters of moment. Hence every faction is assured that if it can, even by the most foul means, gain the majority in the House of Commons, it may make itself the ministry and decree any thing: the House in it will declare itself the actual and absolute executive. We have only security for extracting from all kinds of ministers the evil without the good: whether Whig or Tory, they must hold office mainly to prompt or obey the arbitrary mandates of the House, and make destructive changes, in spite of the king, peers, and real country.

The fruits of the new practice are not matters of opinion. We see them in every quarter; we feel them wher-

ever we are liable to loss and suffering. The House of Commons declares itself the supreme executive; it appoints and dismisses ministers; it dictates foreign and domestic policy; it makes any change of law and institution at will; the same men, absolute in it, call themselves its menials in the cabinet. When we turn from names and forms to realities, we find what bears the name of the House consists of two factions, which comprehend little more than half its members, which very recently pronounced each other incapable and wicked in the last degree, and which, instead of giving disinterested judgment within it, only propose and carry their own selfish projects resolved on without. It is not the confession, but the boast of these factions, that they destroy and set up cabinets exclusively to make changes in the institutions of the empire, which can only be made by the practical suppression of the constitution.

The doctrine, then, that a ministry ought not to retain office if it do not possess, or be not identified with, a majority in the House of Commons, is the reverse of truth, and not more untrue than mischievous. But it meets us daily in another shape. We are told that at any rate a ministry must resign, if it do not possess the confidence of the House. Before we subscribe to it, we must have proof that the latter will always be what it ought to be. Suppose that by some incomprehensible chance a House should be elected which should be turbulent, revolutionary and tyrannical, the prey of factions and foe of institutions—which should arrogate to itself absolute sovereignty, legislative and executive—and which should change the laws, extinguish the distribution of power, sacrifice one order of society to another, and render the most dangerous faction despotic. In this supposed case—Heaven preserve us from the horrible curse contained in the reality!—it is manifest that the House will give its confidence alone to such a ministry as will aid it in producing the utmost amount of national evil; and that protection from its guilt must be principally found in a ministry utterly destitute of its confidence.

When we turn to the constitution of England for counsel, it disposes of these doctrines in a very summary manner. It declares that ministers must possess the confidence of the

king, but not of the House—that without his confidence they are usurpers of their office, no matter who may give it them. On the one hand, it prohibits the House from giving its confidence to, or being the enemy of, any ministry; on the other, it commands every ministry, jointly with the king, to judge jealously the conduct of the House, without regard to its confidence; and empowers it to oppose, and even dissolve, it at discretion.

We are opposing what is little better than a modern innovation. It has only been in the last few reigns that the House has worked in organised parties, each expecting to gain the cabinet by gaining ascendancy over the other. Previously it was, on the whole, far more perfect as a part of the legislature than it has ever been since. It was well separated from the executive; its members in the body had not the temptations of office to make them servile or turbulent; contending for no set of men, they attended chiefly to measures. This caused the executive and legislature to balance and restrain each other; the nation could not be made its own destroyer, and freedom survived every assault.

The modern system necessarily incorporates the executive with the legislature, and the incorporation is rapidly producing here what it always produced in other states. From the hour of its birth, it has been making comprehensive changes in both. Its evils were more or less counteracted so long as the legislature preserved so much of old composition and habit as to contain a powerful independent party to decide between those which fought for office; but this party, of course, has been regularly sinking under it, and is now no more. The king, and with him the true executive, have lost nearly every thing. The true legislature has lost as much. Go to the crown, and you find only the parliament executing its own decrees. Go to the parliament, and you find only the crown passing its own measures. Petition the legislature for redress of grievances, and you find only party sacrificing every thing to its interests. Examine the management of public affairs, and you find only party broils for the appropriation of public possessions. While the executive and legislature have lost their old powers, they have invested themselves with tremendous new ones, which are thus confined in use—the one is only

suffered to exercise those of the other. The executive is despotic as the legislature; the legislature is despotic as the executive; but in their proper character both are powerless instruments. The inevitable effects on the community are abundantly visible. We no longer see a people independent and jealous of both; unconnected with, and acting between, parties; protecting their rights, and examining public measures on their merits. Instead, we perceive a people in their ruling portion servilely combined with them to obey their bidding—disciplined into parties with military precision—casting away their best possessions—and judging public measures with reference to party interests alone. However destructive and tyrannical the acts of a faction which holds office may be, they are furiously supported by a prevailing faction amidst the people. We have already reached the point at which rule and law cease to be regarded; all is now decided by sheer force. Bound to see the executive and legislature lost in an unlimited, ungovernable party, we are at last bound to take the will of this party in exchange for our rights and liberties.

The rule, therefore, for a ministry which seeks the salvation of the constitution, cannot be mistaken. If it resign because it cannot carry this or that measure of its own, it virtually refuses to obey the law, and suffer the House to exercise its rights. If it resign because the House carries against it this or that leading change, it does what is equal in effect to treason; it incapacitates the executive for restraining the House, and destroys it for benefit. In the latter case it is commanded by sacred duty to remain in office, if not dismissed by the king, until the change of the House can gain the free sanction of the king and peers, or is abandoned. In ordinary times, when the laws are respected, and no alteration is sought in the institutions of government, it may consult its ease and feelings; but never can it be justified in flying from its post, when its flight will place the constitution at the mercy of lawless innovators.

We admit that a ministry must resign if the House refuse it the means of managing public affairs, and it cannot hope for a better. Here it must bow to necessity. But before doing so it ought to bring the refusal fully before the country in motive and object.

The doctrine that the House has a right to stop the supplies, in order to expel one ministry, set up another, and make great changes of institution, can only stand on the ruins of law. It is the doctrine that the House has a right to do any thing at pleasure, however atrocious and destructive. Whether it be held by a man so ignorant, foolish, and prejudiced as Mr. Hume, or by any lawyer, Scotch, Irish, or English, he ought to be well birched at the cart's tail three times round the country, to flog into him the broadest distinctions between right and wrong, and the rough outlines of legal science.

These matters must be well considered. It is idle to speak of Conservatives and conservation, if the essential rights of the executive, the crown and peers, are to be surrendered to the commons without a struggle. We are politically in a new, untried state of being. Heretofore the ministry commonly resigned from inability, not to resist, but to carry—from inability to make itself the legislature. Now it resigns that the legislature may constitute itself the executive. The powers seized by the House of Commons are new, illegal, unjust, and ruinous; to dispossess it of them must be the first object of the conflict; and if this cannot be done, no hope remains. It must be observed that never before these days could a ministry command a majority of the House, or the latter put its majority into the cabinet. The real party strength of the ministry seldom comprehended so much as a third of the House; it owed its majority to the support of independent members. If it fell, the House could only put a minority of about the same strength into the cabinet, which was effectually curbed by the independent members and the fallen party. Now the ministry and the majority of the House are one in party; the House puts its majority into the cabinet composed to a unit of violent party men, bound together by vicious party interests. Heretofore it was scarcely possible for the executive to make itself the legislature, or the legislature to render itself the executive. At present, if the ministry is to follow the majority, the legislature must be the executive, and the executive the legislature.

What we have advanced forms the ground on which Mr. Pitt stood in his famous triumph over the coalition. The modern system has produced a

state of things never before seen; and one of its worst fruits is, it makes the leaders of every party deem themselves despots in right. Whether your leader be Whig, Conservative, or Radical, this is substantially his language: I will not hold office, if you will not suffer me to follow my pleasure—I will not serve the king, if I be not made his master—I will not defend the executive against the usurpations of the legislature, if you do not permit me to command both. This arbitrary power, by protecting abuse or carrying innovation, by rejecting counsel or trampling on law, by refusing redress of grievances or invading rights, by forcing changes on the king and people or leaving them defenceless, forms a leading source of our calamities; and nothing is more imperiously called for than its suppression.

As it is manifest that the constitution prohibits in the most decisive manner the House of Commons from possessing the fearful powers with which parties in general are pleased to invest it, let us inquire how far it is entitled to them on other considerations.

An imperious necessity is continually pleaded; it would be well if those who urge it would duly reflect on what it leads to. If a necessity exist for obeying the will of the House, it at least forms indubitable proof that one ministry can be no worse than another, and that under any the throne and empire must fall. We here impute nothing to the Radicals beyond the practice of their doctrines, and accomplishment of their avowed intentions. Solemn duty commands us to treat the being of such necessity as an idle invention in the absence of reasonable evidence; and where is the latter to be discovered? In high Conservative quarters we are told that the desire for not real, rational reforms, but those of the Radicals, is almost universal, and therefore must be gratified. The Whigs and Radicals, who, at any rate, have no temptation to misrepresent the matter, proclaim this to be fiction; they avow that they are opposed by the great interests, the property, education, and independence of the nation, and depend principally on a party which surpasses every other in visible organisation and struggle for separate aggrandisement. Proof lies wholly with the Reformers.

When we look at the middle and lower orders, something of more value

than the opinion of any quarter can be cited to shew their sentiments. At the late election, where the Tory or Conservative did not triumph, he failed with a formidable minority. Half, or nearly, of the whole body of electors contained in the country took his side. The contest turned mainly on principle and measure; both parties were free beyond precedent from attachment to parliamentary heads. As to the professions of the Conservatives in favour of general, undefined reform, we do not believe that one gained a seat by them; but we know they gave seats to divers disguised Whigs. This portion of the whole body of electors took its stand against the reforms of the Radicals in letter and spirit; it fought for the antagonist creed.

As to these orders in the gross, prodigious is his error who imagines that, in so far as they follow the Radicals, they are wedded to their projects. More than half of those who belong to the Radical party give it general support from the idea that it exists for their benefit; but they neither understand nor care for the changes it advocates, saving certain non-political ones. They do not desire to strip their superiors of right, or to create a republic, or to raise the dissenters on the ruins of the church. While they ignorantly sanction the means, they dissent from the great ends of their leaders. The mass of the people never pressed, and scarcely asked, for corporation reform.

Thus, then, stands the matter:—It is unanimously acknowledged that the House is opposed to the property of the empire in all its divisions—to the educated, reflecting, and independent part of the empire, in every degree and calling. It is evident that, excluding the Catholic faction, it is opposed to the majority of the people at large. It is on proof that this faction rules it with a rod of iron in leading matters, and draws the power to do so from a peculiar, unlawful, and destructive mode of election, which wholly incapacitates the elector for voting on national grounds.

It is known to all men that in this opposition the House is so far from standing on the defensive, for either itself or the state, that it is an aggressor throughout—is so far from acting as a legislature, that it is exercising the functions of an executive. They know also that it wages this offensive war to change laws, institutions, the distribu-

tion of power, the proportions of the monarchy, and the government itself, in person, spirit, rule, act, and authority. The House itself will suffer no man to be ignorant that its general policy and measures are intended to make it the unbalanced, ruling institution, and to confer arbitrary power on a part of the population against the rest.

This proves any thing rather than a necessity for submission. Here are the king, the peers, nearly half the commons, the rank, property, intelligence, independence, and little short of half the elective power of the empire, opposed to the House. The fact may almost be taken as certain evidence, that there must be some unaccountable error of counsels, some prodigious lack of generalship, some deplorable deficiency of arms or animal bravery, when this gigantic and magnificent force enters the field only to know defeat, shame, and surrender.

Our councils of war tell us that the time has come for us to submit to the "people"—that they may recover their senses as they have done before—that there will be reaction—that, when present demands are conceded, the Conservatives will regain what they have lost—or that we must give up one part to save another.

This has been tried; for ten long years we have practised it with a fidelity beyond what might be expected from fallible man: and what is the issue? Where are the Tories? The body has been massacred in cool blood; the remnants, by casting away their name, are lost in suicide. Not a Tory remains to say,—I, though but one man, have escaped the slaughter. To those who call themselves Conservatives, this term has been one of unbroken calamity and disgrace—of swift descent into ruin. The blackness of the picture is not relieved by one ray of victory; no equivalent appears as a set-off, however trifling, to the endless account of loss and abandonment. For ten long years the people have only advanced in frenzy, and re-action has receded. The horizon is as thickly clouded with unsettled questions as ever. And after giving away as we have done, we are told the state of the church is almost hopeless, and the peril of the monarchy is extreme.

The man labours under some inexplicable delusion who is willing to proceed a step further before he gives all this due consideration.

They who suppose [that the people in the body will veer round as they were wont to do, and that concession to their present demands will produce reaction, assume that they are what they were formerly in circumstance and character. They build on sand. A change has taken place amidst the people, comprehensive, permanent, and increasing. It has not been produced, as the Reformers oracularly and ludicrously declare, by the progress of wealth and knowledge, but by something very different. These are its leading characteristics.

In the first place, the people in the body had formerly little connexion with any kind of political party. At elections they decided between candidates, principally with reference to some particular question; they supported one, not because he was a Whig or a Tory, but because he was what was called a king's man, or an opponent of the Catholic question. Forming no party, and following no party leaders, save for the moment, their discontents and tumults were only directed against a law, or measure; concession on the single point was all they desired. At present they are as scientifically knit into parties, and they pursue party interests as closely, as any men in parliament. In consequence they vote at elections as men supporting their brethren in creed; they can be as little detached from their party by concession as by refusal.

Secondly. Heretofore in towns, the middle and lower orders consisted principally of warm churchmen: the dissenters were few in number, humble in spirit, and of small weight in politics: the populace was attached to the church, and English in birth, habit, and feeling. At present churchmen draw little party union from their religion; and perhaps the majority of the less wealthy housekeepers either belong to the dissenters, or frequent their places of worship. The populace consists to a great extent, in some places chiefly, of Irish Catholics.

Thirdly. So long as the conflicting candidates for the cabinet in the House of Commons were duly controlled by the independent party and king, their own profit restrained them from addressing the passions and separate interests of the people. In consequence, the latter had neither incitement nor means for making themselves a party to change the nature of government.

At present the Whigs fight for office, and maintain themselves in it by arraying dissenter and democrat against churchman and aristocrat throughout society. Hence the dissenting and less exalted divisions of the community are, either by the government itself or half the legislature, constantly inflamed and enabled to make offensive war on the rest. They have infinitely more powerful incitements to form themselves into a party for selfish objects than the other divisions: they are the only part of society which is listened to by rulers; while they can obtain any thing, the other part can obtain nothing.

We speak of the inhabitants of towns, because they are the champions of change; to them concession is confined, and those of the country are scarcely thought worthy of being numbered with the people.

Notwithstanding our astonishing feats in shaking off prejudices, we retain one which it will be wise in us to cast away as soon as possible. We speak and act as though the middle and lower ranks could not be divided into parties and influenced by party motives. If the Whig or Tory part of the population advocate any thing, we say,—Oh, this is a party measure; but if the Radicals set up a demand, we reverentially ejaculate, This comes from the people. The voice of the real people can be always easily distinguished from that of party; while the one never seeks more than the correction of practical grievance or some general good, the other never seeks any thing but separate political profit. Yet petitions to parliament, obviously and confessedly unconnected with party politics, are never treated as flowing from the people, and they seldom obtain the least attention; those which speak only such politics, and avowedly crave party aggrandisement, are alone held to contain the sentiments of the people.

Are we to flounder for ever in this miserable error? Is Mr. O'Connell, or Mr. Hume, or any other Radical leader, less a party man than Sir R. Peel or Lord J. Russell? Is the Radical press free from party spirit and interest? Do the Radicals and Dissenters display less of party discipline, violence, and cupidity, than other men? We call that division of society the people, which on every ground is far more a party or faction than any other.

At any rate, let us in this matter.

abandon our destructive imitation of the Whigs. Instead of acting as though the middle and lower orders were a great whole, agreeing in feeling and interest, let us act on the truth, that they are as much divided into hostile parties as parliament is. The Dissenters and Radicals constitute the only party amidst them to which the Conservatives have made, and continue to make, concessions. Why has the profuse price already paid for the friendship of this party only increased its hostility? Why did it treat the late attempt to outbid the Whigs, nay, to accept its own conditions, with scorn and derision?

The Dissenters, Catholic and Protestant, are perfectly disciplined by their respective religions into one vast political party. All make it an integral part of their religious faith, that the church is not only a rival, but a usurper—that she possesses what she does at their cost, in violation of right and the Scriptures. In addition, most of the Protestant divisions expressly base their creeds on what they call attachment to civil liberty, and thus bind themselves to the democratic party. Of course, in politics, they must ever act with the party which is the most hostile to the church and the most friendly to republicanism. As they are moved by religious feeling, they must ever be the most violent political party in the country.

These Dissenters constitute the soul of the Radicals: to a very great extent they are the latter in person; the Radicals, in so far as they do not belong to them in religion, either as members or hearers, are comparatively contemptible in power. With a great majority of the population against them, they are so situated that they can well nigh act as the majority. In Ireland they have only a feeble minority to contend with; in England they are congregated in the large places, where the inhabitants of small towns and villages cannot operate against them. In estimating their strength in this country, that of the Catholic part, which is very formidable, is too often omitted. The Jews are rarely taken into account, yet we believe they are in the body Radicals.

In so far as the regular Radicals are not Dissenters, they openly seek absolute power.

On their own declaration, the Dissenters use every fraction of power they can obtain to annihilate the Conserva-

tives, as a matter indispensable for enabling them to prevail against the church and give dominion to their own party. The case is the same with the Radicals; they deem such annihilation the means for acquiring power to establish their own form of government and make themselves rulers. What exultation do we not hear from both, because, as they allege, the Catholic and Reform Bills have ruined the Tories for ever! What vows do they not make that nothing shall be left undone to plunge the Conservatives into the same ruin! If they even pretend that they may spare the church as a sect, or the form of the monarchy, they do not give the least hope of mercy to the Conservatives.

That Conservative, be he who he may, deserves drumming out of his ranks for lack of common understanding, who lifts up his sightless eyes in amazement, because conciliation and surrender, instead of making them the allies of his party, have only rendered their hatred of it more intense, and their attacks more incessant.

Concessions, then, to this party will only render it a more inveterate and dangerous enemy. And how are they calculated to operate on the other divisions of the people?

Let us look first at that division, now but small, which has little connexion with any party. In so far as a man has nothing to do with the Dissenters and Radicals, he gains nothing from boons given to them exclusively. On the score of right or general good, he may wish them to obtain something they desire; but if this be refused, it gives him no umbrage. But when he sees his own claims disregarded, and the Conservatives as well as the Whigs confine attention and bounty to them alone, he, from discontent, or to follow the triumphant side, or as the only means of gaining what he needs himself, joins them. So long as they were resisted by the Conservative leaders, and opprobrium rested on them, they were opposed by the independent part of the middle and lower classes; but the latter supported them as soon as such resistance was changed into favour, and opprobrium was transferred to their opponents. Nothing ever contributed more to strengthen them and weaken the Conservatives, by turning from them against the latter the current of popular hostility, than those Conservative concessions. Who now

stands in the public eye as the object of common dislike and ridicule—as the opponent of all sides of parliament? He who opposes the demands of the Dissenters and Radicals. That part of the people which has no fixed principle and side always goes with the stream; it is ever found with popularity and fashion; to the latter, though to nothing else, it is a party faithful unto bigotry.

We must now place before us the remaining and Conservative portion of the people. To it the boons bestowed exclusively on the Dissenters and Radicals are so much loss of actual possession and surrender of principle. The first fruit is exasperation and inaction. There are numbers of the best men in the country at this moment who can scarcely be forced from neutrality. They say, Why should we enter the broil, when it is only to aid in our own destruction? At great sacrifices we send men to parliament, who profess to think as we do; but when there, they either vote on leading changes with the Whigs, or in a powerless minority opposed by the body of the Conservatives. Then, to those still willing to combat, there is a fearful loss of means, courage, and hope. If you give ten members of parliament to the Catholics, you have to take them from the Protestants; if you give one hundred votes to the Radicals, you have to despoil the Conservatives of them. This is not all: the ten members and one hundred votes are not merely annihilated to the losing party as a possession, but they are transferred to the enemy; consequently its real loss is double the number. The Conservatives amidst the people have been thrown into the minority, by the natural and inevitable transfer of power made by new laws.

Unquestionably the Dissenters and Radicals are as much entitled to what is their clear right as other men; but they have as little title as other men to any thing further. The concessions, however, not only give them exclusive privileges, but sacrifice to them the rights of every other description of men. On what stands their claim to be alone attended to as reformers, to monopolise redress of grievances, to suppress the voice of the rest of the community, and deal at pleasure with its possessions? At any rate, not right. It may be just to permit the Dissenter to maintain his own church, but it does not follow that

he is to rob and overthrow the national one; if he ought to be independent of the church in marriage, this forms no reason why he should degrade marriage into a civil contract to the whole population. If the Radical be entitled to equality with the Conservative in a corporation, it cannot be tortured into a pretext for placing its shape, laws, and government, under his will. If both have a right to the same share as other men in electing the House of Commons, it must be scandalous wrong to suffer them to seize the means of election and rule the House. They speak not of equality; in all matters they boldly demand the lion's share—the sovereignty; and we are to comply, because, forsooth! they usurp the name of the people—the name of those whom they attempt to despoil and enslave in every quarter.

The Conservative leaders speak only of the House of Commons; they will not hold office without its general obedience. Well, then, how is it to be gained?

It is evident that the Canning invention has seen its last. The Whigs will be a tail no more; they have grown into a head, and have got a tail of their own. The Radicals will not be the tail of the Conservatives. No hope is to be found here; and this is to us no theme of lamentation.

To gain the House, the electors must be gained. Here is the grand principle of the Reformers—the prolific source of their triumphs. Every scheme they produce is mainly intended to cut off Conservative votes on the one hand, and multiply Dissenting and Radical ones on the other. If the system be continued of agreeing with them in essentials, no man can need informing that Conservative votes, in the House as well as out of it, must regularly decrease.

Another system can be tried, and, fortunately, it involves no hazard; if it be no better, it can be no worse. Adopt the rule which so recently saved France,—*WE WILL GO NO FURTHER IN INNOVATION.* In this rule the essence of preservation is contained; we have innovated until the next step is destruction.

Draw the line boldly and vividly between wholesale and special reforms—the reforms craved by the people for the correction of practical grievances—and those demanded by party to subvert the balance of power—the reforms

to perfect institutions according to their constitutional uses, and those to alter them for separate party benefit. Let this be the position on which to fight the battle of—Death, or Victory.

Making the point one never to be abandoned, that not another Conservative vote shall be sacrificed—the next matter to be attended to is the recovery of others. Turn from the Dissenters and Radicals to people of a different character. The Conservative leaders say, they consent against conviction and on expediency to many things of party origin and very dangerous nature. Why cannot they do this to the real people in things not dangerous? That may be true in political economy which will fill a country with rebellion: to retain a tax may be wise in finance and destructive to institutions. The man who aspires to be the minister of this country must look at opinion as well as truth, at the judgment of his supporters as well as his own, or he will aspire in vain. It would be well if imitation of the Whigs could be extended to the few points in which they deserve it. While they sternly reject the wishes of the part of the population hostile to them, they have scarcely a will of their own amidst their supporters; the heads set not up their opinion against that of the followers; pledge, principle, plan—all vanish before the deputation of friends. It is no fault of theirs that they are not covered with popular animosity—that a decided breach is not made between the true people and the Radicals; but it is a fatal fault in some other men. What they refuse cannot be obtained, what they take away cannot be regained, from another party; therefore hostility to them is not support to another party.

The House of Commons in our judgment will never be gained, so long as it may be suffered to possess the just rights of the king. Hitherto these rights were held by men of all persuasions to be essential, even in respect of popular benefits. The unanimity amidst honest men in their favour will not be disturbed by the fact that, because they cannot be exercised, such a person as Mr. O'Connell appoints the ministry, and rules both it and the king. We see that the king must have them, or the worst faction in the realm must govern. Never will they be voluntarily restored by the usurper. Silent acquiescence in the guilt is little better than participation.

If the Conservatives will not accept office until they can command a majority in the House of Commons, they must wait for it until doomsday. They must turn the majority by the possession of office, or never have one; and then they must be content to be frequently outvoted—they must long be in no better a situation than the Peel ministry was in when it resigned. As a ministry, they might in a session, by skilful management, powerful eloquence, and unshaken bravery under defeat, waste the strength of their enemies sufficiently for most practical purposes; and this is nearly all they can now hope for. Never again will they have a strong majority. Infinitely more is here comprehended than their own interests. It is only by such conduct IN THEM that the king can be re-invested with the rights so indispensable for the weal of the empire.

The Reformers declare that they will hold the cabinet, hand to hand and foot to foot, to the last—that they will only be expelled by storm. We devoutly thank them for throwing their opponents upon arms alone; more than enough has been lost by negotiation. The national battle must now be fought as it was at Trafalgar and Waterloo. It is therefore for the Conservative leaders to consider whether they can expect a triumph without a regular plan of operations, OFFENSIVE, as well as defensive. In our judgment they cannot. Let them be assured that the fate of the conflict is irrevocably committed to the antagonist creeds, religious and political; and that if they attempt to stand between, they will only suspend the fire of their own side, and make that of the other more murderous. The heroic must be attended to as much as the scientific; and he who may deal the heaviest blow will be far more effective than the most dexterous measurer of compromise. Give us men in the House of Commons who will leave it to the enemy to wipe his character, whitewash his motives, and manage his concerns—who will confine their solicitude to their own forces—who will launch the invective and wield the appeal, warm our blood as well as enlighten our reason, and tell us, not of submission, but of victory—who will make the cause in heart, tongue, hand, and aspect, the dearest personal one,—they can still be the men to conquer and save.

MODERN LATIN POETS.

(From the Prout Papers.—No. XVI.)

CHAP. II.—CASIMIR SARBIEWSKI, S. SANNAZAR, JEROME FRACASTOR.

"In omnibus requiem quæsi et non inveni nisi in nookis et in bookis," (quod Teutonice sonat in angulis et libellis).—THOMAS À KEMPIS. See Elzevir edition of *Imitat. Xti.*, p. 247, in *vita*.

"I beg to lay particular emphasis

On this remark of Thomas à Kempis's."—PROUT.

It has often occurred to us, while engaged in the arrangement and editing of these papers, that surely so gifted a man as the late incumbent of Watergrasshill must have felt himself miserably misplaced in that dull and dreary district. We are informed by Archdeacon Paley, in his *Natural Theology* (a book on which Brougham has of late fixed his claws in the true Harpy fashion), that to meet with a stone on a barren heath is a common incident, whereas to find a chronometer in such an out-of-the-way place would immediately suggest a bright chain of argument, and lots of conjectural cogitation. What would not Paley have thought and said, had he stumbled on the curiously wrought pericranium of Prout in his rambles over the bogs and potato-fields of the parish, met him on "bottle hill," or found him on the brink of the "brook that flows fast by the" castle of Blarney? In addition to this palpable unfitness of the spot, where for him the lines of destiny had fallen—in aggravation of this *local* solecism, there would further seem to be something chronologically wrong in the disposal of so much antique wisdom on a flimsy and a frivolous age. Properly speaking, Prout should have lived at another epoch of the world altogether: we say for his own sake, not for ours. It is clear, that of the current qualifications for successful authorship he knew nothing; he was lamentably uninitiated in our contemporary school of puffery, quackery, and presumption. With a mind habitually recurring to the standard models of everlasting elegance, ever fondly communing with the illustrious dead, he must have had the disagreeable consciousness of being here on earth an incarnate anachronism. Of his personal feelings we unfortunately know but little, as he modestly suppresses all allusion to such matters—(how very unlike every body else now-a-days!)—but we should assimilate them, if we may be allowed to indulge in a fancy of our own, to the jarring sensations of an Etruscan vase surrounded by vulgar crockery.

This is mere guess-work, mark ye! for in his writings we have not yet discovered a single line indicative of dissatisfaction at the decrees of Providence in his regard; not a word that would betray a tendency to repine at his condition. What a contrast to all around us! Look at Bulwer, a thaumaturgus among the Tabitha Brambles of many a circulating-library, still fretting inwardly because he can make no figure in the House of Commons. Again, dissatisfied with being a mere novelist, he wishes to be thought a "student;" while all can see, that the aggregate of his reading would fit in a nutshell. Then there is that other nice young man, the junior Disraeli, possessed of the same share of intellect, and visited with the same discontented spirit: we protest he was really a very plausible and presentable person, but then he *would* be a politician; and most injudiciously has he laid himself open to "inextinguishable" laughter ever since; "like the toad, ugly and venomous," he has got

"A precious duel in his head."

There was a time when Tom Moore (who has at last snugly settled down into a Whig pensioner) fancied "he was born for much more" than mere melody-mongering, and accordingly gave out that

"The chord which now languishes loose o'er the lyre
Might have bent a proud bow to the warrior's dart."

On which data we have often tried to conjure up a warlike image of the minstrel in our mind's eye, but, for the life of us, could only see on our mental retina a tom-tit, holding in its claw a bow and arrow.

To return to *our* author. Of him we are quite safe in predicating, that he "was born for much more" than the humble post he filled in the Romish hierarchy in Ireland, and that he might have expanded his views of earthly aggrandisement with every prospect of success.

"Majores nido pennas extendisse."—HORACE.

But ambition had no place in the organisation of his inward man. He sought not the ephemeral honours of this transitory scene; he wooed not perishable glory; and so insensible was he to the fascinations of Fame, that, far from courting that meretricious nymph in her devious haunts, he would have rudely repelled her, were she to be found where Solomon met Wisdom, "sitting at his gate." And still we incline to think, that man, after all, is but the creature of circumstances; and that in another order of things, in "happier hours" and a happier climate, Prout would have developed himself in a grander form. Had he flourished with VIDA at the court of the Medici, like him he would have worn a mitre, and like him would have shed lustre on "his order," instead of deriving from it, as some do, all their importance in society. Had he lived at Madrid in the days of Ferdinand and Isabella, he would have been (under Cardinal Ximenes) chief editor of the great Complutensian Polyglott; and we can easily fancy him at the court of Louis XIV., indulging at once his literary and piscatorial propensities among those who got up the classics *in usum Delphini*.

In the wilderness of Watergrasshill he was a mere *φάνη εν σπηματι*, and the exemplary old pastor's resemblance to the Baptist was further visible in his peculiarity of diet; for small do we deem the difference between a dried locust and a red herring.

However, when we say that he was totally unappreciated in Ireland during his lifetime, we must make one honourable exception in favour of a citizen of Cork, the Roscoe of that seaport; an individual of vast learning and comprehensive judgment, who proved his possession of both by rightly understanding Prout. It was said of Roscoe by Geoffry Crayon, that, like Cleopatra's pillar on the shore of Alexandria, he rose above the commercial vulgarities of Liverpool, and stood forth to the eye of the stranger a conspicuous but solitary specimen of antique and classic grandeur. Such is the eminent scholar to whom we allude, and of whom Cork may be justly proud. Three *roaches*, *nageant en azur*, form that gentleman's escutcheon; and these *fishes* seem to have given rise to much punning and innuendo. Great was his friendship for the priest; many and valuable are the marginal notes with which he has adorned these papers; and we further suspect the following lines on the deceased hierophant to be from his terse and judicious pen:

"SACR. MANIB. ANDR. PROUT.

Quem licet extremâ rapuêrunt fata senectâ,
Et vitæ saturnum sopiit alta quies,
Nos tamen hunc velut immaturo funere raptum
Flemus et effusis diffluimus lachrymis.
Ille igitur perit, quondâmque illa, illa diserta,
Et dulci manans nectare lingua tacet!
Ingeniumque sagax et amor virtutis et æqui,
Omnia sub parvo condita sunt tumulo."

To that gentleman belongs the praise of singular discrimination in detecting, with intuitive glance, the latent accomplishments of the rural divine; and it must be a peculiar gratification to him to perceive, that however blind folks have been to his merits while alive, there has been but one opinion as to his high endowments now that he is no more. There is, in fact, but one voice of unanimous acclamation in favour of the old priest, since the publication of his posthumous compositions; and never was the aged Chrysius, the mild and unassuming chaplain of Apollo, more popular in the camp before Troy than Father Prout among the reading public.

Εὐθ' ἅλλοι μὲν πάντες ἐπισημύμενοι Ἀχαιοί.

Αἰδεῖσθαι ὁ ἱερὰ καὶ ἀτάλα δεισθαι Ἀποίνα. Α' 23.

OLIVER YORKE.

Watergrasshill, Sept. 1826.

Among all the fanciful embellishments that adorn the pages of our legend, none partakes of a more truly poetical character than the story related by St. Gregory of Tours, in his tract *De Glorâ Martyrum*, lib. i. cap. 95, about seven youths, who, flying to a mountain-cave from the persecution that raged in Ephesus, fell there into a deep and miraculous slumber; whence awaking, after nearly two centuries of balmy rest, they walked abroad, and were somewhat startled at the sight of a cross triumphantly emblazoned over the gates of the city. Still greater was their surprise when a baker, to whom they tendered what they considered the current coin of the empire, eyed them suspiciously, asking where they had dug up that old medal of the pagan persecutor Decius, and hinting, that in the new Theodosian code there were certain laws relative to *treasure trove*, which might possibly concern them. Much do I fear, that my appearance in the literary market with these specimens of antiquated and exploded composition, with this depreciated coinage of the human brain, long since gone out of circulation in the republic of letters, may subject me to the inconveniences experienced by the *seven sleepers*, and to a similar rebuke from the critical fraternity. But the fact is, I am totally unprovided with the specie that forms the present circulating medium, and must needs obtrude on the monetary system of the day—some rusty old *denarii* and *sestertia*. Whether I can get a crust in exchange is a problem; but I ought not to despond: for (as Bulwer knows) *asses* have been readily discounted by Colburn and Bentley.

I trust, however, that in comparing my operations in this matter to the proceedings recorded in the legend of those never-to-be-forgotten "*sleepers*," the snatches of Latin poetry I am about to produce may not receive the commendation somewhat equivocally bestowed by a shepherd in the *Eclogue* on the verses of another tuneful swain, viz.:

"Tale tuum carmen nobis divine poeta,
Quale sopor!"

it being my assiduous care to keep my readers constantly awake during the progress of each paper of mine, pre-

ferring, for that purpose, to wear occasionally the cap and bells of innocent Folly, rather than don for a single moment the cotton nightcap of solemn Dulness.

The name of Vida, whose poetry occupied the opening chapter of this series, has ever been (thanks to Pope!) familiar to the British public. Not so with the three worthies whom I have grouped together on the present occasion. Thousands, who have abundantly heard of Bob Montgomery and Barry Cornwall, never have even suspected the existence of these Latin luminaries, that shed such a mild effulgence in the remote region through which they revolve: in the same manner, thousands who, with nose upturned, gaze on the ephemeral rockets of Vauxhall, never have, by any chance, fixed an admiring eye on the satellites of Jupiter or the ring of Saturn. Talking of Jupiter and Saturn, it is related in Lempriere's *Dictionary*, that when the unnatural father was kicked out of Heaven by his unruly son, aided by Titan, he fled into *Latium*, and there hid himself; whence the name of that *Latin* country originated à *latendo*. This allegory is very appropriate to the case of my three modern Latin poets, who have effectually escaped the attention of mankind by wrapping up their precious conceptions in an idiom inaccessible to the vulgar.

However, one experiences great delight in treading a path hitherto untrodden, in exploring a tract of undiscovered territory, in finding *quasi* a north-west passage through the wilderness of Parnassus. Virgil himself was not insensible to the glad sensations attendant on such recondite ramblings, and does not conceal his preference for the byeways (or what we call in Ireland the "*boreens*") that intersect the land of poesy:

..... "Me Parnassi deserta per ardua
dulcis
Raptat amor: juvat ire jugis quâ nulla
priorum
Castaliam molli divertitur orbita clivo."
Georg. III. v. 292.

With similar feelings I enter on the hitherto unreconnoitred ground marked out on the poetical chart by the three names that figure as my text, and confess that I take a wild pleasure, and, as Gray says (*vide an Ode to Eton*

College), I "snatch a fearful joy," in expatiating on the unfrequented fields belonging to Casimir Sarbiewski, Actius Sannazaro, and Jerome Fracastor.

These three poets I have united here in one dissertation, not from any disinclination to consider them separately and individually (each having sufficient merit of his own to entitle him to an especial essay), but the truth is, there are so many candidates for notice in the department of modern Latin poetry, that, unless I adopt this plan of producing them in batches, I might never see the end on't. To embalm thus their triple memory in one shrine, will not be thought derogatory or disrespectful, when it is remembered that the three Horatii were buried together in one tomb, on the declivity of the hill of Alba, as may be seen in Piranesi's etchings; and that even three saints have occasionally been huddled together in a joint occupancy of the sepulchre, as may be learned from the following distich, descriptive of the burial-place of SS. Patrick, Bridget, and Columkille, at Downpatrick :

"In sacro Duno tumulo tumulantur in uno
Brigida, Patricius, atque Columba pius."

"*Quæ cum ita sint*" (as Cicero has it), I enter *en matière*.

Casimir Sarbiewski, who in his day was hailed by all Europe as the Horace of Poland (which I learn from the Cambridge pocket-edition of his poems now before me), belonged to one of the noblest houses of the kingdom, and was born in 1596. Having been initiated among the Jesuits at their college of Wilna, he quickly rose to eminence in that distinguished fraternity, and was subsequently induced by Count Nicolai to accompany him on a tour of

classic enjoyment to Italy. They were waylaid and robbed in the mountains of the Tyrol; for, alas! our Latin poet, not having written in a vulgar tongue, could not, like Ariosto, overawe the brigands by revealing his name, and claiming the safeguard of the Muse. Nicolai never recovered from the effects of the adventure, and died on his arrival at Rome; but Sarbiewski had within him that which consoled the shipwrecked Simonides, and being enabled to exclaim "*Omnia mea mecum porto*," was but little affected by his disaster. We find him at Rome, studying archeology and numismatics under the illustrious Donato, and soon attracting, by the sweetness of his poetic talent, the notice of a brother bard, Pope Urbani VIII. (Barberini). By orders of the pontiff, he was engaged in revising the hymns of the Roman breviary, of which a new version was then put forth; and to him may be attributed some of the pathetic and classic touches that occasionally are perceptible among the rude canticles of our liturgy.

During Sarbiewski's residence in the capital of the Christian world, he made many friends and admirers among the dignitaries of the Roman purple and the nobles of Italy; of whose intimacy with this lyrist of the north there are abundant traces in his metrical effusions. But the family of Pope Urban, distinguished as it was from the earliest period in arts and arms, enjoyed most the poet's society, and added to its previous illustrations the merit of patronising and cherishing the modern Horace. To his pontifical Mæcenas he had addressed very many of his odes, and I feel great pleasure in selecting from the number the following graceful specimen, because of its melodious cadences and exquisite Latinity:

Odorum, Lib. 3, Ode XV.

AD APES BARBERINAS.

Melleum venisse Sæculum.

Cives Hymetti, gratus Atticæ lepos,
Virginis volucres,
Flavæque veris filiæ!

Fures roserum, turba prædatrix thymi,
Nectaris artifices,
Bonæque ruris hospites!

Laboriosis quid juvat volatibus
Rus et agros gravidis
Perambulare cruribus.

Si BARBERINO delicata principe
Sæcula melle suant,
Parata vobis sæcula!

To the Bees (armorial bearings of the Barberini family), on Urban the Eighth's elevation to the Pontificate.

CASIMIR SARRIEWSKI.

Citizens of Mount Hymettus,
Attic labourers who toil,
Never ceasing till ye get us
Winter store of honeyed spoil!

Nectar ye with sweets and odours,
Hebes of the hive, compose,
Flora's privileged marauders,
Chartered pirates of the rose!

Gipsy tribe, gay, wild, and vagrant,
Winged poachers of the dawn,
Sporting o'er each meadow fragrant,
Thieving it on every lawn!

Every plant and flower ye touch on,
Wears, I ween, a fresher grace;
For ye form the proud escutcheon
Of the Barberini race.

Emblem bright, which to embroider,
While her knight was far away,
Many a maiden hath employed her
Fairy fingers night and day!

Bees, though pleased your flight I gaze on,
In the garden or the field,
Brighter hues your wings emblazon
On the Barberini shield!

Of that race a pontiff reigneth,
Sovereign of imperial Rome;
Lo! th' armorial bee obtaineth
For its hive St. Peter's dome!

Hitherto a rose's chalice
Held thee, winged artisan!
But thou fillest now the palace
Of the gorgeous Vatican.

And an era now commences,
By a friendly genius planned;
Princely bee, URBAN dispenses
Honeyed days throughout the land.

Seek no more with tuneless humming
Where the juicy floweret grows,
Halcyon days for you are coming—
Days of plenty and repose!

Rest ye, workmen blithe and bonnie;
Be no more the cowslip suck'd;
Honeyed flows the Tiber, honey
Fills each Roman aqueduct.

Myrtle groves are fast distilling
Honey; honeyed falls the dew,
Ancient prophecies fulfilling
A millennium for you!

It is related in the natural history of the stork, by the learned Boerlinckius, that some Polish amateur of feathered animals having had one in his possession, was induced to try an experiment as to its migratory propensities. He accordingly set it free, having previously attached to its neck a tin collar, or label, on which was inscribed a poetical indication for the use of those whom it might visit, viz.:

" HÆC CICONIA,
EX POLONIA."

The liberated stork flew o'er the Carpathian mountains, across Tartary; and after having, in double quick time, performed the "overland journey to India," was caught by some Jesuit missionaries on the coast of Malabar. The learned fathers, with the instinctive sagacity of their order, easily understood the motive which had dictated that inscription; they therefore substituted for the tin label, one of gold, and the carrier-stork was subsequently recaptured in Poland, when the lines were found altered thus:

" INDIA CUM DONIS,
ALEM REMITTIT POLONIS."

Such appears to have been the generous conduct of Urban towards Sar-

biewski. On his departure for his native land, he loaded him with presents; and some biographers make especial mention of a ponderous gold medal, valued at one hundred sequins, which the holy father bestowed on the child of song.

On his return to Wilna, he was appointed professor of rhetoric in the society's college, and for several years poured forth the sunshine of his genius on the heads of his delighted compatriots. While he taught the young idea how to shoot, he was not unmindful of giving a patriotic direction to the studious exercises over which it was his pleasing duty to preside; and it is probably about this period that he composed many of those inspiring war-songs which crowd the pages of his book, and bear evidence of the proud emotions with which he contemplated the military glories of his countrymen. The chord which he appears most willingly to awaken, is that which throbs in unison with the pulse of the patriot brave; and from a vast variety of martial dithyrambs, offering to the selector *l'embaras des richesses*, I lay the following before my readers, in the full confidence of their rising from its perusal impressed with the

vigour and manliness of the poet's mind. The victory it commemorates was of immense importance to Europe at that period, the young sultan, Osman II., having advanced to the frontiers of Christendom with an army of four hundred thousand men; and were it not for the prowess of Poland, placed as it were by Providence at the post of peril, and shielding the whole fa-

mily of civilised nations from the inroads of barbaric strength, the Turk would infallibly have overrun our fairest provinces, and spread desolation throughout the whole western continent. Were it but for these considerations alone, that unfortunate land deserves the sympathy of every friend to generous achievements and noble deeds.

Ode IV., Lib. 4.

In Polonorum celebrem de Osmano Turcarum Imperatore Victoriam, A.D. MDCXXI. Septembris Idibus.

CASIMIRUS SARBIEVIUS, S. J.

Dives Galesus, fertilis accola
Galesus Istri, dum sua Ducicis
Fatigat in campis atrata,
Et galeas clypeosque passim, ac

Magnorum acervos eruit ossium;
Vergente serum sole sub hesperum
Fessus resedissee, et solutos
Non solito tenuisse cantu

Fertur juvenocos: "Carpite dum licet,
Dum tuta vobis otia; carpite
Oblita jam vobis vireta,
Emeriti mea cura tauri!

Victor Polonus dum posita super
Respirat hasta, sic etiam vigil
Sævusque. Proh! quantis, Polono!
Moldavici tegis arva campi

Thracum ruinis! quas ego Bistonum
Hic cerno strages! quanta per avios
Disiecta late scuta colles!
Quæ Geticis vacua arma truncis!

Hæc acer ibat Sarmata (Thracibus
Captivus olim nam memini puer),
Hic ære squalientes et auro
Concanus explicuit catervas.

Heu quanta vidi prælia cum ferox
Rigeret hastis campus, et horridi
Collata tempestas Gradiivi
Ambiguus fugaret armis.

Ode IV., Book 4.

Ode on the signal Defeat of the Sultan Osman, by the Army of Poland and her Allies. September 1621.

CASIMIR SARBILWSKI.

As slow the plough the oxen plied,
Close by the Danube's rolling tide,
With old Galeski for their guide —
The Dacian farmer —
His eye amid the furrows spied
Men's bones and armour.

The air was calm, the sun was low,
Calm was the mighty river's flow,
And silently, with footsteps slow,
Labour'd the yoke;
When fervently, with patriot glow,
The veteran spoke:

"Halt ye, my oxen! Pause we here
Where valour's vestiges appear,
And Islaam's relics far and near
Lurk in the soil;
While Poland on victorious spear
Rests from her toil.

And well she may triumphant rest,
Adorn with glory's plume her crest,
And wear of victory the vest
Elate and flushed:
Oft was the Paynim's pride repressed —
HERE IT WAS CRUSHED!

Here the tremendous deed was done,
Here the transcendent trophy won,
Where fragments lie of sword and gun,
And lance and shield,
And Turkey's giant skeleton
Cumbers the field!

Heavens! I remember well that day,
Of warrior men the proud display,
Of brass and steel the dread array —
Van, flank, and rear;
How my young heart the charger's neigh
Throbb'd high to hear!

How gallantly our lancers stood,
Of bristling spears an iron wood,
Fraught with a desperate hardihood
That naught could daunt,
And burning for the bloody feud,
Fierce, grim, and gaunt!

Suspense paullum substitit alitis
Procella ferri, donec ahenas
Hinc inde nubes sulphurato
Plurima detonuisset igni.

Tum vero signis signa, viris viri,
Dextraeque dextris, et pedibus pedes,
Et tela respondere telis
Et clypeis clypei rotundi.

Non tanta campos grandine verberat
Nivalis Arctos ; non fragor Alpium
Tantus renitentes ab imo
Cum violens agit Auster ornos.

Hinc quantus, atque hinc impetus æreo
Diffusus imbrī ! Miscet opus frequens,
Furorque, virtusque, et perenni
Immoritur brevis ira famæ.

Diù supremam nutat in aleam
Fortuna belli. Stat numerosior
Hinc Bessus : hinc contra Polonus
Exiguus metuendus alis.

Sed quid Cydones, aut pavidī Dahæ,
Mollesque campo cedere Concani ;
Quid Seres, aversoque pugnax
P'arthus equo, Cilicumque turmæ.

Contra sequacis pectora Sarmatæ
Possent fugaces ? Hinc ruit impiger
POLONUS, illinc LITHUANUS ;
Quale duplex ruit axe fulmen.

Pol ! quam tremendus fulminat æneo
Borussus igni ! non ego Livonum
Pugnæ et inconsulta vitæ
Transferim tua Russe signa !

Vobis fugaces vidi ego Bistonum
Errare lunas, signaque barbaris
Direpta vexillis et actam
Retro equitum peditumque nubem.

Virtute pugnant non numero viri,
Et una sylvam sæpius erruit
Bipennis, et paucæ sequuntur
Innumeras aquilæ columbas.

Then rose the deadly din of fight ;
Then shouting charged, with all his might,
Of Wilna each Teutonic knight,
And of St. John's,
While flashing out from yonder height
Thundered the bronze.

Dire was the struggle in the van,
Fiercely we grappled man with man,
Till soon the Paynim chiefs began
For breath to gasp ;
When Warsaw folded Ispahan
In deadly grasp.

So might a tempest grasp a pine,
Tall giant of the Apennine,
Whose rankling roots deep undermine
The mountain's base :
Fitting antagonists to twine
In stern embrace.

Loud rung on helm, and coat of mail,
Of musketry the rattling hail ;
Of wounded men loud rose the wail
In dismal rout ;
And now alternate would prevail
The victor's shout.

Long time amid the vapours dense
The fire of battle raged intense,
While VICTORY held in suspense
The scales on high :
But Poland in her FAITH'S defence
Maun do or die !

Rash was the hope, and poor the chance,
Of blunting that victorious lance ;
Though Turkey from her broad expanse
Brought all her sons,
Swelling with tenfold arrogance,
Hell's myrmidons !

Stout was each Cossack heart and hand,
Brave was our Lithuanian band,
But Gallantry's own native land
Sent forth the Poles ;
And Valour's flame shone nobly fanned
In patriot souls.

Large be our allies' meed of fame !
Rude Russia to the rescue came,
Froth land of frost, with brand of flame —
A glorious horde :
Huge havoc here these bones proclaim,
Done by her sword.

Pale and aghast the crescent fled,
Joyful we clove each turbaned head,
Heaping with holocausts of dead
The foe's camp :
Loud echoed o'er their gory bed
Our horsemen's tramp.

A hundred trees one hatchet hews ;
A hundred doves one hawk pursues ;
One Polish gauntlet so can bruise
Their miscreant clay :
As well the kaliph kens who rues
That fatal day.

Heu quæ jacentum strata cadavera,
 Qualemque vobis Ædonii fugâ,
 Campum retexere! Hic POLONAM
 Mordet adhuc OTTOMANNUS hastam.

Illic fusus Æmon, hic Arabum manus
 Confixa telis; hic Caracas jacet
 Conopeis subter Lechorum,
 Non bene pollicitus minaci

Cernam tyranno. Spes nimias Deus
 Plerumque fardos ducit ad exitus,
 Ridetque gaudentem superbum
 Immodicis dare vela votis;

Sic forsâ olim dextra Polonica
 Cruore inunget littora Bosphori
 Damnata; nec ponet secures
 Donec erunt saturæ ruinâ."

Quo me canentem digna trahunt equis
 Non arma tauris? Sistite, barbaræ!
 Non hæc inurbanâ Camænæ
 Bella decet memorare buxo,

Majore quondam quæ recinent tubâ
 Seri nepotes: et mea jam suis
 Aratra cum bubus reverti
 Præcipiti monet axe vesper.

So exasperated, we may add, were the Janissaries at the untoward result of the campaign, that they murdered the young sultan on his return to C. P. He was the sixteenth leader of the faithful, counting from Mahomet, but the first whose life terminated in that tragical manner; albeit such an event since then has been of common occurrence on the banks of the Bosphorus.

In the year 1636 a memorable ceremony took place at the university of Wilna. The degree of "doctor" was, with unusual pomp and unexampled éclat, conferred on the illustrious poet, in presence of King Wladislas and the highest personages of the realm, who had flocked thither to do honour to their distinguished countryman. The thesis was, of course, a display of singular brilliancy; and so pleased was his royal admirer at the evidences of native talent thus afforded, that he took the ring from his own finger, and

What though, to meet the tag of war,
 Osman had gathered from afar
 Arab, and Sheik, and Hospodar,
 And Turk, and Guèbre,
 Quick yielded Pagan scimitar
 To Christian sabre.

Here could the Turkmen turn and trace
 The slaughter-tracks, here slowly pace
 The field of downfal and disgrace,
 Where men and horse,
 Thick strewn, encumbered all the place
 With frequent corse,

Well might his haughty soul repent
 That rash and guilty armament;
 Weep for the blood of nations spent
 His ruined host;
 His empty arrogance lament,
 And bitter boast.

Sorrow, derision, scorn, and hate,
 Upon the proud one's footsteps wait;
 Both in the field and in the gate
 Accursed, abhorred;
 And be his halls made desolate
 With fire and sword!"

Such was the tale Galeski told,
 Calm as the mighty Danube rolled;
 And well I ween that farmer old,
 Who held a plough,
 Had fought that day a warrior bold
 With helmeted brow.

But now upon the glorious stream
 The sun flung out his parting beam,
 The soldier-swain unyoked his team,
 Yet still he chaunted
 The live-long eve;—and glory's dream
 His pillow haunted.

begged it might be used in the ceremony of wedding the learned bachelor to his doctoral dignity. That ring is still preserved in the archives of Wilna, and is used to the present day in conferring the doctorate *per annulum* on the students of the university.

The patronage and friendship of royalty was now secured to Sarbiewski, and Wladislas insisted on his accompanying him even in his hunting excursion. I remember in one of the epistles of Pliny, addressed, I believe, to Tacitus, a passage, in which the proconsul invites the historian to partake of the pleasures of the chase; and tells him, that during his visit to the moors he may still prosecute his favourite studies: "*Experies*," says that elegant letter-writer, "*Palladem non minus libenter venari in montibus quam Dianam*." This appears to have been the case with the learned Jesuit, for I find mention made in the

catalogue of his works, of a collection of poems, entitled *Silviludia*, referring, I imagine, to the woodland achievements of the northern Nimrod; but I have not met with the book itself. He also appears to have written an *epic poem*, on the exploits of some ancient Polish monarch (*Lechiasdos*, lib. xii.); but no copy of it has fallen into my hands. Probably it may be classed with the *King Arthur* of Sir Richard Blackmore, the *Colombiad* of Joshua Barlow, the *Charlemagne* of Lucien Buonaparte, and many other modern epics too tedious to mention. His last occupation was writing a commentary on St. Thomas Aquinas, before the termination of which enterprise he died, A.D. 1640. I intend writing one myself, if I live long enough.

Turn we now to the second name on our list, that of Jacobus Actius Sincerus à Sto. Nazaro, vulgarly called (for shortness) Sannazar. The township forming the family inheritance, and giving its name to this poet, is situated between the Po and the Tessino, but he himself was born at the foot of Mount Vesuvius, in 1458. As the vine ripens quickly on that volcanic soil, so the germs of genius were rapidly unfolded in the Neapolitan child; and not only do we find him, like Alexander Pope, "lispering in numbers, for the numbers came," but, like Dante and Byron, falling desperately in love at an exceeding early period of his youthhood. Every one has heard of the mysterious Beatrice, and of the *idolator* of Byron's boyish adoration; but few have learned to pronounce with sympathetic devotion the name of *Charmosyné*. Whether under this harmonious tetrasyllable a living and sentient being of flesh and blood was in the young poet's eye, or whether a mere ideal impersonation of metaphysical loveliness, beyond the homely reality of Earth's corporeal daughters, haunted his refined and sensitive imagination, has not been decided by his biographers. But, that he had serious thoughts of suicide, and other lofty notions, at a time of life when boys in England are accustomed to undergo the wholesome process of occasional flagellation, is quite evident, and ought to be recorded as proof of his precocious intellect. Such a fact would be invaluable in the life of some German quack-sentimentalist; c.r. gr., the au-

thor of the *Sorrows of Werter*, or *Wilhelm Meister*. Whatever may have been the object of this morbid passion, absence from Naples, and a retreat among the romantic glens of Salerno, seem not to have proved an effectual antispasmodic; for we finally find him flying from Italy and wandering through France, where he wrote a book—the very best thing a disconsolate lover can possibly do; which production of his exile is known by the same name as the work of our own euphuist, Sir Philip Sidney, being entitled *Arcadia*. It was amazingly popular in its day throughout Italy. On his return to Naples in 1492, I find no further allusion to Charmosyné, who, if a mortal beauty, must have undergone the usual process of mortality, or, if of sylph-like proportions and ethereal essence, perished in some different way; for which he might console himself with the lines of Pope, in the *Rape of the Lock*:

"Before the fatal engine closed,
A wretched sylph too fondly interposed;
Fate urged the shears, and cut the sylph
in twain:
But airy substance soon unites again."—
Canto iii. 150.

He now appeared in a new character, that of farce-writer to the court, which being principally composed of Spanish hidalgos (a branch of the Madrid family, holding at that period the sovereignty of the Two Sicilies), must have been naturally pleased at the subjects selected by him for dramatic illustration; viz. the *Conquest of Grenada*, and the *Fall of the Moors*. These comedies are written in the low slang of the lazzaroni, and, though well received on their first appearance, have fallen into complete oblivion.

He next took to the sword, and joined his royal patron's army in an inroad which it pleased the King of Naples (a vassal of the holy see) to make on the patrimony of St. Peter. The church was then disgraced by the pontificate of the ruffian Alexander, and the atrocities of his hopeful nephew, Cæsar Borgia; nevertheless, the gallant Ludovico Sforza (aided by the French under Charles VIII., who came to the rescue of the pontifical monster) drove the invaders out of the ecclesiastical state, and taking the offensive, soon rolled back the tide of war into the enemy's territory, and swept the Spanish dynasty from the

throne. Faithful in adversity to the fallen prince whose patronage he had experienced in prosperous days, Sannazar became the companion of his banishment, and travelled with him through Spain and southern France. It was at this time that he formed a friendship with the famous Gonzalvo of Cordova. On the restoration of the exiled house to the throne of Naples, Frederick, who succeeded Ferdinand II., conferred on his faithful adherent the villa of Margellina, in the vicinity of that delightful capital; and it was in the rural repose of this suburban retreat that he gave himself up to the cultivation of Latin poetry.

Of the reputation which these compositions obtained for him at the revival of classic taste throughout Europe, an adequate idea may be collected from the epitaph written on his tomb by Cardinal Bembo, a rival in the same walk of literature:

"DA SACRO CINERI FLORES! HIC ILLE
MARONI
SANNAZARUS MUSÆ PROXIMUS UT TUMULO."

And, undoubtedly, no two sepulchres could be more appropriately placed in juxtaposition on the romantic promontory of Pausilippé. The grand poem of Sannazar, *De partu Virginis*, which occupied twenty years of his life, is replete with evidence of a fine imagination and an exquisite perception of rhythmic melody, surpassing in both these respects the otherwise elaborate production of Vida on a similar subject (*Christiados*, lib. xii.). Every passage in this highly polished epic furnishes abundant proofs of genuine poetic feeling; but as I must select some few lines to warrant my judgment of the composition, I will content myself with the following extract, which refers to the arrival of St. Joseph and the Virgin at Bethlehem: it is preceded by a magnificent description of the *census* ordered to be taken throughout the Roman empire by Augustus Cæsar, when "all went to be taxed, every one in his own city."—*Luke*, chap. ii.

"Nec minùs et castà senior cum virgine
custos

Ibat ut in patriâ nomen de more genusque
Ederet, et jussum non segnìs penderet
aurum;

Ille domum antiquam et regnata parent-
ibus arva

Invisens, secùm proavos ex ordine reges

Clarique facta ducum pulchramque ab
origine gentem

Mente recenserebat tacitâ, numerumque
suorum,

Quamvis tunc pauper, quamvis incogni-
tus ipsis

Agnatis, longè adveniens explere parabat.
Tum fines Galilæa tuos emensus et imas
Carmeli valles, quæque altus vertice
opacat

Rura Thabor, sparsamque jugis Samari-
tida terram

Palmiferis;—Solymas e lævâ liquerat
arcas

Cum simul e tumulto muros et tecta do-
morum

Prospexit, patriæque agnovit mœnia terræ;
Continuo lachrymis urbem veneratur
obortis,

Intenditque manus, et ab imo pectore
futur.

Bethlemis turres! et non obscura
meorum

Regna patrum, magnique olim salvete
penates!

Tuque O terra! parens regum, visuraque
regem

Cui Sol et gemini famulentur cardinis
axes,

Salve iterum! Te vana Jovis cunabula
Crete

Horrescet ponetque suos temeraria fastus;
Parva loquor! prono veniet diademate
supplex

Illa potens rerum terrarumque inclita
Roma,

Atque orbis dominam submittet ad oscula
frontem!"—Lib. ii. 236.

There is, however, a very strange want of tact in the constant obtrusion of pagan mythology, with its fabulous and profane nomenclature, throughout the course of this poem: a defect, indeed, which vitiates most of the sacred poetry of that period. It was a remnant of the old *mysteries* and of that solemn buffoonery which had been so long tolerated as to give, perhaps, no offence to contemporary taste, however fastidious the world has since grown in the matter of religious minstrelsy. It would certainly be very hard to justify the following allusion to old Silenus and to the Rape of Europa, à propos of the ox and the ass who figured at the crib of Bethlehem:

"Protinus agnoscens dominum procum-
bit humi bos,

Cernuus et mora nulla simul procumbit
asellus,

Submittens caput et trepidanti poplite
adorat;

Fortunati ambo! non vos aut fabula Cretæ
Polluet antiqui referens mendacia furti

Sidoniam mare per medium vexisse
puellam;
Aut sua dum madidus celebret portenta
Cithæron
Infames inter thyasos vinosaque sacra,
Arguet obsequio senis insudasse profani."
Lib. ii. 360.

This odd jumble of the gospel history with pagan imaginings was not confined to the poets; it was in vogue even among the writers of a more serious class, and was only eventually scouted by the satiric pen of Erasmus, especially in his production entitled *Ciceronianus*. The papal secretary, Cardinal Bembo, in his zeal for ~~his~~ classic purity of diction, made no scruple of introducing "*per deos immortales*," in an earnest request to the Venetian republic concerning some

points of church discipline. And our "*Lady of Loretto*" was unscrupulously termed, in some of the bulls of that period, "*Dea Lauretana*!"—the form of ecclesiastical excommunication being expressed in a manner equally ludicrous: "*Ab aquâ et igni interdicatur*."

From the pen of Sannazar, besides this *epic*, we have three books of *elegies*, two of lyrical and miscellaneous poetry, and the six *piscatorial* eclogues on which his fame principally rests. Most of the elegies are addressed to the friends who cheered the calm evening of his days, and frequent allusion occurs to the delightful residence of the villa Morgellina, the gift of his royal benefactor. Here is a sample of the poet's sentiments and versification:

De Fonte Sti. Nazari, in fundo suburbano meo.

Est mihi rivo vitreus perenni
Fons arenosum prope littus, undè
Sæpe discedens sibi nauta rores
Haurit amicos.

Unicus nostris scatet ille ripis
Montis immenso sitiente tractu,
Vitifera qua Pausilippus vadusum ex-
Currit in æquor.

Hunc ego vittâ redemitus albâ,
Florè, et æstivis veneror coronis,
Cum timent annes et hiulca sævum
Arva leonem.

Antequàm festæ redeant calendæ
Fortis Augusti, superantque patri
Quatuor lucas mihi tempus omni
Dulcius ævo.

Bis mihi sanctum, mihi bis vocandum,
Bis celebrandum potiore cultu,
Duplici voto, geminâque semper
Thuris acerrâ.

Namque ab extremo properans Eo
Hâc die primum mihi vagienti

Phœbus illuxit, pariterque dias
Hausimus auras.

Hâc et insigni peragenda ritu
Sacra solemnnes veniunt ad aras,
Nazari unde omnes tituli mæquo
Nomina gentis.

Hinc ego gratâ scopulorum in umbrâ
Rusticum parvis statui columnis
Nazaro fanum, simul et sacravi
Nomine fontem.

O decus cœli! simul et tuorum
Rite quem parvâ veneramur ædè
Cui frequentandas populis futuris
Ponimus aras.

Accipe æstivam, nova sarta, citrum!
Et mihi longos liceat per annos,
Illic tuum castis sine fraude votis
Poscere numen.

Si mihi primos generis parentes,
Si mihi lucem pariter dedisti,
Hûc age et fontem tibi dedicatum
Sæpe revise.

The Fountain of St. Nazaro.

There's a fount at the foot of Pausilippè's hill,
Springing up on our bay's sunny margin,
And the mariner loveth his vessel to fill
At this fount, of which I am the guardian.
'Tis the gem of my villa, the neighbourhood's boast,
And with pleasure and pride I preserve it;
For alone it wells out, while the vine-covered coast
In the summer lies panting and fervid.

When the plains are all parched, and the rivers run low,
Then a festival comes I love dearly:
Here, with goblet in hand, my devotion I shew
To the day of my birth that comes yearly.
'Tis the feast of my patron, NAZARO the Saint;
Nor for aught that fond name would I barter:
To this fount I have fixed that fond name, to acquaint
All mankind with my love for the martyr.

He 's the tutelar Genius of me and of mine,
 And to honour the saints is my motto ;
 Unto him I devoted this well, and a shrine
 Unto him I have built in the grotto.
 There his altar devoutly with shells I have deck'd —
 I have deck'd it with crystal and coral ;
 And have strowed all the pavement with branches select
 Of the myrtle, the pine, and the laurel.

By the brink of this well will I banquet the day
 Of my feast, on its yearly recurring ;
 Then at eve, when the bonny breeze wrinkles the bay,
 And the leaves of the citron are stirring,
 To my peaceable villa before I repair,
 To the Father of Mercy addressing,
 In a spirit of thankfulness, gratitude's prayer,
 I'll invoke on his creatures a blessing.

And long may the groves of Pausilippé shade,
 By this fount, holy martyr, thy client :
 Thus long may he bless thee for bountiful aid,
 And remain on thy bounty reliant.
 To thy shrine shall the maids of Parthenopé bring
 Lighted tapers, in yearly procession ;
 While the pilgrim hereafter shall visit this spring,
 To partake of the Saint's intercession !

His pastoral poetry, to which I have already adverted, has obtained him great celebrity ; if *pastoral* it may be called, since it chiefly refers to the bay of Naples, and the manners, customs, and loves of the fishermen, who ply on that romantic basin. There was the charm of novelty, however, in the idea of *maritime eclogues* ; and the same freshness of imagery which gave a sort of vogue to the *Oriental pastorals* of Collins, rendered attractive in this case an otherwise dull and somniferous sort of composition. Few can relish such stuff as lackadaisical shepherds and other twaddling interlocutors pour forth in the ordinary class of bucolics, but Sannazar called up new spirits from the vasty deep, and reinvigorated the imbecile muse of the eclogue. The *crook* was happily exchanged for the *fishing-rod*, and well-replenished nets were substituted for bleating folds. On looking over these *pastorals*, I just now alight on an odd idea attributed by the poet to a Neapolitan fisherman,

but which, on consideration, will be pronounced a very natural one, respecting the phenomenon of *ocean-tides*. The Mediterranean being exempt from the moon's influence in this respect, the lazzaroni waterman may be excused for putting forth the following theory :

" Et quæ cæruleos procul aspicit ora
 Britannos,
 Quâ (nisi vana ferunt) quoties maris
 unda resedit
 Indigenæ captant nudos per littora pisces."

The ebbing and flowing of the tide would, doubtless, have furnished the early Greek and Roman poets with abundant moral and poetical allusion, had they such a transition constantly before their eyes as we have ; and I make no apology for noticing in this place a flagrant robbery of Tom Moore, who has unscrupulously made use of a French author's ideas on this topic, and transferred the whole piece into his *Melodies*. *Ex. gr.* :

Verses written by Fontenelle in the Album of Ninon de l'Enclos.

" Je voyais du rivage, au lever de l'aurore,
 Un esquif sur les flots, qui voguait tout joyeux ;
 Je revins sur le soir ... il y était encore,
 Mais, hélas ! délaissé par le flot dédaigneux.

Je me suis dit alors : ' C'est l'esquif du bel âge,
 C'est le flot du bonheur qui le berce au matin ;
 Mais la barque au reflux reste ici sur la plage,
 Et voilà du plaisir l'éphémère destin !

On m'a vanté la paix et la gloire finale,
 Qui couronnent le sage au déclin de ses jours ;
 Mais, O dieux ! rendez-moi la fraîcheur matinale,
 La rosée et les pleurs de mes premiers amours.

Qui me rendra ce tems d'ineffables délices,
 Où mon cœur s'exhalait en amoureux désirs ;
 Comme un bois d'Arabie aux pieux sacrifices,
 Qui s'immole en jettant de parfumés soupirs ! "

Moore's Translation.

I saw from the beach, when the morning was shining,
 A bark o'er the waters move gloriously on ;
 I came to that beach when the sun was declining,
 The bark was still there, but the waters were gone.

Ah, such is the type of our life's early promise !
 So passing the spring-tide of joy we have known !
 Every wave that we danced on at morning ebbs from us,
 And leaves us at eve on the cold beach alone.

Ne'er tell me of glories serenely adorning
 The close of our day, the calm eve of our night ;
 Give me back, give me back, the bright freshness of morning !
 Her smiles and her tears are worth evening's best light.

Ah ! who would not welcome that moment's returning,
 When passion first woke a new life through his frame,
 And his soul, like the wood that grows precious in burning,
 Gave out all its sweets to love's exquisite flame ? "

Little else remains to be said of Sannazar, who died at the age of 72, on the margin of that delicious bay where he had judiciously pitched his tent towards the close of a long and adventurous career, and where he had surrounded himself with all that can make existence pleasant—the charms of friendship, the pursuits of literature, and the consolations of religion, A.D. 1530.

Jerome Fracastor, like the two who have preceded him in the course of this essay, was the offspring of noble parentage, and saw the light at Verona in 1483. A singular feature remarked in him on his first appearance in this clamorous and noisy world, was the anatomical rarity of a mouth so hermetically sealed, and of lips so perfectly adhering to each other, as to require the surgeon's bistouri to make an aperture for vocal sounds and respiration. Not less extraordinary was a subsequent occurrence in the history of his childhood. One day, while in the arms of his mother, the electric fluid during a thunder-storm was pleased to deprive the parent of life, leaving the infant poet unscathed and untouched by the fatal visitation. At the early age of nineteen he had already acquired such distinction in the more

sequestered walks of study, that he was deemed fit to fill the chair of logic at the brilliant university of Padua. Having embraced the medical profession, he quickly attained eminence in the healing art ; and such was the splendour of his name throughout Italy, that he was summoned to Rome and invested with the post of *accursator*, or state-physician to Pope Paul III. It was in this capacity that he attended the Council of Trent, and there maintained the ascendancy of genius, for on the appearance in 1547 of certain symptoms of a contagious distemper in that neighbourhood, the physician waved his wand, dissolved the meeting of the oecumenical fathers, and ordered them to transfer their labours to the more salubrious city of Bologna ; which mandate was at once obeyed by that illustrious assembly, deeply and duly impressed with the wisdom of Fracastor. He died in 1553, at the advanced age of seventy ; beyond which, according to the Psalmist, there is nothing but trouble, dulness, and drivelling. Old Talleyrand is, however, an exception.

To speak of the works of our poet is now the difficulty ; *periculose plenum opus ulcæ* : for his principal, if not his

only claim to renown as a writer, is founded on a didactic poem, of which the very name cannot be breathed to ears polite.* We may, however, *indicate* the subject on which his muse, oddly enough, has chosen to expatiate with all the *naïveté* of unsophisticated genius, by stating that it bears some analogy to the commentaries of Julius Cæsar, *De Bello Gallico*. Perhaps the opening lines will be more explanatory :

" Qui casus rerum varii, quæ semina
morbum
Insuetum nec longa ulli per sæcula visum
Attulerint ; nostrà qui tempestate per
omnem
Europam, partemque Asiæ, Lybyæque
per urbes
Sæviit ; in Latium vero per tristia bella
Gallorum irrupit, nomenque a gente re-
cepit :
Hinc canere incipiam. Naturæ suavis horti
Floribus invitant et amantes mira Ca-
mœnæ !"

I regret exceedingly that the fastidiousness of modern taste does not allow me to enter on a critical dissection of this extraordinary work, in which there is a marvellous display of inventive ingenuity, of exuberant fancy, great medical skill, and great masterdom over the technical terms of the art, so as to blend them with the smooth current of poesy. The episodes are particularly deserving of commendation, and the whole performance stamps the author as a man of superior accomplishments and high philosophy. But the subject is intractable ; and, though folks may write

about the devil himself, and compose a poem on *Satan*, they may not approach a matter like this of Fracastor. Let it be taken for granted, then, that he is a poet, and one of very distinguished rank, among the modern cultivators of Latin versification.

He was not the first who adopted this metrical method of conveying medical theories : the school of Salerno, in the eleventh century, had clothed their precepts in verse ; and the distichs of the *Schola Salernitana* were long quoted with reverence by the faculty. They are addressed to Robert of Normandy, who stopped at Salerno, on his return from the Holy Land, to get his arm cured of an issue ; and as he was on his way to take possession of the throne of England, he is saluted as king in the opening of the book, though he never lived to sway the sceptre of these islands :

" Anglorum regi scribit Schola tota
Salerni," &c.

We have no remnant of similar practice among modern physicians, except the solitary instance of a well-known distich, perpetrated on the label of a phial by some tuneful apothecary :

" WHEN TAKEN,
TO BE WELL SHAKEN."

And which, being wrongly interpreted by the attendants of an elderly gentleman—they applying it to the patient, not to the liquid—brought on a fatal catastrophe : they *shook* the old man to death, as related in full by Joe Miller, chap. xliv. page 2461.

* Old Prout appears rather squeamish in this matter : Lady Blessington has had no scruple in dwelling on the praises of Fracastor in her last novel, *The Two Friends*, vol. iii. p. 210. — O. Y.

MISS FANNY KEMBLE AND HER CRITICS.

THERE was a time, and it counts not very remote from the present, when Mrs. Butler, then Miss Fanny Kemble, either was or seemed to be an especial favourite with the gentlemen of the press. From day to day, and from week to week, the public was made acquainted with her excellences. Not on the stage alone, but in private society,—not only as an actress, but as a woman, the world had seen nothing at all worthy to be brought into comparison with her since the days when Mrs. Siddons shone forth in the zenith of her glory. If falling short of perfection as a beauty, she had about her a thousand charms infinitely more attractive than beauty. Hers was the form which set all criticism at defiance, hers the features that spoke even when the voice continued mute. And as to her genius, apart from the walk of life to which she had addicted herself, that was abundantly manifested in a drama, than which nothing resembling it for richness of imagery and chastity of expression had, at least in modern times, proceeded from a female pen. Thus was the reading portion of the community entertained with the praises of Miss Fanny Kemble; for her admirers were as numerous as there were dramatic critics connected with the newspaper press, each of whom appeared desirous of surpassing his brother scribes in the extravagance of the eulogies which he heaped upon her.

Undersuch circumstances, we were a good deal surprised to find that when, about three months ago, her journal made its appearance, Mrs. Butler herself had fallen into utter disfavour with these discriminating judges of other people's deserts. Not satisfied to condemn the book, our friends of the daily and weekly press opened a heavy fire upon the authoress, who was pronounced vulgar, coarse-minded, destitute of all right feeling,—a thorough pretender in the department of letters,—a mere quack as an actress. "This is mighty odd," said we to ourselves; "either Miss Fanny Kemble is not such as she is now represented, or she is. If she be, what are we to think of the men who laboured so assiduously to puff into false importance a person whom they themselves now declare never to

have possessed a particle of merit? If she be not, how are we to account for so remarkable a change in their bearing?" We opened the journal eagerly, and at page 114 of volume the first the following sentences arrested our attention:—

"We dined at three: after dinner, J—— came; he sat some time. When he was gone, I came into the drawing-room, and found a man sitting with my father, who presented him to me by some inaudible name. I sat down, and the gentleman pursued his conversation as follows:—'When Clara Fisher came over, Barry wrote to me about her, and I wrote him back word: 'My dear fellow, if your bella donna is such as you describe, why, we'll see what we can do; we will take her by the hand.' This was enough for me. I jumped up, and ran out of the room; BECAUSE A NEWSPAPER-WRITER IS MY AVERSION."

We cannot deny that this bold announcement startled us. We thought it rash, inconsiderate—perhaps ill-judged,—so we went on till we came to page 193, when we were again struck with the lady's audacity.

"A gentleman of the press," says she, "by name ——, paid us a visit. [By the way, we don't exactly see the utility of this blank ——.] He seems an intelligent young man enough; and when he spoke of the autumnal woods, by the Oneida lake, his expressions were poetical and enthusiastic; and he pleased me. He seems to think much of having had the honour of corresponding with sundry of the small literati of London. *Je lui en fais mon compliment.*"

Now this is terrible; but mark, good reader, what follows in a note.

"Except where they have been made political tools, newspaper-writers and editors have never, I believe, been admitted into good society in England."

We read these passages, with several more to the same purport,—and we felt at once that the mystery which had puzzled us when we took up the journal was solved. Mrs. Butler has not only the—what shall we call it—bad taste to dislike the whole tribe of ephemeral critics, but the excessive folly to avow her aversion. No wonder that the thin-skinned gentlemen should

be sore. You might as well thrust your naked hand into a hornet's nest, and expect to draw it forth again unstung, as pass sentence of condemnation, no matter how richly deserved, upon "writers for newspapers," under the idea that you shall escape unscathed. To be sure, we should have been apt, in any ordinary case, to pronounce that the individual who penned these sentences had carried her antipathies to an extreme. It savoured of prejudice, to say the least, because one impertinent puppy of a Yankee newspaper-editor had given himself the airs of patronage indirectly towards herself to denounce the whole of the tribe of Grub Street, where-so-ever located. But Miss Fanny Kemble appears to have known the nature of these gentlemen far better than we. Their behaviour in her own instance proves that she had formed a correct judgment respecting them. They richly deserve her aversion; and they will earn not only that, but the aversion of every other honourable member of society, if they persist in dragging themselves through the mire, as by their miserable abuse of a high-minded and amiable woman they have done in reference to the volumes now upon our table.

It is very much to be regretted that any sense of personal wrong, supposing such really to have been suffered, should ever lead a body of men, situated as the gentlemen of the press are, to place themselves in a position so false as that in which we find them. If they felt indignant, as perhaps they had some right to do, at being thus unceremoniously discarded by one to whom they imagined that they had done good service, the legitimate means, not only of vindicating themselves from aspersion but of chastising the delinquent, were within their reach. Mrs. Butler's journal is very far from being faultless. There are numerous instances of wretched taste displayed in it, of which good use might have been made. Mrs. Butler, herself, moreover, might have been told, with perfect fairness, that, considered as a profession, the business even of "a newspaper" writer is quite as respectable as that of a stage-player. Neither could it have much offended the feelings of the public had the lady been reminded that even her genius would have had more difficulties than came in its way to encounter, had the press taken a hostile

bias, or failed to commend. But to run open-mouthed at one whom but a few short months previously they had lauded,—to assure her that she never had a spark of genius,—and that all her popularity was owing to the extravagant praises which they, the gentlemen of the press, bestowed,—we pray the critics to consider how completely all this tells—not against Mrs. Butler, but against themselves, and not only against themselves as individuals, but against the fraternity to which they belong; for they cannot by any efforts escape from the dilemma into which they have thrust themselves. Either they said advisedly what they knew to be false when they praised, or they say advisedly what they know to be false when they condemn; and in either case they bring discredit on a craft which is shewn to be exercised not in obedience to the laws of truth and fairness, but in subserviency to personal predilections or personal hostility.

So much for Miss Fanny Kemble's critics; and now a few words touching herself, by way of preface to what we shall in due time proceed to say respecting her *Journal*. Without pretending to possess any remarkable skill in these matters, we do not hesitate to record it as our opinion that the eulogiums which these angry newspaper-writers originally bestowed upon the actress were in no degree overcharged. We have seen Siddons,—we have watched O'Neill,—and we honestly declare that, in our opinion, Fanny Kemble, if she fell somewhat short of the former, surpassed the latter as far as the latter was accustomed to outstrip the least aspiring of her competitors. There was in Miss Kemble's performance a justness of perception, a correctness of taste, a life-like, and yet an impassioned personification of the parts which she undertook to represent, such as no other actress, Mrs. Siddons alone excepted, has ever succeeded in making manifest. In spite of a figure diminutive, and therefore ill-calculated to command, Fanny Kemble was in no instance other than a heroine; and where the scene of action lay in what may be termed domestic life she was perfect. All this we assert, not on the strength of our own unbiassed conviction alone, but on the authority of gentlemen than whom even the newspaper-critics will

be apt to allow that there are few more deserving of credit. Bartley (and to Bartley's judgment in such matters we suspect that most reasonable persons will bow) stated to ourselves that he considered Fanny Kemble's scene with the king, in *King John*, to be the finest bit of acting he had ever witnessed on the stage. Milman has declared that there was not a single line in the part of *Bianca*, in *Fazio*, which she did not pronounce with the very intention and feeling with which he wrote it; while Sir Thomas Lawrence's mode of expressing himself was still more decided,—“That girl makes me ashamed of myself, for having tolerated Miss O'Neill and Ellen Tree; indeed, with the single exception of Mrs. Siddons, I look upon her as by far the greatest dramatic genius that our times have produced.” Now it is not very likely that three such men as Bartley, Milman, and Lawrence, should combine to bepuff any young lady, and that, too, in private conversation with their friends; and if to their united judgment we add our own, it is just possible that a discriminating public will be able to decide whether we or the herd of critics, who once praised without moderation and now without moderation condemn, are the most to be relied upon. See, then, to what a condition these ebullitions of spleen have reduced the angry “newspaper-writers.” They would fain exact gratitude, forsooth, from one who owes them nothing; and, seeing that she will not overload with flattery persons who ought to thank her for supplying them with excellent materials out of which to weave their articles, they turn round and falsify themselves, by swearing that, after all, she has no merit, and that they must say what she is.

When we pass again from Kemble regarded as an actress, and examine her claims to our consideration as a woman of original genius, it is impossible to deny that they are of a very superior order. Perhaps the *Quarterly Review* made a little too much of her drama. Lockhart is a gentleman, and every gentleman loves to speak in the kindest and most gratifying terms of the literary production of a girl under twenty. But, granting all this, we cannot hesitate to rank the authoress of *Francis the First* immeasurably above the herd whom it has been the good pleasure of the writers

in the daily and weekly newspapers to treat as living marvels. We could instance one we know. A pretty rhymester, doubtless, who is capable here and there of expressing a sweet sentiment in delicate language. She could no more produce a poem like *Francis the First* than she could write poetry at all; the topic of love, unfortunate in its issue, being interdicted. We hold, therefore, that in seeking to run this lady down, her assailants only convict themselves of the grossest and most impolitic prejudice. So long as they imagined that she was willing to lean upon them they were willing to do her justice. But no sooner does she fall into the error of avowing that a newspaper-writer is her aversion, than the newspaper-writers combine to stultify themselves, by unblushingly retracting commendations with which they had on former occasions overwhelmed her.

The mode which has been adopted for the purpose of accomplishing this end is every way worthy of the end itself, and of those who aim at it. Mrs. Butler's journal has been carefully sifted for passages offensive to good taste; and Mrs. Butler herself has been held up, on the evidence of these, as a woman essentially vulgar in her cast of mind, and depraved in her habits. Now we have elsewhere admitted that Mrs. Butler's *Journal* is not faultless; there are, on the contrary, expressions here and there which we are surprised that the lady should have ever penned, still more surprised that she should have printed. But, bearing in mind that the work is strictly what it professes to be, a journal—that is to say, the record of private feelings and private impressions, as from day to day they were stirred up and created,—we cannot sufficiently wonder at the malignity of disposition which, omitting all allusion to the general tone of the performance, can drag only its blemishes into the light, and hold them up as fair samples of a book which it was resolved, by fair means or by foul, to stifle. For in point even of quantity, to what do the blemishes amount, as compared with the mass of matter which has at least escaped censure. Out of some six or seven hundred pages, to which the *Journal* extends, there may be ten which a judicious friend, had he been consulted while the work was in manu-

script, would have erased. Of the remainder, some may be more, some less, deserving of commendation. It is the nature of a journal to be egotistical; and certainly the general reader is apt to yawn over the details of trimming caps, working at Bible-covers, translating Goethe, and so forth, however deeply the journalist may have been interested in the employment while engaged in it. Still the tendency of the work is so decidedly good, the spirit that breathes through it is so lofty, there is in it so much of pure religion, of sound morality, of unaffected love of country and of veneration for native institutions, that we defy any unprejudiced person to read it without admitting, when he lays it aside, that if he has not added much to his stock of information respecting American men and manners, he has at least held communion with a mind essentially noble. Nor is this all. Mrs. Butler's remarks and criticisms, if sometimes rough, are always just. Take, for example, the following specimen, in which, if there be no great esteem displayed for her own or her father's profession, there is at least much sound and true philosophy.

"We had a long discussion about the stage—the dramatic art; which, as Helen says, 'is none,'—for 'no art but taketh time and pains to learn.' Now I am a living and breathing witness that a person may be accounted a good actor, and to a certain degree deserve the title, without time or pains of any sort being expended upon the acquisition of the reputation. But on other grounds acting has always appeared to me to be the very lowest of the arts, admitting that it deserves to be classed among them at all, which I am not sure it does. In the first place, it originates nothing; it lacks, therefore, the grand faculty which all other arts possess—creation. An actor is at the best but the filler-up of an outline designed by another,—the expounder, as it were, of things which another has set down; and a fine piece of acting is at best, in my opinion, a fine translation. Moreover, it is not alone to charm the senses that the nobler powers of mind were given to man; 'tis not alone to enchant the eye that the gorgeous pallet of the painter and the fine chisel of the statuary have become, through heavenly inspiration, magical wands, summoning to life images of loveliness, of majesty, and grace; 'tis not alone to soothe the ear that music has possessed, as it were, certain men

with the spirit of sweet sounds; 'tis not alone to delight the fancy that the poet's great and glorious power was given him, by which, as by a spell, he peoples all space and all time with undying wittnesses of his own existence; 'tis not alone to minister to our senses that these most beautiful capabilities were sown in the soil of our souls. But 'tis that through them all that is most refined, most excellent, and noble in our mental and moral nature may be led through their loveliness as through a glorious archway to the source of all beauty and all goodness. It is that by them our perceptions of truth may be made more vivid, our love of loveliness increased, our intellect refined and elevated, our nature softened, our memory stored with images of brightness, which, like glorious reflections, falling again upon our souls, may tend to keep alive in them the knowledge of, and the desire after, what is true, and fair, and noble. But that art may have this effect, it must be, to a certain degree, enduring. It must not be a transient vision, which fades, and leaves but a recollection of what it was, which will fade too. It must not be for an hour, a day, or a year, but biding, inasmuch as anything earthly may abide, to charm the sense and cheer the soul of generation after generation. And here it is that the miserable deficiency of acting is most apparent. Whilst the poems, the sculptures of the old Grecian time, yet remain to witness to these latter ages the enduring life of truth and beauty; whilst the poets of Rome, surviving the trophies of her thousand victories, are yet familiar in our mouths as household words; whilst Dante, Boccaccio, that giant, Michael Angelo, yet live, and breathe, and have their being amongst us, through the rich legacy their genius has bequeathed to time; whilst the wild music of Salvatore Rosa, solemn and sublime as his singing, yet rings in our ears, and the of Shakspeare, Milton, Raphael, Titian, are yet shedding into our souls divinest influences from the very fountains of inspiration;—where are the pageants that night after night, during the best era of dramatic excellence, riveted the gaze of thousands, and drew forth their acclamations?—gone, like rosy sunset clouds;—fair painted vapours, lovely to the sight, but vanishing as dreams, leaving no trace in heaven, no token of their ever having been there. Where are the labours of Garrick, of Macklin, of Cooke, of Kemble, of Mrs. Siddons?—chronicled in the dim memories of some few of their surviving spectators; who speak of them with an enthusiasm which we, who never saw

them, fancy the offspring of that feeling which makes the old look back to the time of their youth as the only days when the sun knew how to shine. What have these great actors left either to delight the sense, or elevate the soul, but barren names, unwedded to a single lasting evidence of greatness? If, then, acting be alike without the creating power, and the enduring property, which are at once the highest faculty of art, and its most beneficial purpose, what becomes of it when ranked with efforts displaying both in the highest degree? To me it seems no art, but merely a highly rational, interesting, and exciting amusement; and I think men may as well, much better, perhaps, spend three hours in a theatre than in a billiard or bar-room,—and this is the extent of my approbation and admiration of my art."

Fanny Kemble
How true is all this,—how just, and how admirably expressed; yet it is as far surpassed in all these respects as in the moral which it inculcates, by the following:—

"The evanescent nature of his triumph, however an actor may deplore it, is in fact but an instance of the broad moral justice by which all things are so evenly balanced. If he can hope for no fame beyond mere mention, when once his own generation passes away, at least his power, and his glory, and his reign, is in his own person, and during his own life. There is scarcely to be conceived a popularity for the moment more intoxicating than that of a great actor in his day, so much of it becomes mixed up with the individual himself. The poet, the painter, and the sculptor, enchant us through their works; and, with very few exceptions, their works, and not their very persons, are the objects of admiration and applause: it is to their minds we are beholden; and though a certain degree of curiosity and popularity necessarily wait even upon their bodily presence, it is faint compared with that which is bestowed upon the actor; and for good reasons—he is himself his work. His voice, his eyes, his gesture, are his art, and admiration of it cannot be separated from admiration of him. This renders the ephemeral glory which he earns so vivid, and in some measure may be supposed to compensate for its short duration. The great of the earth, whose fame has arisen like the shining of the sun, have often toiled through their whole lives in comparative obscurity, through the narrow and dark paths of existence. Their reward was never given to their hands here,—it is but just their glory should be lasting."

We must append to this a specimen of the lady's criticism in the same department of art. Speaking of her father—of his excellencies and his defects—she says,—

"Those who perform and those who behold a play have but a certain proportion of power of exciting, and capability of being excited. If, therefore, the actor expands his power of exciting, and his audience's power of being excited, upon the detail of the piece, and continues through five whole acts to draw from both, the main and striking points, those of strongest appeal, those calculated most to rouse at once, and gratify the emotions of the spectator, have not the same intensity or vigour that they would have had if the powers of both actor and audience had been reserved to give them their fullest effect. A picture requires light and shadow; and the very relief that throws some of the figures in a fine painting into apparent obscurity, in reality enhances the effect produced by those over which the artist has shed a stronger light. Every note in the most expressive song does not require a peculiar expression; and an air sung with individual emphasis on each note would be utterly unproductive of the desired effect. All things cannot have all their component parts equal, and 'nothing pleaseth but rare accidents.' This being so, I think that acting the best which skilfully husbands the actor's and spectator's powers, and puts forth the whole of the one to call forth the whole of the other, occasionally only; leaving the intermediate parts sufficiently level to allow him and them to recover the capability of again producing, and again receiving, such impressions. It is constant that our finest nerves deaden and dull from over-excitement, and require repose before they regain their acute power of sensation. At the same time, I am far from advocating that most imperfect conception and embodying of a part which Kean allows himself: literally acting detached passages alone, and leaving all the others, and the entire character, indeed, utterly destitute of unity, or the semblance of any consistency whatever. But Kean and my father are immediately each other's antipodes, and in adopting their different styles of acting it is evident that each has been guided as much by his own physical and intellectual individuality as by any fixed principle of art. The one, Kean, possesses particular physical qualifications; an eye like an orb of light, a voice exquisitely touching and melodious in its tenderness, and in the harsh dissonance of vehement passion terribly true; to

these he adds the intellectual ones of vigour, intensity, amazing power of concentrating effect: these give him an entire mastery over his audience in all striking, sudden, impassioned passages; in fulfilling which he has contented himself, leaving unheeded what he probably could not compass, the unity of conception, the refinement of detail, and evenness of execution. My father possesses certain physical defects,—a faintness of colouring in the face and eye, a weakness of voice; and the corresponding intellectual deficiencies, a want of intensity, vigour, and concentrating power: these circumstances have led him (probably unconsciously) to give his attention and study to the finer and more fleeting shades of character, the more graceful and delicate manifestations of feeling, the exquisite variety of all minor parts, the classic keeping of a highly wrought whole; to all these, polished and refined tastes, an acute sense of the beauty of harmonious proportions, and a native grace, gentleness, and refinement of mind and manner, have been his prompters; but they cannot inspire those startling and tremendous bursts of passion which belong to the highest walks of tragedy, and to which he never gave their fullest expression. I fancy my aunt Siddons united the excellences of both these styles. But to return to my father's *Hamlet*: every time I see it, something strikes me afresh in the detail. Nothing in my mind can exceed the exquisite beauty of his last 'Go on—I follow thee,' to the ghost. The full gush of deep and tender faith, in spite of the awful mystery, to whose unfolding he is committing his life, is beautiful beyond measure. It is distinct, and wholly different from the noble, rational, philosophic conviction, 'And for my soul, what can it do to that?' It is full of the unutterable fondness of a believing heart, and brought to my mind, last night, those holy and lovely words of scripture, 'Perfect love casteth out fear:' it enchanted me. There is one thing in which I do not believe my father ever has been, or ever will be, excelled; his high and noble bearing, his gallant, graceful, courteous deportment; his perfect good-breeding on the stage; unmarked alike by any peculiarity of time, place, or self (except peculiar grace and beauty). He appears to me to be the *beau idéal* of the courtly, thorough-bred, chivalrous gentleman from the days of the admirable Crichton down to those of George the Fourth."

She who wrote this may be accused of entertaining an unnatural dislike to a profession out of which the reputa-

tion of her family has been reared, and a very natural inclination to praise her father; but we do not think that any one will lay to her charge that she is ignorant of the principles of the art itself, or incapable of discriminating between the good and the bad artist.

We have not attempted, neither do we mean to attempt, any thing like an analysis of Mrs. Butler's volumes. Every body knows the occasion which produced them. A professional trip to America set the fair authoress to work in the ancient and approved system of journal-keeping; and hence we have her recording her adventures and jotting down the reflections that occur to her on board of ship, on the decks of steam-boats, in public carriages, in green-rooms, on the stage, in the sick chamber, in the midst of crowded assemblies, under the blue vault of heaven. What imaginable epitome could we pretend to give of such a *mélange*? None whatever. But we can do what is much more to the purpose,—we can enable the lady to speak for herself, and then leave our readers to judge whether, in awarding our tribute of praise to her and to her performance, we have offered the slightest insult to their judgment. Miss Fanny Kemble is on board of ship—the day is Sunday—the scene the wide Atlantic. Mark!

"After lunch they spread our tent; a chair was placed for my father, and the little bell being rung we collected in our rude church. It affected me much, this praying on the lonely sea, in the words that at the same hour were being uttered by millions of kindred tongues in our dear home. There was something, too, impressive and touching in this momentary union of strangers, met but for a passing day, to part perhaps never to behold each other's faces again, in the holiest of all unions—that of Christian worship. Here I felt how close, how strong, that wondrous tie of common faith that thus gathered our company, unknown and unconnected by any one worldly interest or bond, to utter the same words of praise and supplication, to think perhaps the same thoughts of humble and trustful dependence on God's great goodness in this our pilgrimage to foreign lands, to yearn perhaps with the same affection and earnest imploring of blessings towards our native soil and its beloved ones left behind. Oh, how I felt all this as we spoke aloud that touching invocation,

which is always one of my most earnest prayers, 'Almighty God, who hast promised when two or three are gathered together in thy name,' &c. * * * The bright cloudless sky and glorious sea seemed to respond, in their silent magnificence, to our *Te Deum*. I felt more of the excitement of prayer than I have known for many a day, and 'twas good—oh! very, very good! * * *

" 'Tis good to behold this new universe, this mighty sea which he hath made, this glorious cloudless sky, where hang, like dew-drops, his scattered worlds of light—to see all this and say,—

' These are thy glorious works, parent of good!'

" After prayers, wrote journal. Some sea-weed floated by the ship to-day, borne from the gulf-stream; I longed to have it, for it told of land: gulls too came wheeling about, and the little petrels like sea-swallows skimmed round and round, now resting on the still bosom of the sunny sea, now flickering away in rapid circles like black butterflies. They got a gun, to my horror, and wasted a deal of time in trying to shoot these feathered mariners; but they did not even succeed in scaring them. We went and sat on the fore-castle to see the sun set: he did not go down cloudless, but dusky ridges of vapour stretched into ruddy streaks along the horizon, as his disk dipped into the burnished sea. The foam round the prow, as the ship made way with all sail set before a fair wind, was the most lovely thing I ever saw. Purity, strength, glee, and wondrous beauty, were in those showers of snowy spray that sprang up above the black ship's sides, and fell like a cataract of rubies under the red sunlight. We sat there till evening came down; the sea, from brilliant azure grew black as unknown things, the wind freshened, and we left our cold stand to walk, or rather run, up and down the deck to warm ourselves. This we continued till, one by one, the stars had lit their lamps in heaven: their wondrous brilliancy, together with the aurora borealis, which rushed like sheeted ghosts along the sky, and the stream of fire that shone round the ship's way, made heaven and sea appear like one vast world of flame, as though the thin blue veil of air and the dark curtain of the waters were but drawn across a universe of light. Mercy, how strange it was! We stood at the stern, watching the milky wake the ship left as she stole through the eddying waters."

Such are the effects of devotional

exercise at sea. Now, behold how this vulgar-minded woman is roused by an inland scene of surpassing beauty. She is standing on the ledge of a rock near West Point.

" My father beckoned to me from above not to pursue my track; so I climbed through a break, which the rocky walls of nature and the broken fortifications of art rendered tolerably difficult of access, and running round the wall, joined my father on his high stand, where he was holding out his arms to me. For two or three minutes we mingled exclamations of delight and surprise: he then led me to the brink of the rampart; and looking down the opposite angle of the wall to that which I was previously coasting, I beheld the path I was then following break suddenly off, on the edge of a precipice several hundred feet down into the valley: it made me gulp to look at it. Presently I left my father, and after going the complete round of the ruins, found out for myself a grassy knoll, commanding a full view of the scene, sufficiently far from my party not to hear their voices, and screened from seeing them by some beautiful young cedar bushes; and here I lay down and cried most abundantly, by which means I recovered my senses, which else, I think, must have forsaken me. How full of thoughts I was! Of God's great might, and gracious goodness, of the beauty of this earth, of the apparent nothingness of man when compared with this huge inanimate creation, of his wondrous value, for whose delight and use all these fair things were created. I thought of my distant home—that bandful of earth thrown upon the wide waters, whose genius has led the kingdoms of the world,—whose children have become the possessors of this new hemisphere. I rejoiced to think that, when England shall be, as all things must be, fallen into the devouring past, her language will still be spoken among these glorious hills, her name revered, her memory cherished, her fame preserved here, in this far world beyond the sea, this country of her children's adoption. Poor old mother! how she would remain amazed to see the huge earth and waters where her voice is heard, in the name of every spot where her descendants have rested the soles of their feet: this giant inheritance of her sons, poor, poor Old England! * * *

Where are the poets of this land? Why such a world should bring forth men with minds and souls larger and stronger than any that ever dwelt in mortal flesh. Where are the poets of this land? They

should be giants, too; Homers and Miltons, and Goethes and Dantes, and Shakespeares. Have these glorious scenes poured no inspirings into hearts worthy to behold and praise their beauty? Is there none to come here and worship among those hills and waters till this heart burns within him, and the hymn of inspiration flows from his lips, and rises to the sky? Is there not one among the sons of such a soil to send forth its praises to the universe, to throw new glory round the mountains, new beauty over the waves? Is inanimate nature, alone, here 'telling the glories of God?' Oh, surely, surely, there will come a time when this lovely land will be vocal with the sound of song, when every close-locked valley and waving wood, rifted rock and flowing stream, shall have their praise."

So much for the religious aspirations of this low-minded and impertinent woman. Now for one specimen of the respect which she pays to decorum.

"It poured with rain all day. Dr. — called, and gave me a sermon about waltzing. As it was perfectly good sense, to which I could reply nothing whatever in the shape of objection, I promised him never to waltz again, except with a woman or my brother."

After all, 'tis not fitting that a man should put his arm round one's waist, whether one belongs to any one but one's self or not. 'Tis much against what I have always thought most sacred,—the dignity of a woman in her own eyes and those of others. I like Dr. — most exceedingly. He spoke every way to my feelings of what was right, to-day. After saying that he felt convinced, from conversations which he had heard amongst men, that waltzing was immoral in its tendency, he added, 'I am married, and have been in love, and cannot imagine any thing more destructive of the deep and devoted respect which love is calculated to excite in every honourable man's heart, not only for the individual object of his affections, but for her whole sex, than to see any and every impertinent coxcomb in a ball-room come up to her, and, without remorse or hesitation, clasp her waist, imprison her hand, and absolutely whirl her round in his arms.' So spake the Doctor; and my sense of propriety and conviction of right bore testimony to the truth of his saying. So, farewell, sweet German waltz!—next to hock, the most intoxicating growth of the Rheinland, I shall never keep time to your pleasant measure again!—no matter; after all,

any thing is better than to be lightly spoken of, and to deserve such mention."

But Miss Fanny Kemble is so wholly engrossed with her own poor performances that she has neither time to look at the structure of American society, nor powers of mind sufficiently acute to discriminate between its excellences and its defects. To be sure she has not. Witness the following loose observations.

"These democrats are as title-sick as a banker's wife in England. My father told me to-day that Mr. —, talking about the state of the country, spoke of the lower orders finding their level: now this enchants me, because a republic is a natural anomaly; there is nothing republican in the construction of the material universe; there be highlands and lowlands, lordly mountains as barren as any aristocracy, and lowly valleys as productive as any labouring classes. The feeling of rank, of inequality, is inherent in us, a part of the veneration of our natures; and like most of our properties seldom finds its right channels—in place of which it has created artificial ones suited to the frame of society into which the civilised world has formed itself. I believe in my heart that a republic is the noblest, highest, and purer form of government; but I believe that, according to the present disposition of human creatures, 'tis a mere *beau idéal*, totally incapable of realisation. What the world may be fit for six hundred years hence I cannot exactly perceive; but in the mean time, 'tis my conviction that America will be a monarchy before I am a skeleton."

Again,—behold her in church.

"There was no clerk to assist in the service, and the congregation were as neglectful of the directions in the prayer-book, and as indolent and remiss in uttering the responses as they are in our own churches; indeed the absence of the clerk made the inaudibility of the congregation's portion of the service more palpable than it is with us. The organ and chanting were very good,—infinitely superior to the performances of those blessed little parish cherubim who monopolise the praises of God in our churches, so much to the suffering of all good Christians not favoured with deafness. The service is a little altered—all prayers for our king, queen, house of lords, parliament, &c., of course omitted: in lieu of which they pray for the president and all existing authorities. Sundry repetitions of the Lord's prayer, and

other passages, were left out; they correct our English, too, substituting the more modern phraseology of *those* for the dear old-fashioned *them*, which our prayer-book uses: as, 'spare thou *those*, O God,' instead of 'spare thou *them*, O God, which confess their faults.' Whenever the word *wealth* occurs, too, these zealous purists, connecting that word with no idea but dollars and cents, have replaced it by a term more acceptable to their comprehension,—prosperity,—therefore they say, 'In all time of our prosperity (*i.e.* wealth), in all time of our tribulation,' &c. I wonder how these gentlemen interpret the word *commonwealth*; or whether, in the course of their reading, they ever met with the word deprived of the final *th*; and if so, what they imagined it meant.*

Tolerably sharp this, but of course flippant and prejudiced. Well, then, try again.

"I think the European traveller, in order to form a just estimate both of the evils and advantages deriving from the institutions of this country, should spend one day in the streets of New York and the next in the walks of Hoboken. If in the one, the toil, the care, the labour of mind and body, the outward and visible signs of the debasing pursuit of wealth, are marked in melancholy characters upon every man he meets, and bear witness to the great curse of the country; in the other, the crowds of happy, cheerful, enjoying beings of that order which, in the old world, are condemned to ceaseless and ill-requited labour, will testify to the blessings which counterbalance that curse. I never was so forcibly struck with the prosperity and happiness of the lower orders of society in this country as yesterday returning from Hoboken. The walks along the river and through the woods, the steamers crossing from the city, were absolutely thronged with a cheerful, well-dressed population abroad, merely for the purpose of pleasure and exercise. Journey-men, labourers, handicraftsmen, tradespeople, with their families, bearing all in their dress and looks evident signs of well-being and contentment, were all flocking from their confined avocations, into the pure air, the bright sunshine, and beautiful shade of this lovely place. I do not know any spectacle which could give a foreigner, especially an Englishman, a

better illustration of that peculiar excellence of the American government—the freedom and happiness of the lower classes. Neither is it to be said that this was a holyday, or an occasion of peculiar festivity—it was a common weekday—such as our miserable manufacturing population spends from sun-rise to sun-down in confined, incessant, unhealthy toil—to earn, at its conclusion, the inadequate reward of health and happiness so wasted. The contrast struck me forcibly—it rejoiced my heart; it surely was an object of contemplation, that any one who had a heart must have rejoiced in. Presently, however, came the following reflections:—These people are happy—their wants are satisfied, their desires fulfilled—their capacities of enjoyment meet with full employment—they are well fed, well clothed, well housed; moderate labour insures them all this, and leaves them leisure for such recreations as they are capable of enjoying; but how is it with me? and I mean not *me myself* alone, but all who, like myself, have received a higher degree of mental cultivation, whose estimate of happiness is, therefore, so much higher, whose capacity for enjoyment is so much more expanded and cultivated; can I be satisfied with a race in a circular railroad car, or a swing between the lime-trees? Where are my peculiar objects of pleasure and recreation? where are the picture galleries—the sculptures—the works of art and science—the countless wonders of human ingenuity and skill—the cultivated and refined society—the intercourse with men of genius, literature, scientific knowledge—where are all the sources from which I am to draw my recreations? They are not. The heart of a philanthropist may indeed be satisfied, but the intellectual man feels a dearth that is inexpressibly painful; and in spite of the real and great pleasure which I derived from the sight of so much enjoyment, I could not help desiring that enjoyment of another order were combined with it. Perhaps the two are incompatible; if so, I would not alter the present state of things if I could.

"The losers here are decidedly in the minority. Indeed, so much so, as hardly to form a class; they are a few individuals, scattered over the country, and of course their happiness ought not to come into competition with that of the mass of the people; but the Americans, at the same time that they make no provision

* "The spirit of independence, which is the common atmospheric air of America, penetrates into the churches, as well as elsewhere. In Boston, I have heard the apostles' creed mutilated and altered; once by the omission of the passage 'descended into hell,' and another time, by the substitution of the words 'descended into the place of departed spirits.'"

whatever for the happiness of such a portion of their inhabitants, would be very angry if one were to say it was a very inconsiderable one; and yet that is the truth."

This at least is not the decision of a mind blinded with prejudice. What will the "newspaper-writers" say to the following?

"In speaking of the bad and disagreeable results of the political institutions of this country, as exhibited in the feelings and manners of the lower orders, I have everywhere dwelt upon those which, from my own disposition, and the opinions and sentiments in which I have been educated, have struck me most, and most unfavourably. But I should be sorry to be so blind, or so prejudiced, as not to perceive the great moral goods which arise from the very same source, and display themselves strongly in the same class of people: *honesty and truth*, excellences so great, that the most bigoted worshipper of the forms and divisions of societies in the old world would surely be ashamed to weigh them in the balance against the deference there paid to rank or riches, or even the real and very agreeable qualities of civility and courtesy. Americans (I speak now of the *people*, not the gentlemen and ladies, *they* are neither so honest and true, nor quite so rude) are indeed independent. Every man that will work a little can live extremely well. No portion of the country is yet overstocked with followers of trades, not even the Atlantic cities. Living is cheap—labour is dear. To conclude, as the Irishwoman said, 'It is a darling country for poor folks; for if I work three days in the week, can't I lie in my bed the other three, if I please?' This being so, all dealings between handicraftsmen and those who employ them, tradesmen and those who buy of them, servants and those who are served by them, are conducted upon the most entire system of reciprocity of advantage; indeed, if any thing, the obligation appears always to lie on that party which, with us, is generally supposed to confer it. Thus,—my shoemaker, a person with whom I have now dealt largely for two years, said to me the other day, upon my remonstrating about being obliged regularly to come to his shop and unboot, whenever I order a new pair of walking boots—'Well, ma'am, we can keep your measure certainly, to oblige you, but as a rule we don't do it for any of our customers, it's so very troublesome.' These people are then, as I said before, most truly independent; they are therefore

never servile, and but seldom civil, but for the same very reason they do not rob you; they do not need to do so; neither do they lie to you, for your favour or displeasure in no way affects their interest. If you intrust to their care materials of any sort to make up, you are sure, no matter how long you may leave them in their hands, or how entirely you may have forgotten the quantity originally given, to have every inch of them returned to you; and you are also generally sure that any question you ask, with regard to the quality of what you purchase, will be answered without any endeavour to impose upon you, or palm upon your ignorance that which is worse for that which is better. Two circumstances, which have come under my own knowledge, will serve to illustrate the spirit of the people; and they are good illustrations to quote, for similar circumstances are of daily and hourly occurrence.

"A farmer who is in the habit of calling at our house on his way to market, with eggs, poultry, &c., being questioned as to whether the eggs were new-laid, replied, without an instant's hesitation, 'No, not the very fresh ones,—we eat all those ourselves.'

"On returning home late from the play one night, I could not find my slippers any where, and, after some useless searching, performed my toilet for bed without them. The next morning, on inquiring of my maid if she knew any thing of them, she replied with perfect equanimity, that having walked home through the snow, and got her feet extremely wet, she had put them on, and forgotten to restore them to their place before my return. Nobody, I think, will doubt that an English farmer, and an English servant, might sell stale eggs, and use their mistress's slippers; but I think it highly doubtful, that either fact would have been acknowledged with such perfect honesty any where but here. As to the servants here, except the blacks, and the poor Irish bread-hunters who come over, there are scarcely any to be found: the very name seems repugnant to an American; and however high their wages, and easy their situation, they seem hardly to be able to endure the bitterness of subserviency and subordination."

Well, well; Mrs. Butler's is a coarse and vulgar mind, after all. The newspapers have said as much, and who can doubt it? Nobody that will take the trouble to read, mark, and digest the following:

"There is a species of home religion,

so to speak, which is kept alive by the gathering together of families at stated periods of joy and festivity, which has a far deeper moral than most people imagine. The merry-making at Christmas, the watching out the old year, and in the new, the royalty of Twelfth-night, the keeping of birth-days, and anniversaries of weddings, are things which, to the worldly-wise in these wise times, may savour of childishness or superstition; but they tend to promote and keep alive some of the sweetest charities, and kindest sympathies of our poor nature. While we are yet children, these days are set in golden letters in the calendar, long looked forward to,—enjoyed with unmixed delight,—the peculiar seasons of new frocks, new books, new toys, drinking of healths, bestowing of blessings and wishes by kindred and parents, and being brought into the notice of our elders, and, as children used to think in the dark ages, therefore their betters. To the older portion of the community such times were times of many mingled emotions, all, all of a softening, if not of so exhilarating a nature. The cares, the toils of the world had become their portion,—some little of its coldness, its selfishness, and sad guardedness, had crept upon them,—distance and various interests, and the weary works of life, had engrossed their thoughts and turned their hearts and their feet from the dear household paths, and the early fellowship of home; but at these seasons the world was in its turn pushed aside for a moment,—the old thresholds were crossed by those who had ceased to dwell in the house of their birth,—kindred and friends met again, as in the early days of childhood and youth, under the same roof-tree,—the nursery revel, and the school-day jubilee, was recalled to their thoughts by the joyful voices and faces of a new generation,—the blessed and holy influences of home flowed back into their souls, at such a time, by a thousand channels,—the heart was warmed with the kind old love and fellowship,—face brightened to kindred face, and hand grasped the hand where the same blood was flowing, and all the evil deeds of time seemed for a while retrieved. These were holy and happy seasons.

Oh, England! dear, dear England! this sweet, sacred worship, next to that of God the highest and purest, was long cherished in your soil, where the word home was surely more hallowed than in any other save heaven. Far, far off be the day when a cold and narrow spirit shall quench in you these dear and good human yearnings, and make the consecrated earth around our door-stones as barren as the wide wilderness of life in strange lands. In this country I have been mournfully struck with the absence of every thing like this home-clinging. Here are comparatively no observances of tides and times. Christmas-day is no religious day, and hardly a holyday with them. New-year's-day is perhaps a little, but only a little, more so. For Twelfth-day, it is unknown; and the household private festivals of birthdays are almost universally passed by unsevered from the rest of the toilsome days devoted to the curse of labour. Indeed, the young American leaves so soon the shelter of his home, the world so early becomes to him a home, that the happy and powerful influences and associations of that word to him are hardly known. Sent forth to earn his existence at the very opening time of mind and heart, like a young green-house plant just budding, that should be thrust out into the colder air, the blight of worldliness, of coldness, and of care, drive in the coming blossoms; and if the tree lives, half its loveliness and half its usefulness are shorn from it. These are some of the consequences of the universal doom of Americans, to labour for their bread: there are others and better ones."

With this we conclude. Far be it from us to deny that in the *Journal* there is a good deal to grow weary upon, something to censure, and here and there a passage to condemn. But we end as we began, by declaring that the spirit of the book is excellent; and that the galled "newspaper-writers," in their efforts to run it down, only convict themselves of the grossest want of candour—the most magnanimous disregard to truth and consistency.

LOCHEAD'S DAUGHTER.

. A SKETCH.

'The house of infancy, though humbly placed,
Still has its charms, however lowly graced ;
That place of rest, where oft in childish hour
We've laughed and cried, so like an April shower,
Clings to the heart,—undying freshness yields,
Bringing to memory our own green fields."—*Tale of Venice*.

"Ellen A'Reigh was an only child,—
Ellen A'Reigh was the flower o' the wild."—*Hogg*.

TOWARDS the latter end of the reign of the second George, the last house in the village of Nether Cramond was inhabited by a veteran soldier, whose courage, sobriety, and orderly conduct had obtained for him the notice of his colonel. Thus distinguished, he passed successively through all the non-commissioned honours of his corps; and on the conclusion of peace had borne a halbert nearly five years.

On the regiment being disbanded, Sergeant Lochead, with that feeling which clings to the heart of every human being, turned his steps towards the land of his fathers, and, with his wife and one daughter, arrived in safety at Nether Cramond, his natal village. During the years of his absence many changes had taken place; the stripling companions from whom he parted, when the gay array of a recruiting party and the eloquence of their sergeant stirred up the hero within him, were now either bent by toil and age, or had found a grave in the last lowly resting-place of mortality. Relatives he had none,—parents and kinsmen had all yielded to the inexorable stroke of death; but the hovel in which he first saw the light remained,—dilapidated and half unroofed, it is true, but still an object of desire to the veteran.

It was in the possession of an opulent sailor, the owner of two large boats engaged in the oyster-fishery about Inch Mickery, and was used by him for stowing his spare tackle, penning his cow and pet lamb, storing up the potatoes raised on a patch of ground he farmed at a little distance from the village, and other multifarious purposes.

Sergeant Lochead waited on the sailor, and made him an offer for this spot, which was too advantageous to be refused; and in no long time a neat though humble straw-thatched cot-

tage appeared on the site of the ruin. It was shaded by an aged elm-tree, hallowed in the mind of the veteran by many an endearing association; in childhood he had sported beneath its branches, on its trunk he had carved the initials of his parents' names, those of his twin-brother, and also his own and Janet Hardy's, then the youthful object of his love, afterwards the faithful companion of his toilsome wanderings, and the mother of his blooming Grace. The sapling, during the years of his absence, had become a goodly tree, and the growth of each revolving season had gradually obliterated his youthful labours. Still the old man clung to it as to an early friend, and might oft be seen seated on a rustic bench beneath its shade during the fine evenings of summer, conversing with an aged soldier, who, like himself, had fought and bled at Dettingen and Fontenoy.

A small garden behind the house afforded employment to his leisure hours. From the backdoor a neat, trim gravel-walk led to a rustic alcove, tastefully entwined with ivy and honeysuckle; while, on a narrow border on each side of this path, the veteran had planted and reared a profusion of the gayest flowers of his native Scotland; and the ground beyond, divided into small compartments, or beds, was appropriated by him to the raising of a few culinary vegetables.

Sergeant Lochead's savings during his long service, added to his hard-earned pension, were fully sufficient to supply all the wants of this frugal family; but his helpmate, a bustling woman, who hated idleness, took in lint from a *factor*, as he was termed, residing in the Lawn Market, in Edinburgh, who paid her a stipulated sum for the labour of spinning.

In this humble, happy abode, Grace Lochead grew up to womanhood the blitheest and prettiest maiden in the

hamlet. Sorrow was a stranger to her youthful bosom; nor had her laughing hazel eye ever been dimmed with a tear but for the woes of her suffering neighbours.

She had completed her eighteenth year, when death deprived her of her mother, after a lingering and gradual decline of many months, during which she had been tended by her aged partner and affectionate daughter with the tenderest care. Sergeant Lochhead endeavoured to bear this misfortune like a man and a soldier; and Grace suppressed her own tears in pity to the sufferings of her bereaved parent.

Time passed on, and produced the usual effect of assuaging the first violent grief of the mourners; but those who knew the veteran best perceived that the iron had entered deep into his soul, and that his pilgrimage would not be long in this world. His accustomed haunts and amusements were abandoned; he no longer took his daily walk on the links near the mouth of the Almond, to watch the craft pushing off for Cramond or Inch Mickery, or inquire the news from the Dutch traders, as they lay waiting for their cargoes of oysters; even his garden, the pride of his heart, was now wholly neglected, though nature had once more assumed the livery of spring. At early dawn, and during the still hour of midnight, he would oft leave his restless couch, and, stealing from the cottage while his child lay buried in the peaceful slumbers of innocence, would proceed to the lowly village churchyard, to weep and pray over the grave of his departed wife. No longer on the accustomed seat beneath his favourite elm-tree did he fight his battles o'er again with his veteran comrade; there, indeed, he might still be seen, but it was with the sacred volume open on his knee,—his thoughts abstracted from this world of care and suffering, and fixed on those eternal mansions where sorrow can find no entrance.

From those holy communings with his God the voice of his daughter had alone power to draw him,—she was the only remaining tie which connected him with a world in which he might now with truth be said to walk alone. But powerful was that tie: when he thought of her early age and orphan state all the feelings of the father became aroused in his bosom, and he

blamed the selfish longings for a release from present sufferings in which he habitually indulged. Time, however, brought no healing on his wings to the bereaved mourner; and, ere the buds of a second spring were again unfolded on the trees, Sergeant Lochhead breathed his last sigh in the arms of his affectionate child.

Frantic was the grief of the youthful Grace, who had now no motive for restraining her feelings. She threw herself on the inanimate remains of her beloved parent, and in bitterness of heart accused Providence itself of injustice. The aged comrade of Sergeant Lochhead, to whose care Grace was solemnly consigned by her dying father, perceived that words of reproof or consolation would be useless, as cruel in the present agonised state of her feelings, and wisely suffered the first paroxysm of despair to subside without attempting to stem its violence.

In proportion to the previous excitement was the collapse which succeeded. The afflicted orphan was placed in bed by an aged neighbour who had assisted to tend the death-bed of her father. In a state of stupor little allied to healthful repose passed the hours of night with the bereaved daughter; but the morning light brought back to her mind with aggravated distinctness the irreparable loss she had sustained. Her sorrow, though less noisy, was more intense than on the foregoing night, as, pale and dejected, with her head bent on her heaving bosom, she took her seat by the dear remains of her beloved parent.

The visits of her humble neighbours, and their well-meant, though not always judicious, topics of consolation, were unnoticed and unrequited by her. From this state of gloomy abstraction she was, however, aroused by the appearance of the village *wright*, who at that period filled the office of the modern undertaker, to ascertain the requisite dimension for the narrow house of her father; and scarcely had the violent burst of grief occasioned by his presence subsided into a calm, when Dame Smart, the schoolmistress, entered to receive directions respecting the shroud.

On the appointed day the head of the veteran was borne to the grave by his ancient and sorrowing comrade, attended by many of his humble neigh-

bours, with whom he had lived in good fellowship, and by whom he was sincerely regretted. Thesergeant had not died poor; but, with the exception of Andrew Marvel, his bereaved daughter stood alone, without relative or friend in this world of wo. When, therefore, the first stunning grief of the old soldier for the loss of his companion had somewhat subsided, many a perplexing thought harassed his mind respecting the future disposal of his forlorn charge; but day after day passed on, and he remained as undetermined as at first. In the meanwhile Grace continued a prey to the most consuming grief; in vain her simple and kind-hearted neighbours endeavoured to win her from hersorrow; their apophthegms on the uncertainty of all earthly enjoyments, and the duty of resignation to the Divine will, fell on closed ears; like Rachael weeping for her children, she refused to be comforted.

"If something is no dune wi' that puir demented lassie at the cottage she'll no be lang ahint the auld man, I opine," quoth the goodwife of the mill to Andrew Marvel one morning as he was throwing his line into the Almond, with the hope of procuring a caller trout to tempt the sickly appetite of the unhappy Grace.

The old man started on hearing the fears which had more than once glided through his own mind confirmed by one of the most experienced matrons of the hamlet.

"I hope ye're mista'en in this case, gudewife," replied the soldier, "without any disparagement to your skill, which we a' ken to be vera great in sic matters."

"Mista'en, indeed!" muttered the offended dame, entering the mill without deigning to hold further colloquy with the veteran; who, winding up his line slowly and thoughtfully, took the path leading to the manse.

Mr. Murray, at that time the pastor of Cramond, was one of those heavenly minded men who, in his confined sphere, went about continually doing good. Not content with punctually fulfilling the public duties of his sacred office, he was the friend, the adviser, and the stay of the meanest of his flock; and from him it was that Andrew Marvel sought counsel on the present occasion.

The reverend divine, as he listened to the veteran, felt a deep interest in

the fate of the desolate orphan, and thought he would best promote her welfare by gaining for her admission into the household of some of the families of distinction resident in the neighbourhood. "In this way," observed the worthy man, "she will be most effectually prevented from brooding over her loss, and the little property left by her father will accumulate as a provision for future exigencies."

Andrew's mind was lightened of half its load, and again and again he thanked the pastor for his kind consideration.

"Ye say right, sir; there's nae pension now," he replied, "and atweel a' that's left ahint wadna keep the bairn without wark o' some kind or other; and, as ye observe, puir Gracy's been ower tenderly brought up for hard labour; sae I hope ye'll succeed in your benevolent design."

"Doubt it not, my honest friend," rejoined the divine; "but, in the mean time, do not mention a word of what has been said to any one, not even to the orphan herself, till I see you again."

Andrew promised to obey this injunction to the letter, and, leaving the Manse, pursued his way to the cottage, where he spent the remainder of the day.

The pastor of Nether Cramond was no laggard in the career of benevolence; and scarcely was Andrew Marvel out of sight before he bestrode Surefoot, and was jogging forward to Coxcombry Hall. Mr. Murray had been no wrangler for augmentations either to glebe or stipend; he had never called for repairs for his manse or offices; he was not a rigorous exactor either in respect to the quantity or quality of that portion of his income which was paid in grain; consequently he was an universal favourite with the heritors, great and small, and at all times a welcome and highly respected guest at the Hall.

The proprietor of Coxcombry Hall, at the period of which I write, was the fourth lineal descendant of Sir Ambrose Ravelrig, who in his day had done much good service, and suffered much persecution for the covenanted cause. The present Sir John Ravelrig had been educated in the paternal mansion, under the eye of a parent, retaining much of the puritanical stiff-

ness of his progenitors, and whose chief failing was an inordinate pride of ancestry, which had in some measure tinctured the mind of his son, and rendered him formal, and somewhat supercilious in his manners. When he had, however, nearly attained the age of twenty-six, he was united to his cousin, the daughter of one of the judges of the supreme court of Scotland; and the mild and gentle manners of his amiable partner had to a certain degree corrected what was harsh and forbidding in the character of her husband.

Lady Ravelrig was the mother of five children, the two youngest of whom were yet in their infancy; and, though still in the prime of life, dedicated a great portion of her time to the formation of the mind and morals of her offspring. Such was the family into which the benevolent pastor was anxious that the orphan of Sergeant Lochead should be received, nor did he much fear that his petition would be rejected. His fair hostess in particular listened with much interest to the tale of poor Grace's bereavement; and, being in want of an assistant in the nursery, requested that she might be prepared to remove to the Hall without delay.

Words cannot describe the desolation of soul with which the sorrowing girl turned her back on the abode of her youth, nor was honest Andrew much less affected; but he suppressed his own feelings in pity to the sufferings of the orphan, and nearly in total silence they trod the path towards Coxcombry Hall.

Lady Ravelrig, who was seated in a front parlour with her two younger children, as they approached the house gave orders for their instant admission to her presence; and the compassionate tone in which she addressed the youthful mourner conveyed to her mind the first alleviating feeling she had experienced since the grave closed over her father.

While little Helen climbed to the knee of her new attendant, with whom she seemed mightily delighted, her brother had been eagerly cultivating the acquaintance of the veteran. Andrew Marvel was expert in cutting with his knife various knicknacks in wood, and he presented to Master Ambrose a mimic fort, executed in his very best style. Wild with joy, the boy displayed his valued treasure to

his mother, and obtained permission to visit the old soldier, and inspect all his curiosities, when Grace should visit him at the village.

The novelty of all around her, the lively prattle of the children, and the considerate kindness of Lady Ravelrig, distracted the attention of the orphan from the contemplation of her own sorrow; and she beheld the departure of her only friend with greater composure than might have been deemed possible.

In the nursery Grace soon became a prime favourite; her obliging temper and industrious habits recommended her to the aged foster-mother of Lady Ravelrig, who presided over this department of the household; while the good humour with which she joined in the sports of the children, and her ready talent at contriving and getting up little mimic pantomimes for their amusement, rendered her an invaluable acquisition to the young brood.

Thus forced to exertion, and compelled daily to attend the children in their walks, the spirits of Grace felt the benefit of the change in her habits, and at the termination of a few months, if she had not recovered her former light-hearted hilarity, peace and contentment were at least the inmates of her bosom.

At this period, the eldest hope of the ancient house of Ravelrig became for a few weeks an inmate of the paternal mansion. After finishing his education at the High School of Edinburgh, he commenced the study of the law, under the guidance of his maternal uncle, then one of the most celebrated jurists and eloquent advocates at the Scottish bar. Such a course of study was at this period deemed essential to the finished education of the high-born youths of Caledonia, even though they were not intended to pursue the law as a profession. The arrival of young Ravelrig was hailed with joy by every member of the family, but by none more than the youthful inmates of the nursery. Thither he flew on the wings of affection, after embracing his parents and eldest sister; and was surrounded by his youthful sisters and brother, all equally eager to claim his notice. Even little Helen lisped forth her welcome, and drew his attention to her favourite Grace, who had modestly retreated to one of the windows on his entrance.

The youth started as his eye fell on the symmetrical form and lovely countenance of the orphan, whose unstudied graces and winning demerour would have adorned the most exalted rank. With Helen in his arms, and preceded by the youthful tribe, he hastened to all their favourite haunts,—their aviary,—the small plot of ground they termed their garden,—and a little romantic grotto, where they had arranged a humble collection of shells, minerals, and other subjects of natural history, which were all displayed to him with the utmost exultation. In the grotto he was also shewn the fort, and some other toys given to Ambrose by the veteran, while they poured into his ear the sad story of poor Grace's sorrows.

From this moment compassion mingled with his admiration of the beautiful orphan, and imparted to his voice and manner, when addressing her, a softness which sunk deep into the heart of the simple and unsophisticated maiden.

During his short stay he was the constant companion of the children in their morning and evening rambles through the extensive *policies* surrounding the mansion; and insensibly Grace lost the shyness and reserve his presence at first inspired, and would even sometimes mingle in the mirthful sports going forward.

Three weeks flew rapidly away, when the heir of Ravelrig was recalled to Edinburgh by a mandate from his uncle, who had returned from attending the northern circuit. The inmates of the nursery were loud in their lamentations for the loss of their companion; and Grace, without knowing why, felt a listless melancholy stealing over her mind. The image of Edwin Ravelrig was ever present to her waking thoughts, and mingled itself with the visions of the night. His presence had shed a brief gleam of joy across the path of the solitary orphan, and now, when it was withdrawn, she wandered in tenfold deeper gloom.

Edwin, on his part, for the first time obeyed the summons of his uncle with reluctance; unknown to himself, the rustic maiden had made a deep impression on his youthful fancy. Study was now irksome; and when he mingled in the dance, or took his place among the fashionable and high-born fair of the northern metropolis, his mind

flew back to the shades round Coxcombry Hall, and the blooming attendant of his infant sister.

For the next six months Grace and he never met but in the presence of his parents, during the occasional visits made by the uncle and nephew to the hall; but these transient and constrained interviews tended to keep alive that subtle flame in the heart of each which so deeply tinged the colour of their future fate.

About the termination of this period Andrew Marvel paid the debt of nature, and at his own earnest request his remains were placed by the side of his former comrade. The last days of the old man had been rendered comfortable by the kind consideration of Lady Ravelrig, and, what was still more gratifying to his feelings, Grace was allowed to spend a part of every evening by his bed-side. His death renewed in almost its original bitterness the grief she had felt for her own immediate loss; and on the evening of the day which consigned his remains to the grave she wandered forth to the churchyard, and, seated on the green sod beneath which reposed her own lamented parents, her tears fell fast on the new-made grave of their aged friend.

About this period a cause involving the property and reputation of two ancient Scottish families was depending before the Court of Session, and the uncle of Edwin Ravelrig was retained as leading advocate for the defendant. The case was of an intricate nature, and required that he should, with his client, proceed to the French capital, in the hope of procuring evidence to impeach the credibility of some of the witnesses brought forward by their opponents.

Edwin was to be the companion of their journey, and during the absence of Grace he arrived to bid adieu to his family. Sir John and Lady Ravelrig, who were spending the day with some friends a few miles distant, had not returned, and he wandered forth alone, his thoughts fixed on the cottage maiden.

Sauntering on, he soon reached the Almond, whose romantic and richly wooded banks re-echoed not then, as in after years, the astounding din of numerous forge-hammers, and whose limpid waters rippling peacefully towards the Forth, formed a pleasing

accompaniment to the cheerful whistle of the ploughboy, the simple melody of the shepherd's reed, or the blithe lilt of the milkmaid.

It was a bland evening in May; the sun had sunk in mild radiance beneath the horizon, leaving the path he trod in deep shadow, while its reflected rays gilded the craggy and indented ridge of Corstorphine, the fancied resemblance of which to the figure of a cock's-comb had given the name to the ancestral mansion of the Ravelrigs, which stood near to its northern base.

In a sort of dreamy reverie the youth sauntered along the bold and wooded banks of the stream, till he came within sight of the hamlet. Lights began to twinkle through the humble windows and open doors of the cottages, as the busy housewives prepared the frugal meal for their industrious, perhaps weary, helpmates. The cheerful song of the boatmen was borne on the evening breeze, as they navigated their craft a short way up the Almond; but in the present mood of young Ravelrig's mind those sounds and sights of rural peace and contentment imparted not, as heretofore, a glow of benevolent feeling to his bosom.

He turned abruptly to retrace his way to the house, in the hope that his parents would now be arrived; perhaps a sweeter hope also fluttered round his heart,—he might perchance behold the form of one whose image was seldom absent from his mind.

After walking about a hundred yards, he left the banks of the river, and, crossing a stile, pursued a foot-path leading through a grove of lofty and ancient trees which screened the mansion from the north-east blast.

The moon had not yet risen, and the light of the stars that were visible in the summer sky was insufficient to render surrounding objects distinguishable.

Ravelrig listened; he thought he heard a low-breathed sigh, but as the sound was not repeated he smiled at his own fancy, and passed on. Again a rustling amongst the underwood to the right convinced him that he was not the sole occupant of the wood, and, pushing through the tangled brake, the sound of retreating footsteps enabled him to follow, and the next moment he caught the terrified Grace in his arms.

Absorbed in grief, she had lingered

on the hallowed spot where rested parents and friend till fast-coming darkness warned her to return; and in a luckless hour she took the near woodland path to the Hall. With a mind softened by recent sorrow, poor Grace was not proof against the soothing blandishments of the ardent youth, and one unguarded moment sealed the misery of her future life.

* * *

Transient, however, was the delirium of guilty passion in a bosom uncontaminated as that of the soldier's orphan; and in a state of mind to which insanity had been bliss she fled from the wood. Self-destruction more than once darted through her mind as she sped across the park; and perhaps in the first paroxysm of horror and remorse she might have effected her purpose, had she not stumbled over the stump of a fallen tree. She was found by one of the domestics in a state of insensibility, and carried to the Hall, where she was carefully attended by old nurse, with whom, since her first entrance into the nursery, she had been an especial favourite.

Edwin, in a state of mind not more enviable than that of the unhappy girl, hastened to the house, where he soon learned the accident which had befallen her. Unmindful of appearances, he would have flown to her bed-side; but at the same moment the carriage drove up to the door, and mechanically he hastened out to receive his parents.

The stately greeting of Sir John he returned with forced composure; but his mother's affectionate smile, and the warm pressure of her hand, spoke daggers to his heart, and he turned away his face to hide the starting tear.

Time seemed to lag in his course during this, to Edwin, interminable evening; and glad he was when with propriety he could seek the seclusion of his own chamber. Like Macbeth, however, he had murdered sleep; and the morning's dawn found him pacing his apartment a prey to the most tormenting self-reproach. His parents were to accompany him to town, and languid and unhappy he joined them at the morning meal, which no sooner terminated than the carriage appeared at the door; and, though anxious to soothe the unhappy orphan, he was compelled to depart without seeing her.

A few days afterwards Edwin Ravelrig left Edinburgh. He pursued his journey in the most painful state of mind; but, on debarking at Calais, and during the route to the French capital, novelty produced its usual effect on a young and inquisitive mind. To say that he wholly forgot the luckless victim of his ill-regulated passions would be to belie his ingenuous nature; for, even amidst the gaities of Paris, the allurements of pleasure, and the more serious occupations of business, the image of Grace Lockhead would arise to distract his thoughts and mar his enjoyments.

In the meanwhile the poor hapless girl, on recovering from the stunning blow she had received in her fall, felt anew all the horrors of her situation. She raised her aching head from the pillow; but, on perceiving nurse sitting by her bedside, buried her face in the bed-clothes, and vainly endeavoured to stifle her tears. The attention of Lady Ravelrig, the kindness of nurse, and the lamentations of little Helen, gave a fresh stab to her lacerated bosom, and made her feel more keenly her fallen condition. A lingering illness consequent on mental and bodily suffering rendered her unable to resume her station in the nursery; and at length Lady Ravelrig acquiesced in her anxious wish to resign the place altogether.

When the cottage was let, Andrew Marvel reserved the small room which Grace termed her own, into which he removed the simple furniture from the outer apartment, in the hope that his young charge would at no distant period return a happy bride to the home of her youth; thither she now returned a desolate and heart-broken mourner!

Shunning the light of day, she never stirred abroad till the simple inhabitants of the hamlet were buried in repose; then would she steal forth from her lowly chamber to wander and weep amidst scenes where in the morning of life she had sported with light-hearted glee. Month after month thus sped on, and Grace beheld the approach of the new year with horror; it was the season when, from earliest recollection, she had been her father's almoner to their poorer neighbours, and the happiest of the merry throngs who concluded the year by running from house to house with light heels and joyous hearts, greeting the inmates with little

madrigals or thymes in return for the well-toasted oaten farrel and the whang of new cheese, the gift of the season.

One *Hogmenny* pressed on her mind with painful distinctness: when, about ten years of age, she was stretched on a bed of sickness, with small hopes of recovery; and during that long winter night her father had never ceased to importune Heaven with prayers for her recovery. "O, God! if it be thy holy will, let this bitter cup pass from me, and spare this dear little one to be the comfort of my old age," had been aspired by the brave veteran in a voice of agony which made a deep impression on her infant mind, and now rose to reproach her with the disgrace she had brought on his memory.

During this restless night Grace resolved to bid adieu for ever to the abode of her youth, and to wear out the remnant of her days in some distant corner, where her name and her lapse from virtue would remain unknown. Somewhat soothed by this resolution, she sunk into a deep slumber, from which she awoke not till roused by the entrance of her humble tenant, to offer her the new-year cup, and invite her to share their frugal breakfast. Grace shrunk with loathing from the proffered beverage, which good-nature induced her to raise to her lips; and no sooner had the gudewife departed than, hastening to secure the door against further intrusion, she once more threw herself on her bed, and began to ponder on her meditated flight.

She had been supplied with every comfort and delicacy from the Hall which nurse thought proper in her weak state,—so that her wages and the rent of the cottage, amounting to somewhat more than six pounds, remained untouched. Totally unacquainted with the world beyond Nether Cramond, the unhappy orphan resolved to abandon home and property, and with this small sum to seek some obscure nook where her disgrace might be for ever concealed.

No sooner, therefore, had sleep sealed the eyelids of her humble neighbours, than Grace, taking up the small bundle she had previously prepared, stole from the cottage. Never since her fall had she dared to approach the grave of her parents; now she felt an irresistible impulse to press for the last time the hallowed sod which covered their remains, and water it with her tears.

A light still twinkled in the village alehouse, where a few rustic revellers were terminating their new-year's jubilee; and as she approached, a burst of rude merriment and the opening of the door warned her to retreat.

She turned into a foot-path leading to the fields, intending to stop till they should pass; but approaching footsteps made her hurry forward, and crossing a stile she found herself in the road leading from the hamlet towards Coxcomby Hall; it was the same she had trod on that eventful night which proved fatal to her peace. Breathless with agitation, and shivering in the keen wintry blast, the poor wanderer sought shelter in the grove till the retreating footsteps of the rustics should enable her to emerge without fear of discovery. The trees were leafless in the forest,—the naked branches of the hazel and the mountain-ash were silvered over with hoar-frost,—and the crisped grass and fallen leaves crackled beneath her light and cautious tread; the rapid beating of her heart might have been heard in the stillness of the midnight hour. Drawing the homely mantle in which she was enveloped more closely round her, she sunk down at the foot of a tree, and for a time remained insensible to every evil. From this stupor she awoke to a state of suffering that forced even a groan from her patient and subdued spirit; she deemed her last hour at hand, and raising her eyes to the heavens, now brilliant with innumerable stars, "O, my God!" she ejaculated, "a broken and a contrite heart thou hast said thou wilt not despise;" and a beam of holy confidence diffused itself over her pallid features.

The calm was transient; bodily agony again assailed her, and soon the faint cry of her infant, prematurely come into existence, struck on her ear, and ceased for ever! Instinctively she endeavoured to rise; but her benumbed and stiffened limbs refused their office, and she laid her head on the frozen earth in a state of hopeless despair.

It was the grey of the morning, when Thomas Saunderson, the miller of Nether Cramond, issued from his dwelling to break the ice of the dam, and turn the water on his mill, which was suffered to stand still during the two previous days of merry-making.

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While thus employed, he halted; and listened, thinking he heard the moaning as of some one in pain. "It'll be some o' these puir daft birkies met wi' some mischance coming frae Luckie Christie's," thought he to himself,— "for I heard them late at it last night. A weel, after mirth comes sadness; but gude safe us," he uttered, "there it's again;" and, throwing the pickaxe from his hand, he hurried along in the direction whence the sound proceeded.

He walked nearly half-a-mile along the road, stopping at intervals, and listening; but no sound broke on the stillness of the hour. The dim light did not enable him to discern objects distinctly; but on repassing the entrance to the grove he opened the little wicket, to examine more nearly a dark object which lay at the root of a tree. Overpowered by horror and surprise on discovering the deplorable condition of the poor orphan, he hurried back to the house, and awakening Marion, informed her of the discovery, and together they proceeded to the spot.

With matronly care the gudewife of the mill assisted her husband to convey the insensible young creature to the house, and placing her in bed, administered a cordial, which soon restored animation. On seeing her sink into a broken slumber she shut the bed-leaves, and, having decently disposed the body of the infant on a *kist-lid*, rejoined her husband in the outer apartment.

Thomas Saunderson was a member of the kirk session of Cramond, and much looked up to by the congregation; nor did his ordinary walk and conversation at all belie his profession. He was a man of much humanity of disposition, and was sorely perplexed how to act in this distressing affair. "The puir young thing," he said to Marion, "I am convinced is na an intentional murderer; and yet I fear she'll suffer the penalty of ane, if she's gien up to the law. Had worthy Mr. Murray been at hame, he wad hae red up the ravelled hasp to me off hand; but I ha na sae muckle trust in the helper, though I believe I maun e'en consult him anent the matter."

Marion thought on her own blooming daughters, and would fain have hidden the affair altogether; but she feared to gainsay the opinion of her better-half, and saw him preparing to

go to the manse without offering any opposition. The miller and his wife, however, it appeared, had not performed their labour of charity unnoticed; a poor woman who was gathering the fallen branches of the trees for fuel spread the news amongst her neighbours, several of whom hurrying to the mill, rendered concealment, had it even been resolved on, no longer practicable. Whilst Thomas Saunderson and the precentor, therefore, proceeded to Coxcombry Hall to request the advice of Sir John Ravelrig how to proceed, a step deemed proper from Grace having so recently lived in his family, the gudewife repaired to the bed-side of the patient. She still continued in a kind of stupor, and her compassionate hostess almost wished that she might never again awaken to a sense of the misery and shame which awaited her.

Sir John Ravelrig displayed little compassion for the situation of Grace, and immediately despatched an express to the sheriff with the information; a precognition was taken, and not the slightest doubt remaining of her guilt, she was ordered to be removed for trial to Edinburgh, the moment it could be done with safety. For the next three or four days she lay apparently lifeless from mere exhaustion; yet it appeared that during the whole time she had heard and understood every thing which passed, and was fully aware of her awful situation.

The worthy pastor of Cramond had been absent, attending the sick bed of an only sister, for the last two months, and on his return heard with deep dismay the perilous situation of poor Grace. Like the good Samaritan, he hastened to the mill to pour balm into the wounded soul of the unhappy sufferer, but found her alike insensible to advice or commiseration.

He commended the worthy couple for their humanity to the forlorn orphan, and from the mill proceeded to the Hall. He found the baronet so morbidly alive to the unpleasantness of any one who had lived in his family having acted so as to incur public disgrace, that he had altogether lost sight of compassion towards the youthful offender. Not so his amiable lady, who feelingly lamented the fall of one so gentle and good,—“for good I must still call her,” she added, with a starting tear; “and deep, I am con-

vinced, must have been the deception employed to lead her astray.”

On the day following the visit of Mr. Murray, as the gudewife of the mill was administering sustenance to the invalid, she grasped her hand, and burst into tears. Her hostess knew not whether to mourn or rejoice at this returning sign of intelligence, and, clasping her hands together, she ejaculated, “Thy will be done, O Lord!” From this day the amendment of the invalid was rapid: fain would her hospitable protectors have delayed resigning her to the hands of justice; but the fiat of a medical practitioner had gone forth, and longer procrastination was thereby rendered impossible.

Tears ran down the rugged cheeks of Thomas Saunderson as Mr. Murray approached the bed-side to break the mournful tidings to the orphan; but he was spared this painful task, for she was fully aware of her perilous state.

Wringing her wasted hands, and raising her dull heavy eyes to the face of the compassionate divine, she sobbed out a request that he would pray for strength from above to enable her to endure the shame and disgrace she had brought down on her own head.

Long and fervent were the supplications of the holy man; and as he proceeded, bitter tears of sorrow and repentance bedewed the cheeks of the youthful penitent. Mr. Murray was not the man to bruise the broken reed; nor did he deem the present moment seasonable for pressing on her those questions necessary for her defence; his aim was to strengthen her faith in the mercy of Heaven, and point her hopes beyond the grave.

The following morning was appointed for her removal, and she entreated that they would set out early, that she might not become a spectacle to the villagers.

Tenderly was she placed in a little covered cart by Thomas Saunderson, who, with his weeping partner, followed it with their eyes till distance concealed it from their sight, when they returned to the house to mourn over one so young and so gentle brought to so sad an end.

The course of the narrative now brings me to the Heart of Mid-Lothian—the Tolbooth of Edinburgh; and I pause on the threshold, for a mighty man has been here before me, and unclosed the cell of Effie Deans.

Grace was lifted from the humble vehicle by the officer under whose charge she had been placed during her detention at the mill, and by him delivered into the custody of the gaoler, who conducted, or rather carried, her more dead than alive along the dark dank passages leading to the small room destined for her prison.

Here, with official insensibility, he left her, after pointing to a truckle-bed in a corner, saying she could rest till the dinner-hour. Faint, benumbed with the cold, and cramped from her confined position in the cart, Grace thought her last hour approached; and, placing her hand on her rebellious heart, to still its violent throbbings, she meekly seated herself on the wretched couch, a picture of hopeless, irremediable woe.

A night of wretchedness succeeded to this first wearisome day of her imprisonment; and it was with a feeling somewhat akin to joy that she beheld about noon the following day the pastor of Cramond enter her prison.

Lady Ravelrig regretted the protracted absence of her brother, whose professional aid might have benefited Grace on her approaching trial; but the business which led him abroad required that he should proceed from Paris to Avignon, and thence to Italy, so that there was no immediate hope of his return. Her ladyship, however, entreated Mr. Murray to spare no expense in securing the assistance of an able advocate, and obtaining for the orphan every comfort admissible in her present situation.

Gold produces its effect in a prison as elsewhere; and Grace was removed to a less dismal apartment, supplied with fire, and carefully looked after by the wife of the gaoler.

From the moment of returning consciousness she had feelingly acknowledged and lamented her crime; but no persuasion, no hope of lessening her own blame, or mitigating her punishment, could induce her to utter the name of her betrayer.

"Never," she said, raising her tearful eyes meekly to the face of the advocate, as he urged her to make the disclosure,—"never shall his name pass my lips. Neither promises nor persuasion were employed to effect my ruin. It was my own weak sinful nature which first betrayed me, and

terror for the shame which would follow sunk me deeper in guilt. But it's a o'er now," she added, while extreme agitation shook her feeble frame; "and I must e'en drain the bitter cup to the dregs which my own hand prepared."

There was a deep pathos in the tone and manner of the unhappy prisoner which made the advocate desist from further importunity; and he resolved to frame her defence without endeavouring to penetrate her cherished secret.

During the month which intervened between her removal to Edinburgh and the day appointed for her trial the aged pastor of Cramond was sedulous in visiting her prison, and had the satisfaction of perceiving that his pious labours were not wholly in vain. Daily Grace became more resigned; and on the morning of the eventful day which was to decide her fate, Mr. Murray found her less agitated than he could have supposed possible. The proper officers entering to conduct her to the court, she meekly folded her hands across her breast, and, throwing an agonised glance towards the aged pastor, in silence left the prison.

The youth and loveliness of the *panel*—for Grace was lovely even in her desolation—attracted all eyes as she entered the court. Being placed at the bar, and indulged with a seat, she pulled the head of the blue gaberlunzie cloak in which she was enveloped over her head, and, bending forward, remained still and immovable as a statue.

Much of the technical jargon of the indictment she did not comprehend, and much deeply wounded the innate modesty of her nature; but when it set forth that, instigated by the temptation of Satan, she had lifted her hand against the life of her new-born infant, she started up, a momentary flash of indignation darting from her full hazel eye, as she exclaimed, "na, na, I'm a wicked creature; but I did na do that, I could na hae dune that;" and again she sunk exhausted on her seat.

Thomas Saunderson was the first witness called; and even the respect he felt for the high presence in which he stood was insufficient to restrain his tears, or prevent him mingling the most simple and affecting eulogiums on the character and disposition of the *panel* with the facts which truth compelled him to detail.

The evidence of the miller's wife was in substance the same as that of her husband; and, like him, she also bore testimony to the good conduct of Grace in all the relations of life.

The venerable pastor of Cramond, his precentor, and the aged nurse at Coxcombry Hall, were cited to her character; and their testimony heightened the compassion which was felt by all present for the melancholy fate of one so young and guileless.

When Mr. M——, then one of the brightest ornaments of the Scottish bar, rose to speak, an universal stillness pervaded the court. In a strain of moving eloquence he descanted on the improbability, nay, the utter impossibility, that one so good and gentle—one whom those who knew her best declared incapable of injuring a worm—should have lifted her hand against the life of her infant. "That she had concealed her situation," he proceeded to say, must be admitted, and that the criminal code of Scotland regards such concealment as tantamount to actual murder, I pretend not to deny; all I contend for is, that though the fear of disgrace had sealed her lips up to the fatal first of January, it did not follow that ultimate concealment was her purpose; on the contrary, she was arrested by the premature birth of her child in her pilgrimage to seek among strangers an asylum and that aid which shame withheld her from craving at the hands of those amongst whom she had lived in the days of her innocence. I entreat, you, gentlemen," he concluded, addressing the jury, "to give the youthful prisoner at the bar the full benefit of this presumption; in which case I confidently anticipate a verdict of acquittal."

The senior judge then charged the jury, who, without leaving the court, unanimously found the libel proven; but, from the youth and excellent character of the *panel*, warmly recommended her to mercy.

Grace listened to the truly paternal admonition of the judge, and heard him pronounce the awful sentence of death with unshrinking composure; but when she raised her eyes to the metley-clad doomster, as in lugubrious tones he uttered the words usual on such occasions, nature could endure no more, and, giving one wild shriek of despair, she sunk senseless on the floor.

On being reconducted to her prison, the poor desolate young creature was received into the arms of the gudewife of the mill, who remained with her as long as the rules of the gaol would permit.

Mr. Murray also visited her, and recommending that she should try to obtain some repose, promised to be with her in the morning at an early hour.

At the period of which I write the facility of intercourse was by no means either so certain or expeditious as at the present day; hence Edwin Ravelrig, travelling from place to place, with his uncle and his noble client, remained ignorant of the melancholy fate of poor Grace.

It was on the afternoon of the day following her trial that the travellers arrived at his uncle's residence in Edinburgh, when young Ravelrig, without alighting, proceeded directly to Coxcombry Hall. He was anxious to embrace his parents after so many months' absence; perhaps, too, the image of Helen's beautiful attendant still floating in his imagination, added to his impatience, and urging the postilion to quicken the speed of his horses, he soon reached the paternal mansion. His father had rode out, and Lady Ravelrig was confined to her own apartment by indisposition.

Requesting that she might be informed of his arrival, Edwin flew to the nursery, where he found only old nurse, sitting in a melancholy mood, with her arms leaning on a table. He held out his hand, inquiring in his usual kind tone after her health, and where he could find Grace and her young charge.

"Puir Grace!" said the good nurse, disregarding his other interrogatories, "sae ye ha na heard what has happened to the poor misguided lassie?"

"Happened! what has happened?" questioned Edwin with startling vehemence, becoming deadly pale; I hope no evil has befallen your favourite?"

"Evil enough, Master Edwin, to be lying in the Tolbooth of Edinburgh under sentence of death for child-murder; yet were it to save her life she'll no gie up the father of the infant. But there is ane abune seas a', and his arm is not shortened that he canna punish the seducer of ——."

But nurse was left without an auditor. On the first mention of Grace's

perilous situation Edwin had flown to the apartment of his mother, and in a state of distraction confessed his crime, and in heart-rending accents entreated her to induce Sir John Ravelrig to exert his influence to procure a pardon for the luckless victim of his ill-regulated passion. "In the mean time I will return to my uncle, who must know best the proper mode of application in such cases."

"My brother will indeed be your ablest counsellor in this business," replied Lady Ravelrig. "Go, then, my son, and in your absence I will exert all a mother's eloquence to soften the displeasure of Sir John, and induce him to act as you desire."

The horses had not been unharnessed; and Edwin, embracing his beloved mother, once more threw himself into the carriage, and soon reached the mansion of his uncle.

Rushing into the presence of the advocate, with whom he found the pastor of Cramond, the distracted youth repeated to them the tale he had already poured into the ear of Lady Ravelrig. Mr. Murray was more grieved than surprised at this avowal, for he had, from the first, suspected Edwin to be the author of Grace's ruin, though he never breathed this surmise to mortal ears. The two judges who sat on the trial had taken prompt measures to lay the case before the sovereign; and the powerful interest which had been obtained in support of the recommendation of the jury almost ensured the certainty of the royal clemency being extended to the prisoner. Somewhat calmed by these assurances, Ravelrig expressed an earnest wish to visit Grace in company with her reverend friend; but this proposition both gentlemen absolutely negatived, since it could only tend to destroy the composure she had in some measure attained.

The advocate being, however, sceptical in regard to the self-control of eighteen, and unwilling, besides, that Edwin and his father should meet under present circumstances, resolved to anticipate a journey he was compelled to take in a few weeks to the Highlands, and charged his nephew to be ready to accompany him betimes next day.

The heart knoweth its own bitterness, and, truly, during the hours of this lonesome night the intense agony

endured by the erring youth gave a wrench to the moral constitution of his mind, which materially influenced all the feelings and actions of his future life. As he entered the parlour the following morning his affectionate uncle almost started at beholding the ravages which a few short hours had produced on his open, cheerful visage; but he forbore making any remark on the subject, and, Mr. Murray soon after entering, they sat down to breakfast.

The morning meal was no sooner terminated than the pastor rose to take leave. To him was delegated the task of accounting to the parents of Edwin for his protracted absence, and endeavouring to soften the displeasure of the baronet, which the jurist was convinced would otherwise be expressed in such a manner as to gail the sensitive mind of his son. In silence the youth wrung the hand of the good divine, placing in it a letter which he entreated might be delivered to his mother in private.

About an hour after the departure of Mr. Murray, the travellers also left Edinburgh. During the first part of their journey, Edwin, with evident difficulty, maintained an appearance of composure in the presence of his uncle; but on retiring for the night, or when occasionally left alone, the previous restraint only augmented his sufferings.

It was a clear, cold, February afternoon as the little inn of Luss appeared in sight. But here none of the appliances of luxury awaited the weary strangers; they, however, took possession of a rude wooden bench placed within the wide chimney of the kitchen, and hunger gave a zest to the humble fare prepared for their supper. The *Fairintosh* was excellent; their couch, though hard, was clean; and the morning sun gilded the top of Ben Lomond before the elder traveller awoke to a sense of renovated existence.

The advocate was to meet his noble client already alluded to at Inverary Castle, about the middle of April; but, as he had set out sooner than was necessary to the punctual fulfilment of this engagement, he had a week or two to spare; he therefore resolved to employ this time in exploring the bold and romantic scenery in the vicinity of their present abode, in the hope of dissipating the deep gloom

which almost habitually clouded the mind of his favourite nephew.

Edwin offered no objections to this plan, and on the second morning of their sojourn at Luss they prepared to ascend Ben Lomond. A listlessness and indifference pervaded, however, the feelings and actions of Ravelrig, which the grandeur and novelty of the surrounding objects for a time seemed powerless to dissipate. But on gaining the summit of the Ben Lomond mountain, the prospect which burst on his sight banished for a time every painful retrospection, and he uttered an exclamation of unfeigned astonishment and delight.

Towards the north, mountains only inferior in height to Ben Lomond displayed their unequal summits, amid which the sparkling waters of Loch Katrine and Monteith expanded over the vale below for an extent of several miles, while in the remote perspective the Paps of Jura were faintly discernible.

Finely contrasted with this Alpine scenery was the view of the peaceful Leven meandering through a rich and fertile district, and the highly cultivated counties of Renfrew and Ayr; while somewhat more to the right the Frith of Clyde, Ailsa Crag, the isles of Bute and Arran, with the ocean in the distance, attracted the eye of the youthful enthusiast. Turning to the east, the castles of Stirling and his own loved Edinburgh met his view. The charm which for some hours had withdrawn him from the gloomy presages of the future was dissolved as by an enchanter's wand, at the sight of those familiar and dearly cherished objects. In imagination he flew back to the condemned cell of Grace Lochead; he beheld her pale, desolate, and, in tears, awaiting the appalling scene which would terminate her earthly career. That scene presented itself to his mental vision in its most minute horrors; the hum of the multitude, like the rushing of a mighty torrent, as they hurried simultaneously towards the fatal spot, seemed to ring in his ears; the walls of the houses from the Tolbooth to the Grass Market bristling, so to speak, with heads; the solemn and judicial pomp surrounding the heart-broken orphan, her colourless face and bent form, as she joined in the last solemn offices of religion,—the pitying looks, tearful eyes, and suppressed

groans of the spectators, as the good pastor pressed her hand, murmuring in a tremulous voice, "Daughter, be of good courage, thy sins are forgiven,"—and gave place to the executioner,—all—all pressed on his mind with torturing distinctness, and forced a deep and heart-rending groan from his wounded spirit.

His uncle noticed the agonised workings of his soul, and feared lest the tone of his ardent and susceptible mind might be destroyed by a much longer indulgence in such bitter and unavailing self-condemnation.

The jurist was too pure in heart, and too strict a moralist, to make light of the seduction of an innocent girl; but Edwin he well knew was no practised seducer, and he grieved to think that a lapse committed in the exuberance of youthful passion should cloud the bright prospects of his opening days.

But aware how useless were argument and reasoning when opposed to the passions and feelings of the human heart, he attempted not by words to stem the torrent of his grief; but resolved, if possible, to plunge him at once into the singular intricacies of the pending cause which had occasioned their journey, in the hope of distracting his thoughts from the contemplation of one gloomy and overpowering subject, and introducing into his mind a train of more healthful associations.

During the remainder of their stay at Luss the mornings were spent in the open air; sometimes they were rowed slowly on the bosom of the Loch, the clear azure waters of which beautifully reflected the grand and varied scenery on its banks; at others they would land and explore the islets with which it is studded; the picturesque ruins of a chapel on Inchcalloch, half concealed by the surrounding foliage, especially attracted the notice of the advocate, and he expressed a wish to possess a sketch of it, chiefly with the design of forcing Edwin to employ his pencil.

After dinner, which was served at the primitive hour of three, the advocate commenced digesting the evidence already obtained; and the acuteness of his remarks, and the dexterity with which he disentangled the leading facts from the mass of rubbish amidst which they were buried, would at one time have elicited the admiration of

his nephew. Now, however, absorbed in his own gloomy retrospections, he mechanically wrote the words from his uncle's diction; but his eye passed over the page when it was finished without comprehending its import.

Two weeks thus passed away without effecting any amelioration in the feelings of Edwin; on the contrary, as the time approached which was to decide the fate of the unhappy Grace, his sufferings became greatly augmented. Restless and unhappy, he could no longer assume even the appearance of tranquillity, and, hurrying from the presence of his uncle, he wandered forth alone a prey to the most torturing reflections.

The favourite and confidential domestic of the advocate was to join his master as soon as the expected pardon arrived, and the third week had scarcely begun when he rode up to the door of their humble domicile.

Edwin started to his feet as his eye fell on William Gill, but, overpowered by conflicting feelings, he instantly re-seated himself, and covering his face with his hands, remained a prey to the most torturing anxiety.

"What news, William?" questioned the advocate, opening the little sash as the methodical valet was unsaddling his steed.

"There's no muckle asteer, sir, only anent Grace; the pardon came down frae Lun'on last week, and the puir thing is out o' the Tolbooth. But I hae a letter in the *wallise* frae Mr. Murray, that will gie ye the information ye require;" and William resumed his employment.

"Grace is at length liberated," wrote the benevolent pastor of Cramond, "and I have secured for her an asylum in the family of my sister, whose weak state of health requires a kindly attendant; and where, I trust, at a distance from the scene of her sufferings, she may in time recover health and contentment."

In the communication of Mr. Murray was enclosed a letter from Lady Ravelrig to her son, in which she took blame to herself for so incautiously exposing him to the fascinations of the cottage maiden, and feelingly expressed her sympathy and interest in the fate of one whose heart and principles she believed to be still pure and uncontaminated, though she had momentarily yielded to the exuberance of youthful

passion. That Sir John participated not in those sentiments she deeply lamented; but she solemnly promised that in her Grace should always find a friend.

Soothed by maternal affection, and assured of the safety of the orphan, a load seemed removed from the mind of Edwin, and with renovated spirits he prepared to accompany his uncle to Inverary.

At the period of this tale neither steam-boats nor mail-coaches disgorged their annual freights on the shores of our northern waters; neither travellers nor tourists, neither cockney shooters, with yellow inexpressibles and yelping poodles, nor amateur sketchers, invaded those wilds. The hardy Caledonians, traversing their native forests and lofty mountains in pursuit of the roebuck, the ptarmigan, and the osprey, were the only human forms that met the eye of the travellers from Luss to Inverary, and were in strict and beautiful keeping with the grand and sublime scenery amidst which they moved — scenery well worthy the pencil of Salvator Rosa.

The arrival of the travellers preceded that of their noble host by several days; and, though the spring was backward, and the April winds blew cold from the western coast, Edwin employed this interval in viewing whatever was worthy of notice in the environs of the castle. By earliest dawn he would ascend the lofty Dunicoich, explore the picturesque Glen Shiray, or visit the romantic vale of Essachosen, where he would loiter, till surprised by the fast-coming shadows of night, listening to the noise of the tumbling waters of the cascade at its extremity. Sometimes he would traverse the extensive park, admire the stately trees by which it is adorned, trace the course of the Arey, with its waterfalls and picturesque banks, or he would accompany the fishermen in their boats when occupied in catching the delicious herrings with which Loch Fyne abounds. With ease of mind, and constant exercise in the open air, his frame recovered its vigour, and the colour resumed its place on his cheek.

His affectionate uncle noted this salutary change, and rejoiced to observe that his darling nephew was rapidly recovering from the melancholy which oppressed him. The mirthful tone of his mind had indeed fled, and given

place to a sedateness beyond his years; but he now entered without effort into the business and pleasures of life.

Whilst the jurist and his nephew were pursuing their journey, as already related, the unfortunate Grace was employed in struggling to obtain fortitude to meet the awful fate which awaited her,—for Mr. Murray had humanely forbore to raise hopes which might ultimately prove fallacious.

On entering the cell with the sheriff, to announce the arrival of the pardon, the youthful prisoner exhibited a touching picture of hopeless woe. So pale, so fragile, and unearthly was her appearance, that she might well have been mistaken for the inhabitant of another world.

Seated on her lowly bed, her wasted hands were clasped together, and rested on her knees, while big tears fell from between her closed eyelids. So abstracted was she from surrounding objects, that the unclosing of the door was unnoticed; and, when the good divine spoke to her in a cheerful voice, she raised her heavy lustreless eyes to his countenance, as if his tones struck a jarring chord in her desolate bosom. Though with the utmost caution and the tenderest sympathy the sheriff made known to her the royal clemency, yet so overpowering was the effect of the un hoped-for news on her enfeebled frame, that she sank insensible on the couch from which she had risen.

Recovering, however, after a time, to a sense of her deliverance, and the necessary forms being gone through, she was discharged from custody, and the sheriff departed.

Mr. Murray had considerably provided a temporary abode for her, in the house of an old parishioner of his, who, being left a widow, now earned a livelihood as a-laundress, at Duddingston.

The old dame had been enjoined to attend at a particular hour; and to her care Grace was consigned by the worthy pastor, who gave her many injunctions to strive and pray for composure, promising to see her early next day. A coach was then procured, into which the exhausted prisoner was lifted, and, accompanied by the widow, soon reached her humble abode.

Mr. Murray, in conformity with the of Lady Ravelrig, liberally re-

munerated the gaoler's wife for the trouble and attention she had given to her suffering inmate, and leaving the prison immediately, departed for Cramond. The family were seated at dinner when the pastor alighted at Coxcombry Hall, and his cheerful conversation during the meal tended to dispel the uneasiness which the amiable hostess began to experience from the long delay of the pardon. When the servants had withdrawn, he communicated the grateful news, which lighted up the placid features of Lady Ravelrig with a glow of devout thankfulness, that her precious boy was saved the torment of having occasioned, even remotely, the death of an innocent orphan, and that orphan under the protection of his mother.

Not such were the feelings of Sir John; an indefinable expression passed over his face as he rose and left the room in silence, and during the evening appeared restless and uneasy.

Mr. Murray left the Hall at an early hour, and betimes the next morning proceeded once more to Edinburgh, in order to despatch William to Luss, as already related. This business terminated, he hastened to fulfil his promise of visiting Grace, whom he found overwhelmed with melancholy. To his gentle rebuke she replied, "I'm no unthankfu, sir, for my deliverance; nor can I say that I wasna feared to die, though I doubt I thought mair o' the disgrace that awaited me than the sin I had committed. But O, Mr. Murray! what's to cum o' me? I canna gang back to Cramond, and I hae neither health nor strength to work for my bread; but, if I was een able, wha would take a disgraced creature like me into their house? Na, na, there's na peace for ane like me in this world; and, were it His holy will, I could wus my head this minute laid aneath the cauld yirth!"

There was a feeling of such utter desolation in the tone and manner of the orphan that made a tear start to the eye of the benevolent divine; but, repressing his feelings, he entered at once into the arrangements he had made for her future comfort.

When informed that she was to reside with his sister, at a distance from all who knew her in the days of her innocence, she clasped her hands in devout ecstasy, exclaiming, "Is it for me, unworthy as I am, that a table is

this day spread in the wilderness I, me, who misdoubted the kindness of Providence, and dared to murmur at the disgrace I brought on myself? But I'll serve your sister night and day, sir, wi' thankfulness and gratitude; and had I but the pardon o' ane, my ain gude leddy, I think, puir sinfu' creature as I hae been, I could yet be at peace."

On being informed of the interest which Lady Ravelrig had taken in her fate, tears of gratitude bathed her pale cheeks, and a load of sorrow seemed removed from her heart.

The pastor shortly afterwards departed, enjoining her to be careful of her health, and saying he would visit her again in the course of the following week, when he hoped to find her so far recovered that a day could be fixed for her journey to his sister's abode.

The following day she received a visit from her humane protectors the miller of Cramond and his dame, who sincerely rejoiced at her deliverance. Grace shed tears of gratitude on the bosom of the gudewife, who had so warmly sympathised in her sufferings, and felt for her the affection of a mother. The miller gave her much encouraging counsel, and her spirits were greatly soothed by the attention and kindness of the worthy couple. That night she slept soundly for the first time during many weeks, and arose in the morning so calm and refreshed, that she busied herself in preparing her simple wardrobe for the expected journey.

Towards evening, however, her hard-earned composure was put to flight by a carriage stopping at the door, from which Sir John Ravelrig alighted, and entered the house. His tones were harsh, and the very first words savoured of reproach. Grace was ignorant of the avowal made by his son; for the pastor of Cramond, with his accustomed consideration, had never uttered the name of Edwin Ravelrig in her presence. When, therefore, Sir John in set and measured phrases accused her of a design to entrap his heir into a connexion dishonourable to his name and rank, the astounded orphan comprehended not his meaning, and remained silent and bewildered.

"You may well be ashamed of your wicked scheme," he continued, "after the kindness you received in my family;" on which Grace found words to declare her penitence, and her de-

sign of removing far from Cramond and the companions of her youth.

"If you are sincere in this declaration," the baronet resumed, "you cannot refuse a husband from my hand; Thomas Bankie has long loved you, and is willing to overlook what has been amiss in your past conduct; and as his wife I promise you my countenance and that of Lady Ravelrig."

"Only thing but that, Sir John," sobbed out the poor orphan; "only thing I would do to shew my gratitude and respect to your honoured lady; but I canna, I daurna become the wife of ony man breathing."

"I thought so," exclaimed Sir John with ill-suppressed passion; "then listen to my determination, base woman; never shall Lady Ravelrig again behold her son, if you consent not to my proposal; and he shall be sent forth into the world with a father's bitterest malediction on his head."

Terrified and overpowered, the resolution of Grace yielded to the violence of the baronet. Thomas Bankie was called in; and the former helper of Mr. Murray, who a few weeks before had been presented to a kirk by Sir John, joined his hand with that of the weeping and nearly insensible orphan. This enforced ceremony was no sooner over than they took their departure, leaving the new-made husband to console his unfortunate bride as he best could.

For some time after their departure Grace sat with her eyes fixed on vacancy, the mute image of despair. At length, starting from her trance, she said in a voice of forced calmness,

"Thomas Bankie, ye have this night consented to a deed that ye'll repent of till the last day o' ye're life. But promise me twa things, and I'll try to forgie ye. Leave me now, and dinna cum back till this day month; or, if ye dinna wus to see me die at your feet, never take me back to Nether Cramond."

Bankie, who was really a good-hearted youth, and had been deeply smitten with the beautiful orphan, readily complied with her wishes; and, as the door closed after him, she threw herself on the bed, and burst into an agony of tears. The wo-fraught countenance of Grace rose to his mental vision, as beneath the shades of night he pursued his homeward way, and sincerely he repented having lent himself to the project of the baronet.

The idea that Grace would work on the generous nature of his son to make her his wife, should they again meet, had taken forcible possession of the mind of Sir John Ravelrig from the moment that he was informed of Edwin's avowal to his mother; and he almost hoped that the royal clemency might be withheld from the prisoner.

But, when the pardon actually arrived, his terrors gained additional strength; and he proposed to Bankie, one of the under-gardeners, whom report had set down as a lover of Grace in the days of her innocence, to overlook her error, and become her husband, in which case Sir John promised to give her a portion of five hundred pounds, in addition to her own little possessions. Avarice and love combined to induce a compliance with the wishes of the baronet, and the result has already been related.

Lady Ravelrig was seated at tea with the worthy pastor of Cramond, and listening with a glowing heart to his cheerful anticipations of ultimate good arising from the awful moral storm which had now spent its force, when Sir John and his reverend companion entered the room. There was a buoyancy in the whole appearance of the baronet so contrary to his usual stately bearing, as to strike even the unobservant Mr. Murray with astonishment, while the eye of his quondam helper sunk under his scrutinising glance.

No sooner, however, had the servants withdrawn with the tea equipage than Sir John terminated the surprise his unusual manner created, by detailing, with no little exultation, the scheme he had adopted for securing the dignity of his ancient house.

Lady Ravelrig, with a mind greatly superior to that of her husband, always listened with the utmost deference to his opinions, as was the custom with the matrons of those days; but in the present instance neither opposition nor argument would have availed, had she even been so inclined,—for the evil was consummated,—the fatal stab was given, and had struck home to the heart of the desolate orphan.

Pale and agitated, her ladyship rose and left the room; and no sooner was the door closed after her than the pastor of Cramond, roused beyond his usual forbearance, reprobated in strong terms the cruelty and impolicy of the

measure — cruel as it regarded the unhappy young woman, and impolitic in respect to the generous though culpable Edwin.

The proud spirit of the baronet was galled by the tone of reproach assumed by the divine; and, though partly convinced by his representation of the impropriety of the part he had acted, he offered neither vindication nor apology.

Mr. Murray almost immediately left the hall; but, as he was waiting for his horse, old nurse approached, and put into his hand a note from her lady.

In it she entreated him to visit the poor orphan, and assure her that no exertion should be left untried to induce Thomas Bankie to leave her unmolested.

"Cupidity," she added, "must have been the motive which operated with this young man to consent to such unholy espousals, and the same avaricious disposition may induce him to relinquish his usurped rights."

A similar idea had occurred to the divine, who, as soon as morning dawned, set out for Duddingston.

Here a scene awaited him which wrung every fibre of his compassionate heart. Grace knew him not; her senses had fled; and, alternately muttering, singing, and raving, she was now insensible to either injury or kindness. Medical aid was instantly summoned from town, and, if skill could have restored the heart-stricken orphan, she would have lived; but the fiat had gone forth, and on the very day that she had promised to receive her husband Grace was consigned to the humble grave of her parents.

A few hours previous to the dissolution of the patient reason resumed its empire over her mind; she thanked the good pastor of Cramond for the paternal kindness with which he had watched over her, and embraced the miller's wife, who was sitting by her bed-side.

Something more she was about to add, but only uttered the name of Lady Ravelrig, and expired.

A week had scarcely elapsed since Grace became an inhabitant of the tomb, when a note from the advocate apprised Mr. Murray of their arrival in Edinburgh. The divine immediately proceeded to town, and, with as much delicacy as a regard to truth

would permit, related the circumstance which had accelerated the fate of the orphan. The jurist felt all the generous passions of his nature revolt at the cruel and unmanly conduct of the baronet,—for by such epithets he hesitated not to designate the cruel part he had acted. Edwin listened in silence to the detail; but the agonised workings of his countenance evinced the torture within.

In a tone of unnatural calmness he entreated the advocate and Mr. Murray to be present at his first interview with his parents, and early the next morning the three gentlemen proceeded to Coxcombry Hall. The interval was passed by Edwin in the privacy of his own apartment, and anxious and confidential was the conversation which took place between his uncle and friend during his absence.

That only at a distance from the scene of the late afflicting events would he ever recover his peace of mind both gentlemen seemed well assured; and the jurist expressed a hope that, through the interest of his noble client, it might be possible to procure him a diplomatic situation at some foreign court, where occupation and novelty would combine to wean him from the bitter remembrances that his natal fields were too well calculated to perpetuate.

Edwin, too, felt that Coxcombry Hall could never again become an abiding habitation for him; but the destination he carved out for himself in life was widely different from that contemplated by his uncle.

The image of his mother, his worshipped mother, grieving for the absence of her son alone, rose up to render his purpose painful; but he combated with this enervated feeling, convinced that daily to witness his sufferings would be a greater trial than even his absence to her affectionate heart.

Sir John Ravelrig was about to take his morning ride, when the carriage of the jurist stopped at the gate; Edwin reddened as the tall erect figure of the baronet approached; but, checking his rising feelings, he coldly returned his salutation, and, preceding his friends into the house, hastened to the chamber of his mother.

At the end of an hour he left her apartment with a lightened heart,—for he had obtained her sanction to the step he was about to take, and her

approbation afforded a balm to his wounded spirit.

On rejoining his friends, the youth immediately declared his resolution of entering the army; and the horror expressed by Sir John at the idea of his son, the heir to the ancient house of Ravelrig, becoming a soldier, was so truly ludicrous, as even to call up a smile to the disturbed features of the jurist.

Edwin had previously obtained the promise of his mother to bring the children with her to town, declaring it would be torture to see them at the present moment: leaving, therefore, his uncle to combat the prejudices of Sir John, he mounted a horse, and galloped back to Edinburgh.

It is not my purpose to follow the youthful heir of Ravelrig throughout his military career,—suffice it to say that, a few months after obtaining an ensigncy in the ——— regiment of foot, this corps was ordered to America; and that, after serving several years with honour to himself, esteemed by his brother officers, and adored by his men, he fell bravely combating on the heights of Abraham, by the side of the gallant Wolfe.

During the years of his absence many and grievous were the changes which took place in the family at Coxcombry Hall. The incipient seeds of consumption, which had early appeared in the two eldest daughters of the house of Ravelrig, developed themselves as they grew towards womanhood, and in no long time conducted them to an early grave. Ambrose was also suddenly cut off in the greenness of youth by an inflammatory complaint; and Helen, Grace's little Helen, alone remained to cheer the heart of her desolate mother.

Lady Ravelrig never uttered a complaint; but her pale cheek and wasted form indicated that long she would not be an inhabitant of this sublunary sphere; and the third spring after Ambrose was laid in the grave she also became an inhabitant of the silent tomb.

Sir John Ravelrig, as wife and children were successively taken from him, clung with increasing tenacity to the ruling passion of his soul; even when news arrived of the fall of his heir, he turned towards the lovely Helen, hoping to transfer his name and title to her offspring.

But Helen, early deprived of a mother's guiding hand, was self-willed; and, preferring a young advocate to the man to whom her hand was destined by her father, she was banished from the home and the heart of her inexorable parent.

It was now that Sir John truly found himself a desolate old man; child or relative he had none, and when he went down to the grave there

was no one to transmit his name to posterity.

The name of Ravelrig is indeed no longer remembered in Cramond, nor does one stone remain to mark the ancient site of Coxcombry Hall; but in a corner of the village churchyard, only a few years back, a yew-tree, planted and tended by the repentant Thomas Bankie, shaded the lowly grave of the soldier's orphan. H.

BOMBARDINIO IN ITALY.

"Contrasted faults through all their manners reign;
Though poor, luxurious; though submissive, vain;
Though grave, yet trifling; zealous, yet untrue;
And e'en in penance planning sins anew."—GOLDSMITH.

IF, on leaving Baden, you propose going to Munich, or into the interior of Germany, you had better go round by Tübingen, instead of taking the usual road by Carlsruhe and Stuttgart; because the former, though longer, leads through an interesting and romantic country, whereas the latter only traverses a stale, flat, and unprofitable district.

"Ah! *mon prince*, how do you do? How are the lancers of his Imperial Majesty's guard? I hope you have recovered the fatigues of the Polish campaign?" "You shall hear all that to-morrow as we travel along," said the Prince de W—; "I suppose you are going to Munich—what else can bring a man to Stuttgart? I am travelling the same way, and there is a place in my droska for you. It is more convenient than your seat in the diligence." Now, a seat in a prince's droska is, I know, better than a seat in a German diligence; but, knowing that it has its disadvantages, I refused at once, saying, that though I was going to Munich, yet my mode of travelling was so very different from that of all other mortals, that I could not think of being a burden on his highness. But no excuse would satisfy him; "he was an idler like myself, and I should be director-general on the road." I knew pretty well, from former experience, what this meant; but, as the prince was evidently tired of travelling by himself, and as I had, in truth, no very valid excuse to offer, we set off together for the Bavarian capital.

There is certainly nothing between Stuttgart and Augsburg worth turning

round to look at; but I had lately been reading Raumer's *History of the Hohenstauffen*. It is a dry, stiff, and elaborate work, but interesting from the mass of valuable information which it contains. No traveller or historical student should leave it unread; and Lord Francis Egerton should immediately translate it into English. He can afford to work for fame; and here is a book the translation of which will confer fame. His lordship may dedicate it to me for my advice. The reading of this book had made me take a sort of fancy to every thing connected with the heroic race of the Swabian emperors, who, from lords of a simple castle, raised themselves to the sovereignty of Germany, Italy, and Sicily; and one of the objects of my tour was to see the hill of Hohenstauffen, where stood the fortress-cradle of that noble and ill-fated family. I had told the prince this at starting; and he was delighted with the idea, "the very thing he wanted to see himself—particularly obliged to me for reminding him of it." Well, when we arrived at the hamlet of Göppingen, not far from the foot of the hill, I proposed, that before the horses were put to the droska, we should get guides, and ascend the mountain. "But is there any thing to see there now?" said the prince. "Hardly a stone of the castle left," was the response. "Why, then, should we give ourselves all this trouble? It will be late before we get to Ulm, and you know how unpleasant it is to arrive late at a German inn; we shall get no supper." "*Vous verrez cela une autre fois, mon*

chère," said his highness. "*A vos ordres, mon prince*," said we, laughing inwardly at our folly for having placed our trust in princes.

I have related this little misadventure, in order to shew how difficult it is to meet with a good travelling companion. One man prefers a dinner to every thing else; another is absolutely idle, and cannot be moved; a third is restless and fidgety, and never happy but when he is whirling along the road. You have to dread the listless traveller, who takes no interest in any thing, as well as the simple and inquisitive traveller, who plagues all the world with silly and useless questions. Then there is the querulous traveller, who disputes the simplest proposition as well as the cheapest bill, and who is in constant dread of being imposed upon. Next comes the extravagant traveller, who gives himself airs upon the strength of your purse, even more than on the strength of his own. Travel alone, therefore; and if any sight of real interest is to be seen, be sure you go alone. As to lady-travellers, the pretty dears are, no doubt, more enthusiastic, and shew more feeling for the beautiful than what men do; but they require too much attention, and sometimes take off too much attention, so that I would hardly recommend them for travelling companions, unless for a mere pleasure tour, where no inconvenience is likely to be experienced. It is distressing to see them want their little comforts when you cannot relieve them; and yet it is strange how willingly they brave every difficulty merely for the fashionable honour of having been on the continent.

"*Au revoir, mon prince*:" keep a good quarter for me at the Golden Lamb at Vienna." My travelling companion was going by the way of Salzburg; I was proceeding towards the Danube, so that we parted for a time at Munich.

The prince and I had discussed many questions of tactics, literature, and politics, but had argued none; by which mode of proceeding we had gained pretty nearly all the information we could well derive from each other, without, for a moment, losing our temper or equanimity. I would recommend all travellers—I might say all the world—to follow the same rule; for to attempt a regular train of argument, or demonstration, in ordinary

society, when you are sure to be interrupted at every sentence by persons who get into a rage, in order to avoid being convinced, is pure folly. Some men want logical heads, and cannot draw the most simple conclusion; others want the knowledge on which you can alone found demonstration, for you cannot on all occasions go back to the A B C of a subject. Few possess even the decent politeness required for listening with common courtesy, and still fewer possess temper. This is saying nothing of the numerous class who have always a budget of facts ready to support any silly theory they may feel disposed to advance. Never, therefore, attempt to argue a point except pen in hand. If you wish to obtain information from any one, discuss the subject politely, just hinting or expressing a doubt now and then, so as to draw out your informant. With foreigners you had better be complimentary, and say as many fine things of their country as you can well reconcile to your conscience; this will throw them off their guard, and make them speak freely. You must, of course, sift the information thus required, and try its value by your own knowledge, and by the opinion you may entertain of your informant. To swear, as many people do, to the truth of every statement that a foreigner may give respecting his particular country, is absurd. To argue subjects of national policy with them is also useless: of England they know nothing; and if you touch upon the weak points of their own country, its government or manners, you instantly throw them on the defence, and they stick at no trifles to maintain their cause. The Russians, in particular, pull the long bow in support of their country's grandeur, at a rate that would startle even Ferdinand Mendez Pinto himself. A Russian nobleman of high military rank, wishing to impress some British officers with a just idea of Russian courage, told us of a certain Muscovite admiral who was so indomitably brave, that he required to have two men placed near him in battle, merely for the purpose of pouring buckets of cold water over him, in order to keep his fiery valour within moderate bounds. A sort of stately politeness should also be observed towards all chance travelling acquaintances. This is no bar to

cheerfulness and good humour, but is the best protection against the selfish and loutish coarseness always so ready to break out during a journey. By vapid exclusiveness you only make yourself ridiculous, and make nothing of others.

For the present I must leave Germany, but cannot take my departure without first relating a sort of adventure that befell me at Passau on the Danube.

I had, as usual, ascended the highest steeple in the place, in order to get a good view of the country. The regular guardian of the church happening to be out of the way, his daughter, a fine plump, bright-eyed, rosy-cheeked, and auburn-haired girl of five-and-twenty or so, had attended me; and I was just stepping out of the belfry, after giving her, owing to her cheerfulness and good humour, a few pence perhaps above the usual fee, when she seized my hand, and, with her own cherry-ripe lips, actually imprinted a kiss upon it. I was totally unprepared for any thing so novel and extraordinary. The pressure of a pair of fine female lips upon your ungloved hand has, in truth, a strange effect: it felt something like a galvanic shock, and went from the kissed hand right through the heart to the very extremities of the fingers of the other hand; and for an instant it almost arrested my breath, so that I could think of nothing better than returning the kiss from whence it came. But, finding that this kissing of hands was the custom of the country, I took care to be on my guard ever afterwards, and would recommend you to follow my example.

Unless you are very deaf indeed, you must have heard a great deal about the politeness of foreigners, and their attention to strangers. I believe I am the only person who has ventured to declare, that the people of the continent are, generally speaking, very far behind the people of these islands in every thing that can be termed real politeness. The rudeness which our countrymen, and countrywomen also, experience, and put up with, abroad, particularly in Italy and Switzerland—the most boorish countries within the range of the grand tour—leads them to mistake a mere absence of insolence for politeness. During the tour, of which I am here giving the majestic

world so learned and incomparable an account, I travelled from London to Vienna, and from thence to Naples, and back to London, and was never once addressed or spoken to by a foreigner with any view of ordinary courtesy or politeness. I am known at first sight to be an Englishman, and a *soldado*. I wear a good coat, and, as Burghart can tell, I am particular about its make, without condescending to know what others deem fashion; I am therefore addressable. On entering a public room, I also make it a point to say something to the waiter or the landlord in the language of the country, so that no supposed ignorance on this point can be pleaded; and yet was it only at Passau that a foreigner addressed me, not then to shew me any attention, but to shew that he could speak a little English, which indeed was so little, that we were forced to translate every sentence back into German. The constant forcing of bad English on an Englishman who speaks their own language fluently is another proof of continental bad manners. Will any one make me believe that a stranger, known to be such, could travel all through England without experiencing one single mark of ordinary politeness? I never saw a foreigner on the top of a stage-coach who was not courteously treated by the rest of the passengers: I have even seen women holding on the poor frightened things. We Britishers have faults and failings in abundance, but a want of natural politeness is not among the number. Fashion orders us not to be polite towards each other, unless under certain circumstances, and according to certain foolish rules, which I formerly exposed; and we are absurd enough to follow her dictates; but the interdict extends not towards foreigners, and we generally treat them with courtesy. Who ever saw them return the compliment?

Venice is still enthroned on her hundred isles; hearse-like gondolas still float upon her hundred and forty-seven canals, and pass under her three hundred and six bridges. Her thousand years of empire still cast a glory round her; but it is a dying glory, for her days are numbered: and however much her former greatness may engage our sympathies, we are, nevertheless, bound to confess that she well deserved her fate. The crimes of her base and selfish mercantile aristocracy

had already darkened the fame of her brightest times ; and their cowardice casts the deepest stain on the last of her days. Many states have fallen from the effects of internal dissension, weakness, or corruption ; others have fallen, some with and others without honour, beneath the arms of powerful aggressors ; but it remained for Venice to shew the world an instance of infamy absolutely unparalleled in the annals of human baseness. Venice was perfectly safe ; she was protected by her own fleet, and could, if necessary, call an English fleet also to her aid. The Austrians were descending from the Tyrol,—Napoleon's retreat was already cut off,—the republic had fifteen thousand disposable men at command, who at that moment could have turned the tide of war against the French. The Venetians knew the fate that awaited them, in case of Napoleon's success, for he had proclaimed their doom ; but, so far from having the courage to strike a single blow for their own or for the general cause, they first allowed Austria, their present ruler, to fall unaided ; and, though inaccessible in their lagoons, they sent their own ships to bring over the conquerors, who had not even a boat at their disposal. When the assembled senate came to the final resolution of yielding, the doge, a dotard of the house of Manin, declared, that "their decision could be ascribed only to the direct aid of the Virgin, the high protectress of Venice, who had evidently enlightened their minds, and inspired them with wisdom."

Speedy retribution followed. The French, from the moment of their landing, treated the conquered as slaves. Most of the nobles had grown rich at the expense of the commonwealth, and were all indebted to the state to a large amount, for arrears of taxes and other charges, from which the law did not exempt them, but from which they had by degrees exempted themselves. The French instantly claimed these arrears, interest and all, for the service of the republic. The blow ruined the greater part of the Venetian nobility at once : those who could not immediately raise the money bribed the French commanders, just as base and corrupt as the conquered, with statues, pictures, and other articles of *virtù*. Many were forced to pledge all their property to Jews, who are to this day the

real owners of some of the finest palaces in Venice : indeed, there is hardly one of these princely mansions that is now kept up in a manner denoting any thing like ease or affluence on the part of the proprietor. Some are entirely deserted, others are store and warehouses, and many are going to ruin merely for the want of the most ordinary attention ; some have even been pulled down for the value of the materials. As far back as 1814, six thousand houses and four hundred so called palaces, had already, owing to the blessings of French sway, been demolished. Of the six hundred patrician families that governed Venice, two hundred have become extinct since the fall of the republic ; and of those that remain, not thirty are in affluent or easy circumstances. The population of the town is said to decrease at the rate of three thousand souls a-year ; but this must be exaggerated.

"I stood at Venice," not on the Bridge of Sighs, for it is built up, but on the Place of St. Marc. The history of a thousand years flashed before me. I knew the crimes of which the public had been guilty ; I knew the meanness which led to its fall : and yet was it impossible to stand where I stood, with the venerable church of St. Marc and its Corinthian steeds on my left, the flag-staffs from which floated the standards of the conquered kingdoms, Candia, Morea, and Cyprus, on my right, without feeling for the fate and fall of a people who had, once at least, achieved great things.

Even the church of St. Marc makes an impression on the mind, and calls forth emotions of respect and veneration for names, times, and generations long passed away that no other edifice can inspire. The sanctity of place expels from the heart all recollections of the deeds of sin and sorrow committed by the lords of Venice, and for a moment, a brief moment perhaps, you think of their greatness only. The church was commenced in the tenth century, and built after the model of the church of St. Sophia at Constantinople. During several succeeding centuries it grew with the growth of the republic, and was enriched according to the augmenting wealth of the state. All the art which that remote period could display, all the splendour it possessed, were expended on the construction of this

Christian temple. Whatever object of value could be collected from the isles of Greece, or along the shores of that unhappy land; whatever could be found at Constantinople, Jerusalem, or Alexandria, was applied to enrich and embellish this revered pile. The architecture is of all ages and nations; but the air of still and earnest grandeur which reigns within its venerable aisles, gives to the whole a look of uniformity that its mere design may possibly want.

Away from the chapel of the Madonna de Mascoli! its dedication recalls the state of morals in Italy during the fourteenth century, and the very recollection is horrible.

The Scian horses again adorn the porch of St. Marc. Unchanged barometers of the fate of empires! what do you here? Ye fled from your first post of honour when Corinth sunk in blood and flame; from Rome when the world's mistress fell from her high estate: ye abandoned conquered Byzantium, degraded Venice, and the humbled metropolis of vain-glorious France! Why linger here amid the ruins of greatness passed away? Can Venice fall still lower: and must the waves of the Adriatic sweep over the domes of its former empress?

Thiersh, the grammarian, a very great goose, no doubt, but a very good scholar, says these horses are not of Grecian but of Roman origin. He assigns as a ground for this opinion the clumsy figure of the steeds, which, by his account, resemble the horses represented on Roman coins and monuments of the time of the emperors, without having the least likeness to those represented by Greek artists of the earlier period. There is certainly some truth in the remark.

We shall now go to a Venetian *soci  *, and then be off.

"Le Colonel Bombardinio," said my friend, promoting me, according to good continental custom, as he presented me to the Countess de B., one of the leading fashionables of Venice. In a spacious but very moderately furnished apartment were assembled, besides the lady of the mansion, five or six other ladies, all of a certain age, as young ladies hardly ever make their appearance in parties. They were seated in a cluster together, while four or five gentlemen were standing round the circle, talking,—

sometimes addressing the entire party, at other times speaking only to a neighbour. The conversation, general and particular, was carried on in French, as there were foreigners present, as well as in Italian. Scandal, literature, and even politics, formed the topics of discourse; all were treated with nearly equal dulness. From nine o'clock till twelve the company were constantly changing—some taking their leave, while others were arriving. At no time were there more than twenty-five persons present in the room, though more than a hundred must have passed through it during the evening. This is, I understand, the constant routine of Venetian society. Bating the exclusion of young ladies, the system might be adopted with advantage in other countries, provided always that people would go into company with the simple view of pleasing and being pleased; instead of going, as they invariably do, for the purpose of shewing off, and acting a part different from any for which nature intended them. The consequence of this eternal striving after effect is, that men and women become so stupid in society that they are actually obliged to eat and drink in each other's company, because they have no other means of filling up time, or of employing their hands. In Venice, society, though totally free from affectation, is dull, because the people are extremely ignorant; in many other countries it is dull, because the people, though not ill-informed, are outrageously affected. This is, above all places in the world, the case in Edinburgh. The modern Athenians, though not so well informed by many degrees as they fancy themselves, are at least upon a par with their neighbours; but, owing to the affectation of the people, their constant striving after grandeur and effect, together with their boundless adoration of rank and wealth, as well as the fortune-hunting propensities of ladies and gentlemen, the society of the place is an actual burlesque on the name. All this is the more to be regretted, because the elements of pleasant society are not wanting in Edinburgh. I shall some day or other describe the routine of the thing, and at the same time publish a collection of love-letters, addressed to various Scottish heiresses, and now in my possession.

Just let us look into the theatre

before we leave Venice. A new opera: the audience call, long and loudly, for the repetition of a song that has no political allusion whatever. The actors are willing to comply, and solicit the necessary permission from the police-officer stationed behind the scenes. The little mean functionary refuses, in order to shew his mighty power; the audience persist, and a regular theatrical row ensues, which ends, of course, to the advantage of the man in authority. "He is a German, I am sure," said a young Venetian nobleman who accompanied me; "an Italian would never have behaved in this manner." "Never, never!" responded twenty voices around us. Having served in the West Indies, and knowing what sort of masters liberated slaves make, I felt confident in my own mind that the man was an Italian. I made a point of inquiry next morning, and found that I had been perfectly right in my conjecture,—the man was bred and born in Padua!

Farewell, Venice! the motto engraved on the pedestal of one of the antique statues in thine own museum should now be placed on the shield of thy weakness: ΠΡΟΣ ΘΕΩΝ, ΣΟΤ ΜΗΔΕΝ ΑΚΟΗΡΙΑΣΗΣ ΕΝΘΑΔΕ. "By the gods that protect thee, injure nothing in this place."

Padua: go to the Golden Eagle; but avoid the *Tre Mori* at Ferrara and Bologna, in spite of Mrs. Starkey, for they are nothing better than dens of uncivil thieves. At Ferrara, the crumbling seat of the proud tyrants the D'Este, you will of course go and see the paltry monument of Ariosto. If so, give the good old *custode* a few additional *pauls* for my sake, and tell him, that I am sorry for the rudeness of which I was guilty towards him. The truth is, I have a great horror of the monotonous *cicerone* jargon, and always get out of its way as fast as possible. With this antipathy about me, I entered the library of Ferrara, intending only to look at the picture of Cardinal Bentivoglio, and to see the few relics of Tasso and Ariosto that are preserved there. The *custode*, however, seeing a large English party—I know not who they were—that had followed me, thought it necessary to begin as usual at the beginning of his discourse, and was proceeding to give the history of all the portraits in the gallery of the Cardinals, when I

very abruptly cut him short by drawing all their eminences together, and desiring him to shew us the portrait of Cardinal Bentivoglio and the manuscript of the *Gerusalem*, and not to detain us with fooleries. The old man bowed his head; and, after two or three vain professional attempts to save a cardinal *en passant*, led the way to the unworthy monument of Ariosto. The English party followed without remark: it was evident they did not know what they had come to see; for the elder, probably the father of the family, asked me whether he, pointing to Ariosto, was a general. "A good man at his weapon," was my answer. "I thought so," said my countryman, delighted with his own penetration. Well, having examined some scraps of the poet's writing, and sat in his chair, we next proceeded to look at the manuscript of the *Pastor Fide*, in Guerini's own hand-writing. It is a beautiful specimen of caligraphy: the more remarkable, as few Italians of the present time can even read clear writing, much less write clearly themselves. The manuscript of the *Gerusalem*, with the corrections in the author's own hand, followed. Tasso's handwriting is bolder and freer than that of the other two; it is not so neat and pretty as Ariosto's, nor so stiff and clear as Guerini's. I read a stanza of the poem, and read it badly; the *custode* corrected me with the most perfect politeness, and then read it over himself. I repeated my attempt, and then he approved. One stanza succeeded another. The *custode* became quite animated, till, in relating the woes and sufferings of the unhappy bard, the good old man brought tears into his own eyes. It proved that there was at least one man of taste and feeling in Italy, which I should otherwise have been much inclined to doubt. The Italians are constantly prating about their love of, and feeling for, the arts, whilst every word they utter on the subject, as well as every glance at their country, shews that they possess no earthly feeling but that of self.

I told you, a few lines ago, the question asked of me by a countryman in the library of which we have just been speaking. Before we get too far removed from the subject, I must tell you another anecdote of the same kind that occurred in the church of

St. Marc, at Venice. I happened to ask a clever and well-informed *valet de place*, who had accompanied me from the Silver Lion, whether the Venetians had never erected any monument to the memory of Dandolo,

"Th' octogenarian chief, Byzantium's conquering foe."

The reply was in the negative; Dandolo having been buried at Constantinople, where he died after the capture of the place, was soon forgotten by his republican countrymen. "Constantinople, Constantinople!" said, in broken French, an Englishman that for some days had forced himself into my company; "who reigned at Constantinople at that time? Charlemagne, Charlemagne?" I was actually forced to blush for my country before a mere *valet de place*. Now, what in the name of folly can induce persons of this kind to sport their ignorance beyond the limits of their own country? The individual in question seemed to have no object beyond that of scolding waiters and saving money—ignorance and avarice combined completely cut him off from all enjoyment. He wanted the knowledge which alone can give an interest to foreign scenes, monuments, and localities; and was almost afraid to eat even a dinner, gourmand as he was, for fear it would cost him too much money: and, sad to say, you now meet with too many English of the same class on the continent. If you have no taste for the arts, and possess no literary or historical knowledge, travelling will afford you neither profit nor pleasure—you will traverse only a barren waste, that can awaken no new feelings, nor in any respect enlarge the sphere of your ideas. Stand in pensive attitude before the Colosseum as long as you like—gaze with upturned eyes on the Apollo and Meleager, while your arms are thrown with sentimental elegance across your throbbless breast—it will avail you nothing; for well you know that it is always affectation. If, on the other hand, you are so poor or so avaricious as to bawl about every farthing that issues from your pocket, it is a proof that you value your cash, justly perhaps, higher than any gratification you can obtain in return,—a very good reason why you should stay at home and save your money in some London garret, where you can bring no discredit on

your country, and where the money that you must spend, in order to keep body and soul together, may perhaps go into more deserving hands than your own—abroad, the chances are that it will only go from one shabby fellow to another. But, as I told you before, you travel for fashion's sake, and to say that you have been abroad; as if you could not say so without the trouble of crossing the Channel. If you start without knowledge, you will assuredly bring none back. And as to the point of conscience, let it not trouble you: ignorance and affectation combined will make you tell more falsehoods in your attempts to describe foreign scenes and manners, than you could possibly be guilty of in describing your travels on the mere authority of an ordinary guide-book.

Bologna: a piazzaed town; cold, dull, and monastic in its appearance. The university has been shut since the revolution. The students, who were learning to draw out deeds and to make up recipes, thought themselves perfect in the simple art of legislation, and undertook, accordingly, to draw up constitutions. To draw a trigger was, however, what none of the liberal and enlightened legislators had bargained for; so that, without firing a single shot, they fled at the first sight of the Austrian troops. The conduct of the Italians during their late attempts at revolution would make one think that the cowardice of men is, after all, greater than their stupidity. Every country and every army can, no doubt, produce specimens of the aguish quality. We have seen men look *queer* even under the British uniform—we have seen Spaniards and Portuguese taking ground to the rear with the most marvellous rapidity; but, truly and fairly spoken, we never saw a British soldier, of any rank or grade, leave the field; and on many occasions Spaniards and Portuguese, particularly the latter, fought right nobly by the side of their allies. Italy, on the contrary, never produced, during her struggles for freedom, a single man who stood a manly blow. There was not one man engaged in the cause who possessed enough of noble feeling to make him prefer death to dishonour—no! not one of the trembling slaves feared disgrace and infamy; the catiff feared only death. Having got on the subject of *Coruggia*, I must here relate an adven-

ture that befel a gentleman of the press, whom want or chance had pressed into the service.

The love of potheen had probably rendered poor O. L. unfit to continue in the conduct of a provincial newspaper of which he had been editor. He joined the army, and was promoted from some other regiment to a lieutenancy in the corps in which the present writer then served. Our new recruit was a strange, odd, unmilitary person, both in manners and appearance. Owing to his continued love of the "creature-comfort," he was dreadfully absent—never, indeed, seeming to be very conscious of what was going on around him. His thin, spare, and stooping figure, always ill-dressed, corresponded perfectly with his character; but, except fancying himself mortally wounded at Salamanca, when he was only scratched, he had shewn no indication of wanting nerve. Many, indeed, thought that the scenes of battle never rose upon his mental vision till some days after the fighting was over; for he would then speak, with horror depicted in his countenance, of the slaughter which he had witnessed. Well would it have been had this unconsciousness continued. But on one occasion he was awakened from his trance by a peal of thunder, more tremendous, perhaps, than any that ever burst upon the ears of man,—it was the fire opened from the walls of St. Sebastian against the assaulting columns of the British. O. L. awoke,—he awoke to a scene of death and fear that earthly pen must fail to describe; his shattered nerves could not stand the shock, and he took shelter behind the projecting angle of a work. The eye of his commanding-officer discovered him, and poor O. L. was dragged up by the collar of his coat. He would have paid the forfeit of his weakness; but his simple and harmless conduct, together with his good temper, had made him a sort of favourite. The officers of the corps interceded for him; and the commander, as kind and generous as he was brave, not wishing, after so many honourable fields, to have an officer of the regiment tried for such an offence, forgave the unhappy culprit. O. L. afterwards fell at Waterloo, and was the only regular gentleman of the press I ever knew in the army.

According to an old Italian proverb,

the Genoese are the proudest, the Venetians the most magnificent, and the Bolognese the most treacherous people of Italy. What truth there may be in the first part of the saying, I know not; but certain it is, that the Bolognese are to this day the greatest rogues in the Peninsula.

There are still some good pictures at Bologna: they are described in every guide-book and book of travels that you like to take up. The *private catalogues* of some of the private collections, in which the prices are marked in *guineas* opposite the pictures, furnish amusing illustrations of the folly of our countrymen. The sums often asked for absolute daubs, not worth the canvass on which they are painted, shew what a reputation for ignorance the English have acquired in the foreign *virtù* market. Horse-dealers and picture-dealers are the only persons who now state the price of their wares in guineas. Both classes are alike distinguished for roguery; but there is this great difference between them, that horse-dealers are mostly good judges of horses, whereas picture-dealers never know any thing about pictures. The fools often pretend to warrant pictures as originals, as if such warrants could ever be proved or disproved, or could be worth a single farthing. Julio Romana deceived even Raphael himself by passing upon him the copy of one of his, Raphael's, own pictures, for the original.

The Apennines between Bologna and Florence are dry, barren, and chalky, and prove that even mountain scenery may be totally destitute of picturesque beauty. It is, of course, difficult to give any just idea of the scenery of Italy, because so extensive a country naturally presents a great variety of landscape. Lombardy and the north-eastern provinces are generally flat, level, and unpicturesque, but pretty well cultivated. The west coast, on the other hand, from Terracina, almost to the Gulf of Spezia, including the Campagna and the Pontine marshes, is low, barren, and unproductive; and frequent tracts of the same kind of country appear along the Neapolitan coast, sometimes stretching to a great extent inland. Such are the infectious plains of Pæstum, and the deadly salt marshes round Tarentum. The south and south-eastern parts of the Peninsula, together with its north-western

angle, are mountainous, and are joined by the ridge of the Apennines that traverse the entire of the country from one extremity to the other. These mountain districts present many bold outlines and romantic sites of towns and castles, but little of what I would call picturesque or beautiful scenery; simply because there is a want of verdure about them, there being hardly any verdure in Italy except during a few weeks in spring, and the scenery not being of itself sufficiently grand and wild to lack that most beautiful of all Nature's ornaments. The landscape, therefore, looks dry, dusty, and, strange to say, ruinous; and can neither mix nor harmonise with the clear, blue, and unclouded sky, the strong light of which gives to the whole an arid look, and the appearance of an unfinished picture, of which the outlines only are sketched and the sky entirely omitted.

Well, after many a laugh on the part of the wise, and many a growl from the foolish, here we are at Florence. It is the height of the season, and every inn, from Schneider's to the York, is crowded with strangers, so that if you arrive in any conveyance short of your own carriage and four, preceded by a rogue of a courier, you will run a good chance of being turned right insolently away from the door; for of all the mean, filthy, cringing, and insolent rascals, the Italian innkeeper is, without exception, the greatest. And the greater the inn the greater the rascality; for, off the high-road you sometimes find the little *alberge* host or hostess well enough. But in large towns, the innkeepers have found out our English weakness of exclusiveness, and flatter the paltry pride of our wealthy countrymen, by refusing to receive those who appear in moderate circumstances: they make no such vile distinction with foreigners. No people on earth are so speedily corrupted in this manner as the Italians. Removed from the vices of large towns, you meet with worth, honesty, and kindness in abundance; but the slightest contact with regular and avowed knavery, instantly ruins the men. They seem to have no power of resisting the contagion of evil example; the women have far more character in this respect.

Florence, the Etrurian Athens, has become a sort of English colony, though for what reason it is difficult

to guess. The climate is detestable: it is Icelandic in winter, and Bengalee in summer; the air being all the time so rarified as hardly to fill a pair of rational English lungs. As to the beauty of the place, I, for one, could not discover it. The so-called palaces look exactly like jails, and the churches, from the dark and marble-built Duomo downwards, being all as poor and miserable things as you could well wish to see. But then, the monuments in the Santa Croza and the Chapel of St. Lorenzo? Go and look at them, and you will then understand what nonsense tourists write and blockheads recite. The Chapel of St. Lorenzo is abused even in the notes to the 4th canto of *Childe Harold*, though the writer (I forget whether it was Hobhouse or Byron who wrote the notes) was afraid to denounce the statues by Michael Angelo, which it contains. These statues are vile and disgusting, but the towering name of Buonarrotti awed the critics. Of all the men buried in St. Croza, who but the "starry Galileo" can excite interest? Of Angelo Alfieri, the vain, cold, stiff egotist, I have spoken before; and though Sir Morgan O'Doherty mentions Machiavelli as something great, I should like to know in what his greatness consisted? As a poet and playwright he was only licentious; as a historian, he was ignorant and unphilosophical; and as a politician, as the author of the *Prince*, he was at the best so obscure, that the meaning and object of his work still remains an enigma with the learned. The least valued of his works is by far the best, and that is his *Essay on the Art of War*. True, it is only a feeble imitation of the feeble Vegetius; but it contains, nevertheless, a few glimmerings of light; and this is what can hardly be said of half-a-dozen modern military writers. Except Marshal Saxe, Berenhorst, Bülow, Lloyd, Blücher, and Clausewitz, where is the modern commander or writer who has given proofs of possessing, or of having possessed, a single clear view of tactics? Without a knowledge of this science, the very foundation of the art of war, the rest is but "leather and prunella." To lead one army against another, and to strut about in the decorations gained by the gallantry of the troops, or bestowed by the caprices of Lady Fortune, is in itself no proof of general-

ship. Napoleon was a great general, till tried against a small number of British troops, in a simple, stand-up-fight in the open field of Waterloo; but where was the trait, I say not of generalship, but of ordinary intelligence displayed on that occasion?

The English society at Florence is, of course, better than the rabble of English assembled at Calais, Boulogne, and Brussels. I believe, indeed, that most of the English families residing at Florence are perfectly respectable; but their manners are, generally speaking, very much the reverse. They make fools of themselves in every way they can, for they have no other means of killing time, the mortal foe of our entire generation. What is the life led at Florence? The place offers no amusement in itself, when the gallery and the Pitti palace have been examined, as they well deserve to be. They certainly contain much that is very beautiful; but I hold no lady over-mo-dest who lounges for hours together in the tribune of the Venus, or Venuses rather. After the first week the *idler* is reduced to a drive round the *Casino* in the morning, to a scandal or flirtation party in the evening, and to a visit to a very bad opera. Italian society there is none, for the Italians only go to English parties, but do not give any themselves. But if there were such society, it could have no attraction beyond the gratification of ordinary curiosity; for the Italians are, even in the higher ranks, an ignorant and illiterate people. I do not mean to say that ladies and gentlemen should talk science and philosophy over their soup and bohea; on the contrary, such conversation is in general stupid or affected; but a certain degree of knowledge and mental polish are, in these days, indispensable requisites in pleasant discourse. Except, perhaps, a very few of the lower orders of Irish, no uneducated person can now talk pleasant nonsense; few, indeed, can do so at any time; foreigners hardly ever. They have most of them a fluency of tongue, indeed, but I hardly ever met with one who had the gift of conversation. This gift is a rare one, I allow; and we know that Philocrates was the only man among the witty and clever Athenians who was a match for Philip of Macedon. The conversation in ordinary society is, indeed, the very scourge of men, and talents, and ge-

nus; but blockheads rejoice at the prospect of such feasts of reason, just as the long-eared race rejoice at the sight of thistles.

To give you a couple of specimens of Italian conversation taken at random from the higher circles:—

There was a grand ball at Torlonia's the evening before Sir R. Peel left Rome to return to England for the purpose of assuming the reigns of government. All the upper world were there; and curious it was to see, even in the capital of the Cæsars, Roman princes, senators, and *magnates* of every country, paying great court to, and looking rather little before, the *plain* English commoner. It was a moral lesson presented to the sight. Whenever you are not perfectly well known, get some lady of acknowledged rank to parade you round the room: it gives you firm footing at once, and saves a deal of trouble. As I had only just arrived at Rome, I requested one of the beautiful ladies B. to shew me off to advantage. We had closely scrutinised the look and manner of the new ruler of empires; we had even settled that he affected a very little humility and condescension; we confessed, however, that he acted his part so well, and in so gentlemanlike a style, that none but ourselves, my companion and I, could possibly detect the slight tinge of pride that glimmered beneath the elegant suavity of exterior deportment. Ladies are keen physiognomists. We had discussed the premier's character, feature by feature, and had settled it that he was a very clever fellow, a conclusion at which my partner arrived the more readily, as she declared him to be a very handsome one also. "*Mais permettez,*" said the Marquess de N. who had joined us, "there is a new and a surer mode of discovering character, a science which enables you to measure a man's capacity by rule and compass." We both listened, expecting to hear something new or amusing, and what was it? The science of phrenology, which one *Monsieur Gall, un philosophe Allemand* had lately discovered, and of which Monsieur le marquis immediately began to give an account. "What a pleasant creature the marquis is," said Lady B., the moment he had left us; "he is always willing to oblige and give you every information in his power." "Is it the first time

your ladyship has heard of phrenology?" said I. "How can you ask such a question?" was the natural reply. "Because you said it was obliging on the part of the marquis to bore us all round the room with his account of this new discovery." "The Italians," continued my companion, "know so little of these things themselves that they think other people equally ignorant; it was, therefore, kind of him to give us the information." "Then you would have voted an Englishman, who should have lectured you on this exploded old subject, a regular bore?" "To be sure I should, and would have cut him and his lecture fast enough." "I am glad to hear it," said I, "for it shews how much more you really expect from your own countrymen than from all these foreigners, much as you praise and admire them." "Hem," said Lady B., "I wish you would employ your philosophy in getting me a good partner for the next quadrille."

An adventure exactly similar happened to me a few weeks afterwards at Naples. Lady A. had introduced me to the Duke de N. We spoke of Ischia, where I had been a few days before, and which I praised, as a matter of course. "But," said Lady A., "Colonel Bombardinio is an unbeliever, and declares that the people of Ischia are as unlike the ancient Greeks in dress as in language." The people of this island are, you must know, supposed to retain the Greek costume even to this day. "If Monsieur le Colonel," replied the duke, "expected to hear the language of Homer spoken at Ischia, he must of course have been disappointed,—for that is no longer spoken even in Greece itself." Then followed a long discourse, the tendency of which was to shew that the ancient Greek had given way to a new language, also called Greek indeed, but differing as much from the original language as the Italian differs from the Latin.—Having given us this very important information, his highness, after expressing the hope of frequently meeting me during my stay at Naples, joined some other party. "I am glad I introduced you to the duke," said Lady A.; "he is a very clever and obliging man: I am sure you will like him." "He has no very clear notions of politeness, however," was my reply. "How so?" asked Lady A. "He is one of the most polite men at

Naples." "It was surely not over polite to suppose your ladyship and me so very ignorant as not to know the common-place things which he has been explaining to us." "Oh! but you must not be so particular with foreigners; they do not see things in the same light that we do, and have no notion of these nice distinctions." "So much the worse for them," responded we triumphantly, "and for those that praise them."

These are only two instances; but I could add hundreds of the same sort, and have no set-off against them. In foreign society you are constantly bored, in a manner affecting to be polite, with long and formal explanations of the most impertinent trifles, or truisms, intended to impress you with a high idea of the knowledge and wisdom of the talker. Much of this stupidity is concealed by the bad English of the foreigner, or by the English listener's imperfect understanding of the foreign language in which the twaddle is uttered. This is saying nothing of the filthy and disgusting practice, so common to foreigners, of detailing at length all their bodily infirmities and diseases: men who talk of themselves are only vain bores and idiots, but men who talk of their diseases are a great deal worse.

But though there is no Italian society at Florence, nor indeed any where else, the Grand Duke of Tuscany gives a number of very elegant balls and concerts, at which the English are always treated with a degree of politeness which their conduct does not always merit. Some gentlemen go in white hats, some with travelling caps and sticks; many do not even condescend to rise from the seats on which they are lounging, when the duke or duchess pass by in their progress round the rooms; while many scramble for the champagne and the good things at supper as if they had never seen such luxuries before. These persons mistake displays of rudeness for displays of independence. Ladies, also, behave oddly at times. The evening I was presented, a lady tapped the Grand Duke familiarly on the shoulder, in order to make him turn round and talk; while another very familiarly placed herself in a chair of state next the Grand Duchess, reserved for those who are particularly called upon to speak to her highness.

The English at Florence are, owing to all these causes, reduced to their own society; and the affectation of exclusiveness, the striving at distinction, and the constant attempts of the little to appear great and fine upon this remote little stage, are ridiculous in the extreme. The conduct of the gentlemen, foreign and British, is, however, worse than ridiculous; and I am not certain that any one who has resided long in these continental resorts should ever be again received in good society. The character of no lady is respected among them; and it is revolting to hear the infamous manner in which a parcel of despicable foreigners speak of the English ladies residing abroad. The character of a very beautiful and accomplished Irish girl, chaste and cold as polar ice, was all but ruined by the slanderous tongue of a foreign nobleman, the greatest goose, without exception, that ever escaped the honour of enriching a Perigord pie. His escape from this, his natural destiny, proves how abundant must be the race of twaddlers in the particular province to which he owes his name; but at Florence he is courted for his title.

I could fill volumes with accounts of English misdoings and undoings at Florence; but have at present only time to give a couple of characteristic sketches of Anglo-Italian conduct and manners.

A lady of some property, so far advanced in years as to be safe against the attacks of ordinary scandal and gallantry, was induced by her friend to settle at Florence, where she had relations living, in order to get over some family differences that for a time rendered her stay in England unpleasant. On her arrival in the Etrurian capital a young Italian nobleman was introduced to her, who offered his assistance in setting up her establishment. The offer being accepted the marquis was all attention, and certainly proved himself very useful; but it so happened that he always, by some chance or other, called exactly at dinner-time. At first our good countrywoman invited him to stay; but, getting tired of his regular attendance, she left off inviting him, and he then invited himself; and when, at last, desired to make himself scarce, he flatly refused, declaring that dinners, and all such trifles, were perquisites of the *amico*,—a character in which he considered himself regu-

larly established, not merely by public voice, but, he hoped, also by the lady's good-will and affection. The idea that such a thing should ever have been thought possible frightened the good old lady into a fit of sickness, from which she only recovered in order to take flight, fearing to tell, even her friends, of the cause of her departure. On settling her accounts, it appeared that Monsieur the Marquis had not only dined in the servants'-hall every day when she herself happened to be out, but that he had breakfasted there regularly—the servants having all been of his own providing. He also received a certain commission from all the tradespeople. Well, this man is now one of the leading dandies in Florence; and was courted, even in the first circles in London, when he came over, as the world said, in search of an English heiress.

Another English lady of a certain age, possessing a fortune of two or three hundred a-year, came out to visit relations in Florence. *Pour passer le temps*, she joined the younger branches of the family in taking Italian lessons from a gallant who taught both love and languages; indeed he taught the former branch of useful knowledge so well, that he persuaded the lady in question to elope with him from the house of her relatives. Italians are gay deceivers; but they deceive for money, and not for love; he therefore married the lady in order to get possession of her fortune, and then left her immediately. She hardly ever saw him afterwards, nor would he contribute one farthing to her support; on the contrary, she was grossly insulted by his family for withholding from them, as they said, her large fortune, in order that she might bestow it on her English relations. Charity enabled her to return to England, where she now gains her bread by teaching the language the learning of which caused her ruin.

A trait of the manners of the English towards each other, and I have done.

A lady of respectable, but not of noble, family gave a party while I was at Florence that was very much run upon, as the saying is, in consequence of some show that was to take place in front of the house. Well, the courteous hostess was standing near the door, receiving her numerous guests; a little further up the room stood a peeress, looking cold and haughtily around;

when the Hon. Mrs. H., a lady moving avowedly in the first circles of fashion, entered the room. Do you think that she honoured the hostess with the slightest notice? Not she, indeed; but, walking straight up to the peeress, entered into conversation with her; and, having adjusted her curls, she turned round, and gave a half curtsy to the poor lady of the house, who could hardly refrain from tears of wounded pride. Downright anger made the very blood rush to my face; and Mrs. H. perceiving me, and knowing at once what my sentiments were—for in such matters these women have the penetration of the *diavolo* himself—came up, and shook hands with me, and asked what I was doing at Florence. "Shooting folly," was my reply; "and, as a bad shot, I go where the game is the greatest, and in the greatest abundance, and therefore am I here." "You are angry with me," she said; and one of the queens of fashion actually began a lame justification about the "sort of people we are forced to meet with here." "Put in a plea of privilege at once," said we; "like the king, *you* can do no wrong, and well for you that it is so." In return for this expensive party, Mrs. H. sent a card to her hostess, and next day honoured her with a nod in the Casino, and there ended the acquaintance.

The Misses D., ladies of some rank in fashionable society, did even worse. When the much-coveted party here spoken of was in preparation, these ladies called at the house every day till they got their invitation, and then came accordingly in full force; but never afterwards deigned to acknowledge the lady who gave the entertainment,—having, all at once, narrowed the circle of their acquaintance to the members of the aristocracy.

Some of our countrywomen have adopted the fashion, now becoming obsolete among the Italian ladies, of having an *amico* regularly attached to their establishment; others have only the reputation of the thing. A miserable adventurer, who, from his manners and appearance, seemed a *parvenu* lackey, and who called himself the Count de St. —, the natural son of Napoleon, pretended to have been counted by half the English women in Florence: some, I believe, wished to engage him as a courier.

The gentlemen, for want of better occupation, fill up their time with gambling and duelling, together with a little low gallantry—sometimes, indeed, of a very unworthy kind. A young nobleman, Lord —, for instance, carried his travelling flirtations to the length of getting engaged to every pretty girl he saw during his tour. As soon as he tired of the lady's face and company, he received a letter from England, saying that his noble father disapproved of the match, and commanded him to continue his journey forthwith. Wounded pride or crushed affection occasioned, during my stay at Rome, a severe fit of illness to a beautiful, accomplished, and almost peerless girl, to whom the worthless boy had behaved in this manner.

The Italians call every house that has a *porte cochere*, leading into a yard in which a carriage can turn round, a palace. Owing to the charm of the name, our country people are not a little proud of living in such buildings, though they are, in fact, nothing more than what we would call in Scotland a succession of lands, or collection of lodgings, in which twenty or thirty families all reside together; some occupying garret hovels, and others splendid suites of ill, but showily furnished apartments. The very idea of being so closely jumbled together with a number of persons, of all ranks and occupations, is unpleasant, while the uncleanness of the entire *pulazzo* is extreme. The chances are that you must pick your way, on tiptoe, through the fine portico. The steps of the marble stairs which you have to ascend are half broken away and choked up with dirt; the walls are covered with fresco paintings, that, in any country but the land of the arts, would be deemed frightful and tawdry daubs; while in the entrance-hall you find collected all the uncleaned lumber of the week, from boots to candlesticks. The Marquis de S., Lady Strachan's husband, lets pretty cheap lodgings in his palace at Naples; but they are not very good.

Of Italian servants, it is sufficient to say that they are almost universally dishonest, lazy, slovenly, and insolent. If one hand is occupied, the other is sure to be thrust into the breeches' pocket; while the filthy cap is never taken from the head. As Italian ladies

are mostly waited upon by men, there are comparatively few female domestics. And well it is; for though far superior to the men in honesty and respectability, they are without exception the most squalid and uncleanly objects you can possibly behold. The ungraceful and indecent attitude of keeping the hands in the breeches' pockets, though too common in France and Germany, is universal in Italy; it is there the attitude *par excellence*. The dandy makes love and talks *virtù*, *les mains à la poche*. The shopkeeper drives his bargain, the vetturino makes his agreement, the servants receive their orders, and too often execute them also, hand in pocket. Whether this arises from the affection which they all bear towards the cash, or from their vaunted notions of beauty and elegance, I shall not take upon me to decide.

The Italians have neither taste for, nor knowledge of, the arts, say what you will; for a people who neither know nor value the beauty of cleanliness, the foundation of all beauty, cannot surely appreciate beauty in art. That they were the first who made any progress in the arts proves nothing. The splendid monuments among which they lived could not fail to give them great advantages over other nations, as those who live nearest the sun are first warmed by its beams. But what have the Italians done for the last three centuries? Nothing; absolutely nothing. They ascribe this tardiness in the career of fame to the despotic nature of their governments; but this is an idle pretence, fit only to impose upon liberal ignorance; for despotic governments rather help than retard the progress of the arts. Besides the Italians are as free as were the other continental states

before the downfall of Napoleon. In point of freedom, no continental nation can have twenty years the start of Italy; but many of those nations are centuries before her in knowledge, learning, and civilisation. The cause of Italian degradation must be sought for in the people, and not in the governments, bad as they may be. The people are altogether without character and energy; and as destitute of high feeling as of noble aspirations. Fame and honour have no value in their eyes. Their only striving is after money, which may enable them to indulge in sloth and sensuality.

The "Young Italy" of the Liberals is a mere delusion, resulting from the excited imagination of party politicians. The Italian governments are, no doubt, very weak—so weak, indeed, that they could hardly stand without the aid of Austria. But were they each and all swept from the Peninsula to-morrow, Italy could not furnish the materials for the construction of better governments: the elements necessary to the formation of free and liberal institutions are totally wanting in the country. And the experience of the last forty years has amply shewn that these elements are not to be called forth at the mere voice of mob orators or mountebank legislators. They are the noblest gifts that Nature can bestow upon a people, and are exclusively reserved for nations of high and lofty character. Wherever the tree of liberty has grown and flourished, it has been exposed to the storms of contending factions. It must be deeply rooted, therefore, in a strong and generous soil, in order to withstand the fury of the tempests to which, from its very nature, it must be exposed.

WHAT SHOULD BE DONE WITH THE COMMONS?

A PLAIN QUESTION IN RUNNING VERSE.

I.

PETER TOMKINS once asked us, in swaggering words,
 "Good people, what ought to be done with the Lords?
 They are nothing but clogs on the social machine;
 Their house but of rubbish a foul magazine;
 Their chattering but nonsense; their drawing-rooms stuff;—
 In fact, they deserve but a kick and a cuff!"
 Dear Peter, the day for that prattle is gone—
 For *we* ask, "With the Commons what ought to be done?"

II.

It is vain that they threaten to stop the supplies;
 In vain do they labour—the steam will not rise;
 In vain bawls old *Chronicle* night after night;
 In vain does Tom Attwood cry out for a fight;
 In vain do the Cogers and Lumberers scold;
 In vain Georgy Grote may placard, "Go for gold."
 Let them carry the measures they threat, every one;
 And *we'll* see with the Commons what then will be done.

III.

We shall know with that den of low tyrants to deal
 When the King spurns them forth with a fling of his heel;
 When once more the Newgate majority meets
 That people which feels they are despots and cheats;
 When the contests that lost them a hundred before,
 Will take from their numbers another five score:
 Then the people of England will, sure as the sun,
 Prove to Commons like them what is right to be done.

IV.

No longer the slaves of the broguineer tail
 Shall send men of England unheard to a jail;
 The low Irish no more, or the scum of the Scots—
 Themselves of their nations the basest of blots—
 By caballing to vote that the noon day is night,
 Trample down with rude hoofs upon Englishmen's right.
 Of the Lords, Peter Tomkins, now danger is none;
We must think with the Commons what ought to be done.

V.

Oh! shade of the colonel, arise from your tomb,
 And glare with fierce visage on Heckball* and Hume—
 The coffin no longer Sir Thomas should hold—
 Come, Pride, purge the House as you purged it of old.
 Still flows the wide Thames in its long-custom'd bounds;
 Plunge you then in its stream all yon puppies and hounds!
 And a loud voice of cheering through England will run,
 When 'tis known what just work on the Commons was done!

* A former king of the Irish beggars, whose mantle has descended.

A LETTER TO VISCOUNT MELBOURNE.

MY LORD,

There is a question which is now daily and hourly asking, in all descriptions of circles—Whig, Radical, and Tory—the answer to which is wholly in your lordship's breast, but which answer, permit me to say, it is generally thought that your lordship is too tardy in giving. The question is,—*Is it, can it be, your lordship's intention to continue in your present unhappy position?*

I address your lordship as one to whom the character of a gentleman, a nobleman, a man of honour, has always been supposed to belong; and I beg to ask, Whether it has never occurred to you that even this character—the last thing, surely, you would wish to place in any hazard—whether even your fame as a gentleman and a man of honour is not placed in jeopardy by a continuance in your present position? Surely your lordship will not refuse to consider this question for a few moments?

And it must be admitted at starting that, so far as the king is concerned, the ordinary feelings of a gentleman would revolt from the idea of *intruding* into his service. To thrust one's self into his presence, to obtrude one's own and fellows' services, undesired by his majesty's own mind and will, must necessarily be, *in itself*, among the most unpleasant of all possible circumstances. I am not denying that a juncture may sometimes arise in which it may become absolutely necessary for both sovereign and minister to suppress their mutual feelings of distrust and dislike; but, admitting this possibility, it still remains beyond denial that such a position must be to a gentleman and a man of honour the most painful and the most distressing.

The question then is, Whether any such necessity has arisen as to make it clearly a duty, though a painful duty, for your lordship to maintain this onerous and disagreeable position? Such a necessity might be conceded to exist, in some such circumstances as these,—that the two houses of parliament, and the people; the lords, the commons, and the electors, had all declared in favour of your lordship as chief director of the public affairs, and in favour of some line of policy of which your lordship was the natural expounder and representative. In such a case as this it might be readily conceded that the personal repugnance or contrary bias of the sovereign ought not to constitute an impassable hinderance; but that it might become your duty to encounter the unpleasantness of such a position, and to perform the functions thus of necessity imposed upon you—inoffensively, indeed, but with firmness and perseverance.

Perhaps we may even imagine a case in which fewer concurrents and a less unanimous support might still justify your lordship's continuance in such a line of conduct. I will suppose the upper house to be nearly neutral, or almost equally divided, so that it could not be said to join in the demand for your services; nay, I will go so far as to admit the existence of a small majority in that assembly against you. But still there might be, in the other house of parliament, such a clear and overwhelming majority, and that backed by so unquestionable a feeling among the electors at large, and all in favour of a line of policy the most sober and rational,—as to justify your lordship, or any other man similarly circumstanced, in presenting himself to the sovereign, not as a

self-nominated minister, but rather as one who could mediate between, and bring into harmony, the three branches of the legislature, and thus avoid any jar or collision between them.

I have here gone, I believe, as far as reasonable men in general will go with me. In either of these cases, or in any equally clear and strong, your lordship would be justified in the eyes of the country in accepting and retaining office, whatever might be the supposed feelings of the sovereign. But in any less urgent circumstances, it cannot surely have escaped your lordship's reflection, that you stand open to the suspicion of continuing an intruder in his majesty's presence, from a mere desire for the *éclat* or the gains of official rank and employment!

Is it possible that your lordship can submit, for a single moment, to continue exposed to such a suspicion, not unjustly grounded or unfairly entertained?

Now, then, my lord, look around you, and say whether you are really in circumstances which constitute such a justification as I have supposed. A statesman who forces himself on his sovereign, or who maintains his situation contrary to his sovereign's known desire, ought to be able to adduce two things in his defence:

1. That his holding that position was necessary to satisfy the parliament and the people; and,

2. That it was also necessary, in order to the carrying into effect certain fundamental principles, and a certain line of policy, which might be fairly held to be essential to the nation's well-being.

But your lordship, so far from being able to assert both of these things, cannot even venture to allege either of them. For,

First, What is your position with respect to the legislature and the people? Take these singly:—

THE KING: It is a matter on which I suppose it is quite unnecessary for me to dilate, that his majesty only bears with your services because he considers himself under the necessity of so doing, and that he would be delighted to witness your departure:—

THE HOUSE OF LORDS: Within the last fortnight you have seen abundant proof that more than three-fourths of the peerage are opposed to your ministry. You have stood in the most humiliating position in that House that ever any prime minister occupied,—the being unable to muster, on repeated divisions, even so many as *forty* peers, out of nearly four hundred, in support of the measures proposed by your administration:—

THE HOUSE OF COMMONS: Here, the sole arena of your triumphs (!) your ministry has seen repeatedly, and on every great question, a majority of the representatives of England divide against you! Each of your propositions, one after the other, has been carried by the smallest majority ever held by any minister in any House of Commons; such majority being always composed entirely of the thirty or forty creatures of O'Connell:—

THE PEOPLE OF ENGLAND: Here the story varies not. *Three hundred thousand electors* voted at the general election in January last; and of these, *in spite all the mobs of 10l. voters created by the Reform-bill, a clear majority voted in favour of Sir Robert Peel's administration!* Does your lordship doubt that at the present moment, in the view of all that has passed during the last eight months, that majority, if an opportunity were given, would be greatly increased?

But if the first necessary condition—that your lordship should be the chosen leader of a clear majority in parliament and among the people—utterly fails, how stands the case with the *second*? Is your lordship in a situation to carry any important measures which no one else could carry? Can you, in three words, *do any good* by remaining in office?

So far from it, that your lordship and your coadjutors have been the chief and almost only means of preventing any good from being done. But for the factious opposition of Lord John Russell and O'Connell to Sir Robert Peel's ministry, this one session would have seen the tithe system in Ireland abolished, and peace thus restored to that unhappy country; the church-rates in England commuted; and the Dissenters' marriage-bill passed. These three important ameliorations have been wholly frustrated by the manœuvres of your lordship's party; and while you have thus prevented so much good from being done, you are utterly powerless, in yourself, either for good or evil! Barely able to keep your ground in the House of Commons, it being in O'Connell's power, at any moment, to extinguish your political life with as much ease as one would snuff out a candle,—you are in the House of Lords a mere exhibition of feebleness. You have not even the opportunity which Lord Grey's administration did at least possess,—of threatening the peers! He could talk of a creation when the majorities against his measures were some twenty or thirty; but with a majority of ninety against you, not even the *Morning Chronicle* will be so absurd as to make such a proposition!

You cannot, then, *advance*. The way is closed against your forward movement by an impassable barrier. The system of policy, to further which your lordship consented to take office, cannot be furthered by you. The House of Commons may send up to the Lords, by majorities of twenty or thirty, measures of a Whig-Radical complexion; but that assembly, by a majority of nearly *a hundred*, will still refuse to pass them until their character is changed and their tendency made Conservative. And is it in your lordship's power to alter this state of things? Nay, may I not ask your lordship whether you would alter it if you could? Are you not, in your own mind and opinion, perfectly satisfied that it is *right* that those features of your measures which are of O'Connell's fashioning should be changed by the better judgment of the Peers of England?

At all events, whether satisfied or not with the line adopted by the peers, your lordship unquestionably has *no remedy*. You cannot for a moment expect that a majority of *ninety* in the upper house is to give way to one of *thirty* in the lower, especially when that *thirty* consists wholly of the nominees of England's greatest enemy! What has occurred, therefore, during the last fortnight, is only a specimen and sample of all that lies before you. You may continue premier of England, possibly, as long as you may please to do so; but you possess the office without its power. Not a single measure can you carry, but in such form and degree as your opponents choose to permit!

What, then, is your lordship's predicament? Did ever minister in England occupy so deplorable a position? You have the king notoriously desiring your absence;—you have the lords throwing out your bills by majorities of *four to one*;—you have the commons arraying a majority of the representatives of England against you, and your measures only saved by the aid of O'Connell and his tail;—you have the people of England, on a poll of more than 300,000 electors, deciding in favour of Sir Robert Peel. In what quarter can there exist the slightest ray of hope? With what view, to what end, do you thus pertinaciously cling to

offices? Borne with by the king from sheer necessity; treated with contempt by the peers; rejected by the representatives of England; saved only, and barely saved, by the "death's-head and cross-bones" nominees of O'Connell; how long, Lord Melbourne, peer of England, nobleman, man of honour, as you used to be considered, is this miserable exhibition to last? This is the question that is now asking throughout the isle. I pause for a reply.

AN ENGLISH ELECTOR.

Aug. 28, 1835.

P.S.—There are many things which present themselves with most force to the mind when brought before it in a tabular form. I therefore throw the chief elements in the present question into a table of the simplest character. On the one great question of the session, the Irish Church Bill,—that measure by which it was *promised* that your cabinet should stand or fall,—the votes of the two houses have been as follows:—

IN YOUR FAVOUR.		AGAINST YOU.	
In the House of Peers	41	In the House of Peers	138
In the House of Commons—		In the House of Commons—	
English	231	English	237
Irish and Scotch ...	91	Irish and Scotch ...	53
—	322		289
	363		427

In the two houses of parliament, therefore, you see a majority of more than sixty—a majority which doubtless would, if every nerve were strained, exceed a *hundred*, arrayed against you. *Above and below*, whether you look to the king or the people, your prospect is still worse. If you doubt the latter, *venture upon a dissolution, and you shall be satisfied!*

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LORD BROUGHAM ON NATURAL THEOLOGY.

IF, either to the noble author himself, or to any portion of his readers, we shall seem to have exercised undue delay in noticing Lord Brougham's first essay as a theologian, we beg to assure both parties that, as our silence has not been occasioned by any lack of reverence for the subject on which he has judged it expedient to enter, so neither has it arisen from the slightest difficulty on our parts to determine how far he has or has not proved himself qualified to deal with it in a becoming spirit. We are at least as much convinced as Lord Brougham, that, *with one solitary exception*, "Natural Theology stands far above all other sciences, from the sublime and elevating nature of its objects." We believe, likewise, with not less sincerity, that, *when rightly handled*, "Natural Theology is most serviceable to the support of revelation." But of the kind of support which, in Lord Brougham's hands, it is likely to give to the cause of revealed truth, we are free to confess that our opinion is not very exalted. Why should this be? Whence does it arise that, writing professedly in the best spirit, and taking care from time to time to pen some sentences expressive of unbounded reverence for the Bible, Lord Brougham should yet contrive to place Natural Theology in such a point of view as that it shall seem at least to supersede, or do away with, all necessity for direct revelation from God to man? We should be very sorry to accuse this

eccentric nobleman of any positive design against Christianity itself. His own creed may be a short one—we rather suspect that it is—but we give him credit for better intentions than would be implied in the wish to unsettle the faith of the million. Yet, if no such design have actuated him, then are we forced to acknowledge, that his *Treatise of Natural Theology* furnishes one more illustration of that peculiar derangement of mind, that total absence of judgment, and discretion, and common sense, which leads Lord Brougham, even when meaning well, to rush continually into error; and which, as a necessary consequence, renders him quite unfit to play a great or a commanding part as a statesman, as a lawyer, as a moralist, and, above all, as a divine. Such a man is never to be depended upon. The impulse of the moment is and must be, with him, the guiding principle of action: and there are at least as many chances that he will mar any project with which he is unfortunately connected, as that he will employ his undeniably brilliant talents to bring it to a fortunate issue.

If we were not thoroughly convinced that Lord Brougham is the vainest of living men, and therefore not willing, by taking him as a model, to place even Lord Bacon above himself, we should be apt to imagine that he had compiled his discourse in humble imitation of the greatest of all his predecessors on the woolstack.

Bacon, while in the zenith of his power, composed the *Novum Organum*; Lord Brougham, as he takes care to inform us in his Preface, held the great seal when the *Discourse on Natural Theology* was begun. The design of Lord Bacon was to introduce a new system of ratiocination into the world, while he exposed the defects of that to which the learned had so long trusted. Lord Brougham wishes to place a still loftier science on its right basis, taking care to explain wherever he conceives that his predecessors in the same field of study have signally failed. Lord Bacon began his treatise by demonstrating that the mode of reasoning pursued in the schools, however effective in concealing error, could never lead to the discovery of truths not already known. Precisely similar are Lord Brougham's objections to the mode of inquiry heretofore pursued, in reference to the science of which he stands forward as the advocate. To be sure, Lord Bacon neither had nor pretended to have any associate or coadjutor in his mighty undertaking. His were not the days of Societies for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, nor, indeed, for the furtherance of any other object, except such as the order of domestic life is unable to accomplish. Lord Bacon did not, therefore, dedicate his treatise to a fellow-labourer in the vineyard; lamenting at the same time that another, still more esteemed and respected, should have been cut off by a premature death from receiving the compliment. But this latter discrepancy is, after all, the mere child of accident. The manners of the sixteenth and of the nineteenth centuries were, in many respects, very different, though the minds of Bacon and Brougham appear to be—at least, in the estimation of the latter—wonderfully akin.

It is very possible, however, that in forming this theory we have done Lord Brougham injustice. Perhaps he never really conceived the idea of rivalling Lord Bacon; perhaps his present attempt originates in nothing more than that strange, we had almost said that preternatural activity, which seems to pervade his individual mind at all seasons, rendering it incapable either of passive rest or of strong and continuous application to any single subject; or, perhaps, his lordship may have written because he was inspired

with a sincere desire to promote, to the utmost of his ability, the cause of truth, and in so doing, to benefit his fellow-creatures. Charity, or, to use a less equivocal term, candour, induces us to conclude that the last is the true origin of the *Discourse*. The questions, therefore, arise,—Has Lord Brougham succeeded in his design? Is the *Discourse* an improvement on the justly popular and approved work for which it is intended as a preface? Does it throw new light upon the subject of that work—not such light as shall dazzle and astonish, but which, supplying certain omissions into which Paley may have fallen, shall render clear and distinct the whole chain of inferences which guide the inquiring mind from Nature to Nature's God? Such, his lordship assures us, is the object of his treatise. "The composition of this discourse was undertaken in consequence of an observation which I had often made, that scientific men were apt to regard the study of natural religion as little connected with philosophical pursuits. Many of the persons to whom I allude were men of religious habits of thinking; others were free from any disposition towards scepticism, rather because they had not much discussed the subject, than because they had formed fixed opinions upon it after inquiry. But the bulk of them relied little upon natural theology, which they seemed to regard as a speculation built rather on fancy than on argument; or, at any rate, as a kind of knowledge quite different from either physical or moral science. It therefore appeared to me desirable to define, more precisely than had yet been done, the place and the claims of natural theology among the various branches of human knowledge." A noble design this, beyond all question; worthy of the genius and the learning of even a greater than Lord Brougham! Has it been accomplished? We shall be best able to come to a satisfactory conclusion on that head, by examining the process of argumentation which the learned reasoner has judged it expedient to pursue.

Lord Brougham, having determined, as he himself informs us, to render his work strictly "a logical one," sets out, in his introductory chapter, with giving to certain terms, of which he proposes to make use, a distinct definition. Holding that neither Paley, nor

Butler, nor Clarke, nor Priestley, nor Denham, have paid sufficient attention to this important matter, he begins his treatise by explaining that natural theology is not to be confounded with natural religion; theology being the science, and religion its subject. "This discourse," he continues, "is not a treatise of natural theology; it has not for its design an exposition of the doctrines whereof natural theology consists. But its object is first to explain the nature of the evidence upon which it rests—to shew that it is a science, the truths of which are discovered by induction, like the truths of natural and moral philosophy; that it is a branch of science partaking of each of those great divisions of human knowledge, and not merely closely allied to them both. Secondly, the object of the discourse is to explain the advantages attending this study." We having nothing to object to the noble author's distinctions, nor yet to the apparent paradox which is involved in the enunciation, that "*A Discourse of Natural Theology*" is not "*A Treatise of Natural Theology*." As little are we inclined to quarrel with him on account of the interpretation which he has chosen to affix to the terms *physical, psychological, ethical, ontology, deontology, &c.* Most men, indeed, would have been apt, in a treatise professedly popular, to avoid making use of words, to deal with which can hardly fail of giving double toil to the unlearned reader. But that is a mere matter of taste; and Lord Brougham's may, after all, be more correct than ours. At all events it is certain, that "in such discussions it is far more important to employ one uniform and previously explained language or arrangement, than to be very curious in adopting the best."

We take, then, Lord Brougham's definitions as he has given them; and, proceeding to examine his analysis, we find that he thus sets out "the order of the discourse." It is divided into two parts, of which the first treats of the nature of the subject, and the kind of evidence on which natural theology rests; the second, of the advantages derived from the study of the science. These two parts again are subdivided, the former into seven, the latter into three sections. We do not undertake, for our space will not permit it, to go through the whole of these

sections at length; but it shall be our business to state with candour the leading principles which the noble author seeks to establish in each—to give to him, the poor tribute of our approval where we believe that he is right—to deal fairly by his arguments—and to controvert them wherever we feel that he is wrong.

Concerning the first section of the first part we have very little to say, either in praise or dispraise. It contains an introductory view of the method of investigation pursued in the physical and psychological sciences; by his mode of conducting which, Lord Brougham aims at establishing the position, that "the evidence on which our assent to both" classes of truths (namely, human and divine) is obtained is of the same kind; in other words, "that the inferences are drawn by reasoning from sensations or ideas, originally presented by the external senses, or by our inward consciousness." Now, if (in what we must be permitted to describe as a laboured and not very intelligible collection of aphorisms) it be Lord Brougham's intention to demonstrate, that whatever may be the subject of our investigation, whether things of the earth or things above the earth, whether matter or mind, we can attain to a knowledge of the truth only by the exercise of right reason, we perfectly agree with him; but if, as we suspect to be the case, he would have us believe that the process of reasoning is in all cases one and the same, then we are entirely at issue. In dealing with physical phenomena we have universal experience to fall back upon; in dealing with the phenomena of mind we can appeal only to individual experience, and not always to that. Moreover, when we go further, and attempt to institute a comparison between the processes, for example, by which we arrive at our belief in the doctrines of gravitation, and of the reality of a future state of rewards and punishments, how striking is the contrast between them! The former rests upon the sure ground of demonstration; the latter, as we shall take occasion by and by to shew, depends entirely on the weight which we may be willing to give to direct assertion. Yet to inquire into the one is a department of human science—to speculate concerning the other belongs to Divine science. We confess, therefore, that we cannot pass

any sentence upon Lord Brougham's opening section; because, to be honest, we neither understand its purport ourselves, nor do we believe that it is understood by the author. But the case is different with respect to Section II. That, containing a comparison between the physical branch of natural theology and physics, is, on the whole, excellent. The noble author, abandoning as it were his own position, is content to shew that "the two inquiries—that into the nature and constitution of the universe, and that into the evidence of design which it displays—in a word, physics and physiology, philosophy, whether natural or mental, and the fundamental branch of natural theology, are not only closely allied one to the other, but are, to a *very considerable extent*, identical." And he proves his case in a manner of which it is no slight praise to say, that Paley himself could not have done it better. We know that Lord Brougham will despise us for thus bringing him down to the level of Paley. But, after all, both writers follow precisely the same line of argument; and if the illustrations made use of by the one be here ~~and~~ there more striking than those employed by the other, it must be borne in mind that many branches of physical science, which were in Paley's days little prosecuted, have in ours been carried almost to their utmost limits.

We come now to Section III., which bears the following title: "Comparison of the Psychological Branch of Natural Theology with Psychology." A comparison, on his mode of dealing with which it is very evident that Lord Brougham intends his fame as a master in dialectics to depend. "Hitherto," says he, "our argument has rested upon a comparison of the truths of natural theology with those of physical science. But the evidences of design presented by the universe are not merely those which the material world affords; the intellectual system is equally fruitful in proofs of an intelligent cause, *although these have occupied little of the philosopher's attention, and may, indeed, be said never to have found a place among the speculations of the natural theologian.* Nothing is more remarkable than the care with which ~~all~~ the writers upon this subject—at least, among the moderns—have confined themselves to the proofs afforded

by the visible and sensible works of nature, while the evidence furnished by the mind and its operations has been wholly neglected." Accordingly Ray, Denham, Paley, &c., are all censured, because, viewing the revolutions of the heavenly bodies, the structure of animals, the organisation of plants, and the various operations of the material world, as indicating the existence of design, and leading to a knowledge of the Creator, they yet "pass over in silence, unaccountably enough, by far the most singular work of Divine wisdom and power—the mind itself." "Is there any reason whatever to draw this line?" demands the ex-chancellor; "to narrow within these circles the field of natural theology? to draw from the constitution and habits of matter alone the proof that one Intelligent Cause formed and supports the universe? Ought we not rather to consider the phenomena of mind as more peculiarly adapted to help this inquiry, and as bearing a nearer relation to the Great Intelligence which created and which maintains the system?"

The answer which the noble writer gives to his own queries is so perfectly characteristic of the man, and involves so completely the question at issue between his lordship and ourselves, that we must be permitted to give it at length. It is this:

"There cannot be a doubt that this extraordinary omission had its origin in the doubts which men are prone to entertain of the mind's existence independent of matter. The eminent persons above named were not materialists; that is to say, if you had asked them the question they would have answered in the negative: they would have gone further, and asserted their belief in the separate existence of the soul, independent of the body. But they never felt this so strongly as they were persuaded of the natural world's existence; their habits of thinking led them to consider matter as the only certain existence—as that which composed the universe—as furnishing the only materials for our inquiries, whether respecting structure, or habits and operations. They had no firm, definite, abiding, precise idea, of any other existence, respecting which they could reason and speculate. They saw and they felt external objects; they could examine the lenses of the eye, the valves of the veins and arteries, the ligaments and the sockets of the joints, the bones and the drum of the ear; but, though they now and then made

mention of the mind, and, when forced to the point, would acknowledge a belief in it, they never were fully and intimately persuaded of its separate existence. They thought of it and of matter very differently; they gave *its* structure, and *its* habits, and *its* operations, no place in their inquiries; their contemplations never rested upon it with any steadiness, and, indeed, scarcely ever even glanced upon it at all. That this is a very great omission, proceeding, if not upon mere carelessness, upon a grievous fallacy, there can be no doubt whatever.

"The evidence for the existence of mind is to the full as complete as that upon which we believe in the existence of matter. Indeed it is more certain, and more irrefragable. The consciousness of existence, the perpetual sense that we are thinking, and that we are performing the operation quite independently of all material objects, proves to us the existence of a being different from our bodies, with a degree of evidence higher than any we can have for the existence of those bodies themselves, or of any other part of the material world. Some inferences which we draw respecting them are confounded with direct perception; for example, the idea of motion: other ideas, as those of hardness and solidity, are equally the result of reasoning, and often mislead. Thus we never doubt, on the testimony of our senses, that the parts of matter touch—that different bodies come in contact with one another, and with our organs of sense; and yet nothing is more certain than that there still is some small distance between the bodies which we think we perceive to touch. Indeed it is barely possible, that all the sensations and perceptions which we have of the material world may be only ideas in our own minds; it is barely possible, therefore, that matter should have no existence. But that *mind*, that the sentient principle, that the thing or the being which we call *I* and *we*, and which thinks, feels, reasons, should have no existence, is a contradiction in terms."

Had Lord Brougham stopped short here, or gone no further than to shew, that in the intellectual world there are at least as many proofs of design as in the physical world, we do not know that we should have experienced any reluctance to receive his doctrine as sound. Our own conviction is (though we should be puzzled to state the precise grounds on which we rest it), that mind is something totally distinct from body; that it is not a quality attendant on organisation, but a separate

entity; albeit, in our own individual case, and in the cases of the other living creatures with which we come in contact, mysteriously united with body. We are not therefore disposed to quarrel with his lordship's division of the universe into two worlds, far less to deny that the structure of the intellectual is even more wonderful, because indicative of more wisdom in the great Creator, than that of the physical world. But Lord Brougham does not stop short here. In his fifth section he boldly asserts, that "the immateriality of the soul is the foundation of all the doctrines relating to its future state;" and then, a little further down, reasons as follows:

"Our idea of annihilation is wholly derived from matter; and what we are wont to call destruction means only change of form and resolution into parts, or combination into new forms. But for the example of the changes undergone by matter, we should not even have any notion of destruction or annihilation. When we come to consider the thing itself, we cannot conceive it possible; we can well imagine a parcel of gunpowder, or any other combustible substance, ceasing to exist as such, by burning or exploding; but that its whole elements should not continue to exist in a different state, and in new combinations, appears inconceivable. We cannot follow the process so far; we can form no conception of any one particle that once is ceasing to be. How, then, can we form any conception of the mind, which we now know to exist, ceasing to be? It is an idea altogether above our comprehension. True, we no longer, after the body is dissolved, perceive the mind, because we never knew it by the senses; we only were aware of its existence in others by its effects upon matter, and had no experience of it unconnected with the body. But it by no means follows that it should not exist, merely because we have ceased to perceive its effects upon any portion of matter. It had connexion with the matter which it used to act upon, and by which it used to be acted on; when its entire severance took place that matter underwent a change, but a change arising from its being of a composite nature. The same separation cannot have effected the mind in the like manner, because its nature is simple and not composite. Our ceasing to perceive any effects produced on it by any portion of matter, the only means we can have of ascertaining its existence, is, therefore, no proof that it does not still exist; and even if we admit that it no longer does

produce any effect upon any portion of matter, still this will offer no proof that it has ceased to exist. Indeed, when we speak of its being annihilated, we may be said to use a word to which no precise meaning can be attached by our imaginations. At any rate, it is much more difficult to suppose that this annihilation has taken place, and to conceive in what way it is effected, than to suppose that the mind continues in mere state of separate existence, disencumbered of the body, or to conceive in what manner this separate existence is maintained."

We are willing to believe that, when Lord Brougham wrote these sentences, he did not perceive their inevitable tendency. It is, indeed, impossible to imagine, on any other grounds, that he is sincere when he asserts "that revelation" converts every inference of reason into certainty, and, above all, communicates the Divine Being's intentions respecting our own lot, with a degree of precision which the inferences of natural theology very imperfectly possess. For the doctrines taught above, if they be not a revival of the Epicurean theory of Pantheism, are nothing. "We can form no conception of any one particle that once is ceasing to be." Again, in the very next paragraph, it is asserted that "the material world affords no example of creation, any more than of annihilation." Now, really, if, because we have no direct specimen of creation before our eyes, we are to suppose that all things have been as they are from everlasting, and if, having no act of annihilation to bring forward, we are forced to conclude that all things will for ever continue, what becomes of the notion of a supreme First Cause, the author of all, the supporter of all, the master of all? Never, surely, did philosopher, in his idle strainings after singularity, fall into so many and such gross contradictions. Of what nature is the revelation that has been granted to Lord Brougham? The Bible tells us that "in the beginning God created the heavens and the earth;" and that "all things are upheld by the word of his power." But if we can form no idea of creation, nor yet of annihilation, all this, on his lordship's principles, must be a mistake. In such a case the universe, being self-existent, and necessarily existent, is, of course, the only God—and then what becomes of our revelation?

But is it true, in reference either to mind or to matter, both of which exist in time, that we have any difficulty in forming a notion, as well of creation as of total extinction? So far is this from being the fact, that, admitting the perfect justice of Lord Brougham's definition of time, *that it is a mere succession of ideas*, we cannot avoid being carried back, by reflection, to its commencement; out of which necessarily arises the conviction, that it must, if left to itself, have an end. A succession of units, whether these be ideas or substances, necessarily implies number. Our present idea, for example, adds by one to the number or quantity of ideas that went before it. Translate the figure of speech, however, into more intelligible language, and, instead of ideas, use the term *hours*, or *days*, or *years*. What, then? The present hour has made an addition to the number of hours that have run their course by one. But it is self-evident that a series which is capable of increase may also be diminished. Begin, then, to subtract and follow up your process; and, however remote the period may be, you must eventually arrive at the first hour. Where are we now? Launched into eternity, and thrown back upon the conviction that there must be some self-existent being, the *mode* of whose existence is, and probably will ever be, to us a mystery; but from whose will all the objects, be they corporeal or mental, with which we come into collision, had their origin. Now, what is this but the idea of creation? And then, as to annihilation, we are astonished that a metaphysician like Lord Brougham should quibble about the point. If there be one, and only one, self-existent being, and if from his volition all other beings arise, it is as clear as the sun at noonday that they must all, whether corporeal or spiritual, depend constantly upon his will for the continuance of their existence. So far is an exertion of power from being necessary to annihilate them, that their great supporter has only to cease the exercise of his sustaining power, and they fall, of their own accord, into the nothingness from which he raised them. We must say, that we never had the good fortune to follow a weaker or more untenable argument than this of Lord Brougham, set forth in language so grandiloquent.

But we have not yet done with the

ex-chancellor's metaphysics. Resolute as he is upon establishing the fact that the soul *must* endure, in a state separate from the body, for ever, he falls into a still more remarkable inconsistency. The Platonists of old had something to say for themselves, when they took up the ground which Lord Brougham seems anxious to maintain. They assumed that, as we have no instances before us either of creation or annihilation, each individual soul must have existed from everlasting, and would continue to exist throughout eternity. Not so Lord Brougham. Matter, for aught that he adduces, may be without a beginning; but "of mind this cannot be said: it is called into existence perpetually before our eyes." Nevertheless, though "in one respect this may weaken the argument for the continued existence of the soul,—because it may lead to the conclusion, that, as we see mind created, so may it be destroyed, while matter, which suffers no addition, is liable to no loss,—yet the argument seems to gain in another direction more force than it loses in this." Now, good reader, how do you suppose that the argument gains? Why, thus, to be sure: "Nothing can more strongly illustrate the diversity between mind and matter, or more strikingly shew that the one is independent of the other." Really, if this be not going round in a circle to beg the question, we do not know what is meant by the expression. We have no specimens of creation in matter; we are, therefore, justified in concluding that it will never be annihilated. We *have* specimens of creation in mind; but this only proves with double force that mind cannot be annihilated. Why? Because mind not being liable to annihilation, though palpably created every day, is shewn to be altogether independent of matter, and quite different from it!!!

Now pass we on to the illustrations, by means of which Lord Brougham proceeds to shew that the thing called mind—finite in duration, inasmuch as it began but yesterday; yet infinite in continuance, because it cannot be annihilated—is really distinct from matter, and independent of it.

"The mind's independence of matter, and capacity of existence without it, appears to be strongly illustrated by whatever shews the entire dissimilarity of its constitution. The inconceivable

rapidity of its operations is, perhaps, the most striking feature of the diversity; and there is no doubt that this rapidity increases in proportion as the interference of the senses—that is, the influence of the body—is withdrawn. A multitude of facts, chiefly drawn from and connected with the phenomena of dreams, throw a strong light upon this subject, and seem to demonstrate the possible disconnexion of mind and matter."

We cannot afford room for any one of the marvellous tales which Lord Brougham brings forward in support of his assertion, that "there is no doubt but the mind's activity increases in proportion as the influence of the senses is withdrawn." Enough is done when we state that the very first of these, relating to the effect which is produced upon the sleeper by applying a bottle of hot water to his feet, involves our reasoner in the most palpable self-contradiction. Let the bottle be applied, and behold "you instantly dream of walking over hot mould, or ashes, or streams of lava, or having your feet burned by coming too near the fire." Now, granting that such ideas do arise in your mind (which we exceedingly doubt), what is it that produces them—through what channel do they enter? Why, through the sense of touch, to be sure,—which creates in the mind irregular and false impressions, because one sense only has been appealed to, the rest being suspended by sleep. There may be great rapidity in the mind's operations in a dream—indeed, we are aware that there is. But is the rapidity less when, being wide awake, we exercise the faculty of imagination, or of memory. Cannot we compress the events of a lifetime into a moment's thought; and with all our senses alert, keep these events, too, arranged and in order? Whereas, having one sense only affected, as in a dream, all our images are wild and extravagant. So then, in the first place, we do not admit that the mind is more active in the dreamer than in the enthusiast; and, secondly, if it were, by what means are its ideas suggested? Even upon Lord Brougham's own shewing, by an appeal to one of the senses.

But this is not all. The same philosopher, who sets out with announcing that "there can be no doubt that the rapidity of the mind's operations increases in proportion as the interference of the senses is withdrawn,"

gravely asserts, what is perfectly true, a few pages forward, "that there seems every reason to conclude (from the very examples which he has been giving) that *we only dream during the instant of transition into and out of sleep*." How is this to be accounted for? In sound sleep *all* the senses are suspended. During the transition into and out of sleep several of them, such as touch, smell, hearing, are partially active. Must not, therefore, the converse of Lord Brougham's assumption be the just one. And if we desire further proof, we have only to remember how it has fared with ourselves in a swoon. The writer of this paper received on one occasion a gun-shot wound. He was very much excited when the ball struck him; for the enemy had just given way, and he was pursuing. He followed them about a mile, when, from loss of blood, faintness came over him, and he sat down. There was a vague impression about him for a while of his actual situation; but it changed rapidly every instant. The noise of firing was heard like the roll of carriages; then it became like running water; then he saw a clear lake, which gradually darkened — and all was a blank. He understood, when he recovered his senses, that he had lain where he fell about half an hour; but not one idea passed through his mind during the whole of that time. Why? Because "the interference of the senses was entirely withdrawn, and the mind, so far from continuing rapid in its operations, ceased to work at all."

Once more we repeat, our own steady persuasion is that mind and matter are, and must be, essentially different. Still, as Lord Brougham has chosen to assume, that on the possibility of demonstrating that fact must depend all our expectations of a future state, and that such a state is assured to us, "*because the proof of the mind's separate existence is, at the least, as straight, plain, and direct, as that of the body*," it becomes our duty, who believe that immortality is a free gift of grace, brought to light, as the Scriptures express it, by the Gospel, and by it alone, to sift his arguments to the utmost,—not in the spirit of cavil or hostility—not from the mere satisfaction we may derive from exposing sophistry; but because we are thoroughly convinced that his lordship has hit upon the right objection to

his theory, when he hints that natural theology, as decked out by him, must "prove dangerous to the acceptance of revealed religion." With this strong feeling in our minds, we proceed to notice some of the reasons which weigh most powerfully with the ex-chancellor, and which he presses with more than common eagerness on his readers.

In a former quotation we exhibited Lord Brougham as enouncing, "that the mind, that the sentient principle, that the thing or the being which we call *I* and *we*, and which thinks, feels, reasons, should have no existence, is a contradiction in terms." Undoubtedly it is; nor do we suppose that there ever lived the speculator so wild, perhaps not even Hume, as to assert the contrary. But what then? Because "the thing or being which we call *I* or *we* exists, does it necessarily follow that it has a separate existence from the body?" To be sure it does, replies Lord Brougham.

"The body is constantly undergoing change in all its parts. Probably no person at the age of twenty has one single particle in any part of his body which he had at ten; and still less does any portion of the body he was born with continue to exist in or with him. All that he before had has now entered into new combinations, forming parts of other men, or of animals, or of vegetable or mineral substances; exactly as the body he now has will afterwards be resolved into new combinations after his death. Yet the mind continues one and the same, 'without change or shadow of turning.' None of its parts can be resolved; for it is one and single, and it remains unchanged by the changes of the body. The argument would be quite as strong though the change undergone by the body were admitted not to be so complete, and though some small portion of its harder parts were supposed to continue with us through life.

"But observe how strong the inferences arising from these facts are, both to prove that the existence of the mind is entirely independent of the existence of the body, and to shew the probability of its surviving. If the mind continues the same, while all or nearly all the body is changed, it follows that the existence of the mind depends not in the least degree upon the existence of the body; for it has already survived a total change of, or, in the common use of the words, an entire destruction of that body. But again, if the strongest argument to shew that the mind perishes with the body—nay, the only argument

—he, as it indubitably is, derived from the phenomena of death, the fact to which we have been referring affords an answer to this. For the argument is, that we know of no instance in which the mind has been known to exist after the death of the body. Now here is exactly the instance desiderated; it being manifest that the same process which takes place on the body more suddenly at death is taking place more gradually, but as effectually in the result, during the whole of life; and that death itself does not more completely resolve the body into its elements, and form it into new combinations, than living fifteen or twenty years does destroy, by like resolution and combination, the self-same body. And yet after those years have elapsed, and the former body has been dissipated and formed into new combinations, the mind remains the same as before, exercising the same memory and consciousness, and so preserving the same personal identity as if the body had suffered no change at all. In short, it is not more correct to say that all of us who are now living have bodies formed of what were once the bodies of those that went before us, than it is to say that some of us who are now living at the age of fifty have bodies which in part belonged to others now living at that and other ages. The phenomena are precisely the same, and the operations are performed in like manner, though with different degrees of expedition. Now, all would believe in the separate existence of the soul, if they had experience of its existing apart from the body. But the facts referred to prove that it does exist apart from one body with which it once was united; and, though it is in union with another, yet, as it is not adherent to the same, it is shewn to have an existence separate from and independent of that body. So all would believe in the soul surviving the body, if after the body's death its existence were made manifest. But the facts referred to prove that, after the body's death—that is, after the chronic dissolution which the body undergoes during life—the mind continues to exist as before. Here, then, we have that proof so much desiderated,—the existence of the soul after the dissolution of the bodily frame with which it was connected. The two cases cannot, in any soundness of reasoning, be distinguished; and this argument, therefore, one of pure induction, derived partly from physical science, partly from psychological science by the testimony of our consciousness, appears to prove the possible immortality of the soul almost as vigorously as 'if one rose from the dead.'

We are not much disposed to dwell

upon lesser difficulties when greater present themselves in abundance; but it is impossible to avoid asking Lord Brougham the question, How he is able to reconcile this doctrine of the absolute unity of the mind, its unchangeableness, its being without a shadow of turning, with certain statements hazarded by himself in p. 72 of his Discourse?

"By availing ourselves of the properties of mind," says he, "we can affect the intellectual faculties in exercising them, training them, improving them, producing, as it were, new forms of the understanding. Nor is there a greater difference between the mass of rude iron from which we make the steel, and the thousands of watch-springs into which that steel is cut, or the chronometer which we form of this and other masses equally inert, than there is between the untutored, indocile faculties of a rustic, who has grown up to manhood without education, and the skill of the artist who invented that chronometer, and of the mathematician who uses it to trace the motions of the heavenly bodies."

Surely there is something like a contradiction here, which again becomes manifest when the noble writer speaks of mind as generally strengthening with the strength of the body, and, sometimes, decaying with its decay. Again, is not all this finely woven web about the continual changes which the body undergoes—its perpetual death, by which the mind is not affected, a mere legging of the question at issue, and nothing more? We grant, say the materialists, that the body does undergo continual change; in spite of which, our own consciousness assures us that our identity is preserved: but what then? We believe that the power which is capable of creating at all, is capable of superadding to matter, under certain peculiarities of organisation, the principle of vitality. And our ground for assuming that the Creator has done no more is this: that change alone, so long as the organisation continues perfect, in no way affects vitality; but the moment you interrupt or destroy that organisation, vitality ceases. How is Lord Brougham to escape from such an argument as this?

Oh! he will say, that which you call vitality is and must be something essentially distinct from matter. Moreover, it must be a separate existence; for volition, memory, reasoning, have

nothing to do with matter. "The more abstruse investigations of the mathematicians are conducted without any regard to sensible objects, and the helps he derives in his reasonings from material things at all, are absolutely insignificant, compared with the portion of his work which is altogether of an abstract kind; the aid of figures and letters being only to facilitate and abridge his labour, and not at all essential to his progress. Nay, strictly speaking, there are no truths in the whole range of pure mathematics which might not, by possibility, have been discovered and systematised by one deprived of sight and touch, or immured in a dark chamber without the use of a single material object."

We really wonder that a man of Lord Brougham's acuteness should have permitted such "a sentence against himself" to stand on record. In what is the mathematician employed? In calculations, dealing, of course, throughout with numbers or quantities. From what can his ideas of number and quantity be derived? From a process of reasoning, of which the ground-work is laid through the instrumentality of the senses; sight and touch alone enabling him to discriminate between numbers one and two. Nay, are not all his images tangible images? A triangle, a square, a parallelogram — is it possible to imagine the abstract idea of such things, apart from the idea of figure? We repeat, that the hardihood with which Lord Brougham advances assertions, is only to be equalled by the amazing self-complacence which can lead him to suppose that they will any where pass current in the room of arguments. But we have not yet done with our philosopher.

"The immateriality of the soul is the foundation of all the doctrines relating to its future state." Paraphrase this, and it becomes — the soul is immortal, because it is immaterial; convert the proposition, and we have — the soul being immaterial is immortal. Nay, Lord Brougham has laboured to prove that our ideas of annihilation are resolvable into an idea of the dissolution of a body into its constituent parts; and that, not being able to form any such idea in reference to a being which is immaterial, to believe that it will be immortal requires less exertion than to believe that it perishes. How he has illustrated his theorem, by

exhibiting the body as in a constant state of change, our last extract shews. Now let us entreat Lord Brougham to consider the lengths to which his doctrine, when legitimately followed up, must lead. If the living principle be immaterial in man, it must be immaterial in the dog and the horse also; for we know that the bodies of dogs and horses are continually undergoing the same change with our own, and by precisely the same process. Nay, the oak and the elm have each, over and over again, cast aside its old body, by means of the leaves, and put on a new body. Must we believe that the principle of life in the dog, and in the horse, and in the oak-tree, is necessarily incapable of annihilation? The ex-chancellor will reply no, in reference to the oak, which has neither volition, nor memory, nor any portion of reason; and, for the sake of brevity, we will give up that point to him, though we think that on his own ground we could fight even that battle. But the dog and the horse, have they no volition, have they no powers of reasoning? We beg Lord Brougham's especial attention to the following anecdote, for the truth of which, as our own dog was the actor and ourselves the witnesses, we can personally vouch.

We were busy writing in our study one morning, when the dog that had lain for a while under our table became restless. She laid her head upon our knee once or twice, but we were deeply engaged with our own subject, and paid no attention to her. At last she seized the bell-rope in her mouth, and pulled it. The servant came, of course; and the moment he opened the door, the dog walked out. We beg to ask Lord Brougham, whether he would deny to the mind, which led to the ringing of the bell, and to the consequences arising out of it, a very considerable share of reasoning? We must observe, that the animal would at any moment ring the bell, or shut the door, if desired; indeed she would carry a book or a letter to a friend of ours, whose rooms in college she was accustomed to frequent, and bring back the answer. But in the case above specified there must have been in her mind a regular process of induction, while, in the other cases, memory would be chiefly exercised. Was that animal's mind immaterial? and if it were, must it be immortal?

We have now pretty well examined the scope and tendency of that portion of the noble writer's philosophy, for which he claims credit to himself as having been the first to interweave it into a *Treatise of Natural Theology*; and before we go on to speak, either of the second part of his Discourse, or of the notes by which he endeavours to strengthen and support himself in his positions, he must pardon us if we make one or two general remarks. Why Lord Brougham, or any other writer on the subject of natural religion, should think it necessary to agitate the question of the soul's immateriality and immortality at all, is to us a mystery. The legitimate design of natural theology is, and must be, to furnish proofs, from the phenomena of nature, that a supreme First Cause, infinitely intelligent and infinitely good, exists. Neither may the importance of that design be lightly spoken of; for we have it on the highest authority, that "he that cometh to God must believe that he is, and that he is the rewarder of them who diligently seek him." But whoso endeavours to go forth, whoso contends that the truth of the soul's immateriality, of its immortality, of its moral responsibility in a future state, are all discoverable by the light of nature, asserts that which is certainly not true, and which, if true, would render revelation unnecessary, and therefore improbable. See to what a conclusion this reasoning, on the principles advocated by Lord Brougham, unavoidably leads: You assure me that there is a great and good Being, the creator and the ruler of all, and that his excellence is boundless as his power. You demonstrate this by shewing that he has created my soul immaterial, and therefore necessarily immortal, though the body to which it is attached will perish. Now the first question which I put to you is, What proofs do you adduce of this? I have no experience of the soul operating without body; nay, my internal conviction is, that were not a body in some way necessary for the exercise of those powers which are inherent in the soul, a perfectly benevolent Being never would have encumbered it with the burden of a body at all. And I illustrate my theory thus: The power to make a watch is inherent in the watchmaker's mind; but if you deprive him of his tools, he cannot exercise that power.

So, though I am not going to assert that the soul cannot exist apart from the body, still all fair analogy, and all direct experience, go to shew that it will not be conscious of its own existence. For consciousness is a positive exercise of power; and, when my senses are closed up, when I am in a deep sleep or a swoon, I am not conscious. If, then, I am to look upon your theory as admissible, or inadmissible only as a whole, I shall reject it; because, though I may admit the force of the arguments which you have brought forward to prove that a good Providence governs the things of time, of the future I know nothing. I shall thus be tempted to fall back into the cold and unmeaning belief, that the universe is God, and God the universe.

We have said that natural theology, if rightly dealt with, is a science infinitely valuable; because, upon the proofs which nature can give of God's existence and power, must altogether rest our belief in the possibility of a revelation. This is a truth so self-evident, that we should conceive that we were offering an insult to our readers did we labour to prove it. He who says that he believes the Bible, because it is the word of God, and then again that he believes there is a God, because God is revealed in the Bible, commits just as gross a solecism in dialectics as that of which Lord Brougham is guilty in his demonstration of the soul's necessary immortality. But all beyond this must, according to our view, be the offspring of revelation. Nay, we are not sure that even the benevolence of the Deity, open as it is to be questioned by him who beholds so much of vice and misery in the world, can be fully established, except by the aid of revealed truths; and if we venture to proceed one step in advance, where are we? St. Paul speaks of the "mystery, which had been concealed for ages and for generations, being revealed in Christ." What was that mystery? We answer, the resurrection of the body; without being assured of which, all our notions of a future state must necessarily be vague, cheerless, indefinite, without attraction. Exist we might; but how, or in what condition? Whether in an individual and conscious state, or swallowed up, according to the Platonic notion, in the eternal mind from

which we were an emanation? These are questions which we should never be able to answer; and our vain efforts to answer which would but harass and destroy us. Why, then, Lord Brougham, condemning the wise and cautious course of his predecessors, should have plunged into such a field of speculation—unless, as we have expressed an unwillingness to believe, it be his intention to set revealed truth aside—we cannot imagine.

We proceed now to the second part of this Discourse; in reference to the two first sections of which we do not feel that we are called upon to say any thing. They are beautifully written: indeed, Lord Brougham's style is at all times very attractive, and were it not that here and there the same disposition is displayed, of attributing more to natural theology than the science can justly claim, we should not have the slightest fault to find with them. Neither is there in the concluding lecture any specific announcement, of which it is the tendency to startle or shock our moral sense. No doubt Lord Brougham goes further than the case will seem to warrant, when he says that, supposing a messenger were sent from God, he "might have power to work miracles without end, and yet it would remain unproved, either that God was omnipotent, and one, and benevolent, or that he destined his creatures to a future state, or that he had made them such as they are in their present state." We say, that this looks like a wanton fling at revelation; for, in the first place, constituted as the world *now* is, no one will deny that the inquiring mind must first of all learn from nature the phenomena that God is, and then seek in revelation to become acquainted with his attributes. But, if we exercise the imagination a little, and go back to the creation of the first pair, then are we bound to deny the justice of Lord Brougham's conclusion; for this reason: that, assuming it to be essential to the exercise of man's noblest faculties that he shall know God, and, of course, be a religious being, it would have been unworthy of supreme intelligence and supreme goodness to leave him, even for a single day, without such knowledge. Lord Brougham himself, however, will scarcely contend that a single pair of human creatures, or that several

pairs, starting all at once into existence, would think of studying the phenomena of nature for the purpose of finding out whence they came, or by what power they were supported. The wants of the body would be too pressing and too numerous for this; indeed, ages would probably pass away ere the mind could become sufficiently enlightened—supposing it possible that, of its own accord, it would ever become sufficiently enlightened—to take the slightest pleasure or interest in such researches. We have, therefore, every right to infer, that to the original family or families of mankind God made a direct revelation of himself; and the actual condition of almost all their descendants goes far to prove the fact. Do the Indian of North America and the savage of Timbuctoo come to the conclusion, after a long process of induction, that there is a God? They do not; for neither of them possesses powers sufficiently exercised to undergo the labour. But in the tribe, an indistinct recollection of the primitive revelation has survived from age to age; and hence, though grossly in error as to the object of their worship, they are still religious creatures. However, this is not worth dwelling upon. It exhibits a somewhat careless spirit, to be sure, but not a depraved one; and therefore we have no hesitation in saying, that the last part of Lord Brougham's treatise does him honour. How shall we estimate his Appendix? We answer, at a value infinitely less than that which the noble author evidently puts upon it, and our reasons are these.

To a discourse which extends through two hundred and thirteen loosely printed pages, the ex-chancellor has appended sixty-nine pages of closely printed notes. The object of these, of course, is to support the reasoning of the text, and they may be classed under three distinct heads; some being didactic, some metaphysical, some learned. We do not mean to meddle with the first class at all, which is neither very extended nor very important; but of the two last, which present metal much more attractive, we shall have something to say.

Nobody can deny, that whenever Lord Brougham has to deal with the opinions of avowed atheists he entirely overthrows them. His exposure of the sophistries contained in the famous

Système de la Nature is complete. No doubt he mixes up, even with that, more of his own peculiar notions touching the natures of mind and of matter than is called for; nevertheless the whole note, No. IV., is excellent; and deserves all the commendation that we can bestow upon it. We wish that we could say as much of No. V.; of which it is the professed design to confute and reply to Hume's celebrated Essays on Providence and a Future State, and on Miracles. Not that, as far as it goes, we have much to urge against Lord Brougham's mode of reasoning: that is well enough in its way; but, unfortunately, the noble reasoner stops short just where he might have been expected to touch upon the confines of revelation, and thus, by avoiding, as it were purposely, to point out the claims of the Scripture miracles to belief, he leaves his readers to infer that they have with him no weight. In justice to Lord Brougham, we feel ourselves called upon to quote his arguments:

"First," says he, "our belief in the uniformity of the laws of nature rests not altogether upon our own experience. We believe no man ever was raised from the dead, not merely because we ourselves never saw it, for, indeed, that would be a very limited ground of deduction; and our belief on the subject was fixed, long before we had any considerable experience — fixed, chiefly, by authority; that is, by deference to other men's experience. We found our confident belief in this negative position, partly, perhaps chiefly, upon the testimony of others; and, at all events, our belief that in times before our own the same position held good, must of necessity be drawn from our trusting the relations of other men. If, then, the existence of the law of nature is proved — in great part of it, at least — by such evidence, can we wholly reject the like evidence when it comes to prove an exception to the rule — a deviation from the law? The more numerous are the cases of the law being kept, the more rare those of its being broken, the more scrupulous certainly ought we to be in admitting the proofs of the breach. But that testimony is capable of making good the proof there seems no doubt: in truth, the degree of excellence and of strength to which testimony may rise seems almost indefinite. There is hardly any cogency which it is not capable, by possible supposition, of attaining. The endless multiplication of witnesses, the unbounded variety of their habits of thinking, their prejudices, their in-

terests, afford the means of conceiving the force of their testimony augmented *ad infinitum*; because these circumstances afford the means of diminishing indefinitely the chances of their being all mistaken, all misled, or all combining to deceive us. Let any man try to calculate the chances of a thousand persons, who come from different quarters, and never saw each other before, and who all vary in their stations, habits, opinions, interests, being mistaken, or combining to deceive us, when they give the same account of an event as having happened before their eyes: these chances are many hundreds to one. And yet we can conceive them multiplied indefinitely; for one hundred thousand such witnesses may all, in like manner, bear the same testimony, and they may all tell us their story within twenty-four hours after the transaction, and in the very next parish. And yet, according to Mr. Hume's argument, we are bound to disbelieve them all; because they speak to a thing contrary to our own experience, and to the accounts which other witnesses had formerly given us of the laws of nature, and which our forefathers had handed down to us, as derived from witnesses who lived in the old time before them. It is unnecessary to add, that no testimony of the witnesses whom we are supposing to concur in their relation, contradicts any testimony of our own senses.

"Secondly, this leads us to the next objection to which Mr. Hume's argument is liable, and which we have in part anticipated, while illustrating the first. He requires us to withhold our belief in circumstances which would force every man of common understanding to lend his assent, and to act upon the supposition of the story told being true. For, suppose either such numbers of various witnesses as we have spoken of; or, what is perhaps stronger, suppose a miracle reported to us, first by a number of relaters, and then by three or four of the very soundest judges and most incorruptibly honest men we know — men noted for their difficult belief of wonders, and, above all, steady unbelievers in miracles, without any bias in favour of religion, but rather accustomed to doubt, if not disbelieve — most people would lend an easy belief to any miracle thus vouched. But let us add this circumstance, that a friend on his death-bed had been attended by us, and that we had told him a fact known only to ourselves — something that we had secretly done the very moment before we told it to the dying man, and which to no other being we had ever revealed, and that the credible witnesses we are sup-

posing inform us that the deceased appeared to them, conversed with them, remained with them a day or two, accompanied them, and, to vouch the fact of his reappearance on this earth, communicated to them the secret of which we had made him the sole depository the moment before his death; according to Mr. Hume, we are bound rather to believe, not only that those credible witnesses deceive us, or that those sound and unprejudiced men were themselves deceived, and fancied things without real existence, but further, that they all hit by chance upon the discovery of a real secret, known only to ourselves and the dead man. Mr. Hume's argument requires us to believe this, as the lesser improbability of the two; and yet every one must feel convinced, that, were he placed in the situation we have been figuring, he would not only lend his belief to the relation, but, if the relators accompanied it with a special warning from the deceased person to avoid a certain contemplated act, he would, acting upon the belief of their story, take the warning, and avoid doing the forbidden deed. Mr. Hume's argument makes no exception. This is its scope; and, whether he chooses to push it thus far or no, all miracles are of necessity denied by it, without the least regard to the kind or the quantity of the proof on which they are rested; and the testimony we have supposed, accompanied by the test or check we have supposed, would fall within the grasp of the argument just as much and as clearly as any other miracle avouched by more ordinary combinations of evidence."

A little further down, Lord Brougham, after observing, that "it is for those who maintain the truth of any revelation to shew in what manner the evidence suffices to prove the miracles on which that revelation rests," states frankly that his "treatise is not directed to that object." We are quite aware of the fact; neither should we have had any just cause to find fault with the author, had he avoided the subject of miracles altogether, as being something between which and the truths of natural religion, properly so called, there is no necessary connexion. But having stepped out of his way to refute Hume, it does indeed surprise us that he should have failed to vindicate the only miracles in which any rational man is now required to believe. What can his object be? Is it to shew that, though under certain circumstances, to which we are not

aware that any parallel can be traced in all history, the evidence of experience is to be postponed to that of testimony, even when the occurrence related is in violation of an acknowledged law of nature; still that, in every other case, we should be justified in preferring experience to testimony, or, rather, that we should not be justified were we to act otherwise? We hope that such is not the noble writer's design. But lest it should, we beg leave to specify two more cases; in which to reject the evidence of testimony, because it contradicts experience, would be just as much opposed to right reason as to act in a similar manner in either of the cases quoted by his lordship.

We ourselves have never been so fortunate as to witness the fall of even one meteoric stone. We have been assured, however, upon the testimony of credible witnesses, that such stones have fallen, both in ancient and modern times; and we believe these witnesses. Why? Because, though it be in direct opposition to the well-known laws of gravitation that stones should float in the atmosphere, and though nobody has been able to explain how they got there, or whence they came, we believe that for so many persons to combine for the purpose of circulating a gratuitous falsehood, would be a still greater miracle than the fall of the stones. Yet the gross obstacle opposed to this combination for false purposes is the innate propensity with which all men are endowed to speak the truth. Truth is continually on the door of the lips; falsehood is never uttered, except after a positive exertion.

Now if, in reference to such an event, which in its consequences seems incapable of affecting any human being, either for good or for evil, we are forced to confide in testimony rather than in experience, much more pressing is the demand on our faith in a case where it can be shewn that some great moral end is to be served, and benefits of an incalculable value bestowed upon the human race. Thus, we find a certain number of poor and unlearned men, the natives of the most despised province of a great empire, suddenly opposing themselves to the religions established throughout the empire, giving out that they have been divinely commissioned so to do, bearing testimony to certain miracles which a Divine

person had performed in their presence; as that he raised the dead to life, and fed five thousand men with five barley-loaves;—setting up no claim to worldly wealth, or rank, or distinction, but, while they propagate tenets, of which it is the tendency to render men just, and pure, and honest, and upright, declaring that the sole reward which their master had led them to expect was persecution and death in this world, followed by eternal happiness in the next: we find these persons all combining in the same story, of which the details never vary, no matter how they are affected by change of place, by change of time, by change of circumstances, by separation one from another, or by being confronted. We ask, whether we are bound to believe that all these men are themselves deceived, or wilfully seeking to deceive others; or that the tale which they tell, however marvellous, is true? If we believe the latter, we admit, indeed, that events must have befallen of which we have no experience, and against which the ordinary laws of nature are opposed; but we admit nothing more than in the case of the meteoric stones we had admitted already. If we believe the former, then we must conclude that upwards of one hundred persons were enabled, somehow or another, to obliterate from their own minds all the natural associations between external objects and the ideas which are their symbols; that, having done this, they deliberately agreed to choose evil for its own sake; that, when they sat down to fabricate their pretended revelation, and to contrive a series of miracles to which they were all to appeal for its truth, they were miraculously gifted with such a degree of foreknowledge as that they were able to prepare consistent answers to all the questions which their enemies might address to them, under all varieties of circumstances, and in every imaginable change of time and place. We put it to our readers to decide which kind of testimony they will receive—that of experience, which so far goes against the miracle of the barley-loaves, that in their own presence no such miracle was ever performed; or that of one hundred and twenty men, the falsehood of whose evidence (supposing it to be false) necessarily involves the working of miracles, at least as start-

ling as the matter of fact for which they are the vouchers.

We very much lament that Lord Brougham, vindicating as he does the credibility of miracles, should have omitted to take up this ground of argument, rather than the imaginary grounds which he has assumed. For we think too highly of his lordship's powers of discrimination to suppose that he is likely to be biassed by the theory which Laplace unfortunately adopted; namely, that the value of testimony becomes less and less, in proportion to the number of hands through which it passes. Of course, we speak now of evidence which is preserved in a *record*; not of evidence that has been transmitted from age to age by mere oral tradition. The latter is, indeed, lost, to all intents and purposes, as soon as the persons by whom it has been given die off; but the former is strengthened by distance. "Take," says an ingenious writer in the *Edinburgh Review*, "any ancient event that is well attested—such, for example, as the retreat of the ten thousand—and we are persuaded it will be generally admitted, that the certainty of that event having taken place is as great at this moment as it was on the return of the Greek army, or immediately after Xenophon published his narrative. The calculation of chances may indeed be brought to declare in favour of it; for Xenophon's narrative remains, and the probability will be found to be very small, that any considerable interpolation or change in that narrative could have taken place, without some historical document remaining to inform us of such change. The combination of chances necessary to produce and to conceal such an interpolation is in the highest degree improbable, and the authority of Xenophon on that account remains the same at this moment that it was originally." This is sound reasoning with respect to the *Anabasis*; and if so, it applies with tenfold force to the scriptures of the New Testament, to alter or corrupt which there were, in all ages, a thousand motives; and of the perfect freedom of which from any important interpolation we have the most conclusive proofs.

We come now to those portions of the Appendix in which Lord Brougham essays to set forth his intimate acquaintance with the writings of the

ancient philosophers, and to draw from them proofs, that the doctrine of the soul's individual immortality, and of its liability hereafter to rewards and punishments, is deducible from the inferences of unassisted reason. As we have already shewn, Lord Brougham is at issue in these respects with St. Paul; at all events, St. Paul, speaking of this very doctrine—a state of rewards and punishments beyond the grave—pronounces it to be the “mystery” which had been hidden from ages and from generations. It is, however, but justice to say, that Lord Brougham does not openly grapple St. Paul. He is content to measure himself with Warburton; and, truly, a most unequal match in dialectics cannot very well be conceived. Warburton, the giant in literature, who had drunk deep at the fountain-head of ancient lore—paradoxical, perhaps, but always able and always willing to defend his paradoxes by the application of a scholarship, to which we shall now vainly look for a specimen; and Lord Brougham, the smatterer in moral and physical science, the ready speaker, the patron of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, and the student of the classics at *second hand*! Alas, for the vanity which could hurry even Lord Brougham into such a combat! alas, for the pitiful plight in which he skews at its termination!

The ex-chancellor's learning is displayed in the sixth, seventh, eighth, and ninth notes, appended to his discourse. In these he treats of the *ancient doctrines respecting mind*; of the *ancient doctrines respecting the Deity and matter*; of the *ancient doctrine of the immortality of the soul*; and of *Bishop Warburton's theory concerning the ancient doctrine of a future state*. The first of these minor treatises scarcely affects to contain a single statement which is not familiar to every schoolboy; and goes no further than to shew that “the opinions of the ancient philosophers upon the nature of the soul were not very consistent with themselves.” The second assumes, that whatever might be the opinions of the ancients touching the nature of God, that all united in a belief of the eternity of matter. We might argue this point with him; but we will not. Enough is gone when we state that the corollary derived from it is both self-contradictory and absurd—as any man may

satisfy himself who is inclined to study the passage. Lord Brougham is exceedingly fond of asserting that, as we cannot form any idea of creation, so it is impossible to conceive how the act of annihilation can be performed. Now we flatter ourselves that we have shewn that the idea of creation arises from the very nature of the existence in which we ourselves participate; and we suspect that there are few indeed who will not be able to perceive that, when you once establish that fact, all difficulty ceases. Every hour in which the annihilation of the universe is deferred, must be an hour of continued exertion to the power by which the universe is upheld. But we must hurry on, as notes eight and nine are pressing for notice:

“That the ancient philosophers, for the most part, believed in the future existence of the soul after death is undeniable. It is equally certain that their opinions on this important subject varied exceedingly, and that the kind of immortality admitted by one class can hardly be allowed to deserve the name. Thus, they who considered it a portion of the Divine essence, severed for a time, in order to be united with a perishable body, believed in a future existence without memory or consciousness of personal identity, and merely as a reuniting it with the Divine mind. Such, however, was not the belief of the more pure and enlightened theists: and to their opinion, as approaching nearest to our own, it is proposed to confine the present notice.”

To support this opinion certain quotations are given from the *Phædo* and the *Timæus*, from Xenophon's *Cyropædia*, from Cicero's *De Senectute*, and from the *Tusculan Questions*. Moreover, Bishop Warburton is fiercely attacked, because he has ventured to deny that any of the ancients, except Socrates, really believed in a future state of the soul individually, and subject to reward or punishment. Now we are not going to take up the cudgels for Warburton. No abridgement, such as we could give, would do justice to the third book of his *Divine Legation*, whereas every scholar can consult it for himself; and we rather suspect that, having done so, he will think very lightly of its assailant. But we can put Lord Brougham's acquaintance with the ancient schools of philosophy

a little to the tent, and, with God's blessing, we shall do so.

Lord Brougham asserts that it is "violent to suppose that those philosophers (the theists), for the purpose of deceiving the multitude, delivered opinions not held by themselves, and delivered them in profound philosophical treatises." His reason for asserting this is, that these treatises were never meant for the use of the vulgar—that they were not "poems and speeches read in the portico, or pronounced in the forum." True, they were neither speeches nor poems. But how does Lord Brougham imagine that the philosophers and historians of old obtained for their works any degree of publicity? There was then no printing-press to accumulate copies, and the task of transcription was both operose and slow. It could not, therefore, be as books are published now; but it was by getting their treatises recited by their pupils, by their friends, by their acquaintances, wherever they went; and thus obtaining for them precisely the same sort of publicity that would have been obtained for a speech spoken in the forum. What right, then, has Lord Brougham to assume that the particular passages in the writings of Plato and others, which pronounce peremptorily in favour of a future state of rewards and punishments, were not intended to serve the purposes of the civil magistrate?

The four schools of theistical philosophy known to the ancient world were the Pythagorean, the Platonic, the Peripatetic, and the Stoic. With the popular creed of Pythagoras—that of a metempsychosis—our readers are of course acquainted. By inculcating this, Pythagoras the sage professed to argue in favour of the endurance of the soul after the dissolution of the body, and its liability to reward or punishment by transference into a new body, either for better or for worse. Did he himself really credit this fable? From himself we know nothing; but his disciple, Timæus Locrus, utterly denies it. His expression is: "For, as we some-

times cure the body with unwholesome remedies, when such as are most wholesome have no effect, so we restrain those minds by false relations, which will not be persuaded by the truth. There is a necessity, therefore, of instilling the dread of those foreign torments,—as that the soul shifts and changes its habitations, that the coward is ignominiously thrust into the body of a woman," &c.*

Again, Ovid, who may be supposed to have understood the real sentiments of Pythagoras, and the true tendency of his doctrines, as well as Lord Brougham, makes Pythagoras, when addressing himself to the Crotoniates, reject a future state of rewards and punishments, by the very principle of his own metempsychosis:—

"O genus attonitum gelidæ formidine mortis!

Quid Styga, quid tenebras, et nomina vana times,

Maledicum vaturn, falsique piscula mundi?

Corpora, sive rogos flammæ, seu tabe vetustas

Abstulerit; mala posæ pati non ulla putetis,

Morte carent animæ; semperque priores dilectas

Sede, novis domibus habitas, vivuntque receptæ."—*Livy*.

Empedocles, Sextius Empiricus, and Tabes, all followers of Pythagoras, equally held that beyond the grave there was nothing either to hope or to fear. The words of the last, as given by Stobæus, when comforting a friend who mourned the decease of a beloved companion, are, "But he will not be again. Well, he had no existence ten thousand years ago; nor during the Trojan war, nor with your immediate forefathers. You are not grieved at these things; but you are concerned because he will not exist in the future."† Yet, all of the Pythagorean school were theists, and pure theists.‡

We come now to Plato, of whom Lord Brougham makes much use, quoting, of course, from the *Phædo*; and quoting, as it seems to us, in the

* Οτι γὰρ τὰ σαρμὰ νοσηθεῖ σκενὴ θνητοῦ, ὥστε μὴ καὶ τὰς θνητοτάτας, οὐτοὺς τὰς ψυχὰς ἀποτρέφει ψυθεῖν λόγον, καὶ μὴ αἰσθῆναι ἀληθεῖς λογιστὰς, διὰ πονηρίας καὶ τιμωρίας βλάμ, καὶ μετὰθυσίας τὰς ψυχὰς. α. ε. λ.—*De Animæ Mundi*.

† Ἀλλὰ, σκοπεῖν ἵσταται ἐπεὶ γὰρ ἡ ψυχὴ μεταβάλλεται, ἐπὶ τῇ τοῦ Τροῦ πόλει, ἐπεὶ καὶ τῶν προπατέρων ἐστίν. Σὺ δ' οὐκ αἶσθῃς τούτων οὐκ ἀχθῆναι, ἐπεὶ δὲ καὶ μετὰ τῶν οὐκ ἔστιν, διατρέφεται τὸν Στάβιον Μοῦν., E. c. 106.

‡ See Jamblichus's *Life of Pythagoras*, and Alvarus, as quoted by Warburton.

most happy state of ignorance, that the *Phædo* has been pronounced by the best authorities an exoterical production. Plato both was, and avowed himself to be, a scholar in the school of Pythagoras, and, like his master, taught the doctrine of the metempsychosis; though he so far spiritualised it, that, according to him, "the changes and transitions spoken of by Pythagoras signified the purgations of minds which, by reason of the pollutions they had contracted, were unfit to reascend to the place whence they came, and be absorbed in the mighty SUBSTANCE. Thus, in his *Georgia*, his *Phædo*, and his *Republic*, he speaks of the souls of the wicked descending into the bodies of asses and swine, and gravely makes reference to Styx, Cocytus, Acheron, &c.; but, in his *Epinurus*, where he speculates about the condition of a good man after death, his language is: "Of whom, both in JEST and in EARNEST, I constantly affirm, that when such a one shall have finished his destined course by death, he shall at his dissolution be stripped of those many senses which he enjoyed here, and then only participate of one simple lot or condition. And instead of *many*, as he was here, having become *one*, he shall be happy, wise, and blessed."* Now, though we do not deny that Plato believed in the immortality of the soul—which according to him had no beginning, and will have no end—we cannot allow Lord Brougham to rank him, after this, among the ancients who "believed in a future state of the soul individually, and subject to reward or punishment." When jesting—that is, when writing to deceive—he did hold this opinion; when delivering his own sentiments, he sent back the purified spirit into the great abyss, from which it had emanated, and in which individuality was lost for ever. In a word, Plato was one of those who held the very doctrine which Lord Brougham declines to treat as worthy of consideration. Yet it is to him that almost all his lordship's appeals are made, for proof that the belief of some of the most eminent of the philosophers in

a state of rewards and punishments is undeniable.

We will not pause to shew in what light Plato's philosophy was regarded by Chrysippus, by Strabo, and Celsus, all of whom represent his popular creed as an intentional deception. Neither is it necessary to appeal to the authority of the Emperor Julian, who, if we may trust Origen, considered Plato as putting on the character of a mere fabulist the moment he began to write about theology. For our quotations would be without end, were we to transcribe all the passages that occur to us. More to the purpose will it be if we shew that neither the Peripatetics nor the Stoics approached one whit nearer to the truth as it has been brought to light by the Gospel. Lord Brougham has extracted a sentence from Aristotle's *Ethics*, which will probably satisfy every inquirer, except himself, that that great man's belief in a future state of rewards and punishments was not very deep-seated. "Death," says Aristotle (we take Lord Brougham's own version; of which, by the way, the incorrectness is remarkable, inasmuch as the masculine *θανάτος* is made to agree with the neuter *θανάτου*), "is most terrible, for it is an end (of us); and there appears to be nothing further, good or bad, for the dead."† We need scarcely say that the meaning of the original is, "Death is the most terrible of all things—death is the thing, the most terrible of all things;" or, that one who could speak of death in such language could not believe that there was aught beyond it, either of good or evil.

It would be easy to demonstrate, that in the opinions of their great master all the philosophers of the Peripatetic school coincided. It would be just as easy to shew, by reference to particular passages, that the creed of the Stoics was, on this head, not very different. But, for brevity's sake, we are content to bring into the field an authority which even Lord Brougham will scarce venture to gainsay. Epictetus—a thorough Stoic, if ever Stoic existed—speaking of death, says, "But whither

* ὅτι αὐτὸς δι' ἄσχετον καὶ πάλιν καὶ σπουδαζὼν αὐτὸν ὅτι θανάτου τις τὸν αὐτὸν τὴν αὐτὴν μὲν ἀποφασίζει, ἄλλοις ὡς αὐτὸς ἀποφασίζει ἢ μὴ μίσηται ἢ πολλὰν ὥστε καθάπερ οὖν αὐτὸς οὐκ ἔχει τὴν μὲν μὴταλὰ φαντασίαν, καὶ ἐκ πολλῶν ἐκ γὰρ γινώσκουσι, εὐδαίμονα τι εἶναι, καὶ ἀφροσύνην αὐτὸν καὶ μαλακίαν.

† ἐκτελευτῶντος δὲ ὁ θάνατος· τίρας γὰρ καὶ οὐδὲν ἐστὶ τῷ τελευτῶντι δοκῶν, οὐδὲ ἀγῶνι ὥστε φέρειν ἵσται.

do you go? Nowhere to your hurt. You return from whence you came; to a friendly consociation with your kindred elements. What there was of the nature of fire in your composition returns to the fire, what there was of earth to earth, what of air to air, what of water to water. There is no Hell, nor Acheron, nor Cocytus, nor Pyrephlegethon.*

There remains for us now only to notice Cicero, of whom the noble theologian asserts, that every attempt to describe him as entertaining so much as a doubt on the subject of the soul's immortality, involves such as make it in palpable absurdities and contradictions. Far be it from us to deny that, in several of his treatises, Cicero argues well in support of Lord Brougham's notion; but what then? Is he himself satisfied with his own reasonings? So far from it, that, in addition to such hesitating exclamations as he puts into the mouths of his interlocutors, we come continually to such passages as the following:

"Mortis enim metu, omnis quietæ vitæ status perturbatur."—*De Fin.*, lib. 5.

"Quæ enim potest in vitâ esse jocunditas, cum dies et noctes cogitandum est, jam jamque esse moriendum?"—*Tusc.*, lib. i.

"Quis enim potest, mortem aut dolorem metuens, quorum alterum sæpe adest, alterum semper impendit, esse non tristicus?"—*Ibid.*, lib. v.

And again:

"Natura sic se habet, ut, quomodo initium nobis, rerum omnium ortus noster afferat, sic exitum mors; ut nihil pertinuit ad nos ante ortum, sic nihil post mortem pertinebit; en quidquid potest esse mali, cum mors nec ad vivos pertineat, nec ad mortuos."—*Ibid.*, lib. i.

And now, having very far exceeded the space which it was our intention to occupy when we began to address ourselves to this subject, it only remains for us to explain why we have thus taken so much trouble to sift Lord Brougham's reasonings, and to weigh the true value of his scholarship.

In few words, then, our object has been to expose the sophistries of a treatise which—whether designedly or not the noble author best knows—appears to us as well calculated to shake the faith of the young and the unthinking in the great truths of revela-

tion, as if it had been written and published for no other purpose. If Lord Brougham's view of the case be adopted, there is nothing told us in the word of God that we are not able to discover by the exercise of our own reason. Not only the existence and moral attributes of the great Creator are abundantly demonstrated in his works; but, from a contemplation of these, we are enabled to arrive at a sure and steadfast belief of the immortality of our own souls, and of a future state of rewards and punishments. Now, if the case be so, if the necessity of all this can be proved by the very same process which impels us to believe that two and two are equal to four, and not to five, then is it as clear as the sun at noon-day, that of revelation mankind have never stood in need; and, as it would be derogatory to all our notions of supreme intelligence to imagine that God would unnecessarily interpose to accomplish, by supernatural means, an end which is perfectly within the reach of nature, then are we bound to reject as fabulous the religion which Christ has given. For the New Testament assumes throughout, that eternal life is not ours by right of nature—that it is a free gift from God to man, through the merits of Christ Jesus—and that to make clear to a benighted world so prodigious a mystery, as that man shall not perish when the soul quits the body, was one object which our Saviour came to effect, and which he has effected. Observe, we do not mean to bring so heavy a charge against Lord Brougham, as that he had deliberately framed this design when he sat down to write. All that we pretend to say is, that, if his arguments be accepted as conclusive, the result must be to overthrow our faith in the Gospel; but we flatter ourselves that we have shewn, not only that they do not deserve to be accepted as conclusive, but that they are throughout flimsy, superficial, and full of the most palpable contradictions.

Lord Brougham has added no fresh laurel to his wreath by his first appearing in the character of a theologian; and we strongly advise him, if he have any regard for reputation as a scholar and a metaphysician, not to try the experiment again.

* Που εις ουδεν διεισι, αλλ' εδεν γινουσι, εις τα φιλα και συγγινουσι, εις τα σπυχημα, εδεν ην σοι πνευσι εις πνευ απαντων, εδεν ην γηδιου εις γηδιον, εδεν πνιυματιου εις πνιυματιον, εδεν υδατιου εις υδατιον ουδεις Αδης, ουδ' Αχιδων, ουδεις Κωνυπος, ουδεις Περιφλιγελων.—*Apid Arrian.*, lib. iii.

THE GREEK PASTORAL POETS — THEOCRITUS, BION, AND MOSCHUS.

THEOCRITUS CONCLUDED.

WE live amid wars and rumours of wars, and under a sky black with a gathering storm; yet, undisturbed by the rocking elements, one affectionate spirit, the "Old Mortality" of *Fraser*, has been at work in the burial-ground of the ancient poets, with busy chisel cutting out afresh the letters upon the grey tombstones, and clearing away the pestilent weeds which oblivion has suffered to grow over them. With gentle love and devout veneration has he pursued his sacred labour, honouring all to whom honour is due—for OLIVER YORKE binds no brambles on the sepulchres of genius. While the dramatic poets of Greece and the "old man eloquent" have been the theme of so many eloquent and learned pens, from Longinus to H. N. Coleridge, the harmonious strains of the pastoral reed have been almost disregarded, even by OLIVER YORKE and CHRISTOPHER NORTH, to whose watchfulness and protection are entrusted the graves of departed poets. Publicly, we ought to say; for often, "from morn to dewy eve, a summer day," have we retired to those serene *Cities of the Silent*, bearing the *Epigrams* in our hand. Yet something has been accomplished in their behalf; and to Warton, in particular, our thanks are due for his graceful and instructive commentary. Of all poets, Theocritus is, perhaps, the least susceptible of transfusion; and his translators display in every page the difficulties of their task. With the labours of Creech the resting-place of the Capulets is probably better acquainted than many of the readers of *MICHAEL*. He was succeeded by a man of greater talent and more imposing pretensions—Francis Fawkes. In his version of Theocritus he was assisted by some of his most eminent contemporaries; among others, by Dr. Pearce, Bishop of Rochester; Johnson, who revised several passages; and Dr. Watson, who contributed some botanical information. Jortin, the learned biographer of Erasmus, furnished him with several notes; and from the conversation of Joseph Warton, the accomplished friend of the poet Young,

he gathered many interesting ideas upon the beauties of pastorals. As might be expected, therefore, the most agreeable portion of the work is comprised in the notes, which the kindness of so many friends united to enrich. The translation itself is often inelegant, and, though not destitute of successful passages, can rarely boast of any higher honour than that of vanquishing his predecessor. In the fine taste and learning of Mr. Polwhele, the pastoral poets found a more appropriate home. His translation of Theocritus abounds in elegant and harmonious lines; and it ought to be added in his praise, that the poet Mason commended it in very warm terms, expressing his belief that, in melody and smoothness of versification, it excelled the original. Such commendation from the bosom-friend of Gray, could not be bestowed on an unworthy object. The harp, indeed, is now silent in the sequestered vicarage of Newlyn; but that song cannot have been sung in vain which obtained the living applause of Cowper and Walter Scott.*

The little we know of Theocritus has been often told. Our chief information is derived from an epigram written by himself, in which he claims the honours of originality for his poetry. Polwhele's translation will be sufficient for our purpose:

"Theocritus my name, of Syracuse;
I claim no kindred with the Chian
 muse!
Praxag'ras and Philina's son, I scorn
Th' extrinsic bays that others' brows
 adorn."

Syracuse was at that time governed by Hiero, a monarch distinguished, as the reader of Polybius will remember, for valour and good fortune, but endowed with no ardent taste for the more graceful arts of peace. The sixteenth Idyll, inscribed with his name, is supposed to contain the poet's indignant appeal in behalf of the neglected muse; and in none of his compositions does the fancy glow with greater richness than in this noble hymn in praise of the lyre.

* See Polwhele's *Memorials of Himself*.

" 'Tis theirs to welcome every coming
 guest,
 And, blessing each departed friend, be
 blest;
 But chiefly theirs to mark with high re-
 gard
 The Muse's laurell'd priest—the holy
 bard;
 Lest in the grave their unsung glory fade,
 And their cold moan pierce Acheron's
 dreary shade,
 As the poor labourer, who, with portion
 scant,
 Laments his long, hereditary want.
 What though Aleua's and the Syrian's
 domes
 Saw crowding menials fill their festal
 rooms;
 What though o'er Scopas' fields rich
 plenty flow'd,
 And herds innumerable through his val-
 leys low'd;
 What though the bountiful Creondæ drove
 Full many a beauteous flock through many
 a grove;
 Yet when expiring life could charm no
 more,
 And their sad spirits sought the Stygian
 shore,
 Their grandeur vanish'd with their vital
 breath,
 And riches could not follow them in
 death!
 Lo! these for many a rolling age had lain
 In blank oblivion, with the vulgar train,
 Had not their bard, the mighty Cæian,
 strung
 His many-chorded harp, and sweetly
 sung,
 In various tones, each high-resounding
 name,
 And giv'n to long posterity their fame.

Verse can alone the steed with glory
 grace,
 Whose wreaths announce the triumph of
 the race!
 Could Lycia's chiefs, or Cynus' chang-
 ing hues,
 Or Ilion live with no recording muse?
 Not e'en Ulysses, who through dangers
 ran
 For ten long years, in all the haunts of
 man;
 Who e'en descended to the depths of hell,
 And fled unmangled from the Cyclop's
 cell;
 Not he had lived, but sunk, oblivion's
 prey,
 Had no kind poet pour'd the unfading ray.
 Thus, too, Philætiæ had in silence past;
 And, nameless, old Laertes breath'd his
 last;
 And good Eumæus fed his herds in vain,
 But for Ionia's life-inspiring strain.
 Lo! while the spirit of the spendthrift
 heir

Wings the rich stores amass'd by brood-
 ing care,
 While the dead miser's scattering trea-
 sures fly,
 The muse forbids the generous man to
 die."—POLWHELE.

The last line recalls to our recollec-
 tion one of Quarles' sonnets on Dr.
 Aylmer, in which the same sentiment
 occurs—

"He is not dead!—the sacred Nine deny
 The soul that merits fame should ever
 die."

In Giles Fletcher's preface to *Christ's
 Victor* (a poem from which Milton
 was not ashamed to borrow), there is a
 defence of poetry so eloquent, and so
 strikingly similar in tone and imagery
 to this noble eulogy of Theocritus,
 that the reader may not be displeased
 to see a quotation from it. It appeared
 in 1610, and English literature had
 beheld nothing equally animated or
 soul-stirring since the *Apology for
 Poesy* by Sir Philip Sidney. "I
 would gladly learn," are his words,
 "what kind of professions these men
 would be entreated to entertain that so
 deride and disaffect poesy. Would
 they admit of philosophers, that, after
 they have burnt out the whole candle
 of their life in the circular study of
 sciences, cry out at length, *Se nihil
 prorsus scire?* Or should musicians be
 welcome to them, that, *dant sine mente
 sonum*, bring delight with them indeed,
 could they as well express with their
 instruments a voice as they can a sound?
 Or would they most approve of soldiers,
 that defend the life of their country-
 men, either by the death of themselves
 or their enemies? If philosophers
 please them, who is it that knows not,
 that all the lights of example to clear
 their precepts are borrowed by philo-
 sophers from poets? that, without
 Homer's examples, Aristotle would be
 as blind as Homer? If they retain
 musicians, who ever doubted but that
 poets infused the very soul into the
 inarticulate sounds of music? that,
 without Pindar and Horace, the lyrics
 had been silenced for ever? If they
 must needs entertain soldiers, who can
 but confess that poets restore again
 that life to soldiers which they before
 lost for the safety of their country?
 that, without Virgil, Æneas had never
 been so much as heard of? How,
 then, can they for shame deny com-
 monwealths to them that were the first

authors of them? How can they deny the blind philosopher that teaches them his light? the empty musician that delights them, his soul? the dying soldier that defends their life, immortality after his own death? Let philosophy, let ethics, let all the arts bestow on us this gift, that we be not thought dead men whilst we remain among the living: it is only poetry can make us be thought living men when we lie among the dead; and therefore I think it unequal to thrust them out of our cities that call us out of our graves; to think so hardly of them that make us to be so well thought of; to deny them to live awhile among us that make us live for ever among our posterity!"

From his native town Theocritus removed to the court of Ptolemy, either attracted by the munificence of the sovereign or the widely spread reputation of the museum. He has chanted the fame of Ptolemy in some of the most eloquent lines to which his harp ever gave birth. Polwhele has translated them with great spirit:

"Here, too, O Ptolemy! beneath thy sway
What cities glitter to the beams of day!
Lo! with thy statelier pomp no kingdom

vies,
While round thee thrice ten thousand
cities rise.

Struck by the terror of thy flashing sword,
Syria bow'd down, Arabia call'd thee lord;
Phœnicia trembled, and the Lybian plain,
With the black Æthiop, own'd thy wide
domain:

E'en Lesser Asia and her isles grew pale,
As o'er the billows pass'd thy crowd of
sail.

Earth feels thy nod, and all the subject
sea;

And each resounding river rolls for thee.
And while around thy thick battalions
flash,

Thy proud steeds neighing for the war-
like clash,

Through all thy marts the tide of com-
merce flows,

And wealth beyond a monarch's grandeur
glows.

Such gold-hair'd Ptolemy! whose easy
port

Speaks the soft polish of the manner'd
court;

And whose severer aspect, as he wields
The spear, dire-blazing, frowns in tented
fields.

And though he guards, while other king-
doms, own

His conquering arms, the hereditary
throne,

Yet in vast heaps no useless treasure
stored

Lies, like the riches of an emmet's hoard;
But with his gifts adorned each holy
shrine,

And e'en the domes of kings and sub-
jects, shine.

Nor from the sacred feasts, where many
a choir

Wake to high minstrelsy the rival lyre,
His bards with melancholy step depart,
But triumph in the meed that crowns
their art."

This is not the idle adulation of a court poet, flattering for his bread: in wealth, in power, and in the liberal patronage of learned men, Ptolemy was the true original of this splendid painting. Theocritus, in another of his poems, has acknowledged with gratitude and admiration the humanity, munificence, and gentleness of the monarch. He was the *Magnificent* of the ancient world, cherishing genius and erudition under whatever clime they may have ripened. The persecuted scholar was sure of an asylum in the Egyptian Athens. Callimachus, a name embalmed by Milton, was the keeper of his library; and within those studious walls of academic quiet were to be seen Apollonius Rhodius—a writer to whose fruitfulness of fancy and richness of invention *OLIVER YORKE* intends shortly to render justice—and the mystical Lycophron; and Aratus, the author of the *Phænomena*, and the friend of Theocritus. He who has enjoyed the honour of being translated by Cicero and quoted by St. Paul,* can well afford to be forgotten by an age which reads the *Penny Magazine*. Ptolemy was a constant patron. His Royal Associates, albeit they exceeded twelve, were never deprived of their pensions. Yet it ought to be observed that the privy purse would have amazed Mr. Hume. Appian, who founded his statements upon official documents, declares, in the introduction to his Roman history, that Ptolemy Philadelphus possessed a treasure of 740,000 talents; which, reckoning the Egyptian talent to be equal to 80 Roman pounds, will amount, according to the calculation of Boëckh, to 178,868,333*l.* sterling of our money. We need not therefore feel surprised at the assertion

of Athenæus, that one festival of these mighty princes cost 2239 talents and 50 minas.

Upon the school of Alexandria, and its magnificent museum, we hope to dwell at greater length at a future period. The subject is one of surpassing interest, involving as it does the history of the decline and fall of Grecian literature, when the sun went down upon Athens to rise with fainter lustre upon the splendid court of the Ptolemies. The reader who may desire meanwhile to investigate a portion of knowledge little cultivated, may refer to the *Essai Historique sur l'Ecole d'Alexandrie*, par Jacq. Matter (1820), which was crowned by the Academy *Des Inscriptions et Belles Lettres*; and to the eloquent discourse of the accomplished Heyne, printed in his *Opuscula Academica*. There he will see how beautifully Taste can write by the light of Learning, and how delightful the paths of hoar antiquity become when trodden with a guide of sensibility. He has drawn a rapid but faithful portrait of the intellect of that period. It was an age of purity, refinement, and elegance; not of noble and lofty enterprise. No impetuous wings swept that glowing heaven of invention, which in the morning of Grecian poetry had been scaled by so many ardent aspirants. Streams, clear and transparent, were seen to glide through the valleys and among the quiet of the fields and gardens; but no broad majestic river rolled along its mighty depth of waters. "Quare si," are the words of Heyne, "qui insigniorem aliquam laudem consequuti sunt, versantur ii fere in genere tenui et subtili. Quæ enim alia Theocriti qui (quod sibi precabatur, ut charitatem indissolubili vinculo adstrictus vivaret) magna felicitate consequutus est, aut Bionis, aut Moschi, elegantissimum hominum, laus est." The beautiful prayer of Theocritus, to live and die in the bower of the Graces, was certainly granted; and no tyranny could separate him from that band of delicate spirits who constantly ministered to him out of their crystal urns.

"No! in your bowers for ever may I dwell,
And thus the heavy gloom of life dispel;
Unblest by you, what charm can being give!

With you, ye sister-maids, be mine to live."—*The Graces*.

Judging from the only testimony in

our power, the indications furnished by his poems, he seems to have been of a tender and gentle disposition, attached to rural scenes and retirement. He has put into the mouth of Menalcas, in the 9th Id., a very delightful prayer for poetic inspiration:

"Inspire me, rural Muses, with the strains
I deftly caroll'd to the wondering swains;
Hawks mix with hawks, and ants with
ants agree;

Cicades with their own; the muse with me.
O that she fill'd my soft melodious hours!
For neither to the honey-bee the flow'rs
So sweet, or easy sleep and early spring,
That balm so soothing to the labourer
bring,

Charm like the muse; and they on whom
she smiles

May brave e'en Circe's cup, e'en Circe's
wiles."—POLWHELE.

The concluding lines are very beautiful:

Οὐτὶ γὰρ ὕπνος
Οὐτ' αἰεὶ ἔκπνιγας γλυκυκέρτατον, οὐτὶ μάλιστα

Ἀθλῶν, ὅσων ἔμιν Μουσῶν φίλων.

There is a peculiar charm in the αἰεὶ ἔκπνιγας—the sudden apparition of spring. The memory of Fawkes is burdened with so little praise, that we are happy to quote his harmonious and pleasing version of this passage, although he missed the happiest touch in it:

"O may my cave with frequent song be
blest!

For neither roseate spring, nor downy rest
So sweet the labourer soothe; nor to the
bee

Aro flowers so grateful, as the muse to
me."

The little poet of Twickenham could not have elaborated a softer strain.

But, of all his poems, the verses to the wife of his friend Nicias breathe the most amiable and natural tenderness. It is a true lyric of the heart, and might have been addressed by the Recluse of Olney to the bride of Cotton—like Nicias, a physician, as well as a familiar of the sacred Nine. There is nothing, said Warton, in Catullus more elegant or tender. The idea that Theuigenis, with the distaff at her side, would constantly have before her a memorial of the absent poet, is very delicate and graceful. Nor let the fair reader—who is perhaps expecting a dressing-case from Waterloo Place—look down with insolent disdain upon to trifling a present as an ivory distaff.

In those poetic days all ladies, in a much better sense than the appellation is received at St. George's, were *spinsters*; and, not having a *Magazin des Modes* to apply to, were satisfied with replenishing their wardrobes by their own industry. We read in Homer that Helen (a lady of great beauty and fashion, but whose conduct we by no means hold out for imitation) used a

golden distaff and a silver basket; and Europa, in the poems of Moschus, has her golden basket covered with emblematical figures. It may also be added, that an ivory distaff was a most appropriate gift to a lady of Miletus, an island celebrated for the beauty of its wool. Polwhele's version of this delightful trifle is so heavy, that we have taken up our own pen in its defence.

Friend of the woof! the azure-eyed
Minerva sent thee down to earth,
O Distaff! by the cheerful hearth
With busy housewife to abide —
From morn to evening at her side.
Take courage, then, and go with me*
(So Heaven but grant a placid sea)
To Nileus city, where the shrine
Of Venus, with its light divine,
Shines through embow'ring reeds; — I long
Nicias, the Graces' friend, to meet;
While he will hasten out to greet
The wandering Child of Song.
And, Distaff, thee of ivory fair,
A gift unto his wife I bear:
The early morning light shall see
Her cunning finger toil with thee,
Weaving many a virile vest,
And softer robe for Beauty's breast.
Sweet labourer! for her they shear
The young lamb's mother twice a-year.
I never meant that thou should'st dwell
With Idlesse in her drowsy cell,
Sleeping away the precious hours;
Thou comest from the pleasant bow'rs
Dear to the footsteps of the muse —
Sicilia's glory — Syracuse!
But now thou hast a home with him,
Whom Sickness blesseth when it sees; †
Before whose charm each shadow dim
From the eye of Sorrow flees:
And now in green Miletus' isle,
Where all the Ionian Graces smile,
Shall be thy pleasant place of rest.
That fair Theugenis may be
By maidens envied, having thee;
While thou awakest in her breast
Sweet memories of the poet-guest,
And looking on thee, each will call
The favour great, the offering small.

When we alluded to the Syracusan gossips, it was with the intention of offering an original version of that admirable effusion in our present excursus; but a perusal of Polwhele's translation has convinced us, that it is sufficiently spirited to afford the English reader considerable amusement. We wish that the excellent and learned editor of Aristophanes would try his hand on it: the poem is worth the labour. Reiske considered it the most

festive and agreeable of all the poems of Theocritus; he takes the reader by the hand and leads him into the midst of the revelry, pointing out, as with the finger, the different characters of the pageant, and depicting, in the liveliest colours, the vanity, folly, and loquacious ignorance of the female gossips. The supposition of the idea having been borrowed from one of the farces of Sophron does not in any degree detract from the merits of the

writer. Mr. Elton, in his *Classical Specimens*, has briefly noticed that talent of delicate humour which shines out so strongly in the poem we are about to bring before the reader. Here is the passage, and though a portion of it may be thought digressive, the whole is worth transcribing:

"His humour is chiefly shewn in the portraiture of middle rank city-life; where it abounds with strokes of character that are not confined to ancient times or national peculiarities, but suit all ages and all climates. He is not limited to rustic or comic dialogue, or incident, but passes with equal facility to refined and elevated subjects; and they who have heard only of the rusticity of Theocritus will be unexpectedly struck by the delicacy of his thoughts, and the richness and elegance of his fancy. While some have made coarseness an objection to Theocritus, others have affected to talk of his assigning to his goatherds sentiments above their station; as if Theocritus were not the best judge of the manners of his own countrymen. If the allusions to tales of mythology be meant, these were doubtless familiar in the mouths, and current in the *improvvisi* songs, of the peasants of Sicily. They who, in conformity with the mawkish modern theory of pastoral, sit in judgment to decide what idylls are, and what are not legitimate pastorals, may be told in the words of Pope on his own pastorals, while ironically depreciating them in comparison of those of Philips, to which they are in fact inferior, that if certain idylls be not pastorals, they are something better. But the term idyll among the Greeks was miscellaneous and general,—it designated what we style fugitive poetry; and such also, among the Latins, are the *eidyllia* of Claudian and Ausonius. Thus, in Theocritus, besides the country eclogue, we find, under the title of idyll, the dramatic town eclogue, the epithalamium, the panegyric, and the tale of heroic mythology."

These remarks are in many respects accurate. Yet we hardly like the assumption of our modern fugitive poetry as a synonyme for the ancient *eidyllia*. The verses which occasionally shine like jewels about the neck of REGINA might indeed seem to answer the description; but then all the world knows that they are not *fugitive*. Heinsius, as Polwhele observes, certainly says that the ancients gave the appellation

of *eidyllia* to these poems to express their variety; but he adds very properly, that as *ειδύλλιον* (a diminutive of *ιδίος*) may signify a little picture, or image; it applies with peculiar force to the miscellanies of Theocritus, replete as they are with natural and lively representations and animated paintings of scenery.* But we are detaining the reader from the interlude, and Polwhele is waiting to draw up the curtain. The plot is simple, and may be given in the homely language of Creech: "Two tattling gossips go to see the pomp at Adonis' feast, prepared by Arsinöe, Ptolemy Philadelphus' queen."

"THE SYRACUSIAN GOSSIPS.

An Interlude in Three Acts.

ACT I.

SCENE—*Praxinoe's House, in the Suburbs of Alexandria.*

GORG0, PRAXINOE, EUNOE.

My dear little girl, is Praxinoe at home?
Eu. She is; but how late, Mrs. Gorgo, you come!

Prax. Indeed! I thought, madam, her head would ne'er push in.
But Eunoe, see for a chair and a cushion.

Eu. I have——

Prax. Pray sit down.

Gorgo. What a terrible din!
What a pother! 'tis well I escaped in whole skin!

What a brave heart have I, to pass so many folks
That clatter'd in sandals, or jostled in cloaks!

And coaches—you cannot imagine the throng!
I'm quite out of breath, and the way is so long!

Prax. 'Tis true: 'tis the fault of my plaguy old soul.
And here must we live, and put up with a hole!

What a desert! to vex me, he tries all he can:

He was ever a strange, unaccountable man!
He knew I could almost have died for the loss

Of your chat—but my schemes 'tis his pleasure to cross.

Gorgo (*pointing to the child*). Hush, madam! how earnest his eye!
Don't talk of your husband when Zopy is by.

Prax. I don't mean your papa, my sweet little jewel!

Gorgo. But he understands. No—papa's not so cruel.

* See Polwhele's Dissertation.

Pras. This fellow, then (we may disguise it, you know,
And talk of the thing as if sometime ago),
This block of a fellow once happen'd to
stop,

To buy me some nitre and paint at a shop,
When for nitre he purchased bay-salts;
and for rouge,
The long-lubber gawkey bought yellow
gamboge!

Gorgo. Lord! mine is as bad! You
could hardly have thought,
For five fleeces like dogs' hair, and dear
at a groat,
That he squander'd away seven drachms
—the sweet honey!

Well might it be said, he was *fleece*d of
his money!

But come, take your cloak, to Adonis we
haste;

And fasten your robe with its clasps to
your waist:*

Our queen is preparing a sight so divine!

Pras. Ay, all things, be sure, with
fine people are fine!

But describe to me these preparations,
so novel

To me who am coop'd in this lone little
hovel.

Gorgo. 'Tis high time to go; and we'll
talk at our leisure.

Pras. Bring water: come quickly, you
slut! What a pleasure

These cats must enjoy on the down of a
bed!

Go drive them away. But, you statue
of lead!

First bring me the water. See, see how
you fill!

Enough: and how dare you so carelessly
spill

Such a flood on my gown! Well, I'm
wash'd, God be blest!

Here, *hussey!* and give me the key of
my chest.

Gorgo. Your robe let me see: I pro-
test, 'tis not clumsy.

Pray what did it cost? Nay, it vastly
becomes ye.

Pras. Don't ask me: it cost two good
pounds and a crown;

And my life I'd near into the bargain
laid down.

Gorgo. No waste of your time or your
money, however.

Pras. True, *Gorgo.* Come, give me
my scarf, and be clever

In putting it on; and see there, my
umbrella.

But as for my *Zopy*, the dear little fellow,
You cannot go with us, the horses will bite.
You may cry, but the goblin will come
in the night."

Why does not Mr. Knight give us
a history of ancient dress, as a sort of
companion to Mr. Planché's *British
Costume*. It would be, in truth, a
volume of "Entertaining Knowledge."
Meanwhile let the reader refer, if he
can, to the *Onomasticon* of Julius Pollux,
and particularly to the quotation from
Aristophanes, tom. i. lib. vii. cap. xxii.
(Amsterdam edition), where he will
find such a list of articles belonging to
the toilet and boudoir, as would para-
lyse the imagination even of Howell
and James. While a common garment
might be purchased for a mere trifle at
any shop in Athens, robes made of the
byssus literally sold for their weight
in gold. But, of all the articles of
Athenian dress, shoes seem to have
been the most ingeniously varied. We
read of Sicyonic, Persian, Tyrrhenian,
Rhodian, and Thracian shoes. The
Laconian were highly esteemed for even-
ing parties (pumps). The custom so
prevalent among ourselves, of naming
things after some illustrious individual
of the age, was also general; and the
Grecian shoemaker tempted his cus-
tomers with Alcibiadean and Iphicretean
shoes, as ours do with Wellington and
Blucher boots. So—but we must have
a chapter upon dress at a more con-
venient season. But, while we are
lingering among these coincidences of
ancient and modern fashions, we can-
not refrain from quoting from Terence,
who portrayed Grecian manners in
Latin verse, a sketch of female educa-
tion painfully illustrative of those ac-
complished deformities which greet us
at every corner of our streets, and for
whom a punishment has been invented
unknown to the *Inferno* of Dante, the
PURGATORY OF STAYS. Chærea is
describing the charms of the young
maid presented to Thais by Thraso:

"Haud similis virgo est virginum nos-
trarum, quas matres student
Demissis humeris esse, vincto pectore,
ut graciles sient;
Si qua est habitior paulo, pugilem esse
aiunt, deductum cibum;
Tametsi bona est natura, reddunt cura-
tura junceas:
Itaque ergo amantur."

Act II. Sc. III., *Eunuchus*.

Perhaps the reader might like to
be favoured with a version by good

* Hence we learn, says Casaubon, that the ladies formerly had an under-garment,
which was fastened to the breast by clasps; and persons of fashion had them of gold.

"Aurea purpuream subnectit fibulâ vestem."—*Æn.* b. iv. 139.

Master Richard Bernard, one of the earliest English translators of a classical author. It is not so graceful as OLIVER YORKE could have made it, but it will answer the purpose sufficiently well. It is given in goodly prose :

" We have not such a fair wench in all our parish. She is not like the maids of our town, whom their mothers labour carefully to have *crooked-shouldered, strait-laced*, that they may become *pretty and slender*. If perhaps any of them be more gross than others, they say she is champion-like—fitter for a sword and dagger than a rock and a spindle. These, therefore, they diet, albeit that the nature of the girls is to be full and fat. Nevertheless, by this their diligent dressing and trimming of them, they make them as small as a bulrush ; and hereupon it falls out that young men are enamoured of them."

Having called in the watch-dog, and instructed the little nurse to divert Master Zopy, who was much disposed to be offended, the ladies set out on their expedition ; and we overtake them in a street of Alexandria :

Prax. " Good heav'ns, what a tide !
how or when shall we stem it ?
The street is as full as the bank of an emmet.

O Ptolemy ! great are the deeds thou hast done
Since thy father hath left, for Olympus, the throne.

A thief or a robber how seldom we meet,
Though pickpockets formerly crowded the street !

Heaven ! what shall we do ? the war-horses advance !

Friend, do not ride over me ! See how they prance !

That terrible bay, how he rears ! Let's be gone.

Come, Eunoe — the rider, I'm sure, will be thrown.

Thank Heaven that my boy is at home !
Let us haste.

Gorgo. Cheer up, dear Praxinoe ! the danger is past.

Prax. Well, now I begin to recover my fright :

From a child I've been ready to faint at the sight

Of a horse or an adder. But let's keep our ground ;

The mob from all quarters is thronging around.

Enter OLD WOMAN.

Gorgo. From the hall, mother ?

Old W. Yes.

Gorgo. Can we press through the swarm in ?

Old W. That's a point which the trial can only determine.

He only, my daughter, who tries, can enjoy.

By trying, the Greeks became masters of Troy. [Exit.

Gorgo. The crone ! what a learned oracular exit !

Sure women have knowledge, but love to perplex it.

So high is their soaring sagacity carried, They can tell you how Jove to his Juno was married.

Praxinoe, see what a crowd at the gate !

Prax. Immense ! But 'tis troublesome, Gorgo, to wait.

Come, give me your hand ; and thou, Eunoe, stick

(Take care not to lose her) to Madame Eutick.

Let us enter together. Good God ! what a gap !

My spring-silk has met with a horrid mishap !

And my scarf, in a moment ! Oh, ho, sir, forbear !

And may Jupiter bless you !

Man. Dear madam, my care, Be assured——

Prax. How they thrust ! I am sure I am hurt.

Man. Good madam, cheer up ! we are riding in port.

Prax. And there you may ride, sir, this year and the next.

Still Eunoe's terribly jostled and vex'd. Struggle stoutly, my girl. Very well ;

as he cried ;

' We're all in,' as he lock'd himself up with his bride.

ACT III.

• SCENE—The Hall of the Palace.

GORGEO, PRAXINOE, STRANGER, GREEK SINGING GIRL.

Gorgo. Praxinoe ! see the rich tapestried room——

How exquisite ! Sure it was wrought in the loom

Of the gods.

Prax. And how striking ! how bold the designs !

No pencil could draw such elaborate lines.

Elton is very literal and lively :

Prax. Holy Minerva, how these weavers work !

See, how like painters they have wrought the hangings

With pictures large as life ! How natural

They stand out, and how natural they move

Minerva! they rise above critical strictures!

For what animation enlightens the pictures!

Man's indeed a wise animal! See how they move—

Nay, start from the hangings! they cannot be wove.

But look on yon figure, how charming he lies!

All silver the couch, and so vivid the dyes
Of his young downy heard; 'tis not hard to discover

The features of Venus's beautiful lover.

Stranger. Cease, cease, idle dames, your impertinent tattle!

As hoarse and as broad as the pigeons ye prattle.

Gorgo. Indeed! who are you? Though we talk, shall you curb us?

Seek those who will listen, nor dare to disturb us.

Dost think Syracusians will tamely knock under,

That can trace to the city of Corinth their founder?

No, Master Officious! 'Tis seldom you hear of one,

A slave, that's descended from mighty Bellerophon.

And as to our tongue, you've no reason to tease us;

'Tis our own mother-language of Peloponnesus.

Prax. We have husbands besides, that will bluster and cuff:

One tyrant, be sure, is in conscience enough!"

Praxinoë, an idle and ignorant gossip, was surprised at the beauty of the tapestry with which the hall was decorated. But in those days, when fancy fairs (where charity and matrimony are equally promoted) were unknown, the most distinguished families of Athens contributed their talents to the adornment of the great festivals; and we know that the peplus, the magnificent veil displayed at the celebration of the Panathenæa, was beautified by their handywork. The custom of depicting the heroes and illustrious men in the corners of the veil was also an admirable incentive to virtue, and more honourable and agreeable to the subject than a nail in the "Exhibition."

The disposition of Theocritus, as we have seen, led him to the contempla-

tion of the tender and the beautiful. Nature he loved under all her aspects, but chiefly in her serenity and calm. Notwithstanding the vein of humour, and the knowledge of human life, which we find in some of his poems, his heart seems always to have been in the fields. With much of Thomson's picturesque fancy, he had also a large share of his voluptuous idleness, and could, we doubt not, have gathered the fruit from the garden-walls, with his hands in his pockets, in the same delightful manner. How pleasantly might he have lived with the bard of Richmond in his "Castle of Indolence," reserving a spare room for OLIVER YORKE! Oh, that he could read what we are now inditing respecting him and his works! for then would his gentle spirit deeply rejoice; and that "slant, unequal reed," which erst cast its taper shadow on the grassy side of a Sicilian glen, would speedily be offered to us by the affectionate poet—slight memorial of regard!—with an ode sweet as that which accompanied the ivory distaff. Yet not alone did he dwell with Fancy in her purple tent. The muse of heroic song came at his bidding; and when the subject required the introduction of actors beyond the grade of shepherds, he knew how to array them with becoming dignity. The *Pharmaceutria* was esteemed by Racine one of the noblest remains of antiquity. The invocation of the passionate lover, performing her mysterious rites in the dreary gloom of midnight, is in a bolder strain than the oaten flute often breathed:

Αλλά Σίλανε

Φαίνε καλὸν τιν γὰρ ποταμίσσεται ἀσυχὰ δαίμον,

Τῇ χροῖαί δ' Ἐκάτη· τὰν καὶ σκυλακίς τρομιοῦντι,

Ἐκκομινὰν νικῶνι ἀπ' ὅρῃ καὶ μίλαν αἵμα·
Χαίρ' Ἐκάτη δασύληντι.

Original.

But thou, O moon!

Shine clearly; for to thee, pale goddess, will I

Chaunt my strain—and the infernal Hecate—

At whom the dogs tremble, coming over

Upon the wall! They look alive, not woven.

Well! man, it must be own'd, is a wise creature.

Ah, here he is! Adonis! Wonderful!

All on a couch of silver! See, the down

Seems peeping on his chin! Oh, sweet Adonis!

They say he's loved in hell."

The graves of the dead, and the black
blood—

Terrible Hecate, hail!

By FAWKES.

"O Queen of Night!

Pale moon, assist me with refulgent light;
My imprecations I address to thee,
Great goddess, and infernal Hecate!
Stained with black gore—whom e'en
gaunt mastiffs dread,
When'er she haunts the mansions of
the dead—
Hail, horrid Hecate!"

By POLWHELE.

"Now as enchantment's midnight powers
I hail,
Now, sacred moon, in all thy glory sail
O'er the dire rites! the mysteries of my
song
To thee and hell-born Hecate belong.
Pale Hecate, who stalks o'er many a
tomb,
And adds fresh horror to sepulchral
gloom;
Whilst reeking gore distains the path of
death,
And bloodhounds fly the blasting of her
breath."

It will be observed that our own version of this, as well as of similar brief passages, is hastily dashed off, and pretends to nothing more than a correct interpretation of the original; our chief aim has been to avoid the cloud of words with which the translators have generally contrived to blind their author. Fawkes has caught the spirit of the Greek better than Polwhele, whose concluding lines have all the verbose ferocity of a drama at the "Surrey." Every line of the poem burns, as it were, with the jealous love of a deserted woman, whose thoughts are driven along by the storm of passion. But, in sublimity and animated description, it is surpassed by the slaughter of the Nemean lion, in the 25th Id. The *Iliad* contains few scenes drawn with greater vigour or enthusiasm. Hercules, having armed himself with his bow and quiver, and grasped the club
"That with a wrench from Helicon he
tore,"

departs on his perilous expedition. We shall give the scene in the translation of Polwhele, and then endeavour to supply a few of its defects. We are aware that the claim of Theocritus to this composition has been disputed, and that in the opinion of Reiske it formed a fragment of a more extended work, written by Pisander, on the la-

bours and achievements of Hercules. We have no means of solving the difficulty; and hasten, therefore, to enjoy the poem, without quarrelling about the author. The reader will be struck by the fine picture of the solitude and silence of the neighbourhood; which Polwhele has justly compared to the lines in Apollonius Rhodius, beginning,

"They saw no winding path nor stream,
Nor shepherd's cottage at a distance
gleam—

But all one desert in dead silence lay.
'Twas now high noon; no roar I heard,
nor saw

One print that might betray the prowler's
paw;

Nor rustic sound amid his pastoral care,
Nor herdsman who might shew the lion's
lair.

Nor herds, nor herdsmen venture to the
plain;

All fix'd by terror, in their stalls remain.
At length as up the mountain groves I go,
Amidst a thicket I espy my foe;

Ere evening, gorged with carnage and
with blood,

He sought his den, deep buried in the
wood.

Slaughter's black dyes his face, his chest
distain,

And hang still blacker from his clotted
mane;

While shooting out his tongue with foam
besmear'd,

He licks the grisly gore that steep'd his
beard.

Midst bowering shrubs I hid me from
his view,

Then aim'd an arrow as he nearer drew,
But from his flank the shaft rebounding
flew.

His fiery eyes he lifted from the ground,
High raised his tawny head, and gazed
around,

And gnash'd his teeth tremendous; when
again

(Vex'd that the first had spent its force
in vain)

I launch'd an arrow at the monster's heart;
It flew, but left unpierced the vital part—

His shaggy hide, repulsive of the blow,
The feather'd vengeance kiss'd, and fell
below.

My bow once more with vehemence I
tried—

Then first he saw, and rising in the pride
Of lordly anger, to the fight impell'd,

Scourged with his lashing tail his sides,
and swell'd

His brindled neck, and bent into a bow
His back, in act to bound upon his foe.

As when a wheeler his tough fig-tree
bends,

And flexile to a wheel each felly tends,

Through gradual heat awhile the timber
stands—

It curves, then springs elastic from his

Then the fell beast, high bounding from
afar,

Sprung with a sudden impulse to the war.

My left hand held my darts, and round
my breast

Spread, thickly wrought, my strong pro-
tecting vest;

My olive-club I wielded in my right,

And his shagg'd temples struck with all
my might:

The olive snapp'd asunder on his head.

Trembling he reel'd—the savage fierce-
ness fled

From his dimmed eyes; and all contused
his brain,

Seem'd swimming in an agony of pain.

This, this I mark'd; and ere the beast
respired,

Flung down my painted bow; with
triumph fired,

Seized instant his broad neck; behind
him prest,

From his fell claws unsheathed to guard
my breast;

And twined, quick mounting on his
horrid back,

My legs in his, to guard from an attack
My gripping thighs—then heaved him
(as the breath

Lost its last struggles in the gasp of death)

Aloft in air, and hail'd the savage dead!

Hell yawn'd—to hell his monster-spirit
fled."

The rising of the lion, aroused by the
arrow from the bow of Hercules, and
the angry gaze around in search of the
assailant, are magnificent. Polwhele
has followed Fawkes in making him
gnash his teeth—but Theocritus is far
stronger:

Λαμψέως δὲ χαιὼν ὑπὸ ζῆνι δόντας.

And gaping (yawning) wide he shewed
his terrible teeth.

See him, too, making ready for the
combat:

Ὅδ' ἰδὼς περιγλήνημιεν ὄσσους
θῆρ' ἀμύνει· μακρὴν δὲ παρ' ἰγνύσιν ἐλθεῖ
Κίρκου, ἀφ' ἧς δὲ μαχρὴς ἰμνήσαντο· καὶ δὲ οὐ
σώχων

Θύμον ἐκπλήσθη, σπέρσαι δ' ἐφ' ἔξω ἰδύει
Σαυζάμενος· κερτα δὲ ραχίς γινεῖ· ἥντι τείλει.

Original.

And the insatiate beast, glaring around,
With fiery eyes beheld me; and his
mighty tail
Against his sides he lash'd—for instant
fight

Uprising. All his neck with wrath out-
swell'd,

His tawny mane terribly bristling, and
his back

Bent like a bow.

By CREECH.

"But ere I aim'd aright,
The beast perceived me, and prepared for
fight;

His tail twirl'd round, his neck was
swoll'n with rage,

And every limb seem'd eager to engage.

His mane stood up, his fiery eyes did glow,
His crooked back was bent into a bow."

By FAWKES.

"Enraged, once more I try'd my bow to
draw;

Then first his foe the furious monster saw:
He lash'd his sturdy sides with stern de-
light;

And, rising in his rage, prepared for fight.
With instant ire his mane excited grew;

His hair look'd horrid of a brindled hue.
Circling his back, he seem'd in act to
bound;

And like a bow he bent his body round."

By POLWHELE.

"My bow once more with vehemence I
tried;

Then first he saw, and rising in the pride
Of lordly anger, to the fight impell'd,

Scourged with his lashing tail his sides,
and swell'd

His brindled neck, and bent into a bow
His back, in act to bound upon his foe."

Creech has one excellent line; and
Fawkes is not deficient in spirit. Upon
the whole Polwhele is tame, and evi-
dently copied a lion in Wombwell's
caravan. How different from the in-
furiate monster of the Greek poet,
which bounds and roars before us
with a violence that would scare a
F.Z.S. His death is equally grand:

Πρὶν δ' ὄρει, πρὶν ἢ κτεῖσθαι,
Τ' ὦσιν ἐν γαίῃ, καὶ πρὶν τρομακταῖς πρὶν ἰσθῆ
Νιυσταζέων κίβηλη, πρὶν γὰρ σπότης ὄσσι οὐ
ἀμφὶ

Ἠλθε, βίη συνδινάτος ἐν ὄσσι γυμναλίου.

Original.

But ere I closed, he fell from his high
bound

To earth, and stood with trembling limbs,
shaking

His head; for darkness o'er his failing
eyes

ded, and his brain was shatter'd
through the bone.

Literally, And he immediately remembered, or thought upon, the battle.

By CANNON.

"The lion sigh'd, in hollow groans
Some steps retired, as if all sense was fled,
And stood with shaking legs and dizzy head.
Mists seized his eyes, and an amazing
pain
Ran through the crazy vessels of his
brain."

By FAWKES.

"Yet ere I closed, his savage fury fled;
With trembling legs he stood and nodding
head—
The forceful onset had confused his brain,
Dim mists obscured his eyes, and agonising
pain."

By POLWHELE.

"Trembling he reel'd—the savage fierce-
ness fled
From his dim eyes; and all confused his
brain
Seem'd swimming in an agony of pain."

Crech has one very good line; the *dizzy head* is vivid and forcible. Fawkes is not bad, but Polwhele in the last line is admirable. The reader who wishes perfectly to understand the *μιστὰς καὶ νεφέλης*, must go to Madrid and see a bull-fight. Should he happen to be a "spirited young man," we believe there are still a few vacancies in the "Spanish Legion." The whole of this Idyll is so beautiful, that we may perhaps give a complete version of it, by way of supplement to these opuscula. Warton regarded the diction as more free and delicate, and the periods smoother and more carefully elaborated, than we find in Theocritus. Specimens of almost every order of poetical excellence might be selected from it. We must at present content ourselves with adding the passage in which the return of the vast herds of Augeas are described:

Αὐτὰρ ἔστινα βοῖς μάλα μυρία ἄλλαι ἐπ'
ἄλλαις
Ἐρχομένη φαινοῦν, ὡς νεφὴ ὑδατοῦντα,
Ὅσσα τ' ἐν οὐρανῷ ὑπὸν ἐλαυνόμενα προτέρων
Ἡ ἰοταὶ βῆναι ὁρῶντες Βορρῆος.
Τῶν μιν τ' ἔστιν ἀέριος ἐν περὶ γίνεσθαι σταν,
Οὐδ' ἀνυσίς. τῶσα γὰρ ἐν μίτῃ προτέρων
κυλινδοῖ

Ἰς ἀνέμου, τὰς τ' ἄλλα κερυννύσθαι αὐτῇ ἐπ'
ἄλλαις
Τῶν τ' αὖ μιστῶν ἐπὶ βῆναι ἐπὶ βουναῖς ἡμῖν.
Id. 25.

Original.

But afterwards cows innumerable, drove
upon drove,
Arriving, appeared like the watery clouds
Which are driven forward along the sky
By the fury of the south wind, or Thracian
Boreas (north wind);
And of these clouds in the air there is
neither number
Nor measurement; for the violence of
the blast
Rolls so many after the first, sweeping
cloud above cloud—
So did the countless herds of cattle follow
each other.

By POLWHELE.

"Then numerous oxen bend their wind-
ing way,
And herd succeeded herd in long array;
Like vapours that, as blustering winds
impel,
Sail o'er the heavens, and still con-
densing swell.
Clouds driven on clouds in countless
heaps arise,
And with incumbent blackness blot the
skies.
Thus herds and flocks fill'd thick'ning
every road,
And the deep valleys echoed as they
low'd."

In these lines, the *νεφὴ ὑδατοῦντα* are weakly rendered by vapours. Fawkes has succeeded better:

"Herd following herd, it joy'd the chief
to see
Unnumber'd cattle winding o'er the sea;
Like watery clouds arising thick in heaven,
By the rough south, or Thracian Boreas
driven."*

The peculiar vividness of the *κυλινδοῖς ἀνέμου* is preserved by neither. It is only, fair to observe, that the same simile, with a slight variation, is employed by Homer to describe the assembling of warriors. But from Homer who can refuse to any modern the liberty of borrowing:

"A quo ceu fonte perenni
Vatum Pieriis ora rigantur aquis."†

- * "In one firm orb the bands were ranged around,
A cloud of heroes blacken'd all the ground:
Thus from a lofty promontory's brow
A swain surveys the gathering storm below.
Slow from the main the heavy vapours rise,
Spread in dim streams, and sail along the skies;
Till black as night the swelling tempest abows,
The clouds condensing as the west-wind blows."—POPE.

† Johnson's Life of Milton.

Caster and Pollux is in the same high strain of imagination. The brothers, wandering along the sylvan scene, arrive at a fountain, which is most luxuriantly described; beside which they discover the giant *Amycus* reposing. He was precisely the man to create a sensation:

Εἰς δ' ἄνθεσσι περικλυτοῖς ἰσημινοῖς ἰδὼσάμεναι,
Δίνος ἰδίῃ, σκληραῖσι τιβλάσμενος οὐκ ἀπυγ-
μαίῃ·

Στήθεσσι δ' ἰσχυραῖσι πύλασιν, καὶ ὤλεσσι ἰσχυροῖς
ἔσθ' ἐν στήθεσσι, σφουρηλατοῖς οὐκ ἀκατασφύ-
ρτοις·
Εἰς δὲ μοῖσι στεινοῖσι βραχίουσιν ἀπὸν ὑπ' ὤμων
ἔσθ' ἄνθεσσι, ἥτοι στήθεσσι λευκοῖσιν, οἷσσι κυ-
λινδων

Κυμαῖους ποταμούς μεγαλαῖς περιζέει δίναις.

Original.

Beneath the quiet sky a giant sat,
Unto the eye tremendous; his ears
crush'd *

By the hard cæstus, and his monstrous
breasts

Swelling with strength, his mighty back
Of iron flesh, like a Colossus with
A hammer wrought. Upon his massy
arms

Stood up the heaving muscles, like to
rocks

By the fierce torrent rounded, and made
smooth.

By POLWHELE.

"Hard by (his couch the rock) a chief-
tain frown'd,

His ears fresh reeking from the gauntlet's
wound.

Dire was his giant form! and amply
sphered

The broad projection of his breasts
appear'd!

Like some Colossus wrought too firm to
feel;

His back all sinewy, seem'd of solid steel.
On his strong brawny arms his muscles
stood

Like rocks, that, rounded by the torrent's
flood,

Through the clear wave their shelving
ridges shew,

One smooth and polish'd prominence
below."

By FAWKES.

"There sat a chief tremendous to the eye;
His couch the rock, his canopy the sky;

The gauntlet's stroke his cheeks and ears
around,

Had mark'd his face with many a desperate
wound.

Round as a globe, and prominent his
chest;

Broad was his back, but broader was his
breast;

Firm was his flesh, with iron sinews
fraught,

Like some Colossus on an anvil wrought.

As rocks, that in the rapid streams abound,
Are wash'd by rolling torrents smooth and
round,

The ridges' rise in crystal streams beheld,
So on his brawny arms the rising muscles
swell'd."

This simile is one of the boldest and most original in Greek poetry. Here, remarks Warton, we have all those terrible graces which the poets of the present day either dread or disdain, but which we so much admire in the writings of antiquity. We find a gigantic figure sitting, with no other covering but the sky, amidst an unknown solitude, with the trees of the mountain waving their vast and shadowy foliage around him. In such a magnificent description we discover the genius and pencil of Salvator Rosa, adds Polwhele, very unnecessarily. We wish authors were obliged to pay a certain sum (to be regulated by act of parliament) for the use of any of these stock names to fill up a sentence. With an agent like Mr. Kenneth, much advantage might result from such a course to the descendants of these ill-used individuals.

We have already sought to enliven our lucubrations with some of the "balmy spoils" brought by the poets of England from the valleys of Sicily; but a greater than all remains to be mentioned. Milton, who gathered his richest pearls along the silent shores of Italy and Greece, has imitated the well-known apostrophe to the nymphs in the first idyll of Theocritus, in the elegy upon his young Cambridge friend, Mr. King.

Πα πόν' ἀέ' ἡδ' ἀνα Δαφνίης ἱσταίτο; πε-
πονα Νυμφαί;

Ἡ κατὰ Πηνίωι καλὰ τιμῆα; ἡ κατὰ Πίνδῳ;
Οὐ γὰρ δὴ ποταμοὶ μεγάλοι οὐκ ἔχουσιν Ἀσπην
Οὐδ' Ἀίτνας; σκοπῆς ἐνδ' Ἀλφειοῦ μέν' ἰδμεν.

Original.

Where wander'd ye when Daphnis pined,
where, nymphs?

Through the beautiful vale of Peneus, or
the groves of Pindus?

* So Virgil of the Cyclops:

"Nec visu facilis, nec dictu affabilis ulli."

Ἰσχυρῶς. Hence arrogant, presumptuous, &c.

For neither haunted ye the mighty stream
Of smooth Anapus, nor the towering crest
Of Ætna, nor the hallow'd waves of Acis.

By POLWHELE.

"Where stray'd ye, nymphs, when
Daphnis pined with love?
Through Peneus' vale, or Pindus' steepy
grove?
For not Anapus' floods your steps delay'd,
Or Acis' sacred wave, or Ætna's shade."

Milton, with admirable taste, while
preserving the spirit and form of the
address, has adapted it to our mytho-
logy and superstitions:

"Where were ye, nymphs, when the
remorseless deep
Closed o'er the head of your loved
Lycidas?
For neither were ye playing on the steep
Where your old bards, the famous Druids,
lie,
Nor on the shaggy top of Mona high,
Nor yet where Deva spreads her wizard
stream."

Never was the Sicilian muse invoked
with a sweeter song than by him who
called her to scatter flowers on

"The laureate hearse where Lycid^o lies."

Virgil, whose eclogues the reader hardly
requires to be told are little more than
a paraphrase of the Grecian idylls, has
also copied this passage:

"Quæ nemora, aut qui vos saltus ha-
buere, puellæ
Naiades, indigno cum Gallus amore
periret?
Nam neque Parnassi vobis juga, nam
neque Pindi,
Ulla moram fecere, neque Aonia Aga-
nippe."

These charming lines will also recall
Theocritus to the memory:

"As one who long in populous city pent,
Where houses thick and sewers annoy
the air,
Forth issuing on a summer's morn to
breathe
Among the pleasant villages and farms
Adjoin'd, from each thing met conceives
delight—
The smell of grain, or tugged grass, or
kine,
Or dairy, or each rural sight, each rural
sound;
If, chance, with nymph-like step fair virgin
pass,
What pleasing seem'd for her now pleases
more—

She most, and in her look sums all
delight."—*Par. Lost*, b. ix. v. 445.

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We trace the same finger in the follow-
ing exquisite picture:

Ὅσων ἰαε χυμῶνες, ὅσων μολὼν βραδύλοιο
ἦλιον, ὅσων αἰς σφίγρης λασιωτέρῃ κερῶς,
Ὅσων παρθενικῇ περὶ φέμει τρυγῶμαις γυναικός,
Ὅσων εὐφροσύνην μίσχου κέρας, ὅσων ἀλάν
Συμπαντῶν λυγυφάνης αἰδοτάτῃ πεινιῶντι,
Τόσσον ἐμ' ἐφθηνῆς ἐν φάνους.—*Idyll XII.*

"Sweet is the breath of morn! her rising
sweet
With charm of earliest birds; pleasant
the sun
When first on this delightful land he
spreads
His orient beams, on herbs, tree, fruit,
and flower,
Glistening with dew; fragrant the fertile
earth
After soft showers; and sweet the
coming on
Of grateful evening mild; then silent
night,
With this her solemn bird, and this fair
moon,
And these the gems of heaven, her starry
train:
But neither breath of morn, when she
ascends
With charm of earliest birds—nor rising
sun
On this delightful land—nor herb, fruit,
flower,
Glistening with dew—nor fragrance after
showers,
Nor grateful evening mild—nor silent
night,
With this her solemn bird—nor walk by
moon,
Nor glistening starlight, without thee is
sweet!"—*Par. Lost*.

Milton's first "lark that rouses" cor-
responds with the *γυμνωμένη κεκοιταμένη*
of Theocritus,—a coincidence noticed
in the *Classical Journal*. Gladly would
we continue these parallel passages
through the works of the poets, and
we cannot now relinquish the task
without entreating the reader to turn
to the *Faithful Shepherdess* of Fletcher,
where he will be delighted with nume-
rous imitations of Theocritus. Why
does not Mr. Dyce favour the public
with an edition of Beaumont and
Fletcher, uniform with those of Green,
of Peel, &c.? How few, alas! in
this our day, know any thing of a
poem, at once the original of *Comus*,
and the most exquisite pastoral in the
world.

Notwithstanding the extent of our
remarks upon Theocritus, the subject
is not exhausted; we might still dwell
upon his pathetic earnestness, his strong

good sense, and the compact energy of his manner. He has expressed in one line a sentiment which has furnished the theme of many an amorous ditty, from Anacreon to Tom Brown,—the tediousness of time to the lover in the absence of the beloved :

Οἱδὲ πρὸς αὐτοῖς ἐν ἡμέτῃ γηρασκουσιν.

They who love grow old in a day.

Or, in the dry version of that scholastic pedant, Salvini :

" Chi ama, e chi desia, in un giorno s'invecchia."

Of his diction we have no space to speak. It was finely observed by Ben Jonson, in his *Discoveries* (the last drops that came from that majestic intellect), that some words are to be culled for ornament and colour, as we gather flowers to strew houses and make garlands of; *but they are better when they grow to our style*; as in a garden, where though the mere grass and greenness delight, yet the variety of flowers doth heighten and beautify. This remark applies with peculiar aptness to Theocritus, whose language by a most felicitous sympathy grew to his style, and who, nevertheless, culled flowers for ornament and colour. It was the acute saying of Lord Bacon, that the best part of beauty is that which a picture cannot convey; and, upon the same principle, it may be affirmed that the compound words and epithets of Greek poetry are characterised by a charm beyond the art of the copyist to preserve. The *bloom* of the portrait seems always to fade: speaking, writes an eloquent scholar, to the ear like Italian, to the mind like English; with words like pictures, with words like the gossamer film of the summer; at once the variety and

picturesqueness of Homer; the gloom and the intensity of Æschylus; not compressed to the closest by Thucydides; not fathomed to the bottom by Plato; not sounding with all its thunders, not lit up with all its ardours, even under the Promethean touch of Demosthenes. From Theocritus alone might be selected words amply sufficient to support this admirable eulogy, had we space to quote them. Thus we find Helen described by *ῥοδοχρῶς*, with *flesh like the rose*; and *ῥοδοπαχὺς Ἀδωνίς*, the *rosy-armed Adonis*; and the appearance of feet mingling in a dance is given to the life in the *ποσσὶ περισπιντοῦς*, which Polwhele translated by an epithet borrowed from Gray, *many-twinkling*. The words are much more happily rendered in a couplet of a poem on dancing that appeared in Dodsley's *Collection* :

" And see the sprightly dance is now begun;
In steps confused the giddy maze they run."

He calls a beautiful woman *μαλοπαρεῖς*, with *soft cheeks*; or, according to another, and certainly more pleasing interpretation, *smooth and bloom-coloured, like an apple*. It may be also interesting to remark that *πυρροτριχῶς*, which he applies to the hair of the shepherds in the 8th id., corresponds exactly with the epithet bestowed on the Danes by Collins :

" Whether the *fiery-tressed* Dane,
Or Romans self o'erturned the fane."

We believe this has been already pointed out by Polwhele. Shakespeare, in his *Venus and Adonis*, has "*rose-cheeked Adonis*:" he has it, also, in *Timon of Athens*. He probably, as Malone thinks, remembered the *rose-cheeked Adonis* of Marlowe's *Hero and Leander*.

WASHINGTON IRVING'S MISCELLANIES.

LET the orthodox learned say what they will, the age of miracles has not passed away; and lo, the sign in the volume now before us! What! Washington Irving a buffalo-hunter on the Prairies? We could not be more utterly amazed if Tol-De-Rol-Lol Trueba had turned guerilla in the Bastan, and pitched "right slick" into Zumalacareguay. It is but as yesterday when we saw this same Washington Irving in London a quiet, gentlemanly, *douce*, little, middle-aged man,—indolent as Thompson (I mean the poet, not the Tender, or the Fructifier), mild and meek as Lord Bexley, as fond of his tea as Brougham, as somnolent as Melbourne. We thought it then a matter marvellous that a gentleman who had passed so much of his time in England should even dream of living amongst Yankees. But how much more amazing is it now to find him, with all his peculiar tastes and habits, betaking himself in his declining years to the haunts of the wild Indian, the wild horse, the buffalo, and the grisly bear? Under the influence of what mighty spell could he have

"Burst the bands of sleep asunder,"

and entered upon an enterprise so adventurously wild? The question, however, baffles all speculation; so we must read the volume, a task to which we shall resign ourselves with no dissatisfaction, unless the Yankees have quite barbarised our gentle friend of the *Sketch-Book*.

Well, we have read the volume, and our mind is in a great degree set at rest. Washington Irving has not actually turned wild Indian, or professional deer-stalker, or buffalo-hunter. He has only been making a sort of Broughamite tour on the borders of Yankee land! His politics, we believe, have something damaged his popularity; but neither has he actually been condemned by his fellow-citizens to live out of their city, nor, cynic-like, has he condemned them to live in it. No! New York is not like Sinope, nor does our old boon companion in the least resemble Diogenes; he is, on the contrary, in character,

personal and mental, singularly like a philosopher of another order, the witling of the Epicurean herd; and we find, accordingly, that in this *Tour on the Prairies* there is little more of wild adventure, of actual romance, than in the *Iter ab Româ Brundisium usque* of Horace; there is not the slightest touch of love, that grand accessory of all chivalrous adventure, in it: he has not even a *puella mendax*—a foresworn damsel—to rail against. Nevertheless, he has contrived to eke out a very pleasing and a very pretty volume, and one, notwithstanding the strangeness of the subject, perfectly characteristic. The author of the *Sketch-Book* has written about the Prairies and their wild sports with that degree of knowledge, and after that fashion, wherewith a very clever young lady or a heavy-sterned philosopher—Mary Mitford or Katterfelto, might, peradventure, write about Melton Mowbray and fox-hunting. The subjects touched upon are intensely interesting—the stories are told with infinite smartness; but there is a lack of heartiness—a want of soul,—and of this you are made conscious from first to last. He does not write with the relish of a sportsman; nor does he write with the high enthusiasm, the creative and individualising power, of a poet like Chateaubriand,—the power of bringing directly before your eyes each identical person, each *particular* scene and circumstance. There is not, so to speak, the indication of any thing esoteric in his various descriptions: they are mere sketches—very clever certainly; but you feel that they might one and all be wrought forth and elaborated at a distance by one man, from drawings made on the spot by another: in a word, you are impressed with the conviction that Washington Irving might have written the book at New York, without having ever left foot-print in a prairie of the Far West. The opening of the work is very fine. There is positively a solemn grandeur in it worthy of the primeval forest—worthy of the ocean-like plains of which it treats. The strain, however, is not continued, and it recurs but rarely.

* Miscellanies. By the Author of the "Sketch-Book." No. I. Containing a Tour on the Prairies. London, 1835. Murray, Albemarle Street.

This is to be regretted. In our opinion he should, to borrow the language of the musicians, have made it the theme of his composition. We quote it entire.

"In the often-vaunted regions of the Far West, several hundred miles beyond the Mississippi, extends a vast tract of uninhabited country, where there is neither to be seen the log-house of the white man nor the wigwam of the Indian. It consists of great grassy plains, interspersed with forests, and groves, and clumps of trees, and watered by the Arkansas, the Grand Canadian, the Red River, and all their tributary streams. Over these fertile and verdant wastes still roam the elk, the buffalo, and the wild horse, in all their native freedom. These, in fact, are the hunting-grounds of the various tribes of the Far West. Thither repair the Osage, the Creek, the Delaware, and other tribes, that have linked themselves with civilisation, and live within the vicinity of the white settlements. Here resort all the Pawnees, the Comanches, and other fierce and as yet independent tribes, the nomades of the Prairies, or the inhabitants of the skirts of the Rocky Mountains. The region I have mentioned forms a debatable ground of these warring and vindictive tribes. None of them presume to erect a permanent habitation within its borders. Their hunters and 'braves' repair thither in numerous bodies during the season of game; throw up their transient encampments, formed of light bowers, branches, and skins; commit hasty slaughter among the innumerable herds that gaze the Prairies; and, having loaded themselves with venison and buffalo-meat, retreat rapidly from the dangerous neighbourhood. These expeditions partake always of a warlike character; the hunters are always armed for action, offensive and defensive, and are bound to practise incessant vigilance. Should they in their excursions meet the hunters of an adverse tribe, savage conflicts take place. Their encampments, too, are always subject to be surprised by wandering war-parties, and their hunters, when scattered in pursuit of game, to be captured or massacred by lurking foes. Mouldering skulls and skeletons, bleaching in some dark ravine, or near the traces of a hunting-camp, occasionally mark the scene of a foregone act of blood, and let the wanderer know the dangerous nature of the region he is traversing. It is the purport of the following pages to narrate a month's excursion to these noted hunting-grounds, a part of which had not, as yet, been explored by white men."

We have already said that there is little to be found in the same style with this: there is, in fact, throughout the book a continual effort at point and humour which is not always successful, and is sometimes disagreeable. Flippancy without ease is at all times sure to give offence.

Our author set out from a frontier post early in October 1832, for his month's tour on the Prairies, accompanied by a young Swiss count, and a friend of his, a French creole, whom he describes as a *Gil Blas* of the frontier, and a half-breed called Beatte. They travelled under the auspices and escort of "a commissioner, to superintend the settlement of the Indian tribes migrating from the east to the west of the Mississippi." This functionary pressed into his service a regiment of mounted riflemen; so that personal danger could not have lent its zest to the enterprise. In fact, the only hardships the sketcher had to endure were a little saddle-galling, a good quantity of rain, &c., the want of a feather-bed, and the absence of bread from their rustic banquet for some two or three days, during which the party was obliged to rough it on venison, and a variety of other game. He, however, saw a good deal of savage-hunting; saw deer run down by wolves, buffaloes slain by bullets, and wild horses caught by tame ones and their riders. The mode of capture he describes is different from that which prevails on that part of the Prairies over which a gentleman of our acquaintance once sported. There two riders, holding the same cord, ride round the wild horse until they have wound enough of the rope round his limbs to enable them to secure him. Here Irving describes a single horseman, by means of a long forked stick, throwing a sort of halter over the neck of the wild horse, and playing him with it until he is quite weary and half choked. He also talks of another method of capture, which will be explained in the following extract:

"The captain and two of his officers now set off to reconnoitre the game. It was the intention of the captain, who is an admirable marksman, to endeavour to crease the horse; that is to say, to hit him with a rifle-ball in the ridge of the neck. A wound of this kind paralyses a horse for a moment: he falls to the ground, and may be secured before he recovers."

We select one from several accounts of buffalo-slaughter.

"My horse, who under his former rider had hunted the buffalo, seemed as much excited as myself, and endeavoured to force his way through the bushes. At length we extricated ourselves, and, galloping over the hill, I found our little Frenchman, Tonish, curvetting on horseback round a great buffalo, which he had wounded too severely to flee, and which he was keeping employed until we should come up. There was a mixture of the grand and the comic in beholding this tremendous animal and his fantastic assailant. The buffalo stood with his shaggy front always presented to his foe, his mouth open, his tongue parched, his eyes like coals of fire, and his tail erect with rage; every now and then he would make a faint rush upon his foe, who easily evaded his attack, capering and cutting all kinds of antics before him. We now made repeated shots at the buffalo, but they glanced into his mountain of flesh without proving mortal. He made a slow and grand retreat into the shallow river, turning upon his assailants whenever they pressed upon him; and, when in the water, took his stand there, as if prepared to sustain a siege. A rifle-ball, however, more fatally lodged, sent a tremor through his frame. He turned, and attempted to wade across the stream; but, after tottering a few paces, slowly fell upon his side and expired. It was the fall of a hero, and we felt somewhat ashamed of the butchery that had effected it; but, after the first shot or two, we had reconciled it to our feelings by the old plea of putting the poor animal out of his misery.

"Two other buffaloes were killed this evening, but they were all bulls, whose flesh is meagre and hard at this season of the year. A fat buck yielded us much more savoury meat for our evening's repast."

Here too is a description of a genuine natural hunting-match.

"A pack of seven black wolves and one white one, were in full chase of a buck, which they had nearly tired down. They crossed the line of our march without apparently perceiving us. We saw them have a fair run of nearly a mile, gaining upon the buck until they were leaping upon his haunches, when he plunged down a ravine. Some of our party galloped on rising ground commanding a view of the ravine. The poor buck was completely beset—some on his flanks, some at his throat. He

rate bounds, but was dragged down, overpowered, and torn to pieces. The black wolves, in their ravenous hunger and fury, took no notice of the distant group of horsemen; but the white wolf, apparently less game, abandoned the prey, and scampered over hill and dale, rousing various deer that were couched in the hollows, and which bounded off likewise in different directions. It was altogether a wild scene, worthy of the 'hunting-ground.'"

This is about the best piece of sport he saw: buffalo-hunting is no doubt exciting. It is curious, also, to see once or twice, but it is sad butchery; it is nearly as bad as a bull-fight. Nor can you, as Irving would have you suppose, ride in a slapping pace after one of these animals. If you could, in the first place, and did, you would be out of sight of him in a few minutes,—for he is as awkward and as lubberly in his gait, as heavy in the head, and as clumsy in the build of his stern, as a Dutch philosopher; and next, it is idle to imagine these soft-fed, untrained horses really can gallop for any distance much better than a donkey; and, lastly, there is the nature of the ground—full of holes—and all manner of impediments, which compels you to give the horse his head altogether, that he may poke it almost to the ground, and keep a sharp look out as he dashes onwards: in fact, you do not guide him by the bridle at all; this is done by the pressure of the knees and inflections of the body. To talk, therefore, of going any thing like a decent pace under these circumstances is ridiculous. As to all the other sports of the Far West, bear-murdering included, we despise them heartily. It is all lumbag to prate about the manliness and courage displayed in hunting "the nobler game." There is more pluck shewn in riding well in at a fox-chase than in any other sport in the world. There all is fair play—straightforward, manly, dauntless work: it is the best, and, excepting war, the only exercise and outbreak of chivalry in modern days; while in your deer-stalking and bear-slaughtering it is quite the reverse. Fox-hunting, in a word, is the sport of high-souled gentlemen; the others are only fit for skulking savages and assassins. Independent of the feeling, too, mark the immense waste of time before there is the slightest touch of excitement whatsoever in your sports

of savagery! Who would submit to this, and sincerely call it pleasure, but an idle barbarian? All field-sports, indeed, excepting shooting (in which you are constantly amused by the performance of your dogs) and glorious fox-hunting, come under the denunciation of coursing in one of our finest hunting-songs.

"Let the dull courser take his sport—
May I be damned if I see what's in it;
Whoop dead! dead! Ay, that's your
sort!

DULL FOR AN HOUR AND MERRY FOR A
MINUTE!"

But in fox-hunting you are never dull for an instant. There is excitement in dashing out to cover at a rattling canter through the joyous air; there is pride to swell your bosom, to expand your nostril, and to lighten your eye, when you mount your hunter, —and feel, the while he paws the echoing ground, and snorts, and bounds under you with courage and eagerness, that you and he are one! an embodiment and explanation of the centaurable,—a single animal formed by the conjunction of the two noblest and most perfect works of the creation,—a single animal endowed with grace and beauty quite unrivalled, with prodigious strength, with wondrous speed and power, exercising a multitude of organs, but animated by one common soul, and directed by the impulses of a heart which never knew the touch of fear. We attempt not in feeble words to speak of the rapture of the chase itself, which in intensity and duration combined is the greatest and the most exquisite of which human nature is capable! Ay, and in the lassitude, too, which may follow one of these glorious bursts, there is no reaction which can cast the slightest gloom or weight upon your sublimed spirits. You still feel yourself exalted above the ordinary conditions of your mortality. But let us pull up, and dismiss Washington Irving! we shall else be struck with something like nostalgia,—for when we talk of hunting we think of home. In conclusion, then, no accident of any importance occurred during the expedition, and the party returned to Fort Gibson, "much tattered, travel-stained, and weather-beaten, but in high health and spirits."

Now, having alighted from our bounding steed, whistling "Mauthereen

à rhoou," out of mere rejoicing of spirit at the glorious way we have scampered through a review, and hunted down Washington Irving's *Miscellanies*, No. 1., we find his volume about Scott and Byron upon our table. Irving's visit to Abbotsford was made nineteen years ago; when that "huge baronial pile," to use his own words, "was just emerging into existence." Abbotsford was then "a snug gentleman's cottage, with something rural and picturesque in its appearance. The whole front was overrun with evergreens, and immediately above the portal was a pair of elk-horns, branching out from beneath the foliage, and giving the cottage the look of a hunting-lodge." The very place for us to dismount at. Of the present castellated and turretted building, "part of the walls, surrounded by scaffolding, already had risen to the height of the cottage, and the court-yard in front was encumbered by masses of hewn stone." Here the author of the *Sketch-Book* found Mr. Scott (for he had not yet been made a baronet), in his "old green shooting-coat, with a dog-whistle at his button-hole, brown linen pantaloons, stout shoes that tied at the ankles, and a white hat that had evidently seen service;" surrounded only by his family, consisting of Mrs. Scott, two sons, two daughters, his children's tutor, and a host of dogs, from the old stag-hound Maida (whose monumental image now guards the entrance-hall) to the parlour favourite Finette.

"Happy would it have been for him," observes Irving, "could he have contented himself with his delightful little vine-covered cottage, and the simple, yet hearty and hospitable, style in which he lived at the time of my visit! The great pile of Abbotsford, with the huge expense it entailed upon him, of servants, retainers, guests, and baronial style, was a drain upon his purse, a task upon his exertions, and a weight upon his mind, that finally crushed him."

The public know so much of Scott's character, of his generous nature, of his noble and hospitable disposition, and of his personal history, from a thousand sources; and Abbotsford has had so many visitors, who have minutely described and depicted the place, that much of novelty is not to be expected from the recollections of a visitor committed to paper at the dis-

tance of nearly twenty years, who, moreover, tells us that his memory is "extremely fallacious," and that at the time he made only a few "scanty and vague" travelling notes. But, had Washington Irving done otherwise,—had his notes been as copious as it is possible for a man of good memory to make, without the impertinence of actual reporting, he would have failed in conveying the quality of Scott's conversation—the ease with which one subject followed another—the graceful and happy transition from the trifling incident into the profound discussion, or from the romantic anecdote into the shrewd remark, and the no less happy return to the starting-point, which seemed never to be lost sight of. The open-hearted, natural, and agreeable tone of Scott, and his kindliness of feeling, ever effervescing from the depths of his richly stored mind, made his conversation too volatile and subtle in its nature to allow of the true essence being caught and retained. The cleverest attempt, therefore, to convey an idea of the man, as he daily appeared without premeditation, and without effort, must be vapid to any one who ever met him. Those who have had the happiness of being in his society may be said to have breathed a charmed atmosphere. To all this Mr. Irving bears full testimony.

"The conversation of Scott was frank, hearty, picturesque, and dramatic. A vein of strong, shrewd common-sense ran throughout it, as it does throughout all his writings, but was enriched and enlivened by incessant touches of feeling, of fancy, and humour. I have not done justice to the copious flow of grave thought that often mingled in his conversation; for at this distance of time little remains in my memory but salient points, and light, whimsical, and characteristic anecdotes. Indeed, during the whole time of my visit he seemed in a lively, playful mood; and his remarks and stories inclined to the comic rather than grave. Such, however, I was told was the usual habit of his mind in social intercourse. He relished a joke, or a trait of humour, and laughed with right good-will.

"Scott never talked for effect or display; but from the flow of his spirits, the stores of his memory, and the vigour of his imagination. He had a natural turn for narration; and his narratives and descriptions were without effort, yet wonderfully graphic. He placed the scene before you like a picture; he

gave the dialogue with the appropriate dialect or peculiarities, and described the appearance and characters of his personages with that spirit evinced in his writings. Indeed his conversations reminded me continually of his novels; and it seemed to me that during the time I was with him he talked enough to fill volumes, and that they could not have been filled more delightfully.

"He was as good a listener as talker, appreciated every thing that others said, however humble might be their rank and pretensions, and was quick to testify his perception of any point in their discourse. He arrogated nothing to himself, but was perfectly unassuming and unpretending,—entering with heart and soul into the business, or pleasure, or, I had almost said, folly, of the hour and the company. No one's concerns, no one's thoughts and opinions, no one's tastes and pleasures, seemed beneath him. He made himself so thoroughly the companion of those with whom he happened to be, that they forgot for a time his vast superiority, and only recollected, and wondered, when all was over, that it was Scott with whom they had been on such familiar terms, and in whose society they had felt so perfectly at their ease."

During the time of Mr. Irving's visit, Scott was engaged in correcting some of the proof sheets of *Rob Roy*; but, although strong suspicion of the authorship of the Waverley novels attached to his host, nothing was positively known; and Irving with the delicacy of a gentleman, avoided touching on the question.

"One proof to me" says Irving (whose ally pun upon the *proof* sheets has not escaped us) "of his being the author was, that he never adverted to them. A man so fond of every thing Scottish, and every thing relating to national history or local legend, could not have been mute respecting such productions, had they been written by another. He was fond of quoting the works of his contemporaries; he was continually reciting scraps of Border songs, or relating anecdotes of Border story. With respect to his own poems, and to these novels, however, he was mute; while with him I observed a scrupulous silence on the subject."

We remember a lady of our acquaintance who, about this time, dined in Scott's company; and, urged no doubt by female curiosity to penetrate the mystery of the Waverley novels, with less of scrupulousness, took ad-

vantage of a momentary pause in the conversation to ask, point-blank, in a loud voice, across the table, "Pray, Mr. Scott, are you the author of *Waverley*?" No retreat was possible, for the direct question astounded every one at table so much, that the silence became breathless; but Scott's ease never forsook him. He replied, without hesitation, "So it is said, ma'am," and, with unmoved countenance, went on eating his dinner.

Much as the series of novels, which Scott most unexpectedly avowed after all the efforts to surprise him into a confession of authorship had failed, are said to have done for the benefit of Scotland, they have done infinitely more for the cause of history and of historical inquiry. Scott was himself an illustrious antiquary, as well as an eager and diligent collector of rarities; and the various relics with which he delighted to surround himself conjured up by their respective associations visions of olden days; while his romantic spirit animated the skeleton of dry bones, and the magic of his pen restored valueless and insensible things to human interest and sympathies.

"Before dismissing the theme of the relics from the abbey" (Melrose), says Mr. Irving, "I will mention another, illustrative of Scott's varied humours. This was a human skull, which had probably belonged of yore to one of those jovial friars so honourably mentioned in the old Border ballad,—

'O the monks of Melrose made good kale
On Friday when they fasted;
They wanted neither beef nor ale
As long as their neighbours' lasted!'

This skull Scott had caused to be cleaned and varnished, and placed it on a chest of drawers in his chamber, immediately opposite his bed, where I have seen it grinning most dismally. It was an object of great awe and horror to the superstitious housemaids, and Scott used to amuse himself with their apprehensions. Sometimes, in changing his dress, he would leave his neckcloth coiled round it like a turban, and none of the 'lasses' dared to remove it. It was a matter of great wonder and speculation among them that the laird should have such an 'awesome fancy for an old grinning skull.'"

This fancy reminds us of Byron's; and we presume that in both Scott and his lordship it arose rather from poetical feelings than from phrenological pur-

suits. Speaking of Newstead Abbey, Mr. Irving states that Lord Byron

"Restored some of the apartments, so as to furnish his mother with a comfortable habitation, and fitted up a quaint study for himself, in which, among books, and busts, and other library furniture, were two skulls of the ancient friars, grinning on each side of an antique cross."

Again, an old gossiping body, named Nanny Smith, informed Mr. Irving that

"One time Lord Byron took a notion that there was a deal of money buried about the abbey by the monks in old times, and nothing would serve him but he must have the flaggings taken up in the cloisters; and they digged and digged, but found nothing but stone-coffins full of bones. Then he must needs have one of the coffins put in one end of the great hall, so that the servants were afraid to go there of nights. Several of the skulls were cleaned, and put in frames in his room. I used to have to go into the room at night to shut the windows, and if I glanced an eye at them they all seemed to grin, which I believe skulls always do. I can't say but I was glad to get out of the room."

This was not the case with Washington Irving, who, while lingering at Newstead as the guest of Colonel Wildman, the present possessor, seems to have been most anxious for an interview with some of the departed spirits of the place. In vain, however, he slept in one of the ancient state apartments, "the lower part of the walls panelled with ancient oak, the upper part hung with *goblin* tapestry," and filled with "furniture, antique, dignified, and cumbrous." No mysterious midnight visitor appeared; not even a rustle was heard of the crimson damask curtains, which hung in broad and heavy folds around his bed. In vain did he penetrate the gloomy recesses of "the Devil's Wood," and encounter its

"Heathen goddesses so fair.
Bold Neptune, Plutarch, and Nicodemus,
All standing naked in the open air;"

but not one of them started into life. "There stood the ancient and much-slandered statues, overshadowed by tall larches, and stained by dank green mould." He visited in the same grove the elm-tree whereon Byron had engraved his name; he paced the terrace above "the monk's stew or fish-pond,

a dark pool, overhung by gloomy cypresses," and he saw—but "a solitary water-hen swimming about on it." Never, in short, did any man take more pains to be able to have a real ghost story to tell than did Irving, and right well qualified is he to tell one. At length, however, circumstances, we suppose the arrival of other visitors at the abbey, caused a change in our author's quarters, and he was transferred from his tapestried and panelled apartment to one "in a remote corner of the ancient edifice, immediately adjoining the ruined chapel," which had been Lord Byron's bed-room during his residence at Newstead, and was called the rook-cell.

"The furniture remained the same; the bed in which he had slept, and which he had brought with him from college,—its gilded posts, surmounted by coronets, giving evidence of his aristocratical feelings. Here was likewise his college sofa; the portraits of his favourite butler, old Joe Murray; of his 'fancy acquaint-

ance,' Jackson the pugilist; together with pictures of Harrow School, and the college at Cambridge in which he was educated."

And here, during his midnight slumber, Irving "was roused"—we quote his own words—"by a strange moaning sound at the very door of his chamber. He threw it open, and a form—'black, and shapeless, with glaring eyes,' stood before him!"

We will not spoil by any explanation of ours what is really so excellent a commencement for a train of supernatural adventures, and, therefore, beg to refer the inquisitive reader desirous of further particulars to *Abbotsford and Newstead*,—merely observing that the concluding story of "The Little White Lady" is rather too twaddling for our taste; but with this exception, that Irving's account of his visit to Newstead, excursion to Annesley Hall, and ride through Sherwood Forest, is a delightful specimen of poetical topography.

THE BRIDGEWATER TREATISES.

No. III.

THE REV. WM. KIRBY AND DOCTOR ROGET.*

WE confess that it is with satisfaction that we are called upon to acknowledge the praise bestowed upon us for the way in which we have discussed the subject of the *Bridgewater Treatises*. No other periodical, great or small, weekly, monthly, or quarterly, has taken up this great argument in its integrity. They have contented themselves with selecting particular works, in which the critic has catered to his author to the heart's desire of the latter; but to the theme itself they have contributed nothing. Far different has been the course adopted by ourselves. We have driven the ploughshare of the transcendental philosophy through the statements of our natural theologians, heaping up on either hand of the furrow the ridges of error. One of the points insisted on by us has at length been admitted by one of the writers, and he

has endeavoured to supply the deficiency of which we complained.

We allude to what we said in regard to the treatise omitted from the bead-roll of the trustees, though provided for by the will of the testator, *i. e.*, *Discoveries, ancient and modern, in arts, sciences, and the whole extent of literature*. It will be remembered that we stated that this provision would, of course, include the Book of books, with all that has been produced concerning it,—its extraordinary fortunes, and all its travels' history,—and, above all, the revelation of which it is the record. The Rev. William Kirby, in the introduction to his treatise, has manfully echoed our opinion; nay, in the motto to his work, has even intruded it on public notice.

"C'est, la Bible à la main, que nous devons entrer dans le temple

* On the Power, Wisdom, and Goodness of God, as manifested in the Creation of Animals, and in their History, Habits, and Instincts. By the Rev. William Kirby, M.A., F.R.S., &c., Rector of Barham. 2 vols. 8vo.

Animal and Vegetable Physiology, considered with reference to Natural Theology. By Peter Mark Roget, M.D., Fellow of and Secretary to the Royal Society. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1835. William Pickering.

auguste de la nature, pour bien comprendre la voix du Créateur.”—GAËDE.

The passage in the Introduction is as follows:—

“The prescribed object of the several treatises, of which the present forms one, is the illustration of the power, wisdom, and goodness of the deity, as manifested in the works of creation; but it is not only directed that these primary attributes should be proved by all reasonable arguments, derived from physical objects, but also by discoveries ancient and modern, and *the whole extent of literature*. As the Holy Scriptures form the most interesting portion, in every respect, of ancient literature, and it has always been the habit of the author of the present treatise to unite the study of the word of God with that of his works, he trusts he shall not be deemed to have stepped out of the record, where he has copiously drawn from the sacred fountains, provided the main tenor of his argument is in accordance with the brief put into his hands.”

We proceed to resume the subject where we left it off in our two preceding papers. This, owing to the defects in the arrangement of the topics of these treatises, we can best do by remaining awhile with the Rev. William Kirby. This gentleman complains that Lamarck excludes the Deity from the government of the world that he has created, putting nature in his place; and with respect to the noblest and last formed of his creatures into whom he himself breathed the breath of life, Lamarck certainly admits him to be the most perfect of animals; but, instead of a son of God, the root of his genealogical tree according to him is an animalcule—a creature without sense or voluntary motion, or internal or external organs, at least in his idea. In the defects of Lamarck’s system, as implied in this extract, we may trace the necessary deficiency of natural theology. Natural theology by itself can never admit the existence of mind without admitting a revelation,—for the mind itself is a revelation; and whatever knowledge of religion we derived from its operations would be so far forth revealed religion; and thus natural theology would be altogether, as indeed it always has been, and is, superseded. Such religion, however, is merely subjective, and must be brought, of necessity, by every so-called natural theologian to the study of his science. Mr. Kirby has rightly brought the ob-

jective truth also into play, as contained in the volume of the book in which it is written; and, thus armed from within and from without, he cannot fail of prospering in his cause. The word shall not return unto him void.

We are glad that Mr. Kirby has taken up the subject in this point of view. This part of the theme properly belonged to Dr. Chalmers, and we noticed with animadversion its omission by him. We laboured to express our regret that he had not contemplated the laws and phenomena of nature in the Divine Humanity, as might have been expected in a theological work from his pen. Mr. Kirby adopts, we repeat, the Platonic apostle’s first proposition to its full extent. “In the beginning was the Word.”

Only see what pure natural theology, beginning with an unintelligent origin, becomes in the hands of Lamarck. *Nature*, according to Lamarck, is the second power who sits on a kind of vice-regal throne, governing the physical universe, and is defined to be merely, “An order of things composed of objects independent of matter, which are determined by the observation of bodies, and the whole amount of which constitutes a power unalterable in its essence, governed in all its acts, and constantly acting upon all parts of the physical universe.” “Nature,” he says, “consists of non-physical objects, which are neither beings, nor bodies, nor matter. It is composed of motion, of laws of every description, and has perpetually at its disposal space and time.”

Now that nature is a blind power without intelligence, which acts necessarily, we have over and over again asserted. But Lamarck errs in ascribing to this unintelligent order of things that agency which is a divine operation, and those results which can only be produced by the immediate presence of her Omniscient Author. *He* has not delegated his power to nature as his vicegerent, nor has *he* left to her disposal all material subsistences. Nay, in so far as Lamarck has defined nature to be motion, and law, and space, and time, without reference to a being moving or moved, legislating or legislated upon, and timing and spacing, or being timed and spaced, she is, as Mr. Kirby well shews—nothing. The proper definition of nature is, the whole

of phenomena subject to certain laws. In regard to the intermediate agency supposed by Mr. Kirby, we remark that we perceive that he is a favourer of Hutchinsonian theories, into which we wish to be now excused from entering; though we shall probably discuss them fully at some fitting opportunity.

We next proceed with Lamarck's theory of life: and we must consider Dr. Roget and the Rev. Mr. Kirby in connexion, as *both* treat of the subject.

Life, according to Dr. Roget, consists of a continued series of actions and reactions, ever varying, yet constantly tending to definite ends. Most of the parts of which the body consists undergo continual and progressive changes in their dimensions, figure, arrangement, and composition. The materials which have been united together, and fashioned into the several organs, are themselves successively removed and replaced by others, which again are, in their turn, discarded, and new materials substituted, though without any perceptible change of external form. Perpetual mutation appears to constitute the fundamental law of living nature; and it has been further decreed by the power which gave the first impulse of animation to this organised fabric, that its movements and its powers shall be limited in their duration; and that, even when they are not destroyed by extraneous causes, after continuing for a certain period, they shall come to a close. The law of mortality, to which all the beings that have received the gift of life are subjected, is a necessary consequence of the law of mutation; and the same causes that originally effected the development and growth of the system, and maintained it in the vigour of its maturity, by continuing to operate, are certain to lead to the demolition of the fabric they had raised, and to the exhaustion and final extinction of its powers. The individual dies, but it is only to give place to other beings, alike in nature and in form, equally partaking of the blessings of existence, and destined, after having, in their turn, given rise to a new race of successors, to run through the same perpetual cycle of changes and renovations.

Life, both in the vegetable and animal, is, according to Mr. Kirby, like heat, a *radiant* principle, shewing itself by successive developments for a li-

mitted period, varying according to the species, when it begins to decline, and finally is extinguished: that sometimes, also, like heat, as in the seed of the vegetable and egg of the animal, it is latent, not manifesting itself by development, till it is submitted to the action of imponderable fluids, conveyed by moisture or incubation. Heat, electricity, &c., are necessary to put the principle of life in motion,—they evidently do not impart it. The seed of a vegetable or the egg of a bird have each of them, as it were, a *punctum saliens*, a radiating principle, which, under certain circumstances, they can retain in a latent state for a considerable time; but, if once that principle is extinct, no application of heat, or electricity, under any form, can revive it, so as to commence any development of the germs it animated. Experiments have been made upon human bodies, and those of other animals, which, by the application of galvanism, after death, have exhibited various muscular movements, such as lifting the eyelids, moving the arms and legs, &c.; but though motions usually produced by the will acting by the nerves upon the muscles have then been generated by a species of the electric fluid, proving its affinity with the nervous power or fluids, yet the subjects of the experiment, when the action was intermitted, continued still without life; no return of that power, or essence, which was fled for ever, being effected by it, which seems to render it clear that neither caloric nor electricity, though essential concomitants of life, form its essence.

Important consequences, in the animal kingdom more especially, flow from the law of indefinite production. As animals are ultimately dependent on the vegetable kingdom for the materials of their subsistence, and as the quantity of these materials is, in a state of nature, necessarily limited by the extent of surface over which vegetation is spread, a time must arrive when the number of animals thus continually increasing is exactly such as the amount of food produced by the earth will maintain. When this limit has been attained, no further increase can take place in their number, except by resorting to the expedient which we find actually adopted, namely, that of employing the substance of one animal for the nourishment of others. Thus

the identical combinations of elements, effected by the power of vegetation, are transformed in succession from one living being into another, and become subservient to the maintenance of a great number of different animals, before they finally, by the process of decomposition, revert to their original inorganic state.

Hence arises a system of extensive warfare, not unaccompanied with evil, yet increasing animal enjoyment by the exercise of powers and faculties which are called forth by a state of constant activity. An immense multiplication of life, likewise, admissible upon this system alone, obtains; and new relations among the different races of animals originate.

Wise purposes are answered by what Dr. Roget calls the *law of variety*, as to organic formation, controlled as it is by another law, that of *conformity to a definite type*. Of this ideal model, as it were, or general type, all the existing forms appear as so many separate copies, differing, indeed, as to particulars, but agreeing as to general characters. The same observation applies to the families, the genera, and other subordinate groups of living beings.

Deviations from the standard forms, far from being arbitrary, are themselves referable to particular laws. There is a reciprocal dependence of each organ and of each function on every other; and hence are deduced what have been termed the *laws of the coexistence of organic forms*.

Dr. Roget is a favourer of the circular system of Mr. M'Leay, as developed in his *Horæ Entomologicae*. He likewise inclines to the hypothesis that the original creation of species has been successive, and took place in the order of their relative complexity of structure; that the standard types have arisen the one from the other; that each succeeding form was an improvement upon the preceding, and followed in a certain order of development, according to a regular plan traced by the Great Author of the Universe for bestowing perfection on his works; a gradation of structure necessarily accompanied by a gradation of faculties. The developments of structure belonging to a particular type being always prospective, are not completed in the inferior orders of the group formed upon that model, but re-

main more or less imperfect, although each organ always fully answers the particular purpose of the individual animal. But it sometimes happens that the imperfection of an organ is so great, in consequence of its development having proceeded to a very small extent, as to render it wholly useless in that particular species, although in a higher race of animals it fully performs its proper function. Thus we shall find that rudiments of feet are contained within the bodies of various kinds of serpents, which can obviously not be serviceable as organs of progression. In the young of the whale, before its birth, there is found in the lower jaw a row of small teeth, which do not rise above the gums, and can, therefore, be of no use as instruments of mastication. Their further growth is arrested, and they are afterwards obliterated. This imperfect or *rudimentary* condition of an organ indicates its relation to other species belonging to the same type, and demonstrates the existence of a general plan in their formation.

In following the transitions from one model of structure to another, we often observe that a particular organ has been very greatly enlarged, or otherwise modified to suit some particular purpose foreign to its usual destination, or to qualify it for performing some new office, rendered necessary by the particular circumstances in which the animal is placed. Thus the ribs, which in quadrupeds are usually employed for respiration, are in serpents converted into auxiliary organs of progressive motion; and in the *draco volans*, or flying lizard, they are extended outwards from the sides to serve as wings. The teeth, usually intended for mastication, are in many animals enlarged in order to serve as weapons of offence, as in the *elephant*, the *boar*, the *narwal*, and the *pristis*. In like manner, in the *crustacea*, organs of the same general structure are converted sometimes into jaws, sometimes into feelers (or palpi), and sometimes into feet; and the transition from the one to the other is so gradual that it is difficult to draw a proper distinction between them.

In pursuing the ascending series of animal structures we meet also with instances of a contrary change, yet still resulting from the continued application of the same principle. An

organ which has served an important purpose in one animal may be of less use in another, occupying a higher station in the scale, and the change of circumstances may even render it wholly useless. In such cases we find that it is gradually discarded from the system, becoming continually smaller, till it disappears altogether. We may often, however, perceive some traces of its existence, but only in a rudimental state, and as if ready to be developed when the occasion may demand it.

In the greater number of organic structures we may detect a tendency to the repetition of certain organs, or parts, and the regular arrangement of these similar portions either round a central axis or in a longitudinal series. The former is apparent in the verticillated organs of plants, and in the radiated forms of zoophytes. The linear arrangement is exhibited in the similar segments of annulose and other articulated animals, and also in the pieces which compose the spiral column of vertebrated animals. In these two latter classes, also, a remarkable law of symmetry obtains in the formation of the two sides of the body, which exhibits the lateral junction of similar but reversed structures.

Life, which consists of a continued series of actions directed to particular purposes, can only be carried on by the instrumentality of those peculiar and elaborate structures and combinations of material particles which constitute *organisation*. All these arrangements, both as respects the mechanical configuration and the chemical constitution of the elements of which the organised body is composed, even when apparently most simple, are, in reality, complex and artificial in the highest possible degree. From the energies of life alone organic forms are produced. No fabric of human power ever approached in refinement to the simplest of nature's works.

No mere fluid can exercise the living functions. The particles of a fluid are equally movable in every direction, and have no determinative relative situations, and possess no character of permanence. All organic and living structures, therefore, must be composed of solid as well as fluid parts,—although the proportion between these is, in different cases, almost infinitely varied. Scarcely any part of the compo-

sition of the fluid and the texture of the solid portions of animal and vegetable bodies is perfectly homogeneous—that is, composed throughout of a single uniform material. Few of the fluids are entirely limpid, and none are perfectly simple in their composition,—for they generally contain more or less of a gelatinous matter, which, when very abundant, imparts to them viscosity, constituting an approach to the solid state. Many fluids contain minute masses of matter, generally having a globular shape, which can be seen only by means of the microscope, and which float in the surrounding liquid, and often thicken it in a very sensible manner. Globules of this description have been found in the lymph, the saliva, and even the aqueous humour of the eye. We next perceive that these globules have, in many instances, cohered, so as to form solid masses, or have united in lines, so as to constitute fibres. We find these fibres collecting and adhering together in bundles, or interwoven and agglutinated, composing various other forms of texture,—sometimes resembling a loose network of filaments,—sometimes constituting lamina or plates,—and, at other times, both plates and filaments combining to form an irregular spongy fabric. These various tissues, again, may themselves be regarded as the constituent materials of which the several organs of the body are constructed, with different degrees of complication, according to the respective functions which they are called upon to perform.

Plants, being limited in their economy to the functions of nutrition and reproduction, and being fixed to the same spot, and therefore in a comparatively passive condition, require for the performance of these functions mechanical constructions of a very different kind from those which are necessary to the sentient, the active, and the locomotive animal. The organs that are essential to vegetables are those which receive and elaborate the nutritive fluids they require,—those which are subservient to reproduction, and also those composing the general framework, which must be superadded to the whole, for the purpose of giving mechanical support and protection to these finer organisations. As plants are destined to be permanently attached to the soil, and yet require the action

both of air and of light; and, as they must also be defended from the injurious action of the elements, so we find the several objects provided for by three descriptions of parts, namely,—first the *roots*, which fix plants in their situations,—secondly, the *stems*, which support them in the proper position, or raise them to the requisite height above the ground, together with the branches, which are merely subdivisions of the stem,—and, thirdly, the *external coverings*, which correspond in their office to the teguments, or skin, of animals.

Our space will not permit us to enter into the minutæ of vegetable organisation. Galileo, when interrogated by the inquisition as to his belief in a Supreme Being, replied, pointing to a straw on the floor of his dungeon, that, from the structure of that object alone he would infer with certainty the existence of an intelligent creator. Dr. Roget, speaking of the stems of the grasses as hollow tubes—their most solid parts, which frequently consist of a thin layer of silex, occupying the surface of the cylinder—remarks, that, “of all the possible modes of disposing a given quantity of materials in the construction of a column, it is mathematically demonstrable that this is the most effective for obtaining the greatest possible degree of strength.” He continues:—

“The graceful continuous curve with which the stem of a tree rises from the ground is the form which is best calculated to give stability to the trunk. Evidence of express mechanical design is likewise afforded by the manner in which the trunk is subdivided into branches, spreading out in all directions, manifestly with a view to procure for the leaves the greatest extent of surface, and thus enable them to receive the fullest action of both light and air. The branches, also, are so constructed as to yield to the irregular impulses of the wind; and again, by their elasticity, to return to their natural positions, and by these alternate inflexions on opposite sides, to promote the motion of the sap in the vessels and cellular texture of the liber and alburnum. Nothing can exceed the elegance of those forms which are presented in every part of the vegetable kingdom, whether they be considered with reference to their direct utility for the support of individual life, and the continuance of the species, or whether they be viewed as component parts of that beauty which is spread over the

scenery of nature, and is so delightfully refreshing to the eye of every beholder alive to its fascinating charms. How enchanting are all the varieties of flowers that decorate in gay profusion every part of the garden of creation, and into which the further we carry our philosophic scrutiny the more forcibly will our hearts be impressed with the truth of the divine appeal, that ‘*even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these.*’”

So much for vegetable organisation. The process of development has been studied with most success in vascular plants. Nature has pursued two different plans in conducting their growth. In the greater number, the successive additions to the substance of the stem are made on the exterior side of the parts from which they proceed. This mode is adopted in what are called *exogenous plants*. In others, the growth is the result of additions made internally,—a plan which is followed in all *endogenous plants*. In all vegetable structures, however, while the design appears to be the same, the utmost variety is displayed in the means for their accomplishment, in obedience as it were to the law of diversity, which seems to be a leading principle in all the productions of nature. It is, nevertheless, more probable, judging from that portion of the works of creation which we are competent to understand, that a specific design has regulated each existing variation of form, although that design may in general be utterly beyond the limited sphere of our intelligence.

The history, habits, and instincts of animals are so intimately connected with their physiological structure, especially their *external* anatomy, that it is scarcely possible, in order to prove the adaptation of means to an end, to treat satisfactorily of the former without occasional illustrations from the latter. This is Mr. Kirby’s apology for having gone over some of the ground already taken up by Dr. Roget, and must be ours for considering their treatises in connexion.

“The structures,” says Dr. Roget, “adapted to the purposes of vegetable life, which are limited to nutrition and reproduction, would be quite insufficient for the exercise of the more active functions and higher energies of animal existence. The power of locomotion, with which animals are to be invested, must alone introduce essential differences in

their organisation, and must require a union of strength and flexibility in the parts intended for extensive motion, and for being acted upon by powerful moving forces.

"The animal as well as the vegetable fabric is necessarily composed of a union of solid and fluid parts. Every animal texture appears to be formed from matter that was originally in a fluid state,—the particles of which they are composed having been brought together, and afterwards concreting by a process which may, by a metaphor borrowed from physical science, be termed animal crystallisation. Many of those animals, indeed, which occupy the lowest rank in the series, such as *Medusa*, approach nearly to the fluid state, appearing like a soft and transparent jelly, which, by spontaneous decomposition after death, or the application of heat, is resolved almost wholly into a limpid watery fluid. More accurate examination, however, will shew that it is in reality not homogeneous, but that it consists of a large proportion of water, retained in a kind of spongy texture, the individual fibres of which, from their extreme fineness and uniformity of distribution, can with difficulty be detected. Thus, even those animal fabrics which, on a superficial view, appear most simple, are, in reality, formed by an extremely artificial and complex arrangement of parts. The progress of development is continually tending to solidify the structure of the body. In this respect the lower orders of the animal kingdom, even when arrived at maturity, resemble the conditions of the higher classes at the earliest stages of their existence. As we arrive in the scale of animals we approximate to the condition of the more advanced states of development which are exhibited in the highest class.

"Great efforts have been made by physiologists to discover the particular structure which might be considered as the simplest element of all the animal textures,—the raw material, as it were, with which the whole fabric is wrought; but their labours hitherto have been fruitless. Fanciful hypotheses in abundance might be adduced on this favourite topic of speculation, but they have led to no useful or satisfactory result. Haller, who pursued the inquiry with great ardour, came to the conclusion that there existed what he calls the simple or primordial fibre, which he represents as bearing to anatomy the same relation that a line does to geometry. Chemical analysis alone is sufficient to overturn all these hypotheses of the uniformity of the proximate elementary materials of the animal organs; for they are found

to be extremely diversified in their chemical composition. Neither has the microscope enabled us to resolve the problem; for, although it has been alleged by many observers that the ultimate elements of every animal structure consists of minute globules, little confidence is to be placed in these results obtained by the employment of high magnifying powers, which are open to so many sources of fallacy. That globules exist in great numbers, not only in the blood, but in all animal fluids, there can be no doubt; and that these globules, by cohering, compose many of the solids, is also extremely probable. But it is very doubtful whether they are essential to the composition of other parts, such as the fibres of the muscles, the nerves, the ligaments, the tendons, and the cellular texture: for the most recent and apparently most accurate microscopical observations tend to shew that no globular structure exists in any of these textures."

Mr. Kirby commences his statement with the infusory animals; it being at the original creation of the animal kingdom the will of the Supreme Being to begin at the foot of the scale, and to terminate with man, who was at the summit. It is contrary to the analogy of nature that any creature should begin life as an animal and end it as a plant. Mr. Kirby, therefore, will not admit professor Agardh's opinion as to the *oscillatoria*. He, however, quotes his illustration, which is pretty enough. When fixed on plants the professor considers these beings as no longer having any animal life, but as preserving the appearance of it. "Like those men of Plato," adds he, "agitated by eternal regret with which the remembrance of a happy life, the sweets of which they formerly tasted, inspires them; always oscillating, never tranquil, they seem aiming at the recovery of that happy life which they have lost." These hydrophytes Mr. Kirby considers as marking the confines between the vegetable and animal kingdoms. After the infusories, he places the polypes.

The consideration of these plant-like animals furnishes us with a reply to the sceptic. He would endeavour to persuade us, from the gradual progress observable in natural objects, from low to high, and from the narrow interval that often separates those in the same series from each other, that by

the action of certain physical causes, consequent upon certain established laws, and a fixed order of things, and by the stimulus of certain appetencies in themselves, animals gradually changed their forms and organisation, and thus, by slow degrees, kept improving in all respects, till at last the monkey became the man. But how was it that the zoophyte, buried in the depths of the ocean, should imitate the plant? Can a studied imitation, every where denoting purpose and design, a mighty structure, including innumerable forms and parts connected with each other, and formed evidently according to a preconceived plan, be the result of the operation of blind *unguided* physical agents, acting by the appetencies of these organised beings? How, indeed, could they have any appetency to put on the appearance of a set of objects they never saw? The thing is morally impossible. In fact, when we survey the whole series of natural objects, and find throughout a system of representations as well as a chain of affinities, it is as clear as the light of day that an Infinite Intelligence must first have planned, an almighty hand then executed, and that infinite love still sustains the whole.

We are tempted to quote here from the *Specimens of Coleridge's Table-Talk*. "In the very lowest link in the vast and mysterious chain of beings there is an effort, although scarcely apparent, at individualisation; but it is almost lost in the mere nature. A little higher up the individual is apparent and separate, but subordinate to any thing in man. At length the animal rises to be on a par with the lowest power of the human nature. There are some of our natural desires which only remain in our most perfect state on earth as in one of the higher powers acting." The editor has added, "These remarks seem to call for a citation of that wonderful passage, transcendent alike in eloquence and philosophic depth, which the readers of the *Aids to Reflection* have long since laid up in cedar." And he then quotes the aphorism as to the scale of animal being, already given by us in page 588 of our fifth volume. We feel more than in our wont in extracting the just-made allusion, from the fact that having met the passage thus cited we were excited even to tears. A source of emotion was touched and detected. Next

to the polypes, Mr. Kirby proceeds to consider the *radiaries*.

"The animals forming this class receive their appellation from exhibiting a disposition to form *rays*, both in the internal and external parts, a disposition which begins to shew itself both in the polypes and the infusories, with respect to their oral appendages; and is found also in the tunicaries and cephalopods, or cuttle-fish. And this tendency in the works of the Creator to produce or imitate radiation does not begin in the animal kingdom; the geologist detects it in the mineral and the botanist in the vegetable,—for actinolites, pyrites, and other substances exhibit it in the former, and a great variety of the blossoms of plants in the latter. We may ascend higher, and say that irradiation is the beginning of all life, from the seed in the earth and the *punctum saliens* in the egg to the fœtus in the womb; and still higher in the physical world, sound radiates, light radiates, heat radiates. If we further survey the whole universe, what do we behold but radiating bodies dispersed in every direction? Suns of innumerable systems, shedding their rays upon their attendant planets; and the great spiritual sun of the universe, even God himself, is described in Holy Scripture as that awful being 'whose goings forth have been from of old, from everlasting.'"

This is a strain of mysticism which we did not much expect to find in any one of these *Bridgewater Treatises*; we are willing to allow, however, that it is genuine, and not pseudo. Mr. Kirby with great propriety adheres to Lamarck's system in considering the class called by him *radiaries* as forming a group by themselves; distinguished from the polypes by being limited in their growth to a certain standard,—in their form by the general appearance of radiation they usually present, being either divided into rays, as in the star-fish, or having rays exhibited by their crust, as in the sea-urchins, or embedded in their substance, forming appendages to their viscera, as in the sea-nettle or jelly-fish; by not having a terminal mouth or orifice surrounded by food-collecting tentacles; but one placed, most commonly, underneath their body; and by their digestive organs being more distinct and complex. They are never fixed, and are to be met with only in the sea and its estuaries. Lamarck has divided this class into two

orders, the *gelatinous* and the *echinoderms*.

The next class consists of the tunicaries, of which the characters are thus stated. **ANIMAL**, either gelatinous or leathery, covered by a double tunic or envelope. The external one analogous to the shell of molluscans, distinctly organised, provided with two apertures; the one *oral*, for respiration and nutrition, the other *anal*; the interior envelope analogous to their mantle, provided also with two apertures adhering to those of the outer one. *Body* oblong, irregular, divided interiorly into many cavities, without a head; *gills* occupying, entirely or in part, the surface of a cavity within the mantle; *mouth* placed towards the bottom of the respiratory cavity between the gills; *alimentary tube* open at both ends; a *ganglion*, sending nerves to the mouth and anus.

These animals are either simple or aggregate—fixed or floating: the simple ones are sometimes sessile, and sometimes sit upon a footstalk. The aggregate ones possess many characters in common with the polypes, inhabiting as it were a common body, somewhat analogous to the polypary, except that it is more intimately connected with the animal that inhabits it: the *mouth* of all is surrounded with rays or tentacles, as is also, in many, the anal orifice; but in their organisation they differ very widely, exhibiting traces of a nervous system, and even, in some, of circulation. The fixed ones are commonly attached to rocks, or other inorganised substances; but sometimes they are parasitic; thus a species of botrylle envelopes, like a cloak, certain ascidians, and another of the tunicaries envelopes the madrepores, more or less, with a milk-white crust.

The organisation of this class seems of a higher character than any of the preceding ones; traces of a heart appear; a nervous ganglion is detected between the mouth and anus, sending nerves to each; a regular respiratory system by means of gills becomes evident; but still the animal is furnished with no head, no eyes, and in numerous cases has no separate existence, but forms a branch of the general body—thus resembling a plant—from which it cannot dissociate itself and become an independent individual.

In entering the class of the *mollus-*
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cans, the nearest affinities of the tunicaries have likewise no head. They are therefore called *acephalous*. With the exception* of a few among the higher orders, the molluscans are but imperfectly furnished with organs of locomotion. The greater number, indeed, are formed for an existence as completely stationary as the zoophytes attached to a fixed base. The oyster, the muscle, and the limpet, for example, are usually adherent to rocks at the bottom of the sea, and are consequently dependent for their nourishment on the supplies of food casually brought within their reach by the waves and currents of the ocean. This permanent attachment to the solid body on which they fix their abode does not, however, take place till they have arrived at a certain period of their growth; for at the commencement of their separate existence, that is, immediately after they are hatched, they are free to move in the water, and to roam in search of a habitation. In this respect, therefore, they preserve an analogy with the gemmules of sponges and of polypi, which exercise locomotive powers only in the early stages of their development.

The organisation of the mollusca being unfitted for the construction of the internal skeleton, nature has ordained that the purposes of mechanical support and protection shall be answered by the formation of hard calcareous coverings, or *shells*, the result of a peculiar process of animal production. These shells are formed either of one piece, or of several,—the separate pieces in either case being termed *valves*; so that shells may be either *univalve*, *bivalve*, or *multivalve*, according as they consist of one, two, or more pieces. Univalve shells have generally more or less of a spiral form, and are then called *turbinated shells*. In a few the cavity of the shell is divided by transverse partitions into numerous compartments. Some mollusca have internal shells for the defence and support of particular organs, and others have shells which are partly external and partly internal. As respects their shape, colour, and appearance, shells admit of infinite diversity; yet all are composed of the same kind of material; and their production and increase are regulated by the same uniform laws.

The characters of this class are thus stated. **ANIMAL** soft, without articula-

tions. *Mantle* bilobed, enveloping more or less the animal. *Gills* varying. A *heart* and circulation. No *medullary chord* with *ganglions*, but a few scattered ganglions, from which issue *nerves* to various parts. *Body* commonly defended by a calcareous *shell*, to which it adheres only by one or two points; but in some instances it is externally naked, and has an internal bone. It is divided into several families: *acephales*, *gastropods*, *pteropods*, *trachelipods*, *heteropods*, and *cephalopods*. Of these molluscans, some are hermaphrodites. The genuine hermaphrodites are confined to the bivalves; for in the univalve hermaphrodites two individuals are necessary for reproduction, and therefore those form a distinct link between the true hermaphrodites that impregnate themselves and those that have distinct sexes. "So gradual," exclaims Mr. Kirby, "are the steps by which the Creator passes from low to high. First, animals are reproduced without sexual intercourse, as in the polypes; then the two sexes are united in one body, and suffice for their own impregnation; next follow two sexes in the same body, which cannot impregnate themselves, bringing us at last to distinct sexes, or unisexual individuals."

The class of cephalopods is remarkable not only for their organisation, form, and habits, but also for their position in the animal kingdom. This highly interesting family of mollusca is distinguished above all the preceding orders, by being endowed with a much more elaborate organisation, and a far wider range of faculties. In their composition they seem to include elements from both the great divisions of the animal kingdom; from the vertebrates—the beak, the eye, the tongue, an organ for hearing, the crop, the gizzard, and an analogue of the spine, with several other parts enumerated by Cuvier; and from their own sub-kingdom, many of their remaining organs. The first draught of their nervous system is discoverable in the wheel animals, in which Ehrenberg detected pharyngeal ganglions, and a nuchal nervous collar; the sucker-bearing arms seem to have their first outline in the fresh water polypes; indeed, if the mouth of the cuttle-fish, with its suckers, be separated from the head, leaving behind the long arms, we see immediately an analogue of a

radiary, particularly of a star-fish, with its rays bearing suckers below, and its central mouth. The lamellated tentacles observed by Mr. Owen on the animal of the pearly nautilus, above and below the eyes, seem to lead to the antennæ of crustaceans and insects, and numerous molluscan characters are obvious to every one. Besides, the class exhibits many characters, both in its most extraordinary outward form and in its internal organisation, that are quite peculiar and *sui generis*,—e. g., its muscular apparatus adapted to its unparalleled form; its system of circulation carried on in the first order by three distinct organs, instead of one heart; and the wonderful complication of their tentacles, of the nerves that move them, and the vascular system that animates them.

The *cephalopoda* have been so named from the position of certain organs of progressive motions which are situated on the head, and, like the tentacula of the polypus, surround the opening of the mouth.

From the *cephalopoda*, the transition is easy to the lowest order of vertebrated animals. But there are animals particularly distinguished from the preceding classes by the *appearance*, or actual existence, of segments, or joints, in their bodies, especially in their legs, of what may be called an annular structure, that deserve attention. They are called *annelidans*, and *annulosans*, or *condylopes*. An anomalous tribe of animals—the *entozoa*, or intestinal worms,—have not yet had their real station satisfactorily made out. They are parasites, most of which have their dwelling *within* the body of other animals. Some are found only amongst aquatic vegetables; of this kind is a little tribe, which Linné arranged with the leeches, to which they approach by the flukes. More than twenty of these pestiferous creatures attack man. Some penetrate into the very seat of thought; others disturb his bile; others circulate with the blood in his veins; others, again, are seated in his kidneys; others in his muscles; the guinea-worm in his cellular tissue; the ovaries of females are infested by another; the tapeworms extend themselves, joint by joint, to an enormous length, in his intestines; some select the large intestine, and others the small ones; some

even attack infants, and them only ; some infest the visual organs.

Of the annulose animals the earth-worm may be taken as the type and most familiar example. In effecting the transition from the zoophytes to this new model of construction nature seems, says Dr. Roget, to have wholly abandoned that radiated disposition of parts, and those star-like forms, so characteristic of the beings which are placed on the confines of the animal kingdom, and which still retain an analogy with vegetable structures. She now adopts a more regular law of symmetry, by which all the parts are referable to one longitudinal axis, and also to a vertical plane passing through that axis, and which has been termed the *mesial plane*. As a direct consequence of this law, we shall find that in the forms which are hereafter to pass under our review, as far as the external organs and general outline of the body are concerned, all that exists on one side is an exact counterpart, like a reflected image, of what is found on the other side. While in the star-fish and echinus nothing in point of situation was definite, excepting the upper and the lower surface; and there was no side which could be exclusively denominated either the right or the left side, and no end that could be properly said to be the front, or the back; in articulated as well as in vertebrated animals, all these distinctions are clearly marked and distinctly defined.

There is a class of animals defended by multivalve shells, separated from the molluscans not only by the more complex structure of their shells, but also by very material differences in the organisation of the creatures that inhabit them, vulgarly called barnacles, by Mr. Kirby *cirripedes*. These animals have a soft body, protected by a multivalve shell. They are without eyes, or any distinct head; have no powers of locomotion, but are fixed to various substances. Their body, which has no articulations, is enveloped in a kind of mantle, and has numerous tentacular arms, consisting of many joints, fringed on each side, and issuing by pairs from jointed pedicles; their mouth is armed with transverse-toothed jaws in pairs, which, like the mandibles of the crustaceans, are furnished with a feeler; they have a knotty longitudinal spinal chord; gills for respiration; and for circulation, a heart, and vascular system.

As to the *crinoideans*, whose metropolis is in the 'deepest abyss of the world of waters, little can be known; but the *condylopes*, or animals having jointed legs, and, mostly, a body formed of two or more segments, constitute a great group, distinguished from the *cirripedes* as more free in their motions, and from the *annelidans* as insected, and having jointed legs. This important section of the animal kingdom is subdivided into three great classes—*crustaceans*, *arachnidans*, and *insects*.

Living bodies differ from the inorganic in one particular,—they contain within themselves a principle of motion not referable, as far as we can perceive, to any of the primary forces which exist in the inanimate world. The consideration of the motive, locomotive, and prehensory organs of animals is very interesting. Touching the latter, Mr. Kirby has indited some pretty legends. Man, according to him, takes his particular denomination from the hand. He is the only *bimane*. The human hand, notwithstanding Sir C. Bell's treatise, he thinks has not been sufficiently considered,—rather, not considered at all as a *moral organ*; as being in intimate connexion with the heart and affections, as their principal index and premonstrator, and as the mighty instrument by which a great part of the physical good and evil which befalls our race is wrought.

"God made the body in general a fit machine, not only to execute the purposes of its immaterial inhabitant, the soul, but, in some sort, he made it a mirror to reflect all its bearings and character; to indicate every motion of the fluctuating sea within, whether its surges lift themselves on high; elevated by the gusts of passion, or all is calm, and tranquil, and subdued. None of the bodily organs, by its structure and station in the body, is so evidently formed in all respects for these functions as the Hand. The eye indeed is, perhaps, the most faithful mirror of the soul's emotion; yet, though it may best portray and render visible the internal feeling, it can in no degree execute its biddings: but the hand is the great agent and minister of the soul, which not only reveals her inmost affection and feeling, and, in conjunction with the tongue—and these two in connexion are either the more beneficent or maleficent of all our organs—declares her will and purpose, but is also employed by her to execute them.

Thus Heart and Hand, the principle and the practice, have been united, in common parlance, from ancient ages. The earliest dawn of reason in the innocent infant is shewn by the signs it makes with its little *hands*; by them it prefers its petitions for any thing it desires; and, in imitation of this, God's children are instructed to *lift up holy hands* in prayer. Love, friendship, charity, and all the kindly affections of our nature, use the hands as their symbol and organ; the fond embrace, the hearty shake, the liberal gift, are all ministered by them. Joy, gladness, applause, welcome, valediction, all use these organs to represent them. Penitence smites her breast with them; resignation clasps them; devotion and the love of God stretches them out towards heaven.

"But the hands are not employed to express only the kindly affections of the soul: those of a contrary and less amiable character use them as their index. Anger threatens, and more violent and hateful passions destroy by them. They are indeed the instruments by which a great portion of the evil, and mischief, and violence, and misery, that our corrupt nature has introduced into the world, are perpetrated.

"The hand also, on some occasions, becomes the spokesman instead of the tongue. The fore-finger is denominated the *index*, because we use it to indicate to another any object to which we wish to direct his attention. By it the deaf and dumb person is enabled to hold converse with others, so as not to be totally cut off from the enjoyments of society; and by it we can likewise mutually communicate our thoughts when separated by space, however wide, even with our antipodes.

"The Deity himself, also, condescends to convey spiritual benefits to his people by means of the *hands* of authorised persons, as in confirmation and ordination; and the blessed friend, and patron, and advocate, and deliverer of our race, when he was upon earth, appears to have wrought most of his miracles of healing by laying on his hands: in benediction, also, when children were brought unto him, he laid his hands on them; and at his ascension he lifted up his hands to bless his disciples."

This passage is eloquent; but the most important chapter in the book is that on *Instinct*. On this we are desirous of saying something, somewhat at large.

The word *instinct* expresses the fact of being inwardly moved. It does not, however, as we believe, suppose self-motion, but only that motion to

which matter is subject, whether by external pressure or an internal spring. In fact, it is improper to speak of either inward or outward, in regard to mind. It is, therefore, with considerable propriety that modern writers have styled instinct that impulse upon animals which urges them necessarily to certain actions. This definition would seem to exclude the intelligence of the animal, however it might ascribe the highest to the Power who planned the machine with a view to accomplish a certain purpose. When, indeed, we consider "that all the different animals combine to fulfil *one* great end, and to effect a vast purpose, all the details of which the human intellect cannot embrace, we are led further to acknowledge that the whole was planned and executed by a Being whose essence is unfathomable, and whose power is irresistible."

In this conclusion, quoted in Mr. Kirby's words, we must agree, as philosophically deduced. But the analysis of the terms will elicit some important truths. Of the *one* great end to be fulfilled, the vast purpose to be effected, it is acknowledged that the human intellect cannot embrace all the details. It is clearly, therefore, no matter of experience, but an *a priori* end which, by the law of its constitution, the human mind prescribes as the great purpose of creation, according to which it regulates its judgments. Assuming that there is an end to be answered, it proceeds with an induction of facts; and so far as it can carry such an induction, the accuracy of its anticipation is corroborated. It obtains as much proof of its correctness as can be obtained for the statement, that the law of gravitation is universal. But the induction of all the phenomena, in either case, is impossible, under any condition of society or any duration of life. The idea, however, by which the mind regulates its inductions, in the mean time, stands good, no exception appearing against its application. Now in all this, Nature is to man as a mirror, wherein he sees his own being reflected. That he works for an end, labours for a purpose, is motivated by a final cause—he is conscious. Hence he seeks for analogous operations in all that is not him; each individual man seeks for it in his neighbour, in all other being, and especially in that Supreme Being of whom he is the

image, in whose likeness he was created.

In reference to this subject, Dr. Roget may be well quoted — a writer whose metaphysical acumen is only equalled by his physiological knowledge:

“ Upon what evidence do I conclude that I am not a solitary being in the universe, that all is not centered in myself, but that there exist other intellects similar to my own? Undoubtedly, no other than the observation that certain effects are produced, which the experience I have had of the operations of my own mind lead me, by an irresistible analogy, to ascribe to a similar agency, emanating from other beings; beings, however, of whose actual intellectual presence I cannot be conscious, whose nature I cannot fathom, whose essence I cannot understand. I can judge of the operations of other minds, only in as far as those operations accord with what has passed in my own. I cannot divine processes of thought to which mine have borne no resemblance; I cannot appreciate motives of which I have never felt the influence; nor comprehend the force of passions never yet awakened in my breast, neither can I picture to myself feelings to which no sympathetic chord within me has ever vibrated.”

Proceeding upon these facts of mental experience, Dr. Roget very properly asserts that our own intelligence, our own views, and our own affections, furnish the only elements by which it is possible for us to estimate the analogous powers and attributes of other minds. These are the elements which enable us to attribute design, and end, and purpose, to the works of the Creator.

Bearing this principle in recollection, the reader will easily apprehend how it is that we attribute intelligence to the brute creation. We see in their acts a reflexion of our own intelligence. We know nothing of *theirs*, we only know of our own: from ourselves we judge of them. But there may be a logical error in the judgment. We attribute not only consciousness, but self-consciousness, often to inanimate things; especially in high moods of passion, and when under the influence of poetical inspiration. “The river,” says Wordsworth, “wanders at its own sweet will.” A similar instance has lately been adduced in illustration drawn from a toy, called the Magic Swan. When the figure is on the

verge of the sphere of attraction, the child, for whose amusement it is constructed, is apt to ascribe to it a fear of being caught, as if it really hesitated to take the proffered bread. In the full tide of attraction, the child again interprets the altered appearance as indicating re-established confidence; but predetermined to outwit it by reversing the pole, attributes symptoms of anger to the disappointed bird. In the cases on record referred to by Mr. Kirby, as belonging to intellect and memory rather than instinct, may there not be a similar mirroring of ourselves in the intelligence predicated of the inferior animal? Indeed Mr. Kirby carries this principle of judgment so far as to see, in the fact of vicarious suffering of one animal as food for another, the great doctrine of the Christian atonement!

We press all the more confidently these suggestions, from our author acknowledging that even in cases where the instincts are most complex and wonderful, the animal practises them infallibly, without guide or direction, and is as expert at them when it first emerges into life as when it has been long engaged in the practice of them. The actions follow the development of the organisation; are neither the result of instruction nor of observation and experience, but the action of some external agency upon the organisation. If these operations were governed by intellect, the animals, though they sought the same end, would vary more or less in the path they severally took to acquire it — they would need instruction and practice, in order to perfection: the new-born bee would not immediately be able to rear a cell, nor know where to go for the materials, till some one of riper years had directed her.

Mr. Kirby has formed a magnificent theory as to instinct; he has connected it with those cherubic orbs, “*instinct with eyes*,” seen by Ezekiel and St. John. He calls them the great physical powers of heaven, whose effects form the instrument by which God maintains the whole universe in order and beauty; produces the cohesion of bodies; regulates and supports the motions, annual and diurnal, of the earth and other planets; prescribes to some an eccentric orbit, extending, probably, into other systems; causes satellites to attend upon and revolve round their primary planets; and not

only this, but, by a kind of conservative energy, empowers them to prevent any dislocations in the vast machine, and any destructive aberrations arising from the action of these mighty orbs upon each other. He is of opinion, that if we consider what God effects both upon and within every individual sphere and system, throughout the whole universe, by the constant action of those vicegeral powers, as he calls them, that rule under the omnipotent, it will require no great stretch of faith to believe that they may be the *inter-agents* by which the Deity acts upon animal organisations and structures to produce all their varied instincts.

"An eminent French zoologist, Dr. Virey, has illustrated the change of instincts, resulting from the modification of the nervous system, which takes place in a butterfly, in the transit to its perfect or imago state from the caterpillar, by a novel and striking simile. He compares the animal to a portable or hand-organ, in which, on a cylinder that can be made to revolve, several tunes are noted: turn the cylinder, and the tune for which it is set is played; draw it out a notch, and it gives a second; and so you may go on, till the whole number of tunes noted on it have had their turn. This, happily enough, represents the change which appears to take place in the vertebral cord and its ganglions on the metamorphosis of the caterpillar into the butterfly, and the sequence of new instincts which result from the change. But if we extend the comparison, we may illustrate it by the two spheres of organised beings that we find on our globe, and their several instinctive changes and operations. We may suppose each kingdom of nature to be represented by a separate cylinder, having noted upon it as many tunes as there are species differing in their respective instincts (for plants may be regarded, in some sense, as having their instincts as well as animals), and that the constant impulse of an invisible agent causes each cylinder to play in a certain order all the tunes noted upon it. This will represent, not unaptly, what takes place with regard to the developement of instinct in the vegetable and animal kingdoms; and our simile will terminate in the inquiry, Whose may be that invisible hand that thus shakes the *sistrum* of Isis (the *sistrum* of Isis symbolised the ele-

ments), and produces that universal harmony of action resulting from that due intermixture of concords and discords, according to the will of the Almighty Author, in that infinitely diversified and ever-moving sphere of beings which we call *nature*?"

The analogy of the vegetable kingdom leads Mr. Kirby to conclude, that instinctive actions are the results of the action of intermediate powers. He confirms his opinion by an extract from Dr. Henry More, concerning the *Spirit of Nature*; which turns out, by another extract from the life of Sir H. Davy, to be one and the same with the *Ethereal Matter* of the latter. And ultimately he inclines to Dr. Virey's conclusion, that instinct is little, if any thing, else than the manifestation without of that same Wisdom which directs, in the interior of our body, all our vital functions.

We very much approve of Mr. Kirby's hypothesis, that extraordinary cases of animal sagacity, by which life has been preserved, are to be esteemed as miraculous, as super-directions of instinct for providential ends. The Deity himself, he argues, when there is *dignus vindice nodus*, doubtless sometimes suspends the action of an instinct. Thus, when the ark was taken by the Philistines, in order to ascertain whether the plagues that were sent upon them were from God, they yoked two milch kine that had calves to the cart in which it was sent to Bethshemesh; and the kine went straight to that place, their instinct being mastered by a strong hand, though they went lowing after their calves all the way.

We must now hasten to the conclusion of this paper, important as is the subject. In fact, we do not see the absolute necessity of our tracing up the scale of animal being, through the *arachnidans*, *pseudorachnidans*, *acaridan condylopes*, the *insect condylopes*, *fishes*, *reptiles*, *birds*, and *mammalianans*, to MAN. By far the most intricate mazes of the labyrinth have been threaded, and the remainder is open to general information.

We are, nevertheless, particularly desirous of directing attention to Dr. Roget's second volume. The style is severe, the argument logical, and the spirit of science pervades every section. We esteem the production as classical. Mr. Kirby has more enthusiasm, Dr.

Roget has more discretion. We see not why both works were not intrusted to one person; or, rather, why one work was not made of the one subject: for, in fact, it is but one. We may remark the way in which the mind reasons from itself, in the supposed type which nature is said to have kept in view in all her productions. The standard is properly styled an "ideal standard," to which, amidst innumerable modifications, rendered necessary by the varying circumstances and different destinations of each species, she always shews a decided tendency to conform.

It is from this principle also that we derive the law of gradation. Every fresh copy taken of the original type, as Dr. Roget observes, is supposed to receive some additional extension of its faculties and endowments by the graduated developement of elements which existed in a latent form in the primeval germ, and which are evolved in succession as nature advances in her course.

To this origin, moreover, we should trace the representative system which we detect in the orders of nature. Rudimental organs are met with in inferior animals, which, from their imperfect developement, are of little or no use to the individual, but which become available to some superior species, in which they are sufficiently perfected. By what curious and gradual transitious aquatic characters are changed for those of a terrestrial quadruped, furnished with limbs for moving on the ground, and with lungs for breathing atmospheric air; and how the plan of circulation proceeds from branchial to pulmonary, in proportion as the gills wither and the lungs are developed. The human embryo undergoes the same metamorphoses, possessing at one period branchia and branchial apertures similar to those of the cartilaginous fishes, a heart with a

single set of cavities, and a brain consisting of a longitudinal series of tubercles; next losing its branchiæ, and acquiring lungs while the circulation is yet single, and thus imitating the condition of a reptile; then acquiring a double circulation, but an incomplete diaphragm, like birds; afterwards, appearing like a quadruped, with a caudal prolongation of the sacrum and an intermaxillary bone; and, lastly, changing its structure to one adapted to the erect position, accompanied by a great expansion of the cerebral hemispheres, which extend backwards so as completely to cover the cerebellum.

Thus in man, whose physical frame constitutes the climax of organic developement, all lower forms of animal nature are included. It would be interesting to shew how in his intellectual being the laws of that same nature were seated, in his modes of judging, and those primitive models and archetypal idealisations which are the regulators of scientific experiment. Still more animating would it be to penetrate the arcana of his moral constitution, and perceive there the symbolical images of spiritual perfection. But there, instead of being referred to inferior representations, we should be led on to supernal existences, and, evermore ascending, behold Alps rise on Alps; nor cease in our progress till we had arrived at the very footstool of the throne divine. Rightly does Dr. Roget conclude, that in the spiritual constitution of man we may discern the traces of higher powers, to which those he now possesses are but preparatory; some embryo faculties which raise us above this earthly habitation. Properly considered, this spiritual constitution will prove a revelation, by which the great enigma of the universe may be oracularly interpreted, and without which we should vainly seek among phenomena for the elements of a natural theology.

No. LXV.

WILLIAM COBBETT, M.P. FOR OLDHAM.

AMONG the various classes of characters which may be discerned in our political hemisphere, there are three which stand in a conspicuous light. Of one of these classes the subject of our last Gallery-portrait was an excellent representative. A second is well seen in the person of him of whom we are now to speak. A third has no better type and exemplar than in Henry Brougham. The prominent characteristics of these classes may be thus particularised : I. *Enthusiasm*. II. *Self-will*. III. *Political trading*.

We observed last month—and it is a fact of which all who observed his progress are well aware—that with Michael Thomas Sadler every thing was sacrificed to his plans of benevolence. As a public man, of undisputed power, no one can doubt that he might have rendered more service to his party than he actually did, had he entered with more zeal and interest into the politics of the day. But with him this was impossible. His whole heart and soul, mind and strength, were *preoccupied*. In other words, he was an *enthusiast*.

Turn to the opposite class—to that which forms our third division—and see how differently such men as the Broughams, the Grants, the Macaulays, the Palmerstons, manage matters. They, too, can *talk* of philanthropy, and of that most volubly and pathetically. Look at Brougham, first writing an elaborate defence of slavery; and then, when the tide turned that way, becoming an apostle of the abolition cause. Look at the Grants and Macaulays, writing against reform in the *Edinburgh Review*; and then refuting their own articles, when it became politic to do so, on the floor of the House of Commons. Is not the whole game as open and obvious as possible? These men have a certain quantity of what is called *talent* to *sell*; and they are watching and tending the market in the best way they can. Macaulay has sold his article for 10,000*l.* a-year (and no one can doubt his *talent* as a huckster); Grant and Brougham for 5000*l.* each; and so on.

William Cobbett was of a class perfectly distinct from each of these two. His mind was not full of zeal for the good of others, like Sadler's; nor could he stoop to the marketing plan of the "young men of talent." He rather aimed to force his way by dint of muscular power; and to a certain extent he succeeded. His sympathies were with the people; and had he but possessed some moral and religious principle, he would probably have wrought out great things for them. But though not of such a sordid soul as the regular place-hunters of our second class, he was yet a *self-seeker*. The first idea in his mind was ever,—WILLIAM COBBETT! It was this that effectually prevented his usefulness. Whatever whim he took up, right or wrong, it became his rule, for the exaltation of himself, to force down the throats of his followers. But these hobbies of his were often mere senseless vagaries, and men could not submit to be rough-riden by one of themselves.

Infinitely more respectable, then; in every just and rational point of view, than Baron Glenelg, than my Lord Brougham and Vaux, or than the self-appointed "member of the supreme council,"—we have yet to regret in William Cobbett the waste of great and noble powers. Our regret, too, is increased by the reflection that he was a genuine *English* writer. There was a *substance* about him—a reality, a durability. The effect of his sayings and doings vanished not away, like the excitement of a Shiel or Macaulay "flare-up," leaving one to wonder, the next hour, at what we had been startled, and by what we had been pleased. The value of his reasonings, whatever it was, was at least a real one; and you returned to his argumentation with at least an equal interest, when weeks and months had removed the first momentary excitement.

But the one thing which William Cobbett wanted was sound moral principle, flowing, as it ever must, from correct religious knowledge. In the absence of these essentials his career was that of a barque on a trackless ocean, without a compass, and beneath a cloudy sky. Often on a right tack, but ever so by accident, we see in him a striking example of the waste and inutility of the most stupendous talents, when, unchecked and undirected by correct principle, they become the senseless agents of *Self-will*.



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A TALE OF TRUTH.

THERE are certain prejudices so apparently amiable, and so evidently the result of fond, though misguided affection, that the task of schooling individual delinquency therein is one from which we naturally recoil. We know that we shall inflict pain upon the wounded and broken spirit—we fear that we may give offence; we consequently hesitate, and time passes, and the golden opportunity has glided by, never to return. One, and not the least among the many advantages of the periodical press, is that thereby *truth* will make its way even into the closets of the *great* and influential among mankind, who usually live (whatever they may individually imagine to the contrary), as it were, with a screen interposed between them and the rest of the human race. They sit, amid their own people and dependents, like spectators at a theatre, for whose amusement and gratification the play is got up behind the scenes: but few venture to appear before them without having previously studied a “part,” and being strongly impressed with an anxiety to please. If the prejudice, respecting which we are about to speak, shall ever be overcome, it must be by the influence of example and a display of fortitude among the higher orders; who will derive, for themselves and families, a more immediate benefit than the lower grades of society from the conquest over this one general, and often *fatal*, error. Without further prelude, we shall relate a brief and melancholy tale, not of fiction, but of *truth*—for, alas! we knew all the parties.

Edwin Moore was the second son of a gentleman, who, after serving his king and country for many years in various quarters of the globe, had retired to spend the latter days of his life on his small paternal estate situated upon the Border. Edwin was educated to the medical profession; and after pursuing the usual routine of study, was for several years attached to the British armies in the Peninsula, and subsequently accompanied them into France. At Paris he became acquainted with the family of Sir Charles Madden, consisting of the baronet, his lady, and three daughters. They had no connexions in the French capital,

but visited it for the sole purpose of seeing all that was therein to be seen, and Edwin was consequently considered a most valuable addition to their little circle; for, possessed of real taste, and being naturally of an inquiring disposition, it was impossible for the strangers in Paris to have found a guide better qualified, or a more interesting companion. Of his attainments, manners, and truly amiable character, it were unnecessary here to speak—in deed, we feel that we could not do him justice, for he was our friend.

Under circumstances similar to those which we have described, attentions are frequently given and received among young persons, and allowed by parents, without sufficient reflection on the probable consequences. Alice Madden, the second daughter, was then scarcely twenty, and Edwin might have been her senior by about seven years. There was nothing peculiarly romantic or singular in the growth of their attachment, which ripened gradually into maturity—so gradually, indeed, that, until the moment of separation arrived, neither of them seem to have been aware of the real state of their feelings. Then, however, they parted without a formal declaration or avowal of mutual affection, but with the fond hope of soon meeting again in England, and the deep and heartfelt conviction, on both sides, that neither could be truly happy when absent from the other.

After the lapse of a few months, the reduction of our military establishment left Edwin at liberty to return to his native country, and to avail himself of Sir Charles's invitation to pass a few weeks at Steinmore Park, the seat of the Madden family, in one of our mid-land counties, which we forbear to name for obvious reasons.

It was a beautiful, secluded spot. Nature had decked it in original loveliness; and the hand of art had been apparently idle for the last century. Every part of the small, compact domain bore that stamp of venerable family antiquity, which is so imposing to all, but more especially to the young. Edwin soon found himself domesticated in a family, which might have been termed truly happy, but for the state of Sir Charles's health, and for certain vague apprehensions relative to that of

the eldest daughter, Maria. It was not to be supposed that the lovers could be long under the same roof, and continually together, without coming to a mutual confession. There was at first a slight demur on the part of the baronet. But Edwin's family was respectable; and, after the exchange of a few letters with his father, and other preliminaries—more, probably, for form's sake than from any real objections against the young man—he was accredited in the family as the accepted lover of poor Alice. An old friend of Sir Charles's has affirmed that a presentiment of his own speedy dissolution hastened this decision, as he felt naturally anxious to leave his daughter under a husband's care.

Of our friend Edwin Moore it might be truly said that he had *studied* his profession. He had thoroughly considered its importance, and was deeply impressed with a sense of the responsibility attendant on the actions and opinions of one to whom his fellow-creatures look for relief under the severest inflictions of suffering humanity. To Sir Charles's case he, of course, gave up his whole mind. He consulted with his medical advisers, and corresponded with many of his former friends, who were eminent for their skill and success; but all was in vain—the patient gradually declined.

Things were in this state when, by the sudden death of a distant relative, Edwin became unexpectedly possessed of a small property, which, however, was considered by the lovers as an ample competency; and it was soon agreed on all sides that their happiness should be no longer delayed. They were married at the little church on the verge of the park. The baronet performed the last office of a father on that occasion, and gave away his daughter at the altar, where he had often knelt before, but where he was never to be seen again.

According to previous arrangement, the young couple were to remain at the park for two months, during which time some necessary alterations in Edwin's home would be completed. But ere that period had elapsed Sir Charles Madden was gathered to his fathers, and the title and estate devolved to another branch of the family.

There was a mystery in the baronet's case which Edwin had not been able to fathom. Every medical friend with

whom he had consulted had been equally baffled by the patient's singular and occasionally opposite symptoms. But the conduct of Lady Madden had made the deepest impression upon the mind of her son-in-law. She had invariably and steadfastly, since the commencement of her husband's illness, "refused to be comforted." It was in vain to tell her of a "favourable change" being expected, or even that it *had* taken place. She replied not on such occasions, but mournfully shook her head, and sometimes wept.

It was agreed that the widow and her two daughters should spend "the days of their mourning" with Edwin and Alice at their cottage, which was situated in the most beautiful part of the county of ——. There time, the assuager of human sorrow, poured balm into the wounds of their afflicted spirits. The acuteness of grief subsided; and in tranquillity, and the constant exercise of reciprocal and affectionate attentions, their hearts "mingled in peace." Those were happy days for the fond and devoted pair; blessing and blest, they glided by as those of our first parents in the age of innocence—but, alas! like all mortal bliss, they were transitory.

From time to time Lady Madden's plans for settling herself in a separate establishment had been evaded or procrastinated by the affectionate solicitude of her children; but at length she became evidently uneasy. She would sit silent sometimes for hours, apparently unconscious of all that was passing around; and occasionally, as she gazed upon her eldest daughter, Maria, her eyes would suddenly become suffused with tears. The attention of Edwin was naturally excited. That Maria was not in strong health he was of course perfectly aware, but he could perceive no alarming symptoms, nor any cause for anxiety; and therefore, with the kindest intentions, and the vain hope of allaying her fears, he spoke on the subject to his mother-in-law. She heard him with silent incredulity for a while, and then replied, "Seek not to blind *me* to the future, my son. I feel your kindness, believe me—I appreciate your motives. But there are cases when *internal* malady will baffle the judgment of the wisest—you *know* there are. I have seen, I have watched, I have marked the progress of such disease—yes, from the

beginning to the fatal, the fearful end—

Neither our space nor inclination permit us to enter into the details of a conversation that ensued; they would tend only to harass the reader's feelings, without answering any good purpose. Suffice it to say that Lady Madden had, some years before, lost her only son, the heir of his father's title and estate, and that she had beheld Sir Charles's sister slowly descending into the grave, both the prey, as she firmly believed, of that hidden and unmedicable disease which had eventually deprived her of her husband. She affirmed to Edwin that, as plainly as it may be allowed to mortals to trace the secrets of coming events, she beheld the icy fingers of death, in the same form, laid upon her now eldest born.

We write not for medical men, but with a sincere and fervent wish that this relation of *facts* may have some weight with those whom it most deeply concerns. We shall not therefore enter into an examination of the questions, whether what are termed "family complaints" are produced by certain habits or modes of living, or if they are caused by some internal malformation. Our private belief is that every peculiarity about every part of the human frame is as hereditary as those resemblances in outward feature which we all know by the name of family likenesses. Whether there may be an aptitude in particular systems to particular diseases, or a "something" in certain constitutions causing those diseases to assume an unusual inveteracy or singularity of form, it matters little. We all know, and many of us by bitter experience, that there are such mortal inflictions as "family complaints," which baffle the skill of the physician, and are a sort of *opprobrium medicorum*—no! not an *opprobrium* to *medical* men. We are not of the faculty; and we will speak out, and boldly proclaim the truth. The sufferings of the victims to such disorders—the contemplation of death afar off, yet slowly and certainly approaching—the inward sinkings of the heart, which dare not listen to the cheering voice of hope—the agonies of fond affection—the minute torture and piecemeal rendings of the soul,—these, and other attendant miseries, are not attributable to a want of skill in those who study and toil, by day and by night, to smooth

the pillow of affliction and mitigate the ills of frail mortality. No! But since we, as Christians, believe it to be our duty, to make use of every means in our power to preserve the lives and happiness of our fellow-creatures, we fear there frequently exists a heavy charge of neglect *somewhere*, "a sin of omission," which may be best explained by proceeding with our tale of truth. And here we would remark, that we tell not this tale, as a tale is usually told, with a wish to please. We have a nobler end in view. We earnestly hope the recital thereof may be of service—possibly to some yet unborn. And this hope shall be our solace under the expected frown of those who read only for amusement.

Lady Madden's recapitulation of her past sufferings and present fears made a deep impression on our friend. Poor Maria became the immediate object of his earnest solicitude; and we need scarcely say that his anxiety was more than shared by his beloved Alice. Time rolled on, and, alas! it became evident that the mother's apprehensions had been too truly prophetic. There is a something indescribably interesting and affecting, even to a perfect stranger, in the aspect of declining youth and beauty,—the unnatural brilliancy of the eye, the occasional flush upon the cheek, and the languid smile, sweetly summoned forth to play about the lips, and give assurance of hope and comfort to the dear friends around, "as the sun-beam glows upon the surface of the waters, while all is cold and dark beneath."

Edwin, and Alice, and the poor heart-stricken widow watched the slow but steady progress of decay. The youngest daughter, Agnes, was not allowed to return from a visit which she had been paying to a friend of Lady Madden's, in the south of England. Some vague suspicions existed in the anxious mother's breast that she would, if with them, be too much with the invalid, and that there might be danger to her own health in the constant and unremitting attention which she knew Agnes would pay to her sister.

Matters were in this state when, having occasion to pass within twenty miles of his residence, we resolved to pay Edwin a visit. We had parted last at Paris, where we left him "redolent of joy and hope,"—thinking, speaking, and dreaming of Alice, the

time when he should again see Madden. To her family his soul was united, and the idea of becoming one of them appeared to him the realisation of all earthly happiness. Alas! thus is it with poor short-sighted man! That for which we fervently pray, toward which we stretch forth our hands, in pursuit of which we "rise early and late take rest,"—that which appeareth afar off to be the summit of human felicity,—that point is at length gained; the conquest is achieved—the tear of gladness is in our eyes—the swell of gratitude is within our hearts—we lift up our voices in thanksgiving—and, lo! it turneth to our destruction! Reader, if thou hast been but a few years sojourning in this vale of mortality, thou already knowest that these things are so!

In the lovely valley wherein Edwin resided we "took sweet counsel together;" and though we marked his pensive gait and altered eye, and our heart yearned within us (for we likewise have drank deeply of the cup of affliction), we were well pleased to observe that, even in his most gloomy moments, hope for the future was ever strong within him.

We left him, and another year elapsed ere we met again. Then we were struck with the appearance of Alice. Her manners even were changed. Instead of the quiet, lady-like attentions which, as the friend of her husband, we were used to receive at her hands, there was a wild alacrity about her—an evident desire to seem in what is called high spirits. She had much of that intuitive perception by which the real feelings of others is discerned; and one morning, when we were alone, after a hasty glance round the room, she took our hand, and, pressing it gently between hers, entreated us, in a tone and with a look of supplication never to be forgotten, not to make any remark about her that might cause uneasiness to her "dear Edwin." It was a vain request. He, with the eye of almost idolatrous affection, had watched intensely over her, and was tremblingly alive to every change; but, with the same feeling which actuated her, had concealed his anxiety. "The mind," said he to us, "has a wonderful power over the system. I would not for the world that Alice should suspect my apprehensions. She would, I know, feel more unhappy on

my account than for herself. A little deceit on such occasions, my dear friend, is not only pardonable, but meritorious." He then urged us, in the sacred name of friendship, to assist him in the work of deception. He had, in the previous cases which we have mentioned, exhausted all the resources of science; and he now clung to this theory of mental alleviation with the desperate hold of a drowning man when seizing a small fragment from the wreck. There was a forced and ghastly merriment among us then; we all seemed aware that the thin veil which covered our bleeding hearts might be seen through; we said strange things, and treated with unbecoming levity those matters on which we shuddered to think when alone. It was impossible that this could long continue. Truth burst in upon us, and conviction came with a giant's stride; hope was dissipated into air, and the fabric of domestic happiness was shattered to the foundation. Poor Maria died.

Then it was that one eminent in his profession, and who yet survives, a blessing to the human race, a physician of superior skill and great experience, prevailed over the scruples of Lady Madden, by representing that her refusal was as the signing of a death-warrant against her two surviving daughters. The curtain was drawn aside, and the secret workings of the internal and deadly enemy of the family were disclosed. It seemed that the disease had been of a description which, with proper attention, almost invariably disappears, when treated according to the well-known rules of medical science, until it arrives at a certain point; but from that period there can remain no other hope than that which departeth not till the last pulse of life has throbbled.

It was misery; extreme misery, for Edwin to reflect on what *ought* to have been done. He now bitterly upbraided himself for not pursuing a course which *nothing* but the *complete* development of the case could have proved to be correct. Thus it is ever with a revealed mystery: we are astonished that it should not previously have been discovered.

It now became to Edwin a subject of fearful inquiry, whether the cruel enemy had yet reached the fatal point of ascendancy in the person of his be-

loved wife? It was necessary that a certain time should elapse, in order to ascertain the effects of the indicated remedies, ere an opinion could be hazarded: it passed—and the result was doubt, if not despair. The little family circle was broken up; and Edwin, accompanied by the wife of his bosom, fled from his native land as from a city of the plague. Little would it avail to trace, step by step, their melancholy course: its termination was at Nice, where Alice, the last of her family who fell a victim to the cruel prejudices of relatives, found relief from her sufferings in the sleep of death.

Many years have now elapsed since these events; and during their course Lady Madden has reaped the reward due to the momentary sacrifice of morbid feeling. Her only daughter, Agnes, was attacked by the same hitherto relentless *family* disease; but, aided by the information previously obtained, and a knowledge of the family constitution and habits, the worthy physician whom we have before mentioned succeeded (with the permission of a Superior Power) in restoring her to perfect health. She is now the happy mother of a young family of children, on whom she gazes with delight, and with a fair prospect of seeing them grow up to maturity in health and strength. She knows not that trembling anxiety and fearful foreboding with which poor Lady Madden was wont to watch her offspring; she feels not that soul-chilling apprehension which fell upon her mother's heart at the most trivial symptoms of indisposition, and told her that it was the fatal grasp of that deadly foe from which there was no escape, and which was ever lurking in their path of life.

Edwin has never yet quitted the neighbourhood of poor Alice's grave; nor, probably, will he, until his only son shall have attained an age which may render it advisable for him to revisit his native land.

Here ends our Tale of Truth. Let those who look in these pages merely for a tale read no further.

What little remains to be said in the performance of our painful duty is addressed to parents and heads of families. We conjure them, for the sake of suffering humanity—for the sake of those who shall bear their names hereafter—to *think* on these things ere the day of mourning and

deep thought-benumbing affliction cometh. From bitter experience we know the *then* utter incapacity of the soul,—the mental torpor intervening between those acute pangs which pierce the heart as a two-edged sword,—the weary, melancholy, still monotony of grief, when all that passeth before us seemeth but as a dream. *Then* the affectionate condolence of friends, and even the mild and gentle soothing of her voice who would whisper of comfort, are as the rude breathings of the storm, awakening the deeps, and stirring up the waters of affliction.

If the immortal spirit, after it hath shaken off the worthless coil of mortality, be permitted to take an interest in the fate of those whom it hath left in the vale,—if the departed soul, which we then fondly believe is hovering near us, can feel sorrow and pity for those who were dear to it on earth, with what grief must it behold the secret which might have so much conduced to their future comfort buried in eternal oblivion!

Would not the benignant spirit, if permitted, entreat that that friend who was acquainted with all its mortal infirmities might ascertain if his skill had in any degree withstood the progress of disease, or alleviated its mortal pains? The unveiling of truth in such cases, where its development is so important, and its concealment so utterly unavailing and indefensible, would effect more for science than years of study.

In *internal* disorders, the family physician carefully watches changing and progressive symptoms; but the most skilful, we know, may be in error; and it is a fearful thing for the suffering patient to reflect that the medicines which he takes may, *possibly* by some imperfection in his *own* description, or from being misunderstood in a very brief conversation, tend but to increase his malady.

Thousands have died of disorders similar to those of which their parents perished before them; yet (speaking after the manner of men) their lives might have been long spared, their comforts increased, and their pains alleviated, had truth been previously sought *at the proper period*,—had a disclosure been made to the few confidential, bedside, professional *friends* to whom the secrets of mortality are

familiar. A joy and delight must it be to the departed spirit to know that the useless, cumbersome *exuvia* which it hath cast away may yet be the means of preserving health to the strong, and restoring it to the weak; and thus lay a foundation for the happiness of posterity for many generations,—since diseases are transmitted from father to son for an indefinite period. If the departed, on the contrary, know nothing of what passeth on earth, then, in every doubtful case, affection, duty, and humanity, call loudly upon the living; all point in one direction, and are opposed but by a solitary, morbid, selfish feeling of false delicacy.

Could the surviving individual on whom the onus rests reflect at the critical period, the delusion would seldom prevail; but, as we have said before, there are times when the spirit of man is crushed as it were within him, and may not for a while exercise its wonted faculties. The subject should be first contemplated from afar off. There is a degree of apparent cruelty, a charge which few have sufficient firmness to encounter, in introducing such a topic to the heart-stricken widow, or the mother “weeping over her children because they are not;” therefore the course of action which duty and fond affection prescribe should be previously understood; for, alas! to those mothers the day may arrive when they would willingly sacrifice their own existence could they but recall, for the benefit of their offspring, that fearfully momentous hour which they, writhing with mental pain, allowed to pass under the influence of delusion, false refinement, and trembling sensibility. The acquiescence in such a duty must frequently, from the complex nature of man’s mind, ever struggling between reason and prejudice, include a painful sacrifice; but, however acutely that sacrifice of selfish feeling may wound for a moment, it dwindles into utter insignificance when compared with the fearful exactions of the future, with the long years of anguish and premature decay which, from neglect or pusillanimity, are reserved by the parent as an inheritance for succeeding generations.

If the reader belong to that class of mankind which turneth aside from the poor and him that hath no helper, and leaveth him to perish, from excess of sensibility; if he be one who, because he cannot endure the sight of distress,

shutteth up the door of his heart, and refuseth to believe that hunger, and want, and desolation are abroad, and that the cold winter winds can destroy,—we shall regret that he hath read so far, and request him to lay down the book, as it will be useless and painful for him to proceed until he can shake off his morbid moral cowardice.

It is with no lack of feeling that we write. Our spirit thrills and trembles within us at certain remembrances of the past and misgivings for the future. The case of the Madden family is not singular. Were it our object to interest the feelings rather than to appeal to reason and sound judgment, we could tell of some who are now feebly journeying in the vale—to them indeed a vale of tears and of the shadow of death. Hopeless and heart-broken are they; and there are those looking on now with fearful and pale anxiety, watching the changing countenance and the tottering footsteps, who once had it in their power, who, by a word, or even by a sign, might have ——— But we restrain our pen, as it is but too probable that these pages may meet the eye of a sufferer. In the cases to which we allude mere anatomical knowledge is not the object. The medical attendant will, long ere he be called in to witness such scenes, have acquired all of science that our excellent institutions and his own observations can yield him; but, in the examinations at which he will have previously assisted, much, of necessity, remains unknown. The progress of disease, and the nature, failure, or partial success of the remedies indicated are all mysteries, the ascertaining of which must be utterly out of the question.

The general formation of the animal machine is well understood; but the secret workings within can be but indistinctly discerned even by the most eminent of our kind. The complicated engine ceases to move—and a strange fatuity prevents us from ascertaining the cause!

So strong is prejudice, that were a medical man to make the proposition in certain families he would risk the loss of his reputation and practice, although the few minutes he might request would confer the greatest benefit on such families which any human power could bestow.

The miserable plea of false delicacy

falls to the ground when urged as a reason for concealing from the eye of a friend, a constant medical attendant, the termination of that malady which has baffled his skill. He has, day by day, sat by the sufferer, and watched the progress of decay, and all the weakness of frail mortality is known to him. But death hath triumphed over every exertion of science; and the *cause* of that triumph remains unseen, unknown, and then—hidden for ever! And delicacy thus excludes the friend, while

—for we will speak out, the matter is far too important to allow of fastidious hesitation,—the friend is excluded; the stranger, the mercenary, and the vulgar, are employed in their several avocations, without thought, delicacy, or scruple.

To those who have the moral courage to *think, though the subject be painful*, enough has been said;—to those who have not, it were useless to address more.

A FISHING EXCURSION INTO THE COUNTY OF GALWAY.

ON the 13th of August the morning was clear and beautiful, when I took coach at the little village of Chapelizord for the district of Connemara, in the county of Galway. A friend had kindly invited me to be his companion on a fishing excursion; and I confess, although the literati were all in Dublin, I was not able to resist his solicitation. After some little demur, I settled the matter thus with myself, that I could have no fishing if I waited for the philosophy, whereas I might have some philosophy if I went to fish.

We rolled through a country not very remarkable for rural beauty, but smiling with fertility on every side, and affording a prospect of a most abundant harvest. There was, however, except here and there, a want of that perfection of agriculture which converts England into a garden, and by which the comparatively sterile lands of Scotland are so honourably distinguished. Still a vast progress has been made, even within my own memory; and recent inventions justify the notion that a still greater may be expected. The land itself must be improved; but the people—alas! thought I, what is to become of *them*? Will they ever become worthy of the land they live in, or gratefully sensible of the teeming blessings by which they are surrounded?

As my friend had started two days before me, I mounted the coach-box alone, and found a gentleman seated behind me, who presently made me feel his debtor for various little nameless courtesies, by which he pretty clearly intimated that it would not be his fault if we were not better acquainted. I found him a kindly, well-

bred man, and, to my great satisfaction, a good conservative—as, indeed, almost every man who wears a good coat, and speaks good English, either is, or must be very soon. He deplored the effect which the Reform-bill has already produced upon the lower orders, in imposing upon them duties for which they are wholly unfit, and can only qualify themselves by neglecting their proper avocations. They are tempted to become bad politicians, and are thus prevented from being useful men: Great power has been conferred upon them, without the competency of using that power aright; and the necessary consequence has been, and must be, that they will abuse it. Our parliament men now, my companion observed, represent the poverty and the ignorance, not the wealth and the intelligence, of the country; and unless something be done to stay the career of licentious and desperate democracy, we must be undone.

“What,” I asked him, “would be your remedy?”

He replied, “I think much might be done by giving to the fifty-pound freeholders one representative. Some chance would be thus afforded that their interests would be taken care of. At present they are at the mercy of the creatures of a pauper constituency, who regard them with jealousy and hatred, and who will, assuredly, by and by, use the prodigious power which has been put into their hands for their destruction. But I think if what I propose were done, we still could hold our own.”

“Your project,” I said, “is plausible, and, in the present state of things, something assuredly must be done, if

we are to be saved ; but I should rather not venture upon a measure by which the two classes of the people must be so decidedly divided ;—I should be fearful of deepening, and rendering more deadly, that distrust and aversion which at present prevails, and to which, indeed, I mainly ascribe our present evils. Two sets of representatives, constituted as you have proposed, would almost resemble the Dutch and the Belgian deputies in the same assembly, who, however they might commingle, could never amalgamate, and only meet, as the steel meets the flint, for purposes of fiery collision. No ; I would much prefer raising the franchise, in Ireland at least, to twenty pounds. You would thus have a fair representation of the intelligence, wealth, and industry of the country ; and what is more important, the constituencies would no longer be in the hands of the priests. The influence of these gentlemen would be cut up by the roots ; and there would then be some prospect of peace in Ireland."

"I do not know, sir," he said ; "I am still inclined to my project. There could be no objection to giving a representative to the gentry, and leaving a representative to the lower classes. But I think there would be much objection to any plan that would leave a large class of persons, no matter how indigent or how reckless, unrepresented. The spirit of the age runs strongly against it. It would, no doubt, be better if our ten-pound constituency were never created. But now that they have got the power, you cannot wrest it from them ; and the only mode of moderating its evils is to erect some such countervailing influence as that to which I have alluded. I see clearly the force of your objection, and acknowledge that it is strong ; and I do not propose my measure as a perfectly unexceptionable one, but as one in which the good would in all probability predominate over the evil. At present we are ridden down and trampled under the hoofs of a ferocious populace ; and if there be not a rally on the part of the conservative interest, and a strong stand made against those who have reform upon their lips, but destruction in their hearts, nothing can save us. All the most valuable and venerable institutions of England will be lost ; and hell itself

will be almost a paradise as compared to the then state of Ireland."

We breakfasted at Innfield, and found the fare excellent, the prices reasonable, and the people civil. We had not to wait until tea was made after our arrival, by which four or five precious minutes are so often shamefully pilfered from the all too scanty time afforded by fast travelling coaches to the passengers for taking what ought to be their principal meal. Tea and coffee were made, and well made, when we entered the room ; and a cake, somewhat of the Sally Lun kind, was buttered and smoking on the table. We were all put into a gay good humour, and did the fare substantial justice.

The day continued remarkably fine, and our conversation did not slacken, or become less agreeable, as the coach rolled on. It was painful to witness a peasantry steeped in wretchedness in a country smiling with abundance ; as if, in fact, they were the only animals who derived no benefit from the improvements which they were instrumental in producing. But it was impossible to look closely at their condition, without perceiving that the fault lay, to a great degree, in themselves. Their cabins were hovels, in which a decent English labourer would not house a pig ; and yet very little labour would have been sufficient to render them neat and commodious. Their persons were filthy and their clothes tattered ; and yet it would have cost them nothing to keep the one clean, and but little to have the other mended. But these are comforts to which they do not aspire ; and it will not, I am persuaded, be possible to do much for them as long as they are contented to acquiesce in their degradation. They are, no doubt, a wretched peasantry ; but it is not so much a compulsory wretchedness to which they are constrained by circumstances, as a voluntary wretchedness which they make for themselves.

I thought, as I passed along, that much might be done to take them out of their present deplorable condition, if their landlords took a kindly interest in their well-being, and instituted some little system of rewards for those who had made some improvement in domestic comfort. It was not long before I witnessed a pleasing realisation of my view. In passing from Ballinaslow, the coach proceeded through the estate of Lord Clancarty, and we were gra-

tified by observing on all sides comfortable farm-houses, well stocked, as far as we could judge, with every convenience; and the peasantry, both old and young, clean in their persons, and well clothed. The contrast was the more striking, because the system of husbandry in Connaught is not by any means so good as that of the country through which we had previously passed. In the one case there were more plentiful crops and a squalid population; in the other there was a decent and improving population and comparatively scanty crops. But Lord Clancarty is a good landlord. He feels as he ought to feel the moral responsibility which attends the high station which he occupies; and he and his family are unceasing in their endeavours to form good habits and instil good principles into the tenants upon his estate. That he has already succeeded to a great extent was perfectly evident from what we saw, and which abundantly satisfies me that similar efforts on the part of the other proprietors would speedily give a new aspect to the land. But, alas! when will our Whig landlords cease to talk evil and learn to do well? When will they condescend to exemplify their theoretical regard for the rights of the people by a little practical benevolence? Not, I fear, until their theories have exploded in ruin; and their benevolence will be altogether unavailing.

The Connaught peasantry are a very fine race. It is impossible to see them without feeling almost convinced of the Spanish origin of the people. The bare feet, the dark-red petticoat, and the blue cloak thrown gracefully over the shoulder, and sometimes covering the head, formed altogether a combination such as I have often imagined of the dress of the peasantry of Andalusia. Without either design or effort, and altogether unconsciously, their simple garments were disposed with a degree of taste upon which art could scarcely improve; and I have rarely seen a group of women since I left Athlone—and I am now in the wilds of Connemara—which would not form a most interesting study for a painter. Their manners, too, are simple, and they are an innocent and a happy people; and, save that they have not been able altogether to resist the temptation to illicit distillation, I believe that very little evil is to be found amongst them.

As my object was to reach the fish-

ing ground as soon as possible, I lost no time in Galway; nor was there, indeed, in the inn at which I sojourned for the night (and it was the principal one) any thing to tempt the traveller's stay. It was noisy, filthy, and inconvenient. I found some difficulty in procuring a car to proceed with me as far as Spiddal, where the road begins to be so bad that it becomes necessary to proceed for the remainder of the way either on foot or on horseback. I accordingly got mounted upon a stout Connemara pony, and, save that my stirrup-leathers once or twice gave way, had no reason to complain either of my steed or his equipments. These animals are singularly careful, and even skilful travellers, and make their way over the broken and precipitous roads and passes in this wild country with a caution and a steadiness that must excite admiration.

Costello Lodge, at which I arrived about four o'clock in the evening of the 14th, is situated upon the right bank of the Costello river, near to the point where it discharges its waters into Costello Bay. It is a simple, unpretending little building, maintained at present by a company of gentlemen who delight in the angler's gentle art, and who come here during the fishing season to take their amusement. The country around is exceedingly bleak and uninteresting; and the traveller feels, when he first arrives, as if he were cut off from all intercourse with civilisation. But, in general, the fishing is so good, that the sportsman forgets every thing in the intensity of the angler's enjoyment.

I was not fortunate in the time of my arrival. An unusual continuance of dry weather had reduced the water very low; and this, while it prevents the egress of the new fish (which were waiting in shoals for admission at the mouth of the river), has the effect of rendering the old ones either shy or sulky. But I had no great reason to complain. The air was salubrious, and the exercise was invigorating; and when a man is conscious of laying in health, he need scarcely regret the want of amusement.

Nor was the fishing such as under any other circumstance could be despised: I killed, in about two hours, the first evening of my arrival, about 10 lbs. weight of fish, some of them weighing from two to three pounds. But my friend, who was acquainted with the

river, observed that that was miserable work; and that he has frequently within the same time killed 50 lbs. weight of fish, some two or three of which were well-sized salmon.

Certainly, never did I see so well stocked a river; it is literally alive with fish. The rising of the trout and salmon frequently resembles a plunging fire into the water; and when they cannot be induced to take the artificial fly, it is no uncommon thing for the angler to watch with his landing-net at certain narrow parts of the stream, and, when the fish are making their way up, to intercept and catch them in great numbers. They sometimes fall upon the bank, in jumping out of the water; and, if the grass should be high, or the heather thick, find some difficulty in making their way back again to their native element.

The next day, the weather being still very unfavourable, we again betook ourselves to the stream, and, by eagerly availing ourselves of every passing cloud or transient breeze, contrived to have some amusement. The trout rose tolerably well, wherever we could fairly expect to rise them; but the salmon were not to be moved. They eyed the fly with a sulky indifference; and no art could draw them from their wary concealment.

Ha! that is a good one. How vigorously he plunges! There he is clean out of the water! With what wild astonishment he regards the mysterious thrall in which he is held, and how desperate his efforts to get free! All in vain!—the hook maintains its firm hold. He now inakes for the weeds, his strength evidently failing; if he can but take shelter there, he is gone, line and all—but that may not be; we must at all risk put the strength of the line to the test. Softly, softly!—that will do. He now has all that an honourable antagonist can require,—a clear stage and no favour. But he is *done*. How heavily he tumbles! His resisting power is evidently gone; and he floats into the net almost a lifeless burden;—a white trout, in excellent season, weighing about three pounds.

The breeze has now died away, and there is not a ripple on the water. The river is a perfect looking-glass,—how beautiful in its windings, and how calm and tranquil in its course! I am not one of those who give much heed to

what the advocates of natural religion may say; but there is assuredly a religion in nature. There is a tranquillising power in the sights and sounds which in this wild region meet the eye and the ear, by which the heart is soothed and the mind delighted—by which vain projects are reprov'd, feverish anxieties allayed, and tormenting disquietudes prevented. Wordsworth's lines, which I can quote but imperfectly from memory, are felt in all their force and beauty—

“When the busy stir
Unprofitable, and the fever of the world,
Have hung upon the beatings of my heart,
How oft in spirit have I turned to thee!
O sylvan Wye, thou wanderer through
the woods,
How often has my spirit turned to thee!”

Natural religion, as it is ordinarily understood, is a kind of substitute for revealed. It is placed by the callous sceptic as a kind of sentinel upon the strong portals of his heart, and performs its entire duty when it thrusts out revealed religion at the point of the bayonet. But not so the religion of nature—not so that religion which the contemplative observer sees in the forms and the natures of things animate and inanimate, in the laws by which they are governed, and in the purposes which they subserve. In them he is led to recognise the same wisdom, the same excellence, the same beauty, and the same love, by which the pages of the Divine Word are distinguished; so that the one is but a commentary upon the other—a light by which it is illuminated, not a cloud by which it is intercepted. The natural religion, for which darkling philosophers are willing to part with revelation, is but the shadow; in grasping at which they lose the substance. The religion which the lover of streams and valleys, of meads and mountains, finds in a delighted observation of natural phenomena—

“The harvest of the quiet eye,
That broods and sleeps on his own heart”—

serves but to enhance and magnify the glad tidings of great joy which the gospel announces; and which he only the more values and reveres, because he has been led to find

“Tongues in trees,
Books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in every
thing.”

When I have heard vain and presumptuous men talk of the light of nature, of how much may be known from it, and what little necessity there is for any other or better light for our moral guidance, I could not but suspect that they were wholly unconscious of the degree in which they were indebted for the clearest and soundest of their notions respecting the foundation of morality to revelation ; so that, to my seeming, they resembled the drunken Irishman in the song, who panegyrises the moon at the expense of the sun, and says,

" Long life to the moon, for a sweet lovely creature,
That serves us for lamplight each night in the dark ;
While the sun only shines in the day, which, by nature,
Wants no light at all, as you all may remark."

But, *à propos*, the sun is not now shining, and a gentle breeze is just springing up. Come, we will have another throw. The tail of that stream contains some sporting fish ; I will try whether it is possible to entice them. There—I have him ; he rose but to mock the fly, and he has been hooked in the tail. He is not so large as the last trout ; but, his head being free, he has twice his power. We must manage him gently, and let him have his way a little—he will be tame enough by and by. Whirr—how he makes the wheel spin ! But he is well hooked. There is no fear. Ay ; now he begins to feel that his case is hopeless. Wind him up, wind him up. Give him the butt a little—there, he is landed. A good-sized trout, of somewhat more than two pounds weight. His colour shews that he had been a long time in the river ; as the trout, when first they enter it, are all white, but gradually assimilate in hue to the soil on which they feed, until they become very dark indeed. The quality of the fish, however, undergoes very little change. It is excellent.

Thus I wiled away the time, and returned with about twenty pound weight of fish in the evening—well tired, and quite ready for my dinner. I was peculiarly fortunate in the friend by whose invitation I was privileged to be for a few days a sojourner at Costello Lodge. He is a perfect cabinet of worth and intelligence. I am rather a more bookish man than he is ; but in

a knowledge of the world, in an exact observation of human life, acquired from a very varied experience of life in all its varieties, in sound good sense, and plain, practical piety, I know very few, indeed, who are his equals. He was my host, and made the evening pass as pleasantly and as profitably as the day.

Our dinner consisted of some of the fish which we had caught, dressed to admiration ; together with a plain, substantial joint or two, to which the mountain air and the exercise which we had taken enabled us to do admirable justice. At home, my consumption of animal food is small ; and of wine, or any thing spirituous, next to nothing. But if I ventured to say that here, I very much fear that I might be suspected of indulging in theory which was palpably discredited by my practice ; for I did address myself to the viands before me with a keenness of relish which an alderman might have envied ; and was not sparing of strong potations neither ;—as what would under ordinary circumstances have been excess, was now no more than needful refreshment.

My agreeable entertainer was full both of information and anecdote, upon every subject that presented itself ; and satisfied me, by a few plain observations, of the impracticability of making Galway an embarking port for America,—a project which is at present entertained with much favour by the good people of that town. He pointed on the map to Slime Head and Loup Head, and shewed me how completely a vessel must be embayed before it could enter the harbour, and the great risk which must be run in such a case, when it might happen to blow strongly upon a lea shore. Besides, the harbour itself is dangerous, containing many sunken rocks and sand banks, and in some places without the depth of water which large vessels would require. The thing cannot be done. It is in vain, in such a case, to fight against nature.

The peasantry in the adjoining village, Rosaville, chiefly subsist by trading in vessels of small burden to the county of Clare. Their lading is generally either turf or sea weed ; in return for which they frequently bring back potatoes, their own soil not yielding produce sufficient to render it worth any laborious cultivation. A load of turf costs them eight shillings, for which

they get fifteen; the difference being the wages of the labour of at least three men for two days, and also the profits of their stock, and a compensation for the wear and tear of their vessel—not to talk of the risk of insurance. The sea weed pays them better: for that they pay ten shillings a load, and get one or two-and-twenty. It is used in the county of Clare for manure, and answers very well for one year. The late Mr. Nimmo had a harbour erected for the boats, which is found very serviceable; and also proceeded to a considerable extent in the formation of a road, which would, if it could be connected with the pier, prove of great advantage. But it stops almost within a stone's cast of the point where it was intended to terminate; and the very rocky nature of the intervening ground renders it impossible that it could be completed by any ordinary labour. It is to be hoped that the government will again take the matter up. In their hands the thing could be easily done; and the benefit would be great to the rural population of this wild district.

The boats of the fishermen cost them from forty to fifty pounds. I was surprised that they could contrive to raise such a sum; and still more surprised to find, upon inquiry, that many of them have even more than that in hard cash lying by them. Still their cabins are wretched hovels—they are satisfied with the poorest fare—and their little capital accumulates without a thought being bestowed upon turning it to account, either by improving the cultivation of their ground, or increasing their domestic comforts.

In one case we observed a miserable hut, reared against the side of a rock, and loosely thatched with turf sods. The smoke that issued from the door and through the roof denoted that it was a human habitation, although I should have thought that he could not be entitled to the character of a merciful man who could allocate it for the shelter of a beast. It was occupied by a man and his wife, who married without having wherein they could lay their heads, and was given them until they could build one for themselves by a compassionate neighbour, who had used it as a cow-house. The poor woman, who came out at our instance, exhibited a degree of cheerfulness and contentment with her lot that moved our admiration. Her countenance beamed

with animation and gladness; and she spoke of her privations with a gay indifference, which to some of us brought home a pungent conviction of ingratitude for blessings by which we were all too highly favoured. "Any way," said she, smiling, and pointing to the rock against which the hut was built, "it has a good gable." Never did I see so beautiful an instance of the manner in which internal peace may be made to counterbalance external misery, or how graciously an all-merciful Providence "tempers the wind to the shorn lamb."

Blessings descend upon your weather-beaten face, poor peasant woman of the wilds of Connemara! Never will I forget your words, "Any way, it has a good gable." Could there be a more perfect compliance with the spirit of the precept, "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof." Oh, that these poor people could only live in the light of the gospel! Methinks the world itself would not exhibit a race in whom "sweet civility, in rustic wilds," might be carried to greater perfection.

But the poor creatures are altogether unacquainted with any just notions of true religion. I questioned some of them, and was surprised at the extent of their ignorance. There is scarcely, in any corner of the globe, a race more spiritually benighted. They are so utterly ignorant of the leading facts of gospel history, that Carlton's lines, composed in imitation of the Christmas carols, that are recited with great devotion in other parts of Ireland, are by no means liable to the charge of exaggeration—

"'Twas on a Christmas morning,
All in the month of May,
Jerusalem was born
Down by the Baltic sea."

The priests are regarded as demigods, and can wield them at will. They know no distinction between right and wrong, but as it is pointed out to them by their spiritual advisers; who may be much more truly said to *make* the religion they profess, as those who speak with authority, than to administer in a religion derived from God, and to be clothed with a moral accountability. And this must always be the case in a system which only makes the gospel known through the church, instead of suffering the church to be known through the gospel.

There is, therefore, a degree of stagnancy in all spiritual things, of which the Dead Sea of Sodom is not a sufficiently lively emblem; and, at the same time, a readiness to take up any project, or conspire with any purpose, which may be suggested by their spiritual guides, of which but a faint idea may be formed from the obedience of a disciplined army to a skilful commander: for the voice of the priest is to them the voice of Deity; and no ties of gratitude or affection will prevent the sudden manifestation of the most deadly hatred, if they are persuaded that by such conduct the cause of their religion will be served. It is a maxim, that the best things when corrupted become the worst. And it is my firm belief that the Popish peasantry in this country, when they are betrayed into sanguinary excesses from motives of religious bigotry, are only exasperated by the good that is in them into a more infuriate hatred of those who differ from them; and hate them with a more intense malignity, merely because they hate them without any sufficient cause. It is no paradox to say, that their savage atrocities are so shocking, because, under ordinary circumstances, they are so unnatural.

The time may come, and that speedily, when these words may be remembered. The peasantry are at present as quiet as—gunpowder, before the match has been applied to it. The priesthood are at present as tranquil—as the whirlwind, “when hushed in grim repose, it expects its evening prey.” But all things are, to my seeming, preparing for a tremendous explosion.

In this wild district there are no Protestants, save the water-guard upon the station; and yet it is a place in which the presence of a Protestant clergyman, if he were a discreet and worthy man, would be invaluable. By him a savings bank might be established, the value of which would soon be felt; and various little extra ministerial services might be performed, which, if done judiciously, and without any ostensible desire to interfere with their religious opinions, must in time go far to soften any prejudices which they may have been taught to entertain against him. Notions of cleanliness and comfort might be communicated to them, by which their condition would soon be improved, together

with numerous little improvements in husbandry, and abridgments of labour, for which they must be very thankful. What a moral revolution might thus be insensibly wrought by one such man as Martin Doyle! It is melancholy to think how considerations of this kind are at present despised by our rulers, and of the sacrilegious appropriation of the funds by which such projects might be effected. But it is even still more painful to think of the worse than sacrilegious appropriation of public money to the maintenance and the education of the religious teachers of the worship of the Church of Rome, by whose instrumentality it is that the peasantry of this country are the benighted and degraded race we find them.

The weather was now so hopelessly fine, and the water so provokingly low, that we resolved to leave Costello Lodge, my companion to return to Dublin, and I to pay a long promised visit to a friend in the neighbourhood of Galway. We accordingly set out, having been preceded by a jaunting-car, and a horse with two panniers carrying our luggage, and proceeded on foot over the mountain paths, until we reached that part of the road upon which we might mount our car with safety. In about eight hours we were again within the regions of civilisation.

I seemed to myself like a man who returned from the other world, so complete was the absorbing nature of my pursuit, and the entire sequestration from the bustle and the business of this work-day existence. Again the hum of life arose around me, and the din of politics made itself be heard. I took up a newspaper; I looked instinctively for the proceedings of the distinguished men whom I left in Dublin at their illustrious labours, and the first thing that met my eye and touched my heart was the account of the honour of knighthood which was conferred upon Professor Hamilton—sweet Professor Hamilton! How my heart exulted! I was with him in spirit in this joy; and did not even feel an abatement of pleasure at the distinction which he obtained, from the consideration that it was O’Connell’s lord-lieutenant who conferred it.

But, bless me, what havoc the lords have made with the Corporation Reform Bill! Before I went to Connemara, it promised to be as pretty a piece of

legislative robbery as a man could hope to meet with in a summer day. Now it is really metamorphosed into something like a constitutional measure, and, accordingly, runs a great chance of being ignominiously rejected. Dear me, but these lords are sad dogs. If they are suffered to have their way, the high road will soon be no place for the profession of a gentleman.

I do not mean to trouble the reader with any particular account of the city of Galway, its antiquity, its topography, its public buildings, its trade, or its population. My stay was too short, and my visit too hurried, to enable me to do such subjects full justice. The public are already aware that one of the national schools which receives aid from the Education Board is held in a nunnery, amidst an ostentatious display of all the paraphernalia of Popery. They are not, I believe, so fully informed that another school, which receives a grant from the Board, was expressly founded for the education of Roman Catholics in all the peculiarities of their creed. A benevolent individual left two sums of money; one for the establishment of a school for the education of Protestants upon a Protestant foundation; the other for the establishment of a school for the education of Roman Catholics upon a Roman Catholic foundation;—clearly contemplating such a distinction between the two classes as precluded the possibility, or at least argued the inexpediency, of compromise, in the hope of doing greater good by a more general arrangement. Now I say nothing of the wisdom or the policy of the Education Board in making a grant to this endowment,—men may judge variously of that, according to the complexion of their sentiments and opinions; but I do say that it scarcely admits of a doubt, that those who receive this grant must have played false either to the Board of Education or to the original founder. If they did *not* make it a place where Roman Catholic youth might be instructed in the principles of their religion, they must have frustrated the intentions of the one; and if they *did* make it such a place, they must have acted in contravention of the rules of the other. I do not, however, venture to say that Roman Catholics may not find an easy solution for difficulties such as this, where conscience and interest are so hard to be

reconciled, in that “complete body of theology” which has been compiled by Peter Dens; although I have been given to understand that it is only now, for the first time, beginning to find its way into the county of Galway.

I visited the gaol, and found it a building admirable in its contrivance, in its arrangements, and in its superintendence. It does all who are concerned in its management great credit. To one thing alone I had occasion to object: about fifteen of the culprits were employed in a yard breaking stones. This was their punishment. They were each, of course, furnished with a formidable hammer, and might at any moment rise and massacre their keepers. Although such an event is not very probable, yet the possibility of it ought to be provided against in an establishment such as this.

We saw the unhappy wretch who was convicted at the late assizes for the murder of his wife, and who was lying for execution on the following Monday. He was absorbed in prayer, and we did not disturb him. There was another individual also convicted with him of the same crime, and who was, in like manner, sentenced to suffer; but he has been pardoned. He is, I believe, innocent of the crime. Ryan, the murderer, first sought to inculcate him as an accomplice, in the hope of being received as king's evidence against him, and thus escaping himself. But when he found his own doom irreversibly sealed, he hesitated not to confess “the deep damnation” which he brought upon himself by being a false accuser; and the poor creature, who was so nearly the victim of his perjury, has been rescued by his penitence. We found him on his knees, giving thanks to God. But he has been a great sufferer. He was twelve months in prison. His little family lost their all when he was taken from them, and they are now, he knows not where, begging about the world. He has had the anguish of thinking that they were without stay or comfort, while they had to bear the burden of his ignominy in addition to their own misery and destitution. Oh God! how awful are thy dispensations! What desolation a wicked man may cause by one single word! How merciful, in the present instance, that the truth was made known before it was too late, and that the worst consequences were thus averted!

Passing from this part of the prison, we proceeded to the execution loft. We ascended the fatal stairs, which so many ascend who are never to return; and the case of the poor creature from whom we had just parted served to impress upon us a painful sense of the blindness and the rashness of criminal justice. When we reached the loft, we perceived, in an adjoining room, an individual stretched upon a pallet which lay upon the ground. He was the executioner. At our approach he aroused himself, and stretched and yawned, somewhat after the manner of a slumbering tiger, when stirred up by its keeper to gratify the curiosity of a stranger; for never did I behold, in human shape, a being who seemed to have so utterly renounced his kindred with our common nature. I felt an undefinable thrill of involuntary horror as I gazed upon him. His large ill-shaped head sat upon a pair of brawny shoulders, from which hung his arms, tapering into the long, lean, dirty fingers, which seemed to have been cast in the very mould that best fitted them for their office, and which so often exhibited a nimble glaucity when busied about the throats of murderers. His body, too, became attenuated; and he lounged about the room with the listless air of one whose only object it was to kill time between one execution and another.

"That fellow," said my friend, "would hang you or me to-morrow, without the least compunction. Wouldn't you, Kelly?"

Kelly peered at us with his sharp grey eyes, and said, "I would."

"I wouldn't like to be in your clutches," said my friend.

"I wouldn't be wishing for you, indeed," said Kelly.

Other "finishers of the law" whom I have occasionally fallen in with retained still some traces which served to identify them with their kind; they seemed as if they and humanity had shaken hands together, and parted good friends. But this fellow and humanity had never been acquainted. He stood surrounded by a repulsive atmosphere, which kept all ordinary sympathies at bay; and the armadillo is not more protected by its coat of mail against external accidents, than he seemed panoplied against every emotion of compassion or touch of nature, which might serve to indicate, as the poet says,

"That we have all of us one human heart."

Others I have seen who were not insensible of the degrading condition to which they were reduced, or of the loathsome feeling with which they were regarded; and they either attempted to brazen it out by a hardened assumption of a callosity which they did not feel, or there was an air of timid deprecation about them which seemed to say that "it was their poverty, not their will," that consented, and to bespeak compassion, or at least forbearance. But in Kelly there was nothing at all of this. He seemed to feed upon ignominy—ay, and with an appetite that "grew by what it fed on." He looked as if he entertained a grudge towards his species, and was not half satisfied at the tardy instalments by which they were paying off the debt they owed him. Others I have seen who have exhibited a visible uneasiness in their degradation: he would have been uneasy *out* of his degradation; it was his life of life—the very element in which he lived and moved and had his being. His nature seemed as if it would oscillate if placed in any other position, and could only find its proper centre of gravity by becoming fixed in the avocations of a hangman. His delight would have been to hold the balance for Shylock, if he was not permitted to enjoy the superior luxury of excising the pound of human flesh.

It is strange, and I know not how to account for it, but the expression of his countenance strongly reminded me of Lord Plunkett. Start not, reader: there are associations of contrast as well as of resemblance. Perhaps, on the present occasion, the suggestion may have arisen from the fact that extremes are nearest,—the head of the law and its most ignominious servant; or it might possibly have arisen from the conviction that the noble lord is now the executioner of his own fame. To a certainty, the fine intellectual forehead of the lord-chancellor was wanting; but, in the back parts of the heads of each, phrenologists would, I believe, have discovered not a little of correspondence; and there was a hardened audacity in the eye, and a lurking ferocity in the visage of the wretch before me, that was altogether in character with his calling—although, had he the noble lord's powers of mind, I doubt if he would at any time have

made a gratuitous parade of his inhumanity. He might in such a case have had the good taste, if not the good feeling, to abstain from cutting reproaches towards a noble, but misguided enthusiast, on the eve of his death, however willing he might be to act as his executioner.

The fellow, too, was dainty of his worth. He knew how necessary he was in critical emergencies—how difficult it would be to supply his place; and the gooler, accordingly, had no small trouble in managing him, and keeping him in humour. He was capricious in his appetite; and if not supplied with the best food, and punch too, without stint, he was apt to sulk or become restive; and the consequences might be serious to all—but the unhappy culprit, to whom his caprice might thus extend a longer day than was intended.

But let us breathe the open air, and escape from this den of misery and guilt, and enjoy again the healthful influences of nature. There are in the town of Galway many other establishments well worthy of the attention of a stranger. Its mendicity institution is highly creditable to the gentlemen by whom it has been established; and the traveller, who has been annoyed by the concourse of importunate beggars in almost every other county town through which he has passed, will be surprised and gratified by the absence of that annoyance in Galway.

There are, besides, improvements, either already accomplished or in progress, by which the inhabitants must be greatly advantaged. A pier has been already erected, which affords a great protection to the boats of the fishermen inhabiting a place called "the Clodder;" and a canal and harbour have been planned, and are in progress, by which the shipping interest must be vastly benefited, and the trade, in general, much improved. The individuals to whose intelligence, energy, and public spirit the inhabitants of Galway are indebted for advantages like these, ought to be held by them in grateful remembrance.

It was to me melancholy to see the dilapidated state of their fine old cathedral, while Roman Catholic places of worship, in all their vulgar assumption of stately architecture, are rising in insulting mockery around it, as if they were intended as a stupid cari-

cature of the venerable pile that is nodding to its fall. Unquestionably, whether it be ascribable to faction or to piety, they are careful of their own, and the blessing of the Rechabites seems to attend them.

Nor is the sad visitation that has come upon the Irish branch of the established church altogether to be ascribed to Lord Melbourne and his accomplices. Recent circumstances have, indeed, enabled his lordship to unmask his designs, and to deploy his forces against it to the most advantage. But if it had not been, in the first instance, compromised by its friends, it never could be harmed by the hostility of its enemies.

It is, however, gratifying to perceive that, whatever may become of the church, Tommy Moore has been taken care of. Lord Melbourne has conferred upon him a pension of three hundred a-year—something, it must be allowed, in these hard times, although rather too parsimonious an allowance, when we consider the industry and the ability with which the little bard has been occupied, from early youth to old age, in the cause of profligacy and sedition. If Lord Melbourne only knew the number of innocent females who became prostitutes from reading his amatory writings, or the number of honest men whom his politics have converted into latent traitors, he would, perhaps, have been more liberal. But he is entitled, at all events, to ample credit for the time chosen for conferring this reward. While with one hand he is weaving a chaplet for the brow of the translator of Anacreon, and the editor of the memoirs of Captain Rock; with the other he is smiting down the established church, and doing all that in him lies to cut the throat of true religion.

Abilities! genius!—undoubtedly Mr. Moore does possess great abilities and transcendent genius; but the question is, how have they been employed? Abilities, and even genius, are often exhibited in a very remarkable degree by blacklegs and pickpockets; but no one thinks that on that account they are entitled to any token of national gratitude. Let it be shewn that Mr. Moore's genius and abilities have been employed in the cause of virtue and morality, and no one will rejoice more heartily than I shall in the honour that

has been done him. But until that is shewn, I must hold that the recent pension which he has received is altogether undeserved, and only calculated to confound the distinction between virtue and vice, and to detract from the value of those other pensions which have been conferred upon individuals whose genius is not more remarkable than their moral worth, and whose writings have reflected a lustre upon their age and their country.

In one respect, I must do Mr. Moore justice: his private life has been amiable, if not blameless. He has been a good son, a good husband, a good father, and a good brother. But his writings have been sources of moral and political pestilence, and for these it is that he has been rewarded. *O tempora! O mores!*

But hie we homeward; it is time to bring my rambling excursion to a close. Having seen as much as I could see in a few days of the old town and its neighbourhood, I prepared for my departure, and took a reluctant leave of my valued friend, to whose cordial

hospitality I was much a debtor. For he is one of those who do not encumber their guests with superfluous civilities. He did what he liked, and I did what I liked;—and that with tenfold satisfaction when I knew that my presence was no impediment to him. We thus contrived to have, without any alloy, no small share of social enjoyment.

I do not mean to trouble the reader with any minute account of my journey upwards. Suffice it to say I was peculiarly fortunate in my fellow-travellers, and derived both pleasure and profit from their conversation on the way. Altogether my excursion was delightful. I returned with a degree of health and vigour, both in body and mind, such as can scarcely be conceived by constant sojourners in the sooty atmosphere of a noisy city, and of which if they could form any adequate idea, there would be far fewer valetudinarians. I seemed to myself as if I had been spending “twelve days with the blameless Ethiopians.”

SONG.

WHEN the hand of Love
Flings its mantle o'er us,
Calm is all above,
Bright is all before us—
Shapes and sounds of day
Float for ever round us;
And without allay
Bliss doth then surround us.

Then the fields are green,
Then the flowers are brightest,
Fairest every scene,
And the heart is lightest—
Blithe and free and gay,
Dream we not of sorrow—
And if blest to-day,
Care not for to-morrow.

When within our hearts
Love the wizard worketh,
At his voice departs
Every care that lurketh.
Where he treadeth blow
Flowers that wither never—
These doth he bestow:
Therefore love we ever.

MODERN LATIN POETS.

(From the *Prout Papers*.—No. XVII.)

CHAP. III.—THEODORE BEZA, FATHER VANIÈRE, GEORGE BUCHANAN.

"Tros Rutulusve fuit nullo discrimine habebō."—*Æneid*, lib. x.

"Je ne décide pas entre Genève et Rome."—*Henriade*, cant. ii. v. 6.

Prout conjures up three ghosts, to sup to-night on a red-herring;
These ghostly guests he interests, of the art they loved conferring;
With a cordial greet the Jesuit hails the two other gemmen—
The cannie Scot, and the Huguenot, from the borders of Lake Leman.—O. Y.

THE character of our sacerdotal luminary gradually unfolding itself in each successive essay, is, we imagine, by this time fully developed; and the contemplative eye has long since scanned every feature in the physiognomy of his mind. Nay, the very lineaments of his face, the exact contour of his countenance, the outlines of his very visage, must, at this stage of the business, be familiar to the fancy of those who (like ourselves) have been debarred the privilege of personal acquaintanceship with the pastor of W. G. Hill. The public, we venture to affirm, hath conceived as satisfactory an idea of his outward man, though depicted by the mere crayon of imagination, as if we had gone to the vast trouble and expense of a wood-cut to grace the cover of our Magazine; and had there ostensibly hung him out in effigy, sign-board fashion, looking unutterable things from a circling festoon of watercresses and laurel. Albeit we have not yet discarded all notion of bringing Prout's head to "the block" (a threat which we may put into execution some of these days); still we are quite confident, that his writings have already furnished so graphic a portraiture of their author, that any pictorial attempt would only be a gilding of refined gold, and a painting of the lily. Some faces are so necessarily characteristic of the mind, and, *vice versa*, some minds so essentially associated with a corresponding facial index, that there can be (to use the memorable word of Wellington) "no mistake." Where is the bat so blind as not to recognise in the duke's eye and beak the eagle of Torres Vedras, the condor of Seringapatam? Who sees not at a glance the ruffian Radical in the phiz of Fieschi? What better "illustration" could even M^rCrone get for a new edition of Goldsmith, than Brougham's head as the rueful schoolmaster of the "deserted village?" Have not the Lords, during the whole session,

"Learnt to trace
The night's disasters in his evening face?"

Speaking of which last remarkable object, the Hon. Mrs. Norton has of late been heard to declare, that it always reminded her of "an abridgement" of profane history." What can she mean?

Our reason for thus adverting to heads, may be understood at once by a reference to certain craniological proceedings, reported to have taken place in Dublin. Every one who has read the paper, published by us in July, 1834, entitled "Swift's Madness; a Tale of a Churn," must know that Prout's parents were the Dean and the accomplished Stella. Those two high authorities, Mr. Burke, the genealogist, and Sir William Betham, Ulster king-at-arms, have admitted the fact. Now it appears that a "scientific association" (a show got up somewhat on the principle of Wombwell's travelling menagerie) hath been recently visiting the Irish capital; and this impersonation of fair Science, having played her antics there for the amusement of an enlightened public, in return for sundry capers exhibited in the Rotunda, hath requested (out-Heroding Herodias!) that the skulls of Swift and Stella should be presented on a charger for her inspection. The result of the phrenological inquest is announced to be the discovery of "*the organ of combativeness*" in Prout's father "*very large*;" that of "*destructiveness*" equally Brobdingnagian; "*wit*" being at a very low mark—"imperceptible." We cannot let this pass without comment. Several other matters, to be sure, deserve notice in these Dublin doings: such, for instance, as

the jury of medical matrons impanelled to report on the hip-bone of poor Charley Mathews; and Dinny Lardner's grand lecture, so clearly demonstrative of what wonders may be still achieved with the jaw-bone of an ass. But are not all these things written in the *Athenæum*? To it we refer.

Our object in alluding to these "transactions" at all, is simply to put the public on its guard against the implied insinuation that Prout inherited from the Dean these *combative* and *destructive* bumps, along with the "imperceptible" share of wit which we are willing to admit fell to his lot, and formed indeed (with a lock of Stella's hair) his sole patrimony. There is not a word of truth in the vile innuendo. Mild and tolerant, ever ready to make allowance for other people's prejudices, sympathising with all mankind, there was not an atom of pugnacity in his composition: we are confident that, had an autopsy taken place at his death, the gall-bladder would have been found empty. He was particularly free from that epidemic disease which has ever raged among clergymen of all persuasions, and for the eradication of which no nostrum has been as yet discovered, we mean the scurvy disorder called, by Galen, *Odium Theologicum*. This virulent and immedicable distemper could never make the slightest inroad on his constitution. To his brethren of the cloth he recommended literary application, as the best remedial regimen and most likely preservative against the contagion of polemics, without going so far as to pronounce the *belles lettres* a complete and effectual prophylactic: still it was one of his innocent superstitions, that the Castalian spring possessed an efficacy somewhat akin to the properties which Tertullian ascribes to "holy water," and that, like the "*aqua lustralis*," it could equally banish evil spirits, chase gowles and vampires, and lay the ghost of bygone dissension wherever it was sprinkled.

Having thus fairly disposed of the "combative bump," and put our adversaries, as far as that goes, totally *hors de combat*, we pass to the "destructive" protuberance which, it is hinted, Swift transferred to his venerable child. Ye gods! Prout a destructive! No, no, the *padre* had too innate a sense of propriety, and had too much gentle blood in his veins, to exhibit himself in the character of a priestly sansculotte; and Vinegar Hill was not the mount on which he paid his political adorations. Like Edmund Burke, he wished to see "no ruin on the face of the land." His youthful reminiscences of the Jacobin Club, of Marat, of Danton, and of Santerre (who, by the by, like Dan, kept a brewery), had given a conservative tone to his feelings. He was deeply distrustful of mere empirical experiment on the social body, and experience had taught him the striking truth, rather bluntly expressed by the pious and sagacious Dr. Johnson, that "*patriotism*" was the last refuge of scoundrels. This he believed to hold good from Wat Tyler and Jack Straw to the leaders of the Birmingham Union, the "Trades," and the "Corn Exchange;" from Alderman Wilkes to Lancet Wakley; from Robespierre to Roebuck; from the "Assignats" to Hume's "Greek Bonds" and O'Connell's "Bank." As for the lay abbot of Derrynane "Abbey," he had watched his early proceedings with a certain degree of interest, and from some memoranda in the chest had actually, it appears, entertained at one time a belief in the lad's political honesty; but we find that he soon smoked the swindling charlatan, when the accounts of "the Catholic Association" began to get somehow "unaccountably mixed up" with his own balances in the banker's ledger; which mistake, we believe, happened as early as 1827: and Prout's prophetic eye foresaw at once the lawyer's bag distending itself, by a miraculous process, into the subsequent giant dimensions of the beggar's wallet. Not that he questioned the right which every public performer, from Punch and Judy up to Paganini, most undoubtedly possesses to send round the hat or the wig for "voluntary contributions;" but the bludgeon system, the theory of "cross bones," the chapel-door profanation, the mixture of bullying and blarney employed in the collection of these coppers by Dan's tax-gatherers, from his head-agent in Dublin, one Vincent Fitzpatrick (who pockets a per centage), down to the lowest keeper of a rural whisky-shop, who finds it his interest to rattle the box, created in Prout's political stomach an indescribable nausea. In one of his sermons to the faithful of Watergrasshill (the MS. is in the chest), he employs, as usual when he seeks to illustrate any topic of importance, a quotation from one of the holy fathers; and the passage he selects is from a homily of St. Augustin, addressed to the people of Hyppo in Africa: — "*Proverbium notum est Punicum quod quidem Latine vobis dicam*

quia Punicè non omnes nostis ; NUMMUM QUERIT PESTILENTIA ? DUOS ILLI DA, ET DUCAT SE !" (*Serm. CLXVII. Sti. Aug. Opera*, tome v. p. 804, *Benedictine Ed.*) i. e. "There is an old proverb of your Phœnician ancestors which I will mention in Latin, as you don't all speak the Punic dialect: 'DOES THE PLAGUE PUT FORTH ITS HAND FOR ALMS? INSTEAD OF A PENNY GIVE TWO, THAT YOU MAY BE MORE SPEEDILY RID OF THE GRIM APPLICANT.' Now, my good parishioners, this aphorism of our Carthaginian forefathers (I am sorry we have not been favoured by St. Augustin with the original Celtic) would hold good if the mendicant only paid us a fortuitous visit; but if he were found to wax importunate in proportion to the peace-offering of pence, and if this claimant of eleemosynary aid announced to us a perpetual and periodical visitation, we should rather adopt the resolution of one Lawrence Sterne (who has written a volume of sermons), and, buttoning up our pocket, stoutly refuse to give a single sous." — *Sermon for Tribute Sunday, in MS.*

The fits of periodical starvation to which the agricultural labourers throughout Ireland (farmers they cannot be called) are subject—the screwing of rents up to an *ad libitum* pressure by the owners of the soil—the "clearing of estates," against which there is no legal remedy, and which can only be noticed by a Rockite *billet-doux*—the slow, wasting process of inanition, which carries off the bulk of the peasantry (for though famine sometimes takes the appearance of a *chronic* distemper, and is then visible to all, there is a slow-fever of hunger endemic through the land, and *permanent* like the malaria of Italy);—these, in Prout's view of things, are (and have been since the days of Swift) the only real *grievances* of the country. In his opinion, it was "too bad" that there should be but one single family among the aborigines entitled to parochial relief, and that one bloated beggarman, bearing like the Turk no brother-mendicant near his throne, should absorb the subsistence of the rest. Municipal arrangements, and the woes of disqualified aspirants after aldermanic turtle, did not excite Prout's sympathy while the ejected peasant of the Irish hovel was suffered by law to die in a ditch; and the gratifying of sectarian vanity, by what are called *liberal* measures, gave him no pleasure while the cottier was allowed to be trampled on by the landlord (Popish or Protestant) with uniform heartlessness and impunity.

" Pellitur in sinu ferens Deos,
Et vir et uxor sordidosque natos."—HOR.

Impressed with this irrefutable doctrine, when the thrilling appeal of Doyle, on behalf of the forsaken and forgotten poor, had forced a blush of conscious guiltiness into the callous cheek of the "man of the people," and when the giant culprit announced his return to the plain principles of decency and justice as the result of the good bishop's touching eloquence, Prout, in common with others, hailed the conversion as a miracle of Providence. How little had he sounded the motives which impelled the sordid neophyte to simulate conviction!

" Un jour HARPAGON, touché par le prône
De son Curé, dit : ' Je vais m'amender ;
Rien n'est si beau, si touchant que l'aumône,
Et de ce pas, je vais — LA DEMANDER ! '"

Any debt fairly due to this man by his co-religionists for oratorical exertions, which probably *had* the effect of antedating by several years the act of their "emancipation," was, in the father's estimate, long since discharged. 'Αρχαῖοις ἰ θύραις; Prout would ask, in the words of Æschines, and with him answer, Οὐχ! ἀλλὰ μεχέλασθον (*Orat. in Ctesiphont.*). Why, then, we ask, does the annual farce of "the rent" still form a dismal after-piece to the sad tragedy of "Irish starvation?" Dicky Shiel's knowledge of things theatrical may perhaps furnish a reply. Both melodramas appear to be "stock-pieces."

Amid the orgies of Glasgow and the Dionysiacs of Modern Athens, surrounded by the drunken Radicals of this island or the cringing parasites that encircle him at home, a truth will necessarily force itself on Dan's recollection, were none of his *caudatus* to remind him of it; i. e. that though he has embittered Irish society, and called into active existence more of hateful religious and party feeling than any other man, he has never added a single potato to the farmer's feast, or brought a single legislative blessing to the peasant's door. The

patriot who would protect his fellow-countrymen from dying of actual hunger, would feel more real joy and a more hallowed delight than the proprietor of a copper-mine producing 80,000*l.* in five years—than the hero of a hundred speeches. The true lover of his country will ever, like Marcellus, enjoy more pure sunshine of the breast than the idol of a deluded mob, with a Whig cabinet at his tail, and (*proh pudor!*), must we add (until next election),

“ With a senate at his heels !”

These were Prout's politics : some may prefer his poetry. We like both.

OLIVER YORKE.

Watergrasshill, Oct. 1826.

Resuming to-night the subject of modern attempts at Latin versification, a name suggests itself sufficiently distinguished, Heaven knows! in the annals of ecclesiastical warfare, but not as familiar as it deserves to be in literary circles. I allude to Brza. Those who imagine that his title of successor to John Calvin, in that snug little popedom established at the headquarters of schism and watchmaking, Geneva, would in the least influence my judgment as to his poetical merits, are wofully ignorant of my way of doing business. To be sure, to those of our cloth, the recollections connected with that neighbourhood are not of the most delectable description. Fraught with certain controversial re-

miniscences, I cannot exactly say with Byron that

“ Lake Leman woos me with her crystal face,”—(Canto iii. st. 68.)

but am rather inclined to join in the testy remark of the Ferney patriarch : “ *Il y a toujours eu des tempêtes dans ce verre d'eau.*” A strange and mysterious attraction seems to have drawn to the borders of this romantic fish-pond Calvin and Madame de Staël, Rousseau and Gibbon, Beza and Sir Egerton Brydges, Voltaire and Sir Humphry Davy (or, as the Italians called him, *Zoromfridevi*), St. Francis de Sales, Monsieur Neckar, Monsieur de Haller, and a host of celebrities in religion, politics, and literature.

“ Lausanne and Ferney! ye have been the abodes
Of names which unto you bequethed a name —
Mortals who sought and found, by dangerous roads,
A path to perpetuity of fame.
They were gigantic minds, and their steep aim
Was, Titan-like, on daring doubts to pile
Thoughts which should call down thunder, and the flame
Of heaven again assailed, if heaven the while
On man and man's research could deign do more than smile.”

Whatever may have been the peculiar fascination of this lake for sensitive souls, it appears to have exercised a wholesome influence on the bodily health of the denizens on its margin ; for, not to mention the octogenarian author of the *Henriade*, our Theodore himself furnished a career of almost a full century, being born in 1519, and deferring his departure from this life to the protracted *millesimo* of 1605! Vezelai, a village of Burgundy, was the cradle of our poet ; in early infancy he was transferred to the house of an old uncle, Nich. de Bèze, a lawyer in Paris, whence, at the age of ten, he was removed to Orleans, and placed under the tuition of Melchior Wolmar, one of the greatest scholastic luminaries of the day : and from him the embryo reformer imbibed the first principles of free judgment in church mat-

ters. In his last will and testament he thanks God, that at the early age of sixteen he had already, in his secret soul, shaken off the trammels of popery. This did not prevent him from accepting the clerical tonsure and *petit collet* to qualify for a church living, viz. the priory of Longjumeau, which he held until the year 1548. He had great expectations from an old uncle, who would infallibly have left him on his death ecclesiastical revenues to the amount of 15,000 livres : things turned out otherwise. Idle and thoughtless, he mixed for years in the gaieties of the French capital, publishing in the intervals of fun and frolic his *Poemata Juvenilia* ; when a serious attachment to a young lady of great mental accomplishments, and also a fit of sickness, caused a change to come o'er the spirit of his life's young dream. On

recovery from his illness, during which no doubt he had enjoyed the services of a most amiable nurse-tender, he renounced his priory, bid adieu to his avuncular prospects, and fled to Geneva, where his superior education and acknowledged scholarship caused him to be received with acclamation. I had forgot to add (indeed it were unnecessary to make formal mention of it to the intelligent reader) that *Candida*, the lady of his love, was the partner of his flight. If we are to judge of her beauty and sylph-like form by the standard of Beza's glowing verses, *Ad pedem Candidæ*,

"O pes! quem geminæ premunt columnæ," &c. &c.

she must have been a fitting Egeria to supply the new legislator of divinity with graceful inspirations. He was made Greek professor at Lausanne, an occupation to which he devoted ten years; and at that place he wrote a Latin tragedy, called the *Sacrifice of Abraham*, which Paquier says drew tears from his eyes: but we fear its melodramatic pathos would be scarcely felt now-a-days, modern play-readers are so hard-hearted. At Lausanne he also published a French translation of the New Testament, and carried on a controversy against Sebastian Castalio, a brother reformer and rival translator, between whom and Beza there appears to have been no love lost. This Castalio had the impudence to censure Calvin for burning Servetus, and our Theodore accordingly wrote a book in his master's defence, which was printed by Robert Etienne (1 vol. 8vo. *Paris*, 1554), "under the sign of the olive," and entitled *De Hereticis a civili Magistratu puniendis*. The doctrine of putting heretics to death is more boldly and strenuously enforced in this

celebrated tract than in all the bigot Den's stupid book of theology, which I regret to see disinterred from the congenial cobwebs of Louvain, by order of some shallow-pated people in Dublin, and thrust on the conferences of the Irish priesthood merely to fill old Dicky Coyne the bookseller's pocket. Beza, of course, little thought what use might be made of his own doctrines, and how easily their application to the Huguenots would suggest itself to the Papists; that sort of foresight which Horace praises in the Roman hero Regulus did not form part of his character: he did not look to the consequences.

"Hoc caverat mens provida Reguli
Dissentientis conditionibus

Sevis et exemplo trahenti
Perniciem veniens in ævum."

HOR., Ode v. lib. iii.

It is but fair to add, that Melancthon differed totally from the tenets of his brethren at Geneva on this matter.

The death of Calvin left him the recognised chief of European Protestantism in 1564, previous to which he had appeared as the representative of the cause at the famous *Colloque de Poissy*; which, like all such exhibitions of religious wrangling, ended in each party being as wise as ever. He presided at the synod of Rochelle in 1570, and his wife, *Candida*, dying in 1588, he remarried a young spouse, whom he calls the "Shunamite:" rather a gay thought for a theologian in his seventy-third year. This, however, is no business of ours. Let us have a stave of his poetry.

Most of his verses are in the hendecasyllabic metre, of which he is a complete master, and the choice of which indicates what were his favourite authors among the Latin writers of the Augustan age.

THEODORUS BEZA

Musis tineam sacrificat.

Si rogat Cereremque Liberumque
Vitis sollicitus sum colonus;
Si Mavortis opus petit cruentus
Miles sollicitus sum salutis;
Quidni, Calliope, tibi tuisque
Jure sacra feram, quibus placere
Est unum studium mihi, omnibusque
Qui ratum e numero volunt habere?

Vobis ergo ferenda sacra, musæ!
Sed quæ victima grata? quæ Camenæ

LINES BY BEZA,

Suggested by a moth-eaten Book

The soldier soothes in his behalf
Bellona, with a victim calf;
The farmer's fold victims exhaust—
Ceres must have her holocaust:
And shall the bard alone refuse
A votive offering to his muse,
Proving the only uncompliant,
Unmindful, and ungrateful client?

What gift, what sacrifice select,
May best betoken his respect?

Dicata hostia? parcite, o sorores;
Nova hæc victima sed tamen suavis
Futura arbitror, admodumque grata.
Accede, o tinea! illa quæ pusillo
Ventrem corpore geris voracem.

Tene Pieridum aggredi ministros?
Tene arrodere tam sacros labores?
Nec factum mihi denega: ecce furti
Tui exempla tuæ et voracitatis!
Tu feré mihi "Passerem" Catulli,
Tu feré mihi "Lesbiam" abstulisti.

Nunc certe meus ille Martialis
Ima ad viscera rosus ecce languet,
Et querit medicum suum "Triphonem;"
Imo, et ipse Maro, qui pepercit
Olim flamma, tuum tamen terebrum
Nuper, o fera ter scelestâ, sensit.
Quid dicam innumeros bene eruditos,
Quorum tu monumenta et labores
Isto pessimo ventre devorasti?

Prodi jam, tunicam relinque! prodi!
Vah! ut callida stringit ipsa sese
Ut mortem simulat! Scelestâ, prodi,
Pro tot criminibus datura penas.
Age, istum jugulo tuo mucronem,
Cruentâ, accipe, et istum! et istum! et
istum!
Vide ut palpitet! ut cruore largo
Aras polluerit profana sacras.

At vos, Pierides bonæque musæ,
Nunc gaudete! jacet fera interempta:
Jacet sacrilega illa quæ solebat
Sacros Pieridum vorare servos.
Hanc vobis tunicam, hæc dico, Camœnæ,
Vobis exuvias, ut hunc tropæum
Parnasso in medio locetis: et sit
Hæc inscriptio, DE FERÂ INTEREMPTÂ
BEZÆUS SPOLIA HÆC OPIMA MUSIS.

I know not whether the laureate
Southey, whose range of reading takes
in, like the whirlpool of the Indian
ocean, sea-weed and straws, as well as
frigates and merchantmen, has not
found, in this obscure poem of Beza,
the prototype of his fanciful lines

"On a Worm in the Nut.

Nay, gather not that filbert, Nicholas;
There is a maggot there: it is his house,
His castle—oh, commit not burglary!
Strip him not naked; 'tis his clothes, his
shell,
His bones, the very armour of his life.
And thou shalt do no murder, Nicholas!
It were an easy thing to crack that nut,
Or with thy crackers or thy double teeth:
So easily may all things be destroyed!
But 'tis not in the power of mortal man

Stay, let me think... O happy notion!
What can denote more true devotion,
What victim give more pleasing odour,
Than yon small grub, yon wee corroder,
Of sluggish gait, of shape uncouth,
With Jacobin destructive tooth?

Ho, creeper! thy last hour is come;
Be thou the muses' hecatomb!*
With whining arts think not to gull us:
Have I not caught thee in Catullus,
Converting into thy vile marrow
His matchless verses on "the Sparrow?"

Of late, thy stomach had been partial
To sundry tit-bits out of Martial;
Nay, I have traced thee, insect keen-eyed!
Through the fourth book of Maro's "Æneid."
On vulgar French could'st not thou fatten,
And curb thy appetite for Latin?
Or, if thou would'st take Latin from us,
Why not devour Duns Scot and Thomas?
Might not the "Digest" and "Decretals"
Have served thee, varlet! for thy victuals?

Victim! come forth! crawl from thy nook!
Fit altar be this injured book;
Caitiff! 'tis vain slyly to simulate
Torpor and death; thee this shall immo-
late—
This penknife, fitting guillotine
To shed a bookworm's blood obscene!
Nor can the poet better mark his
Zeal for the muse than on thy carcass.

The deed is done! the insect Goth,
Unmourned (save by maternal moth),
Slain without mercy or remorse,
Lies there, a melancholy corse.
The page he had profaned 'tis meet
Should be the robber's winding-sheet;
While for the deed the muse decrees a
Wreath of her brightest bays to BEZA.

To mend the fracture of a filbert-shell.
Enough of dangers and of enemies
Hath Nature's wisdom for the worm or-
dained.
Increase not thou the number! him the
mouse,
Gnawing with nibbling tooth the shell's
defence,
May from his native tenement eject;
Him may the nut-hatch, piercing with
strong bill,
Unwittingly destroy; or to his hoard
The squirrel bear, at leisure to be crack'd.
Man also bath his dangers and his foes
As this poor maggot hath; and when I
muse
Upon the aches, anxieties, and fears,
The maggot knows not, Nicholas, me-
thinks
It were a happy metamorphosis
To be enkerneled thus: never to hear

Of wars, and of invasions, and of plots,
Kings, Jacobins, and tax-commissioners;
To feel no motion but the wind that shook
The filbert-tree, and rock'd me to my rest;
And in the middle of such exquisite food
To live luxurious! the perfection this
Of snugness! it were to unite at once
Hermit retirement, aldermanic bliss,
And Stoic independence of mankind."

But perhaps Lafontaine's rat, who retired from the world's intercourse to the hermitage of a *fromage d'Hollande*, was the real source of Southey's inspiration.

In another effusion, which he has entitled *Ad Bibliothecam*, Beza's enthusiasm for the writers of classic antiquity breaks out in fine style; and as the enumeration of his favourites may possess some interest, inasmuch as it affords a clue to his early course of reading, I insert a fragment of this glorious nomenclature. The catalogue requires no translation:

"Salvete incolumes mei libelli,
Mœæ deliciae, mœæ salutes!
Salve mi Cicero, Catulle, salve!
Salve mi Maro, Plinifmque uterque!
Mi Cato, Columella, Varro, Livi!
Salve mi quoque Plaute, tu Terenti,
Et tu salve Ovidi, Fabi, Properti!
Vos salvete etiam disertiores
Græci! ponere quos loco priore
Decebat, Sophocles, Isocratesque,
Et tu cui popularis aura nomen
Dedit; tu quoque magne Homere salve!
Salve Aristoteles, Plato, Timœe!
Et vos, O reliqui! quibus negatum est
Includi numeris phœuicorum."

The lines which I have marked in italics would seem to convey the theory subsequently broached by Professor Wolff, and maintained with such prodigious learning; viz. that Homer was a mere *cns rationis*, a *nominis umbra*, representing no individual of the species — such poet never having, in fact, existed — but that the various rhapsodies forming the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* were collected throughout Greece, and the authorship ascribed to this imaginary personage about the time of Lycurgus. The scepticism of Beza would greatly corroborate the Wolffian doctrine; but Alexander Pope would not, I fear, be found easy to persuade on this head, if we may judge from his ridiculing similar assertions made in his day by some hero of the *Dunciad*:

"With him all authors steal their works,
or buy —
Garth did not write his own *Dispensary*."

We have no similar list of his favourite authors among the modern or contemporary writers, but it would appear that he had a great partiality for old Frank Rabelais, and that he relished exceedingly the learned buffoonery of that illustrious Theban. Witness the following commendatory distich, in which he has recorded his admiration:

"Qui sic nugatur, tractantem ut seria
vincent,
Seria cum scribet, dic modo qualis erit?"

If jokes and fun he shew such might in,
What would he be in serious writing?

Of Beza, as a religionist, it does not become me to say a word. Henri Quatre, in the supposed interview with Queen Elizabeth, is introduced by the poet as declaring his incompetency to pronounce on the rival merits of Rome and Geneva: a passage which the facetious Morgan O'Doherty, when on a visit to Watergrasshill, distorted to a very singular meaning. I asked the baronet whether he preferred Irish alcohol to Jamaica spirits, French brandy to London gin. "*Mon bon père! je ne décide pas*," was his reply (delivered with unusual modesty),

"ENTRE GINÈVRE ET RUM!
as the poet says, but send round the whisky-bottle, by all means."

A notice of Jacques Vanière must be necessarily brief, as far as biographical detail. His was the quiet, peaceful, but not illiterate life of the cloister; days of calm, unimpassioned existence, gliding insensibly, but not unpleasingly nor unprofitably, onwards to the repose of the grave and the hopes of immortality. He was born in the south of France, near Montpellier, in 1664; was enrolled among the Jesuits at the age of sixteen; and died at Toulouse in 1739, at the advanced age of seventy-three. By the by, Latin poetry seems to act most beneficially on the constitution of its modern cultivators; and it behoves the managers of insurance companies to look sharply after annuitants addicted to the use of the hexameter. Let them ponder over the following scale of longevity, which I submit *gratis* to their inspection:

Jerome Vida æt. 97
Sincerus Sannazar 72
Jerome Fracastor 71

Theodore Besa.....	et. 86
Jaques Vanière	73
George Buchanan	76

The only incident that broke in on the calm monotony of his career was a law-suit about a library, bequeathed to his college by the Archbishop of Toulouse, and which the surviving relatives of Monsgr. de la Berchère chose to litigate. The affair took ten years, and was then sent up to the privy-council; whither Vanière followed it, preceded by the reputation which his *Prædium Rusticum* had justly acquired. On his way to Paris through Lyons, the academy of this latter place met him in grand ceremony at the city-gates; and still higher honours were paid him in the metropolis. His visit to the Bibliothèque du Roi was deemed an event fit to be recorded in the annals of the establishment, where it is extant; but a more durable memorial of the sensation he created exists in the shape of a bronze medal, struck in honour of the poet; an impression of which may be seen in the *Musæum Mazzuchelianum*, II. pl. 169, with the *exergue* "RURIS OPES ET DELITIÆ." Notwithstanding all this, and the protection of Cardinal Fleury, he lost his suit, but never his temper, which was singularly mild. Schoolboys are not aware that they owe him a vast debt of gratitude; he being the compiler of that wondrous ladder of Jacob yeleft *Gradus ad Parnassum*, by the aid of which many an *Etonian* and *Harrowite* has been enabled to exclaim with Horace,

"Sublimi feriam sidera vertice!"

The *Prædium Rusticum* comprises sixteen books, each on a separate subject of agricultural interest, but all distinguished by a brilliant fancy, a kindly feeling, and a keen relish for the pursuits of rural life. The topics best handled are "vineyards," "fish-ponds," "poultry," "gardening," "game-preserves," and "sheep-walks;" nor do I know any book which conveys such a beautiful and detailed picture of farming operations in France before the Revolution. Since that event, the whole system of landed property having been dashed to pieces, a totally different state of society has supervened, and the morals, habits, and character of the French peasantry, are altogether different. In Vanière's poem there are evidences of an abundance and a cheerful industry, with ha-

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bits of subordination and happy simplicity, of which not a trace remains among the present generation.

There are several singular notions broached in this book: *ex. gr.* in deprecating the destruction of forests, our poet points out the value of *fire-wood*, much lamenting over the necessity which compels the English to burn coals, and then resort to Montpellier to get cured of subsequent consumption:

"... Antiquos ferro ñe dejice lucos!
Aspice defosso terris carbone Britanni,
Quàm male dissolvunt frigus! quàm
ducitur egre
Spiritus! infesto nñ labescentibus igne
Monspeliensis opem tulerit pulmonibus
aër."

The digging of the canal of Languedoc, "*gemino faciens commercia ponto*," forms a glorious episode (lib. i.); as also does the memorable plague of Marseilles (lib. iii.), celebrated by Pope, and during which our poet's *confères* distinguished themselves by their heroic devotedness. The description of a village-festival, in honour of the patron-saint (lib. vii.), has been deservedly admired, having been translated by Delille. The famous year of the hard frost, which, towards the close of the reign of Louis XIV., destroyed all the olive plantations in the south of France, is also fittingly sung (lib. viii.); but commend me to a cock-fight (lib. xii.):

"Colla rigent hirsuta júbis — palearea
mento
Dira rubent — pugnae præludia nulla —
sed ambo
Partibus adversis facto simul impete duris
Pectora pectoribus quatiant, hostilia ros-
tris
Rostra petunt, strictosque repulsant un-
guibus ungues.
Avulsæ volitant plumæ! cruor irrigat
artus;
Needum odiis iræque datum satis, hor-
rida needum
Bella cadunt, domitum victor dum stra-
verit hostem;
Ductaque pulset ovans plaudentibus ilia
pennis
Et sublime caput circumferat atque tri-
umphum
Occinat et vacuâ solus jam regnat in
aulâ."

The various habits of the swan, the peacock, the turkey, and other feathered subjects, are capricially struck off; nor

is there a more pathetic passage in the *Sorrows of Werter* than the one descriptive of a hen's grief. This hen is made to "sit" on a batch of duck's eggs, and when the ducklings have appeared she still believes them to be chickens, and acts accordingly, until, by some fatal chance, they are led to the brink of a pond; when lo! the

secret of their birth is revealed: they rush instinctively into the deep, and leave their disconsolate ~~father~~-parent "on the bleak shore alone." The passage, however, which I have selected for translation is in a higher key, and gives a very favourable idea of the father's candour and benevolence. It occurs towards the close of his poem.

From VANIÈRE'S *Prædium Rusticum*, lib. xi.

"Hactenus in sterili satis eluctatus arenâ,
Et fodere et ferro lætas compescere vites
Edocui, falcem tractans durosque ligones.
Nunc cratere manum armatus, nunc sordida musto
Vasa gerens, cellas et subterranea Bacchi
Hospitia ingredior. Proh quanta silentia! quantus
Horror inest! lato pendet curvamine fornix
Luce carens fumoque niger. Stant ordine longo
Dolia, quæ culicum globus obsidet, atque bibaci
Guttula si qua meri costis dependeat ore,
Sugit et in varios circumvolat ebruius orbes," &c. &c.

Meditations in a Wine-Cellar.

BY THE JESUIT VANIÈRE.

"Introduxit me in cellam vinariam."—*Song of Solomon*, cap. ii. v. 4.
(Vulgate version.)

I.

I've taught thus far a vineyard how to plant,
Wielded the pruning-hook, and plied the hoe,
And trod the grape; now, Father Bacchus, grant
Entrance to where, in many a goodly row,
You keep your treasures safely lodged below.
Well have I earned the privilege I ask;
Then proudly down the cellar-steps I go:
Fain would I terminate my tuneful task,
Pondering before each pipe, communing with each cask.

II.

Hail, horrors, hail! Welcome, Cimmerian cellar!
Of liquid bullion inexhausted mine!
Cumean cave! . . . no sibyl thy indweller:
Sole Pythoness, the witchery of wine!
Pleased I explore this sanctuary of thine,
An humble votary, whom venturous feet
Have brought into thy subterranean shrine;
Its mysteries I reverently greet,
Pacing these solemn vaults in contemplation sweet.

III.

Armed with a lantern though the poet walks,
Who dares upon those silent halls intrude
He cometh not a pupil of GUY FAUX,
O'er treasonable practices to brood
Within this deep and awful solitude;
Albeit LOYOLA claims him for a son,
Yet, with the kindest sympathies imbued
For every human thing heaven shines upon,
Naught in his bosom beats but love and benison.

IV.

He knows ~~now~~ ~~cases~~ not what be other men's
 Notions concerning orthodox belief;
 Others may seek theology in "Dava."
 He in this grot would rather take a leaf
 From Wisdom's book, and of existence brief
 Learn not to waste in empty jars the span.
 If jars there must be in this vale of grief,
 Let them be *full ones*! let the flowing can
 Reign umpire of disputes, uniting man with man.

V.

'Twere better thus than in collegiate hall,
 Where huge infolios and ponderous tomes
 Build up Divinity's dark arsenal,
 Grope in the gloom with controversial gnomes—
 Geneva's gospel still at war with Rome's:
 Better to bury discord and dissent
 In the calm cellar's peaceful catacombs,
 Than on dogmatic bickerings intent,
 Poison the pleasing hours for man's enjoyment meant.

VI.

Doth yonder cask of BURGUNDY repine,
 That some prefer his brother of BORDEAUX?
 Is old GARUMNA jealous of the RHINE?
 Gaul, of the grape Germanic vineyards grow?
 Doth XERES deem meek LACHRYMA his foe?
 On the calm banks that fringe the blue MOSELLE,
 On LEMAN's margin, on the plains of Po,
 Pure from one common sky these dew-drops fell.
 Hast thou preserved the juice in purity? 'Tis well!

VII.

Lessons of love, and light, and liberty,
 Lurk in these wooden volumes. Freedom's code
 Lies there, and pity's charter. Poetry
 And genius make their favourite abode
 In double range of goodly puncheons stowed;
 Whence welling up freely, as from a fount,
 The flood of fancy in all time has flowed,
 Gushing with more exuberance, I count,
 Than from Pierian spring on Greece's fabled mount.

VIII.

School of Athenian eloquence I did not
 Demosthenes, half-tonsured, love to pass
 Winters in such preparatory grot,
 His topics there in fit array to class,
 And stores of wit and argument amass?
 Hath not another Greek of late arisen,
 Whose eloquence partaketh of the glass,
 Whose nose and tropes with rival radiance glisten,
 And unto whom the Peers night after night *must* listen?

IX.

Say not that wine hath bred dissensions—wars;
 Charge not the grape, calumnious, with the blame
 Of murdered Clytus. Lapithæ, Centaurs,
 Drunkards of every age, will aye defame
 The innocent vine to palliate their shame.

O Thyrsus, magic wand ! thou mak'st appear
 Man in his own true colours—vice proclaim
 Its infamy—sin its foul figure rear,
 Like the recumbent toad touched by Ithuriel's spear !

X.

The glorious sun a savage may revile,*
 And shoot his arrows at the god of day;
 Th' ungrateful Æthiop on thy banks, O Nile !
 With barbarous shout and insult may repay
 Apollo for his vivifying ray,
 Unheeded by the god, whose fiery team
 Prances along the sky's immortal way;
 While from his brow, flood-like, the bounteous beam
 Bursts on the stupid slaves who gracelessly blasphemc.

XI.

That savage outcry some attempt to ape,
 Loading old Bacchus with absurd abuse;
 But, pitying them, the father of the grape,
 And conscious of their intellect obtuse,
 Tells them to go (for answer) to the juice:
 Meantime the god, whom fools would fain annoy,
 Rides on a cask, and, of his wine profuse,
 Sends up to earth the flood without alloy,
 Whence round the general globe circles the cup of joy.

XII.

Hard was thy fate, much-injured HYLAS ! whom
 The roguish Naiads of the fount entrapped;
 Thine was, in sooth, a melancholy doom—
 In liquid robes for wint'ry wardrobe wrapped,
 And "in Elysium" of spring-water "lapped !"
 Better if hither thou hadst been enticed,
 Where casks abound and generous wine is tapped;
 Thou would'st not feel, as now, thy limbs all iced,
 But deem thyself in truth blest and imparadised.

XIII.

A Roman king—the second of the series—
 NUMA, who reigned upon Mount PALATINE,
 Possessed a private grotto called *Egeria's*;
 Where, being in the legislative line,
 He kept an oracle men deemed divine.
 What nymph it was from whom his "law" he got
 None ever knew; but jars, that smelt of wine,
 Have lately been discovered in a grot
 Of that *Egerian* vale. Was this the nymph? God wot.

" * Le Nil a vu sur ses rivages
 Les noirs habitants des déserts
 Insulter, par de cris sauvages,
 L'astre brillant de l'univers.
 Cris impuissans ! fureurs bizarres !
 Tandis que ces monstres barbares
 Pousent d'inutiles clameurs,
 Le Dieu, poursuivant sa carrière,
 Verse des torrens de lumière
 Sur ses obscurs blasphémateurs."

This, of all the voluminous effusions from the pen of Le Franc de Pompignan, is the only stanza which will be remembered by posterity: it occurs in a collection of poetry which he has entitled *Poésies Sacrées*—a large quarto book. "*Sacrées elles sont*," says Voltaire, "*car personne n'y touche*."—PROUT.

Here would I dwell ! Oblivious !* aye shut but
 Passions and pangs that plague the human heart,
 Content to range this goodly grot throughout,
 Loth, like the lotus-eater, to depart,
 Deeming this cave of joy the genuine mart ;
 CELLAR, though dark and dreary, yet I ween
 Dépôt of brightest intellect thou art !
 Calm reservoir of sentiment serene !
 Miscellany of mind ! wit's GLORIOUS MAGAZINE !

Of George Buchanan Scotland may be justly proud ; though I suspect there exists among our northern friends a greater disposition to glory in the fame he has acquired for them than an anxiety to read his works, of which there was never an edition published on the other side of the great wall of Antonine save one, and that not until the year 1715 by Ruddiman, in 1 vol. folio. The continental editions are innumerable. The Scotch have been equally unmindful of certain earlier celebrities, such as John Hollybush, known abroad by the name of Sacrobosco, who flourished in 1230 ; Duns Scotus, who made their name famous among the Gentiles in 1300, and concerning whom a contemporary poet thought it necessary to observe—

“ Non *Scotus* a tenebris sed *Scotus* nomine dictus,
 A populo extremum qui colit oceanum.”

Then there was John Mair, a professor of Sorbonne, born among them in 1446 ; not to speak of Tom Dempster, professor at Bologna, and Andrew Melvin the poet, on whose patronymic the following execrable pun was perpetrated :

“ Qui non *mel* sed *fel* non *vinum* das sed acetum
 Quam malé tam belli nominis omen habes.”

As to the admirable Crichton, the pupil of Buchanan, I don't much blame them for not making a fuss about *him*, as the only copy of his works (in MSS.) happens to be in my possession, having been discovered by me in an old trunk in Mantua, and shewn to no human being except Mr. Ainsworth, who mentioned to me his project of sketching off that brilliant character when last he visited Watergrasshill. These unpublished works will be found among my papers by my executors. To return to Buchanan, he has taken the precaution of writing his own life, conscious that if left to some of nature's journeymen

it would be sadly handled. Born in 1506, in the shire of Lennox, poor and penniless, he contrived to get over to Paris, where having narrowly escaped starvation at the university (the fare must have been very bad on which a Caledonian could not thrive), he returned “bock agin,” and enlisted at Edinburgh in a company of French auxiliaries, merely, as he says, to learn “military tactics.” Our soldier spent a winter in hospital, which sickened him of martial pursuits. So to Paris he sped on a second spree, and contrived to get appointed master of grammar at the college of Ste. Barbe. Here a godsend fell in his way in the shape of a young Scotch nobleman, Kennedy, Earl of Cassilis, who brought him to Scotland, and introduced him at court. James made him tutor to one of his bastard sons ; another being placed under the care of Erasmus. These lads were born with a silver spoon ! Meantime Buchanan's evil star led him to lampoon the Franciscan friars, at the request, he says, of the king, who detested the fraternity ; but it cost him dear. Were it not for the kind offices of the young princess Mary (whom he subsequently libelled), it would have gone hard with him. Be that as it may, he contrived to get out of prison, fled from the vengeance of Cardinal Beaton into England, where Henry was then busy bringing to the stake folks of every persuasion ; wherefore he crossed to France, but found Beaton before him at Paris : so he proceeded to Bordeaux, and met a friendly reception from André Govea, the Portuguese rector of that Gascon university. While in this city he composed the tragedy of *Jephthé*, to discourage the foolish melodramas of that period called “mysteries,” of which Victor Hugo has given such a ludicrous specimen in the opening chapters of his *Notre Dame* ; he also presented a complimentary address to Charles V. on his passage from

‘ Quittons ce lieu où ma raison s'enivre.’—BÉRANGER.

Madrid to Paris. GÓVEA subsequently took him to Coimbra, of which celebrated academy he thus became one of the early founders. But the friars, who never yet lost sight of a foe, got him at last here into the clutches of the Inquisition; and, during a long captivity in *Banco St. Dominici*, he was at leisure to execute his glorious translation of the Psalms into Latin lyrical verse.

From Portugal he managed to escape in a Turkish vessel bound for London, and thence repaired to France, for which country he appears to have had a peculiar predilection. He there got employment as tutor in the Marshale Brissac's family; and meantime wrote verses in honour of every leading contemporary event, such as the raising of the siege of Metz, the taking of Vercelles, and the capture of Calais by the Duc de Guise in 1557. This

latter occurrence is one of such peculiar interest to an English reader, and gives Buchanan such an opportunity of expressing his real sentiments towards England, that "I have selected it for translation. It is strange that in his autobiography he abuses the hero whom he celebrates in his ode, and who was no other than the celebrated Guise le *Balafré* (so called from a cicatrice on the cheek), whose statue may be seen in our own day on the market-place of Calais, and whose military genius and activity much resembled the rapid conceptions and brilliant execution of Buonaparte. The allusion to the prevalent astrological mania at court is quite characteristic of the philosophic poet, ever grave and austere even in the exercise of fancy; but the abuse lavished on the ex-emperor Charles V. is not a proof of Buchanan's consistency.

Ad Franciæ Regem, Henricum II., post victos Caletes, GEORGIUS BUCHANAN, Scotus.

Non Parca fati conscia, lubricæ
Non sortia axis, sistere nescius,
Non siderum lapsus, sed unus
Rerum opifex moderatur orbem.

Qui terram inertem stare loco jubet,
Æquor perennes volvere vortices,
Columque nunc lucem tenèbris,
Nuuc tenebras variare luce.

Qui temperatæ sceptrâ modestiæ,
Dat et protervæ fræna superbiæ,
Qui lachrymis fœdat triumphos,
Et lachrymas hilarat triumphis.

Exempla longè ne repetam; en! jacet
Fractusque et exapes, quem gremio suo
Fortuna fotum nuper omnes
Per populos tumidum ferebat.

Nec tu secundo flamine quem super
Felicîtatis vexerat æquora
Henrice! virtus,—nesciisti,
Umbriferæ fremitum procellæ.

Sed pertinax hunc fastus adhuc premit,
Urgetque præsum, et progeniem sui

Ode on the taking of Calais, addressed to Henry II., King of France, by GEORGE BUCHANAN.

Henry! let none commend to thee
FATE, FORTUNE, DOOM, or DESTINY,
Or STAR in heaven's high canopy,
With magic glow
Shining on man's nativity,
For weal or wo.

Rather, O king! here recognise
A PROVIDENCE all just, all wise,
Of every earthly enterprise
The hidden mover;
Aye casting calm complacent eyes
Down on thy Louvre.

Prompt to assume the right's defence,
Mercy unto the meek dispense,
Curb the rude jaws of insolence
With bit and bridle,
And scourge the chiel whose frankincense
Burns for an idol.

Who, his triumphant course amid,
Who smote the monarch of Madrid,
And bade Pavia's victor bid
To power farewell?
Once Europe's arbiter, now hid
In hermit's cell.

Thou, too, hast known misfortune's blast;
Tempests have bent thy stately mast,
And nigh upon the breakers cast
Thy gallant ship:
But now the hurricane is passed—
Hushed is the deep.

For PHILIP, lord of ARRAGON,
Of haughty CHARLES the haughty son,

Fiduciâque pari tumentem,
Clade pari exagitat Philippum.

Te qui minorem te superis geris,
Culpamque fletu dilais agnitam,
Mitis parens placatus audit,
Et solitum cumulat favorem.

Redintegratæ nec tibi gratiæ
Obscura promit signa. Sub algido
Nox Capricorno longa terras
Perpetuis tenebris premebat,

Rigebat auris bruma nivalibus,
Amnes acuto constiterant gelu,
Deformis horror incubabat
Jugibus viduis colono.

At signa castris Francus ut extulit
Ductorque Franci Guizius agminis,
Arrisit argenti sub arcto
Temperies melioris arcus.

Hyems retuso languida spiculo
Vim mitigavit frigoris asperi,
Siccis per hybernum serenum
Nube cavâ stetit imber arvis.

Ergo nec altis tuta paludibus
Tulere vires mœnia Gallicas;
Nec arcibus tutas paludes
Præcipitæ tenuere cursum.

LORRÈNE princeps! præcipuo Dei
Favore felix, præcipuus Deus
Cui tradidit partes, superbos
Ut premeres domitricæ dextrâ.

Unius anni curriculo sequens
Vix credet ætas promeritas tibi
Tot laureas, nec si per mæthram
Pegaseâ* veherere pennâ.

Cessere saltus ninguidi, et Alpium
Inserta culo culmina, cum pater
Romanus oraret, propinque ut
Subjiceret humeros ruinas.

The clouds still gather dark and dun,
The sky still scowls;
And round his gorgeous galleon
The tempest howls.

Thou, when th' Almighty ruler dealt
The blows thy kingdom lately felt,
Thy brow unhelmed, unbound thy belt,
Thy feet unshod,
Humbly before the chastener knelt,
And kissed the rod.

Pardon and peace thy penance bought;
Joyful the seraph Mercy brought
The olive-bough, with blessing fraught
For thee and France;—
God for thy captive kingdom wrought
Deliverance.

'Twas dark and drear! 'twas winter's reign!
Grim horror walked the lonesome plain;
The ice held bound with crystal chain
Lake, flood, and rill;
And dismal piped the hurricane
His music a-brill.

But when the gallant GUISE displayed
The flag of FRANCE, and drew the blade,
Straight the obsequious season bade
Its rigour cease;
And, lowly crouching, homage paid
The FLEUR DE LYS.

Winter his violence withheld,
His progeny of tempests quelled,
His canopy of clouds dispelled,
Unveiled the sun—
And blithesome days unparalleled
Began to run.

'Twas then beleaguered Calais found,
With swamps and marshes fenced around,
With counterscarp, and moat, and mound,
And yawning trench,
Vainly her hundred bulwarks frowned
To stay the French.

GUISE! child of glory and Lorraine,
Ever thine house hath proved the bane
Of France's foes! aye from the chain
Of slavery kept her,
And to the teeth of haughty Spain
Upheld her sceptre.

Scarce will a future age believe
Th' deeds one year saw thee achieve:
Fame in her narrative should give
Thee magic pinions
To range, with free prerogative,
All earth's dominions.

What were the year's achievements? first,
Yon Alps their barrier saw thee burst,
To bruise a reptile's head, who durst,
With viper sting,
Assail (ingratitude accurst!)
Rome's Pontiff-King.

* Buchanan appears to have the following verse of Hesiod in view:

Τῆν μὲν Πηνελόπειά καὶ ἄλλας Βαλλεοφάντας.—Theogonia.

Defensa Roma, et capta Valentia,
Coacta pacem Parthenope pati,
Fama tui Segusianus
Barbarica face liberatus.

Æquor procellis, terra paludibus,
Armis BRITANNUS, mœnia sæculis
Invicta longis insolentes
Munierant animos Caletum :

Loræna virtus, sueta per invia
Non usitatum carpere tramitem,
Invicta devincendo, famam
Laude nova veterem refellit.

Ferox BRITANNUS viribus antebac
Gallisque semper cladibus imminens,
Vix se putat securum ab hoste
Fluctibus Oceani diremptus.

Regina, pacem nescia perpeti
Jam spreta mœret fœdera : Jam Dei
Iram timet sibi imminentem
Vindictis et furie flagellum.

Huic luce terror Martius assonat,
Diræque cædis mens sibi conscia,
Umbraeque nocturna, quietem
Terrificis agitant figuris.

Every schoolboy knows that this event broke Queen Mary's heart, so inconsolable was she for the loss of those "keys of France" which the monarchs of England, from Edward to the bluff Harry, had gloried in wearing suspended to the royal girdle.

Of Buchanan's career on his return to Scotland, and his conduct as a politician and courtier, I rather say nothing, than not enter fully in that intricate subject as it deserves. The limits of this paper do not allow me the latter alternative. As a poet his career terminated when the gates of state intrigue were thrown open to his ingress, and so I bid him farewell on the threshold. His *Maia Calenda*, his "*Epicædium* on the death of John Calvin," his poem *De Sphæra*, his translations from Euripides, his elegiac poetry, all his titles to renown had been already won ere he entered on the stage as a political partisan. By the way, John Milton has translated his tragedy of *Baptistes*, if we are to

To rescue Rome, capture Plaisance,
Make Naples yield the claims of France,
While the mere shadow of thy lance
O'erawed the Turk : —

Such was, within the year's expanse,
Thy journey-work.

But Calais yet remained unwon —
Calais, strong hold of Albion,
Her zone begirt with blade and gun,
In all the pomp
And pride of war ; fierce Amazon !
Queen of a swamp !

But even she hath proven frail,
Her walls and swamps of no avail ;
What citadel may Guise not scale,
Climb, storm, and seize ?
What foe before thee may not quail,
O gallant Guise !

Thee let the men of England dread,
Whom Edward erst victorious led,
Right joyful now that ocean's bed
Between them rolls
And thee ! — that thy triumphant tread
Yon wave controls.

Let ruthless MARY learn from hence
That Perfidy's a foul offence ;
That falsehood hath its recompense ;
That treaties broken,
The anger of Omnipotence
At length have woken.

May evil counsels prove the bane
And curse of her unhallowed reign ;
Remorse, with its disastrous train,
Infest her palace ;
And may she of God's vengeance drain
The brimming chalice !

credit Peck's edition of the bard of Paradise. Certain it is, however, that Buchanan's *De Jure Regni apud Scotos*, a wonderful step in radicalism for that day, was the prototype of the Cromwellian secretary's *Defensio pro Populo Anglicano*. It appears that Buchanan had some share in the education of Michel Montaigne, — a glorious feather in his cap, if it be not a borrowed one. Crichton was *certainly* his scholar ; and no better proof of the fact can be afforded than the following lyric (from the MS. found by me in an old trunk, as before stated), a copy of which I fear has got abroad in Burns's time, he having somehow transferred the sentiments it expresses most *literally* to a song of his set to a well-known tune. However it is clear that Crichton's claim cannot be invalidated by any *ex post facto* concern ; to him the original version of the matter belongs undoubtedly, or else I am no judge. In fact, the thing speaks for itself.

Joannem Andrea filium anus uxor alloquitur.

(From the unpublished Works of the
"admirable" CRICHTON.)

Senex Joannes! dulcis amor tum
Anilis æquè conjugis! integrâ
Cum nos juventâ jungeremur
Quàm bene cæsaries nitebat!
Frontis marito qualis erat decor!
Nunc, heu! nivalis canities premit,
Nullas sed his canis capillis
Illecebræ mihi cariore!

Quando, Joannes mi bone! primitus
Natura rerum finxit imagines
Formam elaboravit virilem,
Hoc ut opus fieret magistrum.
Sed, inter omnes quas opifex pia
Struxit figuras artifici manu,
Curavit ut membris et ore
Nulla foret tibi par Joannes!

Tibi rosarum primitias dedi,
Vernosque virgo candida flosculos,
Nec fonte miraris quod illo
Delicias repetam perennes:
Jam te senilem, jam veterem vocant;
Verum nec illis credula, nec tibi,
Oblita vel menses, vel annos,
Haurio perpetuos amores.

Propago nobis orta parentibus,
Crevit remotis aucta nepotibus,
At nos in amborum calentes
Usque sinu recreamur ambo;
Hyems amori nulla supervenit—
Nos semper ulnis in mutuis beat,
Tibique perduro superstes
Qualis eram nitidâ juventâ.

Patris voluptas quanta domesticam
(Dum corde mater palpat intimo)
Videre natorum coronam
Divitias humilis tabernæ!
Videre natos reddere moribus
Mores parentum, reddere vultibus
Vultus, et exemplo fideles
Tendere cum proavis Olympo.

Heu! mi Joannes, Temporis alite
Pennâ quot anni, quotque boni dies
Utrumque fugerunt! suprema
Jamque brevi properabit hora.—
Mortis prehendet dextera conjuges
Non imparatos, non timidos mori,
Vitæque functos innocentî,
Nec sine spe melioris ævi!

Vitis labores consociavimus,
Montana juncti vicinus ardua,
Et nunc potiti gaudiorum
Culmine quid remoramur ultrâ?
Dextris revinctis, per semitas retrò
Lenes, petamus vallis iter senex!
Quâ vir et uxor dormiamus
Unius in gremio sepulchri.

*The old Housewife's Address to her
Gudeman.*

(Translated into broad Scotch by ROBERT
BURNS, of the Excise.)

John Anderson my jo, John,
When we were first acquent,
Your locks were like the raven,
Your bonnie brow was brent;
But now your head 's turn'd bald, John,
Your locks are like the snow,
But blessings on your frosty pow,
John Anderson my jo.

John Anderson my jo, John,
When Nature first began
To try her cannie hand, John,
Her master-work was man;
And you amang them all, John,
Sae trig frae top to toe,
She proved to be nae journey-wark,
John Anderson my jo.

John Anderson my jo, John,
Ye were my first conceit,
And ye need na think it strange, John,
That I ca' ye trim and neat:
Though some folks say you're old, John,
I never think ye so,
But I think you're aye the same to me,
John Anderson my jo.

John Anderson my jo, John,
We've seen our bairnie's bairns,
And yet, my dear John Anderson,
I'm happy in your arms;
And so are ye in mine, John—
I'm sure you'll ne'er say no,
Though the days are gane that ye have seen,
John Anderson my jo.

John Anderson my jo, John,
What pleasure does it gie
To see sae many sprouts, John,
Spring up 'tween you and me!
And ilka lad and lass, John,
In our footsteps to go,
Make perfect heaven here on earth,
John Anderson my jo.

John Anderson my jo, John,
Frae year to year we've past,
And soon that year maun come, John,
Will bring us to our last;
But let not that affright us, John,
Our hearts were ne'er our foe,
While in innocent delight we lived,
John Anderson my jo.

John Anderson my jo, John,
We've clambd the hill together,
And monie a cantie day, John,
We've had wi' ane anither.
Now we maun totter down, John,
But hand in hand we'll go,
And we'll sleep together at the foot,
John Anderson my jo.

AMERICA AND CHURCH ESTABLISHMENTS.*

For the information of such of our readers as may never have heard of *The Congregational Union*, we may mention that it consists of certain preachers and lay-deputies of the Independent persuasion in England and Wales, associated together to extend the principles and promote the ascendancy of that sect. Of course, one of its favourite objects is to achieve, if possible, the destruction of our Church Establishment; and though this, we know, is attempted to be denied, under the artful pretext that the unionists are seeking nothing but the good of the Church by effecting her separation from the state, yet the fact that they are bent upon her destruction as a *national establishment* is incontrovertible, whether we regard the period at which they have organised themselves, or the men who constitute their leaders, or the character and tendency of some of their principal operations. The union took its rise, not when the Church was in that relaxed state which is notoriously most favourable for feeding the dissenting minister, but when, filling her parishes with a zealous clergy, and her dioceses with apostolic bishops, she was most in danger of starving him. It comprises among its principal members Mr. Andrew Reed, the metropolitan agitator, who wrote *The Case of the Dissenters*, and Mr. James Matheson, a provincial performer of the same school. And as the cause of Church Establishments has been expected in certain quarters to receive a death-blow from the alleged efficiency of the *voluntary principle* in America, the two persons whom we have just named were selected by "The Congregational Union" as the most impartial deputation they could appoint, to make a running visit to the United States, to inquire among the preachers there how far they would confess themselves to be incompetent instructors, and insufficient to supply the spiritual necessities of the population; how far they would venture to endanger their miserable subsistence by proclaiming their people's niggardliness in contributing

to their support; and how far their love of truth would quail to their love of country, in making out such a case for America as might best relieve her from dishonour, on a question effecting equally her legislative wisdom and her moral repute.

Whether the deputies entered upon this mission as unprejudiced and unbiassed observers, or as retained counsel and suborned witnesses, will appear by and by. The work before us contains their joint report. Matter, it is true, of a very irrelevant character is largely introduced into both volumes. Indeed the Rev. Andrew Reed, whose lucubrations occupy about a volume and a-half, presents himself for the most part, as a fashionable worldly tourist. And truly a very merry Andrew he is. Not even Mrs. Trollope herself could be more communicative on the subjects of surly drivers, dirty tobacco-chewers, inquisitive and loquacious fellow-travellers, sublime scenery, pretty shop-fronts, pleasant tea-parties, and so forth. But of all the smart things that have been indited by this plenipotentiary in chief (poor Matheson, it is plain, was nothing but a mere *attaché*), we intend, without offence, to take no notice, or to make only an incidental use. Our attention will be confined, chiefly, to the main object of our author's mission, which is treated of principally in the second volume; nor shall we make any allusion to his earlier despatches, further than may be ancillary to a fair examination of his evidence. That evidence, such as it is, we shall proceed to shew up in a subsequent number. Meanwhile, as the value of a man's testimony depends entirely upon his having no private or party interests to serve,—upon his principles and habits being above suspicion,—upon his being wholly uncommitted by previous declarations,—upon his opportunities and capacity for correct observation,—and, above all, upon his neither contradicting himself nor being contradicted by others,—so we deem it only a wise precaution to subject deputy Reed to the usual

* A Narrative of the Visit to the American Churches by the Deputation from the Congregational Union of England and Wales. By Andrew Reed, D.D., and James Matheson, D.D. 2 vols. 8vo. London: Jackson and Walford.

ordeal of the witness-box, and to test him, in *initialibus*, on all these several points. Desiring, however, to treat him with all fairness and forbearance, we shall put him through the process in question with as much tenderness and charity as the interests of truth will admit of. Nothing shall be set down by us that we cannot fully substantiate by facts or by sound argument; at the same time we shall be very plain with him—very plain, indeed. And with these preliminary remarks, begin we now to the task we have undertaken.

Viewing the public as the judge between us, the first exception which we take against this deputation is, that in giving evidence on the state of religion in America, and particularly in favour of the voluntary principle, they have a manifest interest, both of a personal and party kind, to injure as much as possible, and rather more, the cause of Church Establishments.

So plain and palpable is the truth of this averment, that scarcely a word need be said in its support. The higher the popularity of the Church of England, the greater the disadvantage to all dissenting preachers. A universal conformity to her discipline and polity would obviously be their ruin. In that case, neither Stepney nor Durham, the two places where these deputies gain their livelihood, would have any further occasion for their services; and, consequently, they have a direct personal interest to do what they can to bring her into discredit, by puffing off the voluntary system in every practicable way. Nor do their party interests lie in a different direction. Degraded even by their own sectarian polity, which subjects them to be lorded over, not only by an arrogant deaconocracy, but by the votes of all the 'prentices and maid-servants who happen to be members of their congregations, they cannot choose but feel impatient under this painful peculiarity of their condition; nor can there be a doubt that they have voluntarily put themselves into this condition only because it is the unavoidable price of their ad-

mission to the congregational ministry, which, to the most of dissenting preachers, is a positive rise in society; and because, mortifying as such a condition must be, they find that the mean obsequiousness which it condemns them to is, upon the whole, preferable to the shopmanship or warehouse-work which their original station would have imposed.* On the other hand, besides the circumstance of the established clergyman being generally a highly educated gentleman of respectable family—his entire exemption from all dependence on the caprices of his flock, gives him a superiority over dissenting preachers which they cannot endure. The comparison between their own degradation of being ridden and ruled by the persons they instruct, and his dignified, uncringing, and independent bearing, is such as they cannot brook. They see that he takes precedence of them at public meetings, and in the estimation of general society. They see, that in his intercourse with his parishioners his pecuniary independence relieves him from a suspicion which they never can get rid of,—the suspicion of self-interest in visiting families, and tendering them pastoral services. They see that he has welcome access to circles of rank and consideration, which they are not permitted to approach. They see, that as the accredited parochial instructor, recognised and provided for by the state, he can earnestly importune the people to attend church, while at the same time the people know, that having an independent income, he has no such mercenary motive for doing so, as must always attach suspicion to the analogous efforts of the dissenting pastor,—namely, the motive of deriving benefit from his increased pew-rents. All this, the poor frail flesh and blood of dissenting preachers cannot put up with; and, accordingly, feeling deeply chagrined at the galling superiority which the established clergyman thus possesses over themselves in point of station, accomplishments, precedence, and disinterestedness, their party jea-

* If Mr. John Wilks would move for a return of all dissenting preachers who have left secular labours for spiritual ones, he would find that the most of them were entitled to the appellation of *clerks*, just as much, though in a different sense, as the regular clergy of England. This description, we admit, does not apply to the whole,—for some have assisted in china-shops, and others have been hosier-shop lads, in the High Street of Edinburgh; a fact which these congregational deputies can authenticate from experience.

lousies, consequent upon this state of things, are pretty loudly articulated by deputy Reed, in his pamphlet on *The Case of the Dissenters*. "They cannot submit," he says, "to be placed beneath the Churchman." To this sentiment the under-deputy, we know, was equally committed with his principal, before either of them visited America. Our first exception, then, against these congregational witnesses, is clearly made out. They have both a private and a party interest in the verdict. Their desire manifestly is to bring down the Established clergy to their own level. Every word they utter, therefore, on the flourishing state of religion in America, and in favour of the *voluntary principle*, must be received *cum grano*. They are bought and bribed by their own personal interest in the issue; and we say this, without implying any other imputation on their integrity than would probably attach to human infirmity in general, in all parallel circumstances.

Besides, when these dissenting deputies were noting down their trans-Atlantic observations, and especially when they were drawing up their report, they could scarcely fail to have an indulgent eye to the sanguine expectations of their paymasters. To disappoint those who were to defray their travelling expenses, and not to bring home that precise amount of damage to church establishments, for which alone they knew they had been sent out—what would have been said to this by such panting partisans as Mr. George Hadfield of Manchester, Mr. Thomas Wilson of Highbury, brother Binney of the Weigh-house Meeting, brother Morrison of "the Evangelical," brother Blackburn of "the Congregational," and brother Bennett of we know not where; from all of whose meek dissenting lips we could quote imprecations against the Church which might rival the vocabulary of the hulks? Why, of course, the well-known expectations of such men behoved to be consulted and gratified, otherwise they would have declared that their money had been thrown away, and that the mission was a miserable failure; nor are we without suspicion that the deputies had some tender regard to the editorial biases of the *Evangelical and Congregational Magazines*, the *Eclectic Review*, and *Patriot* newspaper, whose friendly columns may be of such in-

nite use in pushing the circulation of this *Narrative* among the circles and conventicles of dissent.

A second preliminary exception which we have to lodge against these witnesses, particularly the witness Reed, is on the score of moral disqualification.

The insignificance of poor Matheson we do not care to disturb. Our readers will, doubtless, regard him as a mere *socius*, whose evidence is to be estimated chiefly by the sort of company he keeps. Nor have we any thing to insinuate against the notorious veracity of his fellow-traveller, except in so far as his statements may be warped by his prejudices or interests. But, apart altogether from a want of veracity, there may be other peculiarities in a witness which go to discredit his testimony just as effectually as that would. For example, he may be an indolent and superficial observer; he may be deficient in certain moral and intellectual qualities which are universally held to be indispensable for correct investigation, and for a nice scrupulosity of statement; his powers of analysis and generalisation may be of a very mean order; he may be over credulous, and easily imposed upon; he may be suspicious or opinative, and difficult to be convinced; his limited intercourse with society may unfit him for discriminating character, and for detecting the sinister motives that may influence men's actions or declarations; he may have a vulgar passion for self-display; he may be addicted to that very ensnaring habit which deputy Reed seems to glory in, when he says, "You know I can't make much of a little good scenery when there is not a great deal to be had" (p. 93); and, finally, he may be sly, time-serving, shuffling, flippant, and disingenuous,—destitute of the high principle that will fearlessly denounce what is wrong in his own party,—manifesting a coarse self-love which eagerly provides for his own comfort at the expense of the comfort of others,—concealing some things which he may deem injurious to his favourite side—and setting off others of a more favourable bearing, with an undue colouring and blazonry.

Now, if such infirmities on the part of a deponent who is otherwise notorious for his veracity, as these words are commonly understood, do not

shake our confidence in his competency for observing and reporting on any important subject, we know not what will. As for the Rev. Andrew Reed, we believe him to be much too dexterous a politician to commit himself knowingly to a detectable falsehood. But, on the other hand, such are his loose habits of thought, his constitutional temperament, his love of self-display, and his avowed capacity for *making much of little*, that these peculiarities, especially when stimulated by his thorough partizanship, give a tone of magniloquence and exaggeration to his statements which, without exactly bringing them under the category of falsehoods, do, nevertheless, entitle them to be received with the utmost caution and distrust. Moreover, preacher as he is, we must be so plain as to say that there is a want of spirituality about him which, considering the professed object of his mission, can scarcely be less fatal to correct perceptions and sound conclusions on his part, than the want of eyesight in a man who is required to report on the comparative beauty of landscapes. Of this want of spirituality, we discover but too abundant proof in the tone and matter of his compositions, both now and formerly. To say nothing, however, of his works entitled *No Fiction*, and *The Case of the Dissenters*, in which the spirit of this world constantly peeps out, just as the carnalities of other merryandrews are always distinguishable, notwithstanding their painted cheeks and tawdry finery—what Christian, we ask, could have imagined that in a *Narrative of a Visit to the American Churches*, written by a professed minister of the Gospel, a large proportion of his work would be occupied with such vulgar sensualities as the ravenous breakfasts he made after fasting for sixteen hours,—how prime and delicious the venison was at a certain inn,—with what peremptory success he refused to permit a weary fellow-traveller to sleep in the same room with him,—the precise dishes, with curious culinary remarks thereon, that were served up to him on one occasion,—and the number of servants that waited behind his apostolical chair on another; and, finally, though somewhat out of place in a professed teacher of decorum, his narrow scrutiny of the New York women; firstly in their stature, which, to his practised

eye, is rather small; secondly in their tread, which, to his taste, is somewhat disagreeable, because not Parisian; and, lastly, in their dresses, which we must suppose he liked well enough, because fashioned in the style of female attire worn in the French metropolis (vol. i. p. 8)? And what better, we pray, in relation to the grand object of his mission, which was one of spiritual observation, are his affected descriptions of Plymouth Rock, the Falls of Niagara, the Hawk's Nest, the Alleghany Mountains (as if these things had never been described before), and all that motley *et cætera* announced at the top of each page throughout the whole of the first volume? The "Congregational Union" send him to America to report on the state of religion. Back he comes, and publishes two thick octavos, giving an account of "mercantile distress," "a Whig celebration," "a tea-party," "the Senate Chamber," "the Bank question," "fine scenery," "Russell's Tavern," "a Kentucky squeeze," "the White Sulphur Springs," "a visit to the Patroon," "a young party," "an excursion," "an account of a revival," "a cotton factory," "the Horticultural Society," "the case of the regicides," *cum multis aliis* of the same caste, mixed up with certain vague but very instructive passages concerning the General Assembly, and a religious meeting or two (of which more anon), garnished with such a spare sprinkling of devout commonplaces as is not even sufficient for the miserable purpose of appearances. Now, that the *mélange* in question is very dexterously conceived, and well adapted to take the eye of the general herd of tour-fanciers, must, in all fairness, be admitted. He has cooked up with some skill "a tale for the grave and the gay." He has contrived to introduce just as much of the claims and characteristics of a future world as may foil off to greater advantage the charms and beatitudes of the present. His prudent policy has been to make a marketable book for that large class of worldly people who do not object to a little religion in their reading, provided it neither makes a heavy demand upon their reflective powers, nor decidedly runs counter to their liberal opinions and practice.

But what will spiritual Christians say to this? *Short women,—Persian dresses,—a mincing tread,—*jokes about

the minor theatres,—[meat “prepared with butter and the frying-pan,”—why, what does our pious deputy mean? Is this his report of the state of religion in America? Nay, is it even a becoming portion of that report? After whose example does he write? The apostles, we take it, were just as shrewd observers of men and manners as this professed follower of theirs can pretend to be. Their relish for the enjoyments of sense, also, would no doubt have been quite as great as his, had they not been restrained by grace and by self-denial. Most of them were travelled men, too, who might have noted down a good many smart and amusing things had they been so inclined. But, in the Acts of the Apostles, which is just an inspired narrative of the state of religion in the countries which they severally visited, we find no such worldly and miscellaneous notices as those indulged in by this apostle of the “Congregational Union.” Not one word does Luke record about the stature, or tread, or dress of women. Not one word does St. Paul utter about execrable inns, pert waiters, or uncomfortable beds. Not a sentence does Peter bestow upon the elegant repasts and nice eating he had met with in his journeys, “prepared with butter and the frying-pan.” Hardships experienced by them from shipwreck, imprisonment, and hunger, as well as kindnesses extended to them by hospitable entertainers, they do indeed make mention of. But their hardships are not dwelt upon, as in this *Narrative*, with the querulousness of a fastidious epicure; nor did their dinners and breakfasts make such a profound impression upon them as to be noted down, dish after dish, *seriatim*, and kept in mind, like Alexander’s battles, to be gloried in, among after recollections, with all the gusto of a fond and practised palatician. In the apostle’s narrative every thing is purely spiritual; in the deputy’s, we grieve to say, it is otherwise. Paul’s hardships were patiently borne by him as a part of the cross of Christ; but Andrew Reed’s inconveniences are set forth as very annoying molestations of his fleshly comfort. The report of the apostle’s visit to foreign churches is entirely full of the Saviour; in the deputy’s, the glory is divided chiefly between Dr. Kitchner and himself. The devoted missionary to the Gentiles was “deter-

mined to know nothing but Jesus Christ and him crucified;” the Congregational commissioner to the Americans, if we may judge from his voluminous observations, wholly extraneous to that spiritual theme, was determined to give it only the subordinate place which it seems to occupy in his own affections. In the principal epistle-writer of the New Testament, his leading aim invariably is to promote the glory of the Redeemer, and the salvation of souls; in the chief letter-writer of this modern *Narrative*, his presiding object seems to be, just to make the dissenting cause in which he has embarked as popular, pleasurable, and productive as possible. The one is fragrant with the unction of Mount Zion,—the other is all over with the savours of Whitechapel. The scholar of Gamaliel quotes the finer moral passages of the Greek poets,—the pious puritan of Stepney adduces the play-bills of the minors.

So marked, indeed, is the low and carnal character of our deputy’s touring, that an excuse is attempted to be made for it, both by himself and by his party-apologist in the *Evangelical Magazine*.

“Religion (he tells us in his preface) must be considered as the great subject of inquiry; and if nature and outward circumstance, in the form of narrative, are associated with it, it is from a desire of commending to the memory and heart, with greater facility and power, the things that are ‘invisible’ by the ‘things which do appear.’”

But this very excuse, we are sorry to say, denotes the deputy’s want of spirituality, and consequent incompetency to do justice to “the great subject of inquiry,” even more, perhaps, than any thing we have yet adduced. His excuse amounts simply to this, that all the worldly and carnal descriptions which he has thought fit to indulge in may, peradventure, prove instrumental in conveying religious impressions. Now a more hollow and disingenuous pretence, one can scarcely conceive of. It was the opinion of the great Robert Hall, as it is undoubtedly the doctrine of Scripture, that the more the mind can be withdrawn from the dominion of “the things that do appear,” the more likely is it to be brought under the empire of “the things which are invisible.” What but this conviction, and the restraints

of the Holy Spirit, could have prevented Luke from giving the sanction of his high example to the worldly narrative before us? In his sacred history of certain of the apostle's visits to divers churches, he nowhere attempts to commend religion by contemptible details about breakfasts, and dinners, and indifferent beds; nor even by picturesque descriptions of gorgeous scenery, such as those so rapturously introduced by our romantic deputy, whose passion in this respect amounts literally to "*a lust of the eye*,"—whose fervid admiration of thundering waterfalls, fading tints, and moonlight beauty laid him prostrate before these objects with an intensity of worship that would scarcely permit him to tear himself away,—and whose idolatrous adoration of this world's lovelier aspects would seem to say for himself, as well as inculcate upon others, "This is my rest for ever; here will I dwell, for I have desired it" (vol. i. p. 127). If Paul, too, had thought this a legitimate and efficient mode of commending religion, why did he not write to the Ephesians and Corinthians, enlarging upon the sights and luxuries of Rome, such as the amphitheatres, the gladiatorial conflicts, the baths, the senate, the capitol, the prandium, and the cœna? Among the persons who might read his epistles, there would doubtless be many to whom a description of these things would be extremely interesting, and whose conversion, if our deputy's theory and practice were correct, would be greatly facilitated by narratives resembling his own. The great apostle, however, knew better. His spiritual taste had no liking for such sensualities; he had not so learned Christ.

But, even if this Congregational tourist be tried by his own standard of usefulness, his *Narrative*, in a spiritual point of view, will be found lamentably wanting. To give any thing like plausibility to what he says about commending religion by his descriptions of "nature and outward circumstance,"—these descriptions should have been confined to such moral and philosophical topics, and written in such a spirit of engaging piety, as that, while adding to the useful knowledge of popular and scientific readers, they would insensibly attract such readers to the love of things spiritual and divine. Instead of this, he gives us all

manner of frivolous details, that may possibly be popular with some persons, but which have no pretensions to be spiritually useful, as well as prolix descriptions of what he calls "nature," without one particle of science. Now popular readers, though they may be amused by such writing, are not usually converted by it. A Francis Barnett, for example, and all his class, would peruse it, and crack their joke about it, and throw it aside for ever. And what the better will men of science be for our deputy's descriptions of nature? Not a single observation has he made, or even attempted, respecting the geology of America, or its botany, or its meteorology. If Whewell, or Jameson, or Robert Brown, should turn up this *Narrative* for scientific purposes, they will not only close it without being agreeably inveigled into the love of divine truth, but they will grudge the time employed in cutting open its leaves. As far as concerns our deputy's ambitious pretence, therefore, of commending religion to educated men by his descriptions of nature, he completely fails in his object by his own ignorance and want of science. Even farmer Birkbeck could tell us something of the mica, and slate, and other geological attributes of the Alleghany ridges. But not so deputy Reed. And why? Because of this science, and of every other, we suspect, he is profoundly ignorant. Intelligent and pious notices of the American phenomena in the forementioned branches of knowledge, incorporated with a pious and veracious narrative of the state of religion in the same country, might have done some good. But, from the jejune and unprofitable descriptions of nature which this Congregational commissioner indulges in, destitute alike of scientific observation and of pointed spiritual remark, we do not perceive what practical benefit can accrue to any reader whatever. Should it be alleged by this writer, or by his partisans, that the object of his mission did not immediately call upon him, either for scientific notices of a pious character, or for spiritual addresses to the conscience of his readers, our answer is, we admit it. Unquestionably, the immediate object of his mission demanded no such things. What that mission required of him, and what the title-page of his book warrants us to expect is, that he should confine

himself exclusively to a narration of the state of religion among the American sects. If, however, this object was to be digressed from in his *Narrative* by ever so little, the public, we contend, had a right to anticipate that that digression, written by a professed minister of the Gospel, would be occupied, not with such low and Trolloping frivolities as he has delighted in,—not with the commonplaces of a mere worldly tourist—not with a soft and obsequious court-plaster, to cover the American sores which preceding observers had left raw (p. 21),—but with such a grave, pious, and learned handling of the moral and scientific phenomena of the United States as would have contributed to our knowledge, or bettered our hearts. This, it will be allowed, would have formed no unbecoming or unprofitable parenthesis in his leading purpose. But since, instead of this, he has filled almost the whole of his first volume with such maudlin flippancies as those of a Madame D'Epainay, we confidently submit that his power and propensity to apprehend and illustrate only the gross objects of sense, afford conclusive proof that he is an incompetent and objectionable witness on any subject requiring true spiritual discernment. Indeed, so flagrant do we hold his want of spirituality to be, and so decisive of his incompetency for discerning and reporting accurately on the state of religion, that we make no apology for convicting him of it, with yet greater distinctness, in the following important particulars.

In the first place, *his love of self-display*, if it were not utterly loathsome in a professed teacher of Christianity, would be absolutely ludicrous. For example, his very unnecessary mention of Mr. Abbel, the missionary (vol. i. p. 82), is carefully followed up by telling us that the said missionary, when ill in London, was hospitably kept and cared for, in the deputy's house, for some weeks. Now what, in the name of common decency, have the public to do with this? Much, every way. It was slipped in obviously to illustrate the Rev. Andrew Reed; and it does so with a vengeance. The light which it fails to throw upon his mission, it casts pretty broadly upon himself; for, surely, a well-bred gentleman of the world, and still more, a self-abasing and unostentatious Christ-

ian, would have blushed to give publicity to any such pitiful thing.

But this species of "kissing and telling" appears to be a trick of his; for, speaking of a Mr. Douglas (which savours strongly of "No Fiction"), due pains is taken to inform us that that person "visited England as an invalid, and spent some time in my family" (vol. i. p. 216). If, however, his superior hospitality be too notable in his own eyes to admit of that concealment which delicate minds generally court; his superior humanity is also chronicled by him with equal pains and praise. A man was lying ill with cholera, or sciatica. Nobody but our fond self-admirer would venture to approach him. To the patient's bed-side, however, he humanely went; but, then, this moral heroism would have lost far more than half its glory had he not instantly made a memorandum of it in his journal, and pointedly proclaimed it, with characteristic self-illustration, at page 194. Mark, too, the sickening incense with which he perfumes himself, when speaking of the impression produced by his oratory at a public meeting.

"I began by referring to my responsibility,—for at that moment I deeply felt it. What was said, was received with the greatest indulgence and attention" (vol. i. p. 50). He then goes on to tell us that a pause ensued in consequence of his speech; after which "the Rev. Mr. Blagden of Boston rose, and, referring to the felt state of the meeting (alluding, of course, to the prodigious excitement created by our deputy's address), proposed that contributions should immediately be made." * * *

This proposal, however, being successfully resisted, the remaining speakers were heard out. But what says our self-complacent deputy respecting the gentlemen who spoke immediately after his deeply impressive speech? "They spoke," he modestly assures us, "under some disadvantage. The general feeling," he adds, "required not to be excited by continued appeal, but rather to be relieved by devout supplication." And again,—*"Happy as the service was, it was generally regretted that the suggestion of Mr. Blagden was not acted upon. Some five thousand dollars would certainly have been added to the funds of the society; and such an occasion, so sel-*

dom occurring, improved by special prayer, might have led to extraordinary results"!!! After this, we suppose no person will deny that the speakers who followed the deputy, deserved five thousand stripes for spoiling the effect of his eloquence (p. 51). But the impression so untenderly interrupted by his successors on the platform at New York, was mere make-believe to the triumph achieved by him at a camp-meeting near the Kappahannock. Having preached a sermon on that occasion, he describes, yes, he himself describes, the effect produced by it, with an unction that might make Major Longbow ashamed of himself. Take a few specimens:—

"It was evident that rumour had gone abroad, and that an expectation had been created that a stranger would preach this morning,—for there was a great influx of people, and of the most respectable class which this country furnishes. * * * * * remained for me to preach: I can only say that I did so with earnestness and freedom. * * * The closing statements and appeals were evidently falling on the conscience and heart with still advancing power. The people generally leaned forward to catch what was said. Many rose from their seats; and many, stirred with grief [he knew their very hearts], sank down, as if to hide themselves from observation; but all was perfectly still. Silently the tear fell, and silently the sinner slumbered. * * * * * Now, here and there might be heard suppressed sobbing arising on the silence. * * * It is much, but not too much, to say that the prayer (by elder Taylor) met the occasion. * * * Thus closed the most remarkable service I have ever witnessed. It has been my privilege to see more of the solemn and powerful effect of divine truth on large bodies of people than many; but I never saw any thing equal to this—so deep, so overpowering, so universal." (Vol. i. p. 282, *et seq.*)

In short, the greatest impression he had ever seen produced on large bodies of people, was produced by himself; and since he tells us, by implication, that he could look into their inmost souls, his fitness for reporting on religion is no longer equivocal.

Nor is this writer's *disingenuousness* a whit less remarkable than his love of self-display. We shall give one or two samples of this. When he and

his under-deputy arrived at Plymouth, in New England, they were congratulated at a public meeting, in a formal address, by the Rev. Mr. Boutelle, who speaks of them "*as delegates from more than 1600 congregational churches.*" (Vol. i. p. 95.) Where Mr. Boutelle got his information respecting the precise number of churches which had commissioned these deputies, we cannot say. Of course, as a foreigner, a little American latitude on his part may be forgiven. But deputy Reed knew well that the reverend brother addressing him, was falling into a gross over-statement. He knew well that there are not 1600 congregational churches in all England, Ireland, and Scotland put together. Nay, more, he knew well that among the 1400 congregational meetings in England and Wales, which (as we shewed in August, in our article on the Dissenters and Universities,) is rather above the truth than under it, there are many that have refused to join the "*Congregational Union*," who alone constituted him their delegate. And yet, with all this certain knowledge, so proud was he of Mr. Boutelle's big numbers, that he not only seems to have permitted the statement to pass without correction at the time, but he has since mustered hardihood enough to palm it off upon the public in this *Narrative*,—leaving Mr. Boutelle the responsibility of vindicating his arithmetic as he best can.

With the same disingenuousness, and yielding to his dangerous talent of being able to "make much of a little good scenery when there is not a great deal to be had" (p. 93), he uses certain grand expressions, when speaking of himself and his coadjutor, which, though well fitted to magnify their official importance in the estimation of superficial minds, will receive, as they ought to do, the contempt of all honourable men who admire scrupulosity and precision of speech. He does all he can, indeed, to throw round his mission a great national character, and to keep as far up his sleeve as possible the petty, obscure, hole-and-corner attributes of the whole affair. Thus, for example, he dedicates his book "*to the churches of England*," although he must be well aware that three-fourths of these churches have never heard of him—knew nothing of his commission—and are not asking for his opinions

upon any one subject. And when these persons, who were sent out only by a section of the Independents, have occasion to speak of themselves, they are modestly designated "*the English deputation*" (p. 352), and, better still, "*the deputation from England*" (p. 354.)

But this desire to arrogate a *national* character to his mission we have not charged him with, upon slight or doubtful grounds; for he has actually the assurance to say (vol. i. p. 87), "We had uniformly desired to shew that our mission was not from one sect to another sect, but from the Christian churches of one land to those of another and a sister land." Now this, honestly speaking, just means that he told the Americans a very vile and vapouring fib. The deputy, though sent from only a section of a sect, passes himself off, mendacious cockcomb that he is, as the representative of the Christian churches of England!!! Is it possible that such a man can be believed? Most truly does he say of himself, "You know I can make much of a little good scenery, where there is not a great deal to be had." The poor Americans, accordingly, not knowing their man, did believe him; and hence, imagining that Reed and Matheson were really what they "*uniformly*" said they were—our trans-Atlantic dupes not only conferred divinity degrees upon these impostors, but passed the following resolution at a public meeting in New York: "That the intercourse between the churches in Great Britain and the United States, so auspiciously begun in the present year, is, in the judgment of this meeting, of high importance to the interests of vital piety in both countries" (vol. i. p. 485). To the same purpose was the impression which they succeeded in producing upon poor Dr. Ely, and the Presbyterian body in the United States: "Go home," said the poor duped doctor, addressing them in a farewell letter, "go home, then, brethren, to our fellow-Christians in *England, Scotland, and Ireland*, and tell them that, in religious and moral character, grace has made us much like themselves—that we love THEIR REPRESENTATIVES tenderly, whom we have seen—and that our hearts shall be more and more knit to all *British* Christians, whom we have not seen, in the fellowship of the gospel" (vol. i. p. 488). On getting this letter, Deputy Reed thought,

no doubt, he had made clever work of it—and so he had. As for his loathsome insincerity, in professing christian attachment to our national church, it is the hunter's attachment to deer,—he likes their venison, and therefore he bays them to death.

But to complete our proof of his moral disqualification for giving evidence on the state of religion in America, and especially touching the question of church establishments, there are still one or two points which we must briefly advert to. We have to observe, then, that he was committed to the substance of that evidence before he left England; that he laid his plans with such consummate dexterity as was most certain to elicit only the kind of information which he deems most favourable to "the voluntary principle;" and, further, that, though his statements are always given with a cool oracular air, many of them are so thoroughly contradicted by others, and even by himself, as to be utterly unworthy of confidence. That this deputy had unalterably made up his mind before he went to America, not only in favour of the voluntary principle, but as to the evidence which he was determined to find there in its support, is so glaringly apparent in the following extract from his *Case of the Dissenters*, that had he not apprised us that the fee which bribed him to cross the Atlantic was the pleasure of "realising the presence of a country which had long dwelt as a picture of hope and of interest in my imagination," we should have been at a loss to know what necessity there was for his leaving England at all. It is plain, from the subjoined extract, that he was under no necessity of going to America in search of evidence on the state of religion, as affecting the question of church establishments; for, having previously opened shop in that line on a pretty large scale, he could have furnished his employers with that article to any extent, and of any colour they pleased, without huddling from Stepney.

"After all, the voluntary principle [thus he writes in December 1833, that is, sometime *after* he had been commissioned to proceed to the United States, but *before* he actually embarked] has not had fair trial in our land. It has been more fully and extensively tried in America; and, although attempts have been made to depreciate

religion in that land, I am prepared to say, advisedly [how fit for an impartial witness!], that it is better supplied with the means of religion than any other land under heaven. * * *

It has 15,000 churches raised amongst a population of 12,000,000; and the average attendance [he even settles this, before going over] cannot be taken at less than one in four, while that of Great Britain cannot be taken at any thing like that amount [for what reason, this deponent saith not]. "Thus," he adds, "we have a land under the greatest disadvantage,—without any endowment for the purposes of religious worship, provided with more churches, with a more efficient ministry, and with a better average reward for ministration than we have in our own country." * * * (*Case*, p. 53, 54.) Now, nobody that knows this candid person will suppose for a moment that he went out to America to take evidence that would compel him to eat in his words. The testimony, therefore, which he has since emitted, as far as it goes to bolster up his previous declarations, we quietly leave to its own moral weight.

On the other point, touching his means and opportunities of acquiring correct and extensive information about the state of religion in America, very little need be said. No pains were spared by him, so to adjust matters as to obtain the finest possible results. The Americans knew beforehand that he was coming. Sometimes he went to their towns by their own invitation. At other times a letter was despatched announcing that he was coming to a place on a certain day. Every opportunity was given them to have their meetings arranged, their congregations convened, and all things ready for the English stranger's approach. He never took them by surprise. He never saw them (because he did not want to see them) in their undress. All was travelling bustle on his part, and holiday order on theirs. His conversations were held with voluntaries exclusively. His visits were confined to the populous towns and districts. He never left the direct route of stage-coaches

and steam-boats. Of the religious destitution, and consequent inefficiency of the voluntary principle among millions in the depths of the provinces, he saw nothing; nay, he did not even see its inefficiency any where. That would never have done at all. Every thing answered his most sanguine expectations. Nothing in the world could have made it otherwise.

A few words on the subject of his contradicting himself, and then—for the present at least—we shall be done. At page 152 of his first volume the population of Columbus is stated to be "about 4000 persons; at page 168 it dwindles down to "3000." Indeed, the instances of such slippery arithmetic, which so forcibly remind one of the proverb, that a certain description of persons would need to have good memories, are too numerous to be quoted. Thus, in the body of the first volume, p. 131, the population of Buffalo is given at 12,000; but in the "*Statistical Returns* (Appendix IX. p. 519) taken by the deputation in the course of their journeys," the same population is represented as 13,000. At p. 301 of vol. i., Baltimore is confidently stated to contain "80,000 persons;" but in the said "statistical returns" it is just as confidently put down at 100,000. Deputy Reed tells us (p. 134) that Dunkirk possesses "three places of worship;" but he also tells us, in his statistical returns ("returns taken by the deputation"), that Dunkirk has only two. Lexington (p. 188) has nine churches; by the "returns" (p. 521) it has but eight. We have a pleasing specimen, too, of his ability to "make much of a little good scenery, where there is not a great deal to be had," in reference to the state of Kentucky. The *Quarterly Register*, an American work, which our deputy (vol. ii. p. 150) praises highly "for its research and fidelity," and further says its returns "are both honest and admirable"—this work, we say, gives the following account of Kentucky (quoted in Reed's Appendix, vol. ii. p. 525), which we shall now put into contrast with our traveller's own figures, as given in vol. i. p. 195:

State of Kentucky.	Population	Presb. Churches	Methodist Ministers.	Episcop. Clergymen.	Misc. Religious Ministers and Churches.
The <i>Quart. Regist.</i> says	668,000	92			None.
Deputy Reed says .	700,000	100	800	12	About 50 Catholic priests, a few Shakers, and some other sects.

Which of these authorities are we to believe? So much for the precision of his statistics. Again, Dr. Penny's church at Northampton (he tells us, at page 371) "will seat 1600 persons, and might be made to accommodate many more." The deputy attended there one Sabbath morning, when, he informs us, "there were perhaps 1400 assembled." Of course, then, the church that morning must have been 200 short of what it will hold; and yet, in the very next page, our scrupulous narrator declares that "the church was full" (p. 372). Another contradiction, for which he is responsible only in so far as he has given it currency and sanction by inserting it in his *Narrative*, is the following. In 1830, Northampton, in Massachusetts, we are told, "contained 3600 inhabitants" (p. 375). We further learn (pp. 371, 372) that the orthodox congregational churches in that town, allowing 1600 persons to Dr. Penny's, and 800 to Mr. Todd's, will accommodate together only 2,400; and further we are assured (p. 375) that "probably four-fifths of the whole population," which would amount to 2,880, "remain orthodox congregationalists." The remainder of the population, being 720, would fall to be distributed among the Unitarians, Episcopalians, and Baptists, who have each a small congregation in the place. Of these two latter denominations, however, it is

said that "very few are resident here." The great bulk of the 720, therefore, must either be Unitarians or nothing at all. And yet, paying indirectly a compliment to the moral influence of Unitarianism which we never heard of before, and which we do not believe it deserves, our deputy gravely declares, "there are very few families in the township without domestic worship;" "there are not more than three families unconnected with a place of worship;" "there is no poverty, there are no criminals, and their morality is of a yet higher complexion" (p. 369). Many other discrepancies of the same kind might easily be pointed out, if we had room for them. But enough. The question is, Which of his statements are we to believe; and what dependence can we place on any of them?

Thus much for our testing this witness *in initialibus*. His examination in chief we shall prosecute in our next Number, and we shall then scrutinise his evidence very narrowly. We shall confront and discredit him with an overwhelming mass of counter depositions, of the most authentic kind. Meanwhile, we mean nothing offensive or unkind in this. The fault, if there be any, lies with those who have had the indiscretion to subpoena this unfortunate person's evidence, and to produce him in court on such a vitally important question.

SEA-SIDE FRAGMENTS.

'Tis Summer! from the bright and glowing sky
 The Sun looks out, in all his warmth and pride;
 The earth, glad in his presence, gratefully
 Is fragrant with her many flow'rs; the side
 Of the wild mountain brightens into green;
 And in the timid maiden's fancy-bowers
 Children of southern skies may now be seen,
 Gentle exotics, putting forth their flowers
 And looking beauty — heedless of the doom
 That in a few short days awaits their bloom.

In the wide forest music's joyous sound
 Thrills with its sweetness, while its verdure yields
 A shelter to the minstrels, and the ground
 Teems with its food; the widely-spreading fields,
 Rich in their waving produce, glad the eye;
 While from the sides of many hills the streams
 Burst down in beauty, and exultingly
 Laugh into light, reflecting many beams,
 And murmuring low, quick glancing glide among
 The flowers that blush to hear their whisper'd song.

The gentle breeze blows softly, and the air,
 Cooled by its quivering breath, is very balm,
 And all around is tranquil, mild, and fair;
 Even the restless ocean has grown calm,
 And, waveless now, bears on its sleeping breast
 Many reflected beauties — the low dash
 Of waters that scarce ripple from their rest,
 To shoreward roll with momentary flash,
 Seems but to lull the bright immensity,
 That meets with rival blue the sapphire sky.

And now 'tis pleasant in the quiet grove
 To muse the solitary hour, and hear
 The wild birds warbling their glad songs of love,
 Their hour of rapture undisturbed by fear:
 Or wand'ring by the wide expansive main,
 Alone to feel the magic of the scene,
 To yield delightedly to Fancy's reign,
 Or revel in the dream of what has been;
 While the freed spirit, on its chainless wing,
 Soars in the joy of its imagining.

Or when the fervour of the radiant sun
 Into the glowing ocean sinks to sleep,
 And all its glories, crimson, gold, and dun,
 Are slowly fading from the waters deep;
 When with her twilight shades the gentle Even
 Steals forth in silent beauty from the light,
 Soft'ning the splendour of the summer heaven,
 And giving other beauties to the sight;
 Who is there but must bless that quiet hour,
 And feel the gentleness of evening's power?

Then do I love to watch the beaming stars
 In their full glory brighten on the sky;
 And while they drive through space their sparkling cars,
 The rapt soul almost hears their melody.

I love to look upon the cloudless rays
 Of splendour that the moon in mildness beams,
 Loveliest of all the charms the night displays,
 Yet soft and winning as our boyhood's dreams :
 The far-wide fields, the trees, and boundless water,
 Bright'ning confess thy spell, Latona's daughter.

* * * * *

That hour of pride has pass'd, the joyous green
 Of fields and woods has faded, and, embrowned
 With varying hue, the leaves, once verdant seen,
 Float on the keener air or strew the ground ;
 The many glancing streams, with hoarser roar
 And fiercer current, leave their mountain home ;
 The blushing flowers, so softly woo'd before,
 Are swept to ruin in the dashing foam,
 Borne swiftly onward till, their beauty lost,
 On some rude shore their wither'd stem is tost.

And while I see their many beauties fade,
 And perish in the fury of the stream,
 By the same charm that once their freshness made
 In the calm beauty of their summer dream ;
 With pensive soul, amid the darken'd doom
 Of dashing stream and frail and fading flower,
 I trace the heart of man in hope's first bloom,
 And the strange wildness of its passion's hour.
 Crushing, all reckless in its mad career,
 The heart it loved, the joys that once were dear.

* * * * *

The sunless day is done, and the dark night
 Has roll'd in threatening clouds from ocean's verge ;
 No star with gentle beam makes glad the sight,
 And the cold air resounds with the wild surge.
 Yet do I love to tread the lonely shore,
 And watch the ceaseless billows near me roll ;
 To see them in their gathering tumult pour,
 And, madly struggling, lash the firm control
 That curbs their sway, till, whit'ning into foam,
 They fall exhausted back into their restless home.

Oh ! wild the rush of waters, and the sound
 Of bursting breakers, and the moan of waves,
 As they in angry freedom rage around,
 And dash upon the rock their white spray laves.
 But furious though their struggles, great their power,
 A little space, and calmed, the placid sea
 Will image the blue sky's most beautiful hour,
 When bright in summer's glad tranquillity ;
 And thus the spirit, struggling through its doom,
 Will brighten into heaven from earthly rage and gloom.

BOMBARDINIO AT ROME.

Men have dwelt on that land, men have sailed on that wave,
 Before whom sunk the haughty, the fierce, and the brave—
 Before whom fell the victor of Cannæ's red field,
 And who made all earth's tyrants and despots to yield.

But extinct are their virtues, unknown are their deeds—
 Where Cicero thundered, a monk tells his beads;
 And where once flamed the swords that made empires bow down,
 Only women wear breeches, while men wear the gown.

Capt. BOMBARDINIO, *Royal Grenadiers.*

WILL not the time come when men shall blush at having lived in an age like the present—an age that, taken in the aggregate, is as destitute of high feeling as of high intellect? How will our spirits be able to face the spirits of the mighty that have gone before us, and who, in their conduct and actions, have left us so many splendid examples for imitation—examples to which we appeal, indeed, but which, in dishonourable lethargy, we never attempt to follow? Shall we say to the Burleighs, the Walsinghams, to the Pitts, the Foxes, and the Chathams, that we left the land, which their genius had raised above all the kingdoms of the earth, under the sway of such things as Hume, Russell, Roebuck, and O'Connell? Will they believe that there were men found in Britain who could return to the legislature the Grotes, Whalleys, Wakleys, and a score of others of the same class, all totally and absolutely incapable of taking a full and comprehensive view of the most ordinary question! Unacquainted with the nobler sources of human feeling and action, such men make the lowest of all our passions, the passion of avarice, the lever by which they would overthrow the yet remaining institutions of the country. Not one of all the so-called reforms advanced by these champions of liberality can be advocated on the broad principle of adding to the amount of human virtue and happiness, the only just principle on which real reform can be pleaded. No, the object of modern reformers has been to flatter the low, the ignorant, and the avaricious, with hopes of wealth that were to be realised by the enactment of every new scheme of folly or spoliation,—schemes which, when effected, tended only to augment the power and influence of demagogues and agitators, without, in a single in-

stance, relieving the wants of honest poverty, or opening a single channel to meritorious exertion.

The sun never sets within the bounds of the British dominions, and our interests are spread over the face of the globe. Those interests must therefore be manifold, and in many instances difficult to reconcile. Extensive information, touching upon almost every branch of human knowledge, is necessary to their just understanding; and wisdom, calmness, and discrimination, are indispensable to their reconciliation. But the men of whom we have been speaking, bring none of these qualifications to the task; they address themselves to the excited passions of ignorant multitudes, who are flattered into a belief of the infallible excellence of their own judgment. They substitute assertions, which the ignorant cannot, and the designing will not, contradict, for authenticated facts; while torrents of invectives, directed against every thing that is high and noble in the land, serve as regular trains of logical demonstration. These legislators, of the third and fourth estate, have nostrums ready for every evil: but they see not that, in patching up one rent, they throw open a hundred weak points to the effects of reaction, certain to strike from quarters, of the very existence of which the councillors had been ignorant. They take, in fact, one-sided views only of questions that require to be looked at from a hundred different directions. Then we have the utilitarians also, statesmen in whose estimation high feeling, high character, and acquirements, are absolutely valueless, because they produce nothing in the market, and are, as these philosophers would say, of no tangible utility. With them the ox who toils in the field ranks above the man who greatly thinks, and who in his high imaginings

searches earth, sea, and sky, for new sources of human virtue and happiness. The consequence is, that the general interest of the state is lost in the pursuit of particular objects. Every class, trade, calling, and profession, every colony and settlement, sees only what it deems its own immediate interest, without considering the interest of the empire at large, from the general prosperity of which individual prosperity can alone emanate. They each and all abandon themselves to the guidance of demagogues, array themselves under the banner of faction, and setting honour, loyalty, and British feeling aside at defiance, threaten to shake asunder the entire fabric of the empire, in the mere pursuit of low ambition or unprofitable gain. Even those who are yet acting their little part on the world's stage recollect when Britain was the dread, the envy, and the admiration of nations. But what has she become under the sway of modern philosophers and utilitarian legislators? The tool of France, the scorn of Russia, the false friend of Holland, Portugal, and Turkey. At home the country is a prey to agitation, labouring under a feverish excitement after change and innovation. The people of Britain, following the fatal example of their Irish neighbours, look to legislative enactments for an improvement in their condition, instead of looking only to the steady pursuits of virtuous industry. The situation of an overgrown manufacturing population is, no doubt, a melancholy and afflicting one; but agitation only augments the evils which it pretends to remedy,—it calls forth angry feelings, instead of rational reflections. Disappointment follows every new measure by which the champions of reform were to make the land overflow with milk and honey. The blame is thrown on the remaining institutions of the country, and on their supporters. The spirits are embittered; the people are made to mistrust their rulers, to hate their superiors, and to scorn the laws by which they are governed. A total and rapid breaking up of the proud patriotic sentiment, for which Britons were distinguished; is the first result of this political *malaria*, and the complete separation and ruin of the empire, its ultimate result.

If we turn from politics to manners and fashion, which unfortunately exer-

cise so great an influence on the morals of society, the prospect is equally gloomy. Instead of the free, open, frank, manly, and cheerful deportment, that should distinguish the conduct and bearing of man towards man, what do we find? Affectation, affectation, affectation! The proofs of vanity and selfishness at every step,—petulant and overbearing harshness towards inferiors and dependants, particularly towards servants;—a querulous disposition towards tradespeople and creditors, occasioned by extravagance, a love of show, and by the habit of living up to the last farthing of our income, if not beyond its actual limits. Towards persons of rank, men, and women too, are cringing slaves,—towards strangers they are haughty and vapid exclusives, affecting airs of silly grandeur, that give way to profound obsequiousness the moment they find that they have been acting their little part before their superiors in fashionable notoriety. All this naturally gives rise to a complete separation between the different classes of society. Men in the humble walks of life, cut off, in some measure, from the society of their fellow men, and whose fortunes, either in weal or woe, excite no sympathy in others, soon lose all feeling of moral rectitude; pleasure becomes their only aim, and crime is too often the only means by which it can be gratified. But what cares the peer, the country gentleman, the banker, the merchant, the wealthy tradesman, the *parvenu*, or notoriety-seeking exclusive, for the crimes and sufferings of inferiors? No, let the wretches pay the penalty of their misdeeds, and let modern reformers rejoice in the woes that furnish interesting subjects for philanthropic harangues! The superior thus neglects the inferior through every grade and station of the community; and this neglect is repaid by hatred on the part of the latter. A complete estrangement is taking place, not merely between the high and the low, but between every separate gradation of high and low. The empire is no longer one solid mass, compactly bound together by good and loyal British feeling—the cement has given way; and though the structure, rent in a thousand different directions, still holds together, owing to the power and weight of the original materials, it is already tottering over our heads, and can be saved

only by the combined and active efforts of all who have the good of their country really at heart.

But why do I touch upon politics at a moment when the subject cannot fail to be afflicting? In truth, I hardly know, except that I am going to speak of Rome—imperial Rome—once the mistress of the world, and now fallen from her high estate, and reduced, by the power of democracy, to be the object of that world's scorn or pity. I say fallen by the power of democracy, because democracy dealt the first blow; as it is from the first appointment of the tribunes of the people (a sort of Roman reform-bill) that must be dated the commencement of the agitation, and of the influx of that democracy on the constitution, which ended, as it could not fail to end, in the overthrow of the republic. We all know what the men of Rome once were. I am now going to fling you a brief sketch of the people who dwell where dwelt those conquerors and legislators of mankind. It were well if the contrast could be made as instructive, as it is curious and impressive.

Farewell to Florence, therefore—farewell to its dull and dingy Arno, its eternal Casino, and soporific society—farewell to its peerless gallery, its frowning Parca,* and ever-youthful Venus. To English follies we need not bid adieu, for we meet them at every turn. Yet for a time I cast them from me,

“ And I roam
By Thrasimene's lake, in the defiles
Fatal to Roman rashness.”

Most men have some subject, historical, literary, scientific, or metaphysical, on which they are, what, at pleasure, may be called either foolish or enthusiastic. To the present writer the events of Hannibal's life had been a constant subject of interest. He had, over and over again, followed the fate of the mighty Carthaginian through every page and fragment of history, from the very moment when the mere boy swore, on the altar of Jove, eternal enmity to the Romans, down to the last melancholy scene of a glorious life. And now I stood in the site of one of his most splendid triumphs—on the very spot, perhaps, the hill of Toro, from whence we may fancy that the great avenger of his country's wrongs

waved the signal for battle,—for that battle, the result of which his genius had engured before even a blow had been struck. How unlike the battles of the moderns, in which the reins are thrown to fortune—when victory is but a proof that the conquerors held out a little longer than the vanquished in some sickening scene of human slaughter! The star-bedizened commanders of the pipe-clayed automations, now by courtesy called soldiers, cut, in truth, but a poor figure when compared to the mighty victor of Trebia and of Cannæ.

On approaching Thrasimene, by the road that leads from Arezzo to Rome, you have the *Montes Contonenses* of Livy on your left. These hills—for they are hardly mountains—come so near the lake, that the first part of the road has to cross one of their lower ridges. During the ascent and descent of this ridge, you still keep the lake close upon your right; and you evidently follow the same direction by which Flaminius and the Roman army followed the Carthaginian; but for a long time you see nothing more of the fatal plain than did the Roman himself. On the left the hill is broken, rugged, partially wooded, and well adapted to conceal an ambush. The Carthaginian light troops were thus close upon the flank of the advancing foe, who, owing to the nature of the ground, must have been marching on a narrow front. With the lake on their right flank, and the hill on their left, they had no room to form—there was no open front, so indispensable to the heavy-armed Roman infantry; and it was in this narrow road, which hardly merits the name of a pass, that lay the strength of Hannibal's position. When you reach the highest part of the road, where the custom-house now stands, you have a full view of the plain; and here for a moment we shall take our post, and try if we can picture to ourselves the scene of strife as it befell.

The plain, which on the morning of the battle was covered by a thick fog, is on three sides encircled by hills; while the lake, as Lord Byron says, forms the “chord of this mountain-arch.” Besides the pass by which we have entered, there is only a single outlet; it fronts us where we stand, and is close to the water's edge. About

* A most powerful and impressive picture, by Michael Angelo, in the Pitti palace.

a mile from this outlet, the lower ridges of the hill advance a little into the plain, so as to form a very marked semicircular eminence, on which the hamlet of Toro now stands. On this eminence we may suppose the left wing of the heavy-armed Spanish and African infantry to have been posted. To the left of these troops, and extending towards the lake, stood the Carthaginian cavalry, having in their front open ground, on which they could act; part were, perhaps, stationed behind the hills, as stated by Polybius, while the whole might be concealed by underwood, or by the thick fog which every where covered the lower ground. The statement of Livy, who is followed by the moderns, makes the cavalry aid the light-armed infantry in closing up the pass by which the Romans entered. But this is entirely out of the question, for the rugged nature of the ground would there have rendered the efforts of any cavalry unavailing; and the cavalry of the ancients was never very formidable, even on level plain. At Pharsalia a single cohort, thrown back *en potence*, protected the right flank of Cæsar's army against Pompey's seven thousand horsemen; and no commander, ancient or modern, knew so well how to place and employ cavalry as Hannibal. Of all the generals who have commanded in our time, Blücher alone seems to have perceived the real object of having soldiers placed on horseback; at least, no other commander ever attempted to call forth, and to avail himself of the speed, strength, and impulse of the cavalry: nor were those qualities much displayed during the war, unless where chance enabled some inferior leader to bring a few squadrons to the charge in gallant style.

From the right of the heavy-armed Carthaginian infantry, the light-armed troops extend along the slopes of the hill to the very extremity of the pass already mentioned. They are, consequently, close upon the left flank of the advancing column of the enemy. The Romans enter the plain, and perceiving the heavy-armed Africans on the hill obliquely to their left, but seeing nothing of the cavalry and light-armed troops, they naturally wheel to the left, for the purpose of confronting their only visible adversaries; and in thus advancing they have, as stated by

Polybius, hills on their right as well as on their left, and the lake is behind them. The Greek historian is plain enough, only you could not understand him: always make a campaign or two before you attempt to explain the classics. The Romans begin to form, and with the order and steadiness that distinguished such valiant soldiers; high are their eagles raised, wide are their standards flung; cohort after cohort, century after century, are clearing the pass, and forming in the regular ranks of war. As six thousand of the advanced guard forced their way to the top of the hill, ten thousand may perhaps have been formed when Hannibal gave the signal for battle: it was repeated from hill to hill, and crag to crag, and followed by the wild shout of thousands rushing down upon the astonished foe. Resistance was almost hopeless; there was neither order nor formation: no command could be heard, no signal seen. Tribunes, centurions, and *primipili*, fell under the blows of the assailants while giving directions; and the soldiers were slain in the act of obeying. All, except the leading division of the Roman army which had formed before the onset took place, was one mass of confusion; which was only augmented by the rear division hurrying up through the pass, under the shower of destructive missiles poured down upon them by the light troops that overhung the road. The Carthaginian horsemen, bursting from their concealment, fell upon the right flank of the enemy, and soon completed a victory that had never for a moment been doubtful. The Roman army was entirely destroyed; most of the soldiers fell where they fought. Six thousand forced their way through the Carthaginian ranks and gained the top of a hill, but were afterwards surrounded and taken; numbers, in attempting to make their escape, perished in the lake. This splendid victory was achieved in less than three hours' time, while modern armies often expend ammunition for three days together, without being able to tell which party has conquered. Indeed, most modern battles are lost and won, owing less to fighting than to after-considerations. Whoever is least frightened maintains the field; and it often happens that the least hurt are, after all, the most frightened. A good many of our peninsular vic-

tories were due to the circumstances of our being less frightened, though sometimes more hurt, than our adversaries. Nor can it well be otherwise; for as no contact takes place in modern war, unless where some man of untactical gallantry makes the cavalry forget the dictates of modern sciences, no actual overthrow can take place: so that the imagination must, after all, do the best part of the business; bayonets, it is well known, being carried only for the benefit of poets and despatch writers.

"No book of travels," says Lord Byron, "has omitted to expatiate on the temple of the Clitumnus between Foligno and Spoleto; and no site or scenery, even in Italy, is more worthy a description." Our ideas of the beautiful enlarge most liberally the moment we cross the Channel. In England, no one would have turned round to look at this scenery; still less could it have attracted notice in Scotland; in Ireland it would never have been heard of; but being in Italy, it is at once declared to be sublime.

No traveller has left the *Cascata del Marmore*, as the Fall of the Velino, near Terni, is called, unpraised. It is needless, therefore, to add any thing in the laudatory strain; and yet it is impossible not to be struck with the beauty of the entire scene, though, unfortunately for effect, the water falls over the highest ridge of a high tableland, instead of bursting out from between lofty and precipitous banks. The descent is very great, but the water falls in a long, straight, and unbroken stream, before it breaks upon the first projecting rocks at the foot of the hill. The ravine into which it is precipitated is, however, a very fine one.

Rome,

"The Niobe of nations, there she stands,
Childless and crownless in her voiceless
 wo."

And, whatever may be our political sentiments or religious creed — whatever may be the opinions we entertain of the causes that led to her rise and fall — whatever we may think of the crimes and cruelties of which she was guilty during the long course of her prosperity, of her conquests that strewed the world's surface with ruins, or of the vileness that marked her fall — whatever we may deem of her later

and more criminal attempt to fetter the very power of human thought, it is impossible to behold Rome, rising amidst the desolation of the Campagna, without being filled with emotions creditable to the heart, and such as no other spot on earth could call forth. We forget, for a moment, the sorrows and the sufferings that her temporal and spiritual despotism inflicted on the world, and think only of the great, the noble, and the heroic actions performed by her sons. Imaginations carry us back to the days of her virtue, her patriotism, and of her hundred triumphs. It is a brilliant, but short-lived dream, and reality soon presents us with evidence of the just, and terrible retribution that awaited on her crimes and her vices.

There is something in the very approach to Rome that heightens the interest of the scene. You advance through the Campagna. The desolation of desert is only broken here and there by a half-ruined, filthy, and scarcely tenable farm-steading, or by some miserable inn or post-house, in which a few meagre, sallow, and sickly-looking wretches are crawling about, as if in the last stages of disease. Towers and castles of the middle ages, despoiled graves, and broken aqueducts, point your way; no appearance of civilisation is visible. Up to the very gates you only meet with armed farm-servants, clumsy heavy carts, and droves of wild cattle, watched by huge dogs just as wild and ill-locking. But the moment you enter the *Porta del Popolo* every thing is changed; and the stranger, who had been dreaming of ruins, is struck by the modern and rather magnificent appearance of the town. This arises from the circumstance of the inhabited part having been removed from the south-east to the north-west. What was formerly inhabited is now covered with vines, reeds, rubbish, and ruins; and where, in the olden time, was the *Campus Martius*, where once were extensive walks and gardens, there stands the most fashionable part of the modern town.

The district from the theatre of Marcellus to the *Ponte Sesto* appears to have been always occupied; and to this district the inhabitants were probably confined, when, in the fourteenth century, the iron times had reduced their total number to about 20,000

souls. At present every thing presses towards the Corso, and the Piazza Colonna is the centre of the active Roman world; life and bustle diminish visibly at every step on leaving this point. The Forum, or Campo Vaccino, is, however, the centre of Rome within the walls—a space that probably measures upwards of ten miles in circumference, but not a third of which is covered with houses. Ostia, with its mounds of rubbish, gives perhaps the best picture of what Rome may have been at the period of its deepest decay in the fourteenth century; and those who have visited any of the old towns of the Campagna can easily form an idea of its reconstruction, and how huts, raised with the ruins of ancient buildings, strongholds of the nobility, shops and convents, gradually melted into their present form. Even at the time of Sixtus V. the town must have presented a very extraordinary appearance, if we judge by the drawings still preserved in the Vatican library: but it is now assimilating fast to the other towns of Europe. The new buildings are, however, very far inferior to the old; that is, to those of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries: many of the edifices of that period, though exaggerated in point of beauty, are nevertheless very fine in exterior appearance. The interior arrangements of the best palaces are lamentably deficient. There may be thirty structures of the kind at Rome, in which kings and kingly retinues could find room; but there are not three palaces in which an ordinary gentleman's family could be pleasantly accommodated.

"The Goth, the Christian, time, war,
flood, and fire,
Have dealt upon the seven-hilled city's
pride;
She saw her glories star by star expire,
And up her steep barbarian monarchs
ride."

How often Rome was taken, sacked, and plundered by the barbarians, it is needless to tell; what was the fate of the vanquished on such occasions it would only be painful to tell. At one time, Belisarius entirely dispersed the population; in the fourteenth century it was reduced to less than twenty thousand; in the sixteenth the town was captured by the imperial army, under the Constable of Bourbon, and

occupied for seven months by that lawless host, who, from first to last, treated all those whom the sword had spared as absolute slaves. Rome was but the harem of the German and Spanish soldiery. Even in these times of comparative prosperity, the population can only be kept up by a constant influx of strangers; and it is estimated, that a thousand new settlers every year establish themselves within the walls. The greater part of the population are therefore strangers, or the descendants of strangers; and a Roman who can count four of his ancestors born at Rome already forms an exception. What, then, becomes of the foolery, written and spoken, about the descendants of the ancient Romans? The race of the ancient conquerors of Europe, like the race of the Hellenes, is completely extinct. The modern Romans are of Gothic, Vandal, Frank, Teutonic, and Moorish descent; the modern Greeks are Slavonians. There are few families of old standing among the higher Roman nobility, or middle classes; among the inferior nobility and tradespeople there are more. The dyers, for example, lay claim to great antiquity, and some of them still talk a little nonsense about Trojan blood flowing in their veins.

The brief history of most Roman families would probably run thus: "Our grandfather settled in Rome, was industrious, saving, and grew rich; our father was a dasher-paino, and spent it all; our uncle, the canon, aided the mother; and now we help ourselves the best way we can."

Several of the Roman princes pretend to trace their descent from ancient patrician families. The Santa-Croces reckon Valerius Publicola and the Mattineos, the Fabii among their ancestors; but this is all moonshine. The Frangipani family alone, now residing in Austrian Friaul, can with any probability of truth claim to be descended from the nobility of ancient Rome. It is just possible that they are descendants of the ancient Anicia. Most of the other old families are of Lombard extraction, or from the neighbouring provinces. They settled amid the deserted ruins of the town during the dark ages; raised strongholds with the remains of ancient buildings, monuments, and theatres; and thus, by degrees, became powerful and domesticated. The Colonna and Orsini are

the oldest and most distinguished of these families; the Conti have lately become extinct; most of the others are of foreign extraction, and brought to Rome by marriages, or by their relationship with some of the popes. The Conti were from Avignon; Torlonia is from Pavenna; the Altems from Switzerland. There are in all thirty-four of these so called princely families, but many of them are now very much impoverished, and some are on the eve of becoming altogether extinct.

The Colonna and Orsini, the heads of the Guelph and the Ghibeline factions, are greatly reduced; the Gaetani, the largest proprietors in the country, are under trust; the Borghese, the richest of all, having a revenue of 30,000*l.* a-year, are absent; the inheritance of the Sforza is in dispute; the Ruspigliosi live at Florence; so that only three very rich families remain at Rome—the Piombino, Chigi, and Doria-Pamfili. All three are of foreign extraction, as are also Borghese, Barberini, Albani, Odescaldi, Braschi, Ottobuoni, Corsini, and Ruspigliosi, who all owe their rise to relationship with popes. The newest families, Torlonia and Canino, owe their elevation, the first to banking, or pawnbroking—for they are the same thing in Italy,—the second to their relationship with Napoleon. The inferior nobility reckon several hundred families, some of whom are of old origin: they are now mostly very poor; and it is difficult to comprehend how they could build palaces of immense extent, and fill them with servants, pictures, statues, and even with the sort of lumber that in Italy is called *furgiture*. In former times, cardinals and prelates no doubt aided their relatives; but as supplies from these quarters are now stopped, every thing is going to ruin. About fifty years ago many of the Roman nobility are said to have lived in grand style: the reverse is now the case, for they mostly live in mean and miserable retirement, and have all the reputation of being extremely avaricious. In the hall of every prince is a throne, surrounded by a balustrade. The family coat of arms is embroidered at the back, and beside it are suspended a screen, and two cushions for kneeling upon in church. Along with these remnants of ancient feudal pomp you invariably find the uncleaned boots, dishes, and candlesticks of yesterday, all in good Italian keeping—

attempts at grandeur and real uncleanness. The Roman nobility very seldom enter the military service of foreign states, and there is no service of any kind which they can perform in their own country; few even manage their own affairs, and most of them are in the hands of their agents and men of business, and are besides overwhelmed with lawsuits. In the literary and scientific world their names are totally unknown; they see little or no company; and Torlonia is the only one who ever gives large parties. Generally speaking, they are very polite in their manners, and affect a good deal of devotion in exterior appearance. The life led by nine-tenths of these shadows of nobility may be described as follows: "Rose late, heard mass, gave audience to the man of business, paid or received a couple of visits, huddledimuggerdy dinner alone, or at most with one or two acquaintances; servants kept nearly all the conversation to themselves; siesta; ate ices, while lounging in the carriage before the door of a coffee-house; conversazione; rosary; bed." Destitute of political power and influence,—wanting talents, learning, and energy, what else is to be expected? But let them take down from the insignia over their palaces the S. P. Q. R. of the olden time. The mere sight of those fiery symbols ought to make the slaves sink into the earth for very shame.

The middle classes and the nobility assort more together at Rome than in any other place or country on the continent: this arises from relationship, as well as from similarity in their modes of life, which is low in all ranks. The populace indeed make little distinction between them, and term every one a *signore* who drives in his own carriage. The middle class consists of *negozzanti di campagna* (half farmer and half seller of farm produce), merchants, advocates, and public functionaries, together with the numerous agents and men of business of the nobility and convents. Bankers, proprietors, artists, and the members of the learned professions, move, as every where else, in the same rank of society; military men are unknown.

Compared to the rest of the population, this middle-class is not numerous, and is, besides, greatly on the decrease: this is owing to the events of the Revolution, as well as to the circumstance

that most of its heiresses marry into noble families. English ladies are not, therefore, the only title-hunters; but the Roman beauties have an excuse for their love of rank which our fair countrywomen are yet supposed to want. The former are, in fact, entitled to two husbands; one for love, and one for money or for rank, as the case may be; whereas, in this vile, crim-con., lawsuit, newspaper, and scandal-loving land, we tolerate nothing of the kind: but we are profiting fast by our intercourse with the continent. There is a printed list of the presents made by the citizens of Rome to Pope Pius VI. in 1797; and, strange to tell, it hardly contains the name of a single rich family of the present day; so fast does money change hands among an unsteady and unsystematic people, even when their principal characteristic is, as with the Italians, greediness: but they grasp at money, less for the sake of hoarding it, than for the sake of spending it in silly ostentation and low sensuality. A carriage, a box at the opera, and a villa, form the great object of ambition to the Roman middle-classes. They are the sources also of constant ruin and absurdity; and the equipages sometimes started by the less wealthy—often by those who have hardly the necessaries of life—are ridiculous in the extreme; horses, carriages, liveries, and harness, all equally bad and out of keeping with each other: indeed the best Italian equipage can hardly be looked at with ordinary gravity.

The most profitable business at Rome is now that of usurer, called *l'avanzista*. Secrecy, and a good long purse, are all that are required in order to make twelve per cent in a quiet and easy way, provided you are a judge of trinkets and old clothes; for all advances are made upon pledges. Noblemen, and all persons possessing capital, carry on a little business of this sort: and pawnbroking, as we would call it in plain English, has been the making of most of the Italian bankers; and it forms their principal source of gain even to this day. Any one of them will receive an ordinary gold ring in pledge, though many pretend not to take old ~~inappreciables~~. The Irish middle-men system is also universal at Rome, and is carried into every possible department of business; orders, contracts, agree-

ments, are sold from one to the other, down to the last farthing that can be made on them. How public contracts and money matters are managed may be judged of from the following well-known fact. A master-pavior of the name of Vitelli, well known for his meanness and oppression, was steadily refused admittance to a newly-appointed *presedente delle strade*. One morning, however, the prelate's servant heaved a deep and dolorous sigh as he was about to leave his master's dressing-room. On being questioned as to the cause of his affliction, he said that it was in the power of his Excellency to obtain for him, his very poor servant, two louis, by merely kicking a rascal out of the room. The prelate asked for an explanation, and was told that Vitelli, then in waiting, had promised the two louis if merely admitted into the presence of his Eminence, who had only to turn him out as soon as he should have paid the money. The prelate agreed, laughing: Vitelli was admitted, but not exactly turned out. After a short conference, the parties separated with mutual smiles; and a new carriage, with his Excellency's arms, a pair of fine horses, and forage for a year's consumption, appeared all at once, as if by magic, in the yard of the palace. Vitelli had obtained his object.

It is difficult for a stranger to get access to the middle classes at Rome; but if you can speak Italian, and enter into their ways and ideas, you will find them, when once acquainted, more lively, hospitable, cheerful, and witty, than the nobles; their manners are better, and their information just as extensive. The mischief is, that all the young men of this class are rank Radicals. The present writer, who purposely sought the society of such persons, had some difficulty in resisting many pressing invitations to accept the command of the armies of the future Roman republic; and he is not very certain whether he does not, at this very moment, hold the rank of a Carbonari Field-marshal. Should not Lord Palmerston and the Horse Guards acknowledge it? It would give me precedence over General Evans; and how well it would look at the head of an article! Let Sir Oliver Yorke attend to the subject.

Having given a glance at nobles and citizens, let us now take a look at the

lower orders. It is difficult to paint in general traits even the leading features of a population constantly changing, owing to the never-ceasing influx of strangers from the neighbouring provinces; but as climate, education, and modes of living, give to the inhabitants of most places some general character and expression by which they particularly distinguish themselves, we shall here attempt a brief sketch of what is observable among the modern Romans.

Speaking favourably, we should say that the Romans are distinguished for a quick and observing glance, frequently accompanied by a look of sly drollery. Those who do not come in contact with strangers are naturally polite. When courteously addressed in Italian they brighten up at once, and their manners and modes of answering are extremely pleasing. Their general appearance, with the jacket thrown independently over the left shoulder, would at first sight bespeak both character and dignity; but there is a want of depth about the look of the people, which speaks of passions quickly excited, without shewing any of the mental power, firmness, or resolution capable of guiding the storm, or keeping it up when directed towards a good object. They are fierce and revengeful, and not only want courage individually, but have no confidence in the courage of their countrymen generally. Their notions of morality are as lax as they are singular. In many cases murder is looked upon as a mere jest,—even as picking a pocket is looked upon at Naples: to steal from a superior is at all times fair-play; to rob or betray a comrade, a heinous offence. Crime seldom occasions any loss of caste. They have, in fact, acquired the vices of civilisation without having got rid of those belonging to savage life. This is singularly illustrated in the look and appearance of the condemned galley-slaves, who are in general just as good-looking, and often as cheerful, as the rest of the community; while we hardly recollect seeing the portrait of a great criminal in England, which a good physiognomist would not have declared to be strongly marked with deep traits of villany. The Roman is also a sensualist in every sense of the word; he is a great feeder—(you see many fat men among the lower orders)—and a jovial tippler, but cares

little about the quality of his drink,—for the wine brought to Rome is in general of a very bad quality, though the quantity consumed is immense. Murder and acts of violence are frequently committed under the influence of wine. Setting, however, the effects of passion aside, the Roman is a good-humoured, cheerful, polite, and, in manner, rather graceful sort of person. Though not so witty as the Irish bog-trotter, he loves a jest; is very fond of quizzing a stranger; but is ready enough to laugh at his own expense when he finds himself detected, and sees the joke turned against him. These qualities have, of course, but a light hold on the surface of his character; but they are the first to strike an observer, and the effect is certainly a pleasing one.

In one particular the lower orders, throughout the Papal States, resemble the lower orders of the Catholics in Ireland. Forgetting that they are themselves, in a great measure, the descendants of foreign invaders, they look upon the nobles, the rich, and the holders of every kind of property, as intruders; who, under the protection of foreign armies, old or modern, have deprived them, the poor, of what was their rightful inheritance. The consequence is a cordial hatred of the upper ranks, and a total disregard of all law, which they look upon as intended only for the oppression of the poor and the benefit of the rich. This good Jacobinical maxim is, as in Ireland, a source of constant crime.

Street beggars, though bad enough, are no longer so troublesome as they are said to have been formerly; but genteel beggary is almost universal. No man, whatever may be his rank, scruples to beg, provided he thinks that any thing can be got by a little whining. Honest pride is totally unknown; and Demidott, the wealthy Russian, declared that almost every man in Rome, except the pope, had, pauper-like, held out to him the hand of supplication.

The family-room, cabin, or parlour, which Pestalozzi very justly terms the first school of the child, is totally wanting to the lower orders at Rome, as well as in the rest of Italy. To these classes the house serves only as a place of retreat at night, or in bad weather, and as a deposit for their few movables. Washing, cooking—when there is any thing beyond the *companionato* to

eat,—and every sort of domestic work, is regularly performed in the open street, or under the doorway; and the chamber of Illymen itself is constantly open to general inspection. This living in public helps the neighbours to keep a sharp look out upon each other; nor do they fail to profit by the advantage, for there is no place in the world in which scandal and gossip are so much the order of the day as in Rome. The people require a merry tale to sharpen their wits upon every morning, just as regularly as we require a newspaper. Pretty young married women are sure to be closely watched by the quick eyes of their scandal-loving neighbours, and have always a difficult game to play. This living and working in public—for many of the trades are also carried on in public—is attended with another, and perhaps a more dangerous consequence, which is, that the slightest noise, accident, or merry-making, instantly assembles a mob, who are always more ready to come together than to disperse. No opportunity to escape from work is ever lost; no movement so slow as that of returning to labour.

¶ To what extent the Romans consider the open street as their private and public property can hardly be mentioned here. I just leave you to suppose it, from the circumstance that they think it the duty of every man to keep a porter who wishes to preserve cleanliness before his door.

No town in the world is so well provided with hospitals and institutions for the relief of suffering humanity as Rome. And well that it is so; for, with an improvident population, thousands are constantly thrown upon the charity of the public: unemployed and half-starved persons are daily pouring into these establishments from every quarter. Most farm labourers actually live in the hospitals between the sowing and the getting in of the harvests; and the boy, fed at the convent gate with convent soup, grows up in the conviction that he is to depend more upon charity than individual exertion for his future subsistence.

Infant schools seem to have existed at Rome from time immemorial. In every quarter of the town some ancient game keeps, what is termed, a *scuola per fanciulli e fanciulle*, in which all the little ragged urchins of the neighbour-

hood are collected, but in which they only learn to repeat a few prayers. Parents, who have the means, afterwards send their sons to district schools, where they learn to read, and sometimes to write. The girls attend the convent schools, where they are taught to sew and embroider a little. The sons of the higher orders are always educated at home. The *abbate* never leaves the side of his pupil, either at home or abroad; and youthful beards often begin to appear long before the *perdante*, as the tutor is called, is made to disappear.

The young noble is taught a little music, drawing, French, and, strange to say, the art of making verses. History, geography, the classics, or any of those branches of knowledge that could help to raise and expand the mind, are never thought of. Manly exercises are equally neglected. There is not a single respectable riding-master in all Rome; and two or three bad fencers have hardly enough business to keep body and soul together.

The middle classes, who cannot afford to have regular tutors always about the house, hire a sort of half scholar to accompany their sons to and from school, and to walk about with them on holidays and days of festival. The result of this slavish sort of education is, that boys become hypocrites, and dissatisfied with their situation. The fashion of the youngsters now is to contrast the restraint under which they labour with the freedom enjoyed by English boys, who are running and galloping about in every direction. All this engenders, even in the young, a hatred of existing things; they look upon themselves as oppressed from their very infancy: and all ranks, ages, and classes, are ready to strike a blow for reform. But, with a growing hatred to the things that are, we nowhere find the qualities requisite for amendment. Unity of views, public virtue, spirit, knowledge, and the power of calm reflection, are entirely wanting. The lower orders look only to the overthrow of the higher, in order to possess themselves of their wealth. The middle ranks, few in number, and totally destitute of influence, talk of something which they call liberty, without being able to attach any very distinct meaning to the word. The higher ranks seek political power for their own gratification, without possessing a particle of

the knowledge requisite for rendering it honourable to themselves or useful to the state. You may suppose how boundless is the nonsense spoken upon this theme, when I tell you that the most rational of the Italian Liberals seriously talk of re-establishing the old Roman republic.

The Roman servant is altogether a strange sort of character. He is quick enough at getting to windward of his master, but extremely slow in performing his work; he is independent in character, and never distinguishes very nicely between his master's property and his own; is fond of intrigue, and a great carrier and collector of scandal. In his dress he is extremely negligent; and behind a cardinal's carriage, at the approach of which the guards turn out, you may see varlets with beards of a week's growth, with dirty linen, uncombed hair, and with unbuttoned breeches' knees. And yet, if you get one who has not been spoiled by his intercourse with strangers, the chances are that you will like him. Custom and fashion oblige persons of rank and family to have a number of idle servants about the house. The porter, however, is always a Swiss, as no Roman could be trusted: he would be sure to turn the gateway into a shop, and fill the vacant space with every kind of uncleanness. To keep a shop is the supreme delight of the idle Roman; but that any one should ever sacrifice an instant's ease for the sake of cleanliness, seems incomprehensible to him.

Female servants are much better, and far more respectable, than men servants; but love, that makes the world go round, is too often said to disturb the peace of the establishment in which they predominate. Nothing is more true than the inscription above the villa Albani, at Castel Gondolfo:

"*Parva domus, magna quies.*"

Of the boasted intelligence of the modern Italians, and of the Romans in particular, it is really difficult to find a single proof. Even in Rome the arts are completely at a stand. There is hardly a large town in England that could not turn out more young men with natural taste and talents for the arts than the entire peninsula of Italy put together. As a statuary, Thorwaldson, the Dane, is already out of favour and fashion; and there is no other name of note. Painting seems to be entirely

confined to foreigners; the ablest among them are avowedly the English. Of the cameos and mosaics on which strangers, and our countrymen in particular, lay out so much money, it is needless to speak: they are poor, tasteless things, altogether below criticism, and which, if made in England, would not find purchasers even at a quarter of the price paid for them in the Strada Condotti. Though there are only four gem engravers in all London, one of the profession lately died for absolute want. His works were a hundred times superior to any thing that Italy could produce; but, then, who would think of buying cameos in England! We could not say that we had brought them from the eternal city. Models of ruins and ancient statues are equally extravagant and ill executed: they reflect discredit on the purchasers even more than on the artists. Canuti alone has made some pretty bronze models of the good ancient statues; but then his charges are altogether absurd.

Modern Italian literature there is absolutely none. If an author wishes to publish a work, he must himself defray the expenses of printing; and, in nine cases out of ten, he must give the book away in presents, if he wishes to have it read. Under these circumstances, you may well suppose that there is no great trade in books; and, except the few Italian standard works that are in every person's hands, you can hardly depend upon finding, in the first bookseller's shop, the most ordinary book you may happen to want. The present writer sought for the well-known work of Macardis, from Venice all the way round by Rome and Naples, and only found it at last by half chance at Genoa. Periodical literature has hardly any existence, and foreign literature is totally unknown. Some splendid editions of the Italian classics have lately been printed, or are still in the course of printing, at Turin, Florence, and Milan. The type of these editions is extremely good, and the paper very fine: you see at once that the country abounds more in rags than in readers.

A curious speculation was practised not long ago at Rome, by a set of idle young men, at the expense of a pious Russian lady. Madame la Comtesse had taken it into her head to purchase up all the naughty books she could

get hold of, in order to have them burned. The consequence was, that her agents not only collected books of the kind, which are no where so plentiful as in Italy, but set about printing them at a rate which led to the discovery of the trick, after the good lady had wasted a most ridiculous sum of money in this praiseworthy, but rather precarious pursuit.

And now, before concluding, a word of Italian women: I must not pass them over, though I can hardly just now speak very dispassionately of the sex; for I have ample cause to complain of a score or two of the pretty dears. But it is dangerous to offend them: great is their wrath when excited; and mighty is the vengeance which they have lately exercised on the unhappy author of that poor and innocent book, *Women as they are*. The thing was absolutely harmless, and almost unreadable; but female curiosity got the better of *ennui*. The ladies read; and, having done so, they naturally laughed at the unfortunate scribe from one circulating library to the other, even down to distant John O'Groats. The consequence is, that the aspiring young writer is, as a lady's man, ruined for ever. Not exactly because he has abused the sex—they could have forgiven that, for there is not much *esprit de corps* among them—but because he has laid himself open to be laughed at, and appeared as a blockhead before the world at large. The moment a man becomes the butt of ridicule, the moment the finger of scorn can be pointed at him, let him bid farewell to female favour—his case is hopeless. Women will often overlook even folly and stupidity on the part of their lovers, as long as the world is equally blind—they will sometimes, in the hopes of future amendment, treat even want of conduct and principle with kindness; but the man who can be laughed at, or looked down upon, is fallen beyond redemption. No, they will have their lovers looked up to; and they are right.

Having, to my cost, had a good deal of experience on all these points, I like to give advice to the less fortunate part of mankind; and must here say a word to gentlemen who are sometimes caught, as I have been, in the pretty ringlets of some half-school-girl beauty of fifteen or sixteen. Men often think that they can win girls of

this age, when the heart is already in the world, while the person is still at school. The thing may, no doubt, be done; but it requires more *tact* than you are perhaps aware of; and downright, serious, sentimental love-making will hardly answer,—for it is not yet understood. You must also take care that *la jeune belle* is not quizzed on your account, or you are a ruined man. Women are at all times fond of admiration; but, as they are not sure of being entitled to a lover at that age, they cannot bear to be rallied on the subject, and always visit on the unhappy swain the sufferings they experience on his account. I once marked the progress of a lady of this age that promised to be altogether peerless, and expected to catch her on the wing, in the very act of taking her flight into the world; but lost her, I believe, in consequence of some foolish quizzing on the part of her giddy companions.

This, however, is not my only cause of complaint, as the world shall know some time or other. Would not the treatment I experienced at thy hands, fair Peri of the West! justify all I could say against thy fickle sex? Was not thy word passed, thy promise sealed—as such promises are sealed,—thy faith pledged? Was I not for three days the happiest of men, merely to be told on the fourth that I was to hope no more? Did not thine own lips utter the chilling words that carried desolation to the heart in which thine image reigned adored? As if the blow that almost withered the fibres of feeling had not been enough, was I not recalled to thy presence before a day had closed on my sufferings? Didst thou not, in all thine angelic beauty, again hold out to me the Circe-cup of promise, which, when quaffed in confiding folly, was found to contain but misery and despair? Oh, women, women, women! many are the wrongs ye are doomed to endure, many the sufferings ye are doomed to inflict; but, justly as you must often strike, pour not poison into the wounds which your loveliness has occasioned! Peri of the West! bright as the false flame of night that hovers over the tropical precipice, alluring by its splendour the wanderer to his doom, farewell! I leave thee more in sorrow than in anger;

"And, though unrelenting, never
'Gainst thee shall my heart rebel."

Only, you will not expect that, under such circumstances, I should write panegyrics on the sex.

It is not easy to speak accurately of Italian women, if you speak of them generally; because the peninsula of Italy is, in fact, inhabited by different nations, who, in several particulars, differ very widely from each other. These nations have, in many respects, only a common name, and a language that is intelligible, though not exactly common to all; for, besides the Italian, every state, and sometimes every province, has a language peculiar to itself. I purposely say language, and not dialect, because the roots of these languages do not always appear to be the same. On this point I speak, however, with diffidence, avowing that I had other fish to fry, when opportunities for following up the inquiry might have offered.

The half-African Neapolitans have, when very young, the best figures on a small scale; but they become dreadfully plain the moment they cease to be very young. There is no such thing as a "certain age," which is the most uncertain age of all, among them. They are either young and pretty, or old and ugly. They are in general sprightly in character; but the higher classes are awkward and ungraceful in their manners, and always appear to be ill at ease in their clothes. The lower ranks are ill-looking and uncleanly to a degree that hardly admits of being described. The half-French Genoese are the fairest and best formed Italian women; the Venetians the most feminine, and perhaps the most pleasing. The Lombards have a German look about them, which too often degenerates into the vile Swiss caste. There is more sameness among the Lombards than among the other Italians; for, if you seldom see a pretty woman among them, you do not meet the shoals of frights, regular Hecateæ, that cross your path in every other part of the peninsula. Savoy cannot even be mentioned without pain.

Of all the women in Italy, the Roman women have by far the best features. They are almost universally distinguished for very fine black eyes, black hair, and white teeth; the latter, indeed, are too often set off by moustachios, that might excite the envy of half the Hussar cornets in the land. But, though the features are often good,

the figures are almost universally bad, — huge, shapeless masses, supported by ankles of fearful dimensions, to which large in-toed feet are as regularly attached. The busts are generally full, too much so, indeed, but seldom fine; and as the dress, though clean for Italy, is but strangely pitched on, we may safely declare the Roman women to be little better than regular dowdies. But, with all these disadvantages, there is a proud, calm, dignified, independent, and indescribable look about them which is exceedingly striking. It is, in fact, the most striking appearance you meet with on the Continent. The higher orders, who are more like other people, want this strange expression altogether; but, from the trading classes downwards, it is almost universal. However poor the Roman women may be, however humble in station, this high Cornelia-look never forsakes them. Even women who make no pretensions to chastity inspire you, at first, with some kind of respect. You feel disposed to ascribe their fall from the paths of virtue to ignorance, or to any thing rather than to depravity. You know that they are often guilty of acts of violence; you sometimes see women of the lower orders dancing in frantic passion, like the very furies of the ancients; but you can hardly fancy them guilty of acts of meanness. I am speaking of impressions only: knowledge, unfortunately, too soon breaks the spell; but the impression is a strong one. You will meet twenty women every day, who in look and manner equal your ideal of the mother of the Gracchi; but how they come to be the wives, above all, the mothers, of the modern Romans is altogether inconceivable. On intimacy and better acquaintance, this pride of eye soon gives way to a most pleasing and often winning expression that is not without its dangers. The readiness with which all ranks of the fair familiarise with foreigners also appears rather strange at first, but is easily explained: they have no faith in the discretion of their countrymen, and think that an Englishman, in particular, may be confided in to the utmost.

No town in Europe, Vienna perhaps excepted, presents a greater appearance of decorum and morality than Rome. The language made use of by the lower orders, in their furious scolding - matches, is horrible and

abominable; but you nowhere see vice stalking barefacedly abroad as you do in Berlin, Paris, and, above all, in London. Yet "fame whispers light tales of Roman dames;" and though these tales are, no doubt, often exaggerated, they are sometimes also founded in truth; and it would be easy to fill a volume with the stories of gallantry told in Rome during the course of a single week.

The women of the higher ranks are brought up in convents, where they learn nothing besides a little needlework, and perhaps a little music. All, except heiresses, enter the world in the full conviction that it is their bounden duty to marry the first man who proposes for them, provided always that they are to have their own carriage, and to remain at Rome. If, on better acquaintance, the husband is not to the lady's liking, the *amico* is soon found, and attached to the establishment, either openly or privately, as circumstances may be. The practice, though no longer universal, occasions in itself no scandal; but if things are carried too far, if any *éclat* takes place, the husband is obliged to send his better-half into a convent; unless, indeed, the lady happens to have powerful friends and protectors. As the Catholic church does not admit of divorces, poison has occasionally been resorted to in such cases, more frequently in former times than in these days of universal excellence. But an old surgeon, long in the employ of the police, was in the habit of quietly relating a good many instances of the kind that had come to his knowledge. Such things, however, are not allowed to transpire, except where the circumstances are of too glaring a nature, or, when they have become too generally known, to be altogether hushed up.

In a place where so many men are condemned to the miseries of singleness by profession, as well as by the law of primogeniture, husbands of any kind must naturally be scarce. Good matches are, therefore, hunted after by the ladies with a degree of skill and perseverance that would do honour to the most experienced patroness at *Almack's*. A number of clandestine marriages, kept secret with all their secret accompaniments for years, are the consequences. And there is hardly a family of any note in Rome that has not to complain of some marriage of

the kind; for the clergy never require the sanction of the parents to these unions, nor do they ever deem it necessary to ascertain how far the parties themselves are capable of maintaining a family.

It is difficult for a stranger, however fair his opportunities may have been, to form a very correct judgment of Italian women, they differ so much from all the others we are in the habit of seeing. Besides, female excellence is probably estimated by different rules in Italy from what it is in this country. High-hearted men, of courage and of energy, generally look for feminine qualities in women: they look for feeling, charity, and tenderness—for domestic virtues—and for the elegant accomplishments, mental and personal, that tend so eminently to raise the genius and to mend the heart. Feeble, sensual, and passion-tossed men cannot, on the other hand, value the softer qualities in the fair; but, wanting manliness of character themselves, they require to lean on those by whom such firmness is possessed. Most women are naturally high-minded: they are also bold in a cause which they love. These qualities only require to be called forth, in order to be apparent in the sex. And the feebleness of Italian men keeps the manly virtues, if I may so express myself, of Italian women in constant activity. I could almost say that the women are the only men in the country: they possess, at least, great energy, great fervour of passion, and are capable of lasting attachments, often accompanied with unshaken fidelity; but whether the fidelity results from passion or from principle is a different affair altogether. I fear, however, that the brightest of all female virtues is, for itself, but little valued in Italy; it seems, in fact, to have little more than a sort of conventional value. What we would call female delicacy is never looked for, could not be appreciated, and is consequently never found.

As to the conduct of the pretty dears, I should say that married women now behave better than formerly. The *cicisbeo*, or *cavaliere*, now called *amico*, is no longer an indispensable public functionary. A very few old families about Rome, and in the provinces, still retain the good old custom; but as people are every where reducing their establishments, cavaliers are also rapidly disappearing. Whe-

ther this arises from a love of money or of virtue, I pretend not to say. Greater latitude has, on the other hand, been granted to young unmarried women, while their ideas of moral conduct have been allowed to remain exactly where they were. True it is that cases of seduction among the higher orders seldom come before the public. When they happen—and I suspect they happen but seldom, the convent-walls immediately close upon the erring fair and her secret together. But as a convent is pretty sure to be the lady's fate, whatever her conduct may be, provided she does not get married after a few years passed in the world, the temptation to virtue is certainly not very great. Besides the clandestine marriages already spoken of, this state of things leads to the formation of the most extraordinary and incredible *liaisons* between tender-hearted individuals. I should rather say that these *liaisons* are formed under the most extraordinary circumstances; for in other respects they have nothing incredible about them. Of some it may be said, that truth is more extraordinary than fiction. But of all these things the travelling dandy, the loungeur in the Piazza di Spagna, the attendant at concerts and conversazioni, the sentimental gazer at unknown ruins, and the enraptured visitor of studios and galleries, know absolutely nothing; and yet these are the very things worth knowing: the rest is only leather and prunella.

In their manners the Roman women are perfectly unaffected—sometimes too much so, perhaps—and as independent in their bearing as the men of the lower classes. To judge by their exterior deportment at mass, they have perhaps a little more real devotion, but are just as superstitious. Indeed, both sexes are so to a curious degree; and many a man, who hardly knows even the name of religion, consults the book of dreams, and draws cabalistical figures to discover lucky numbers in the lottery. The good or evil-boding signs to which they attach importance are endless. The ancient Etruscans could not dread the evil eye more than the modern Romans dread the *occhio cattivo*. Like the Neapolitans, they carry the figure of the horn as a protection against its effects, and never fail to interpose the well-known sign with the hand between themselves and

the fancied vision. It is also considered unfortunate to praise a child—would it were the case here!—to wish success to a sportsman, or to pass on the right side of a monk. Quiet, solemn, or pale-faced persons, bring misfortune by their very presence; the lower orders call them *Gettatori*, and hold them in great dread. Nobody, however, seems to believe in ghosts, goblins, or fairies, which (notwithstanding a few classical ghosts) are altogether of northern origin.

But by far the most singular feature of the lower classes of modern Romans is their independent bearing towards superiors. From the manners of the people, you could fancy yourself in a land of democracy—or, as freedom and democracy never go together, in a land in which all men were equal before the laws. Yet the reverse is the case,—the laws are only for the wealthy; but they are feeble, and used with moderation. The lower orders knowing, on their part, that they have no security but what is derived from the fears of their superiors, assume a boldness, though they have it not. The higher ranks, rather than try their strength, put up with a good deal from the lower, over whom they exercise no sort of influence. It is only when the *vasallo* carries things too far, and gives himself too many airs, that the lord turns to bay; and he then does so pretty sharply. When at their country-seats, both ladies and gentlemen sometimes wear the costume peculiar to the peasantry of the district, and try to assimilate a little with the *contadini*. But it will not do: the interests of the different classes are every where considered as perfectly distinct, so that it is vain to look for that union out of which could alone arise the hopes of the “young Italy” of the Liberals. To arrive at freedom, Italy must first pass through the fiery ordeals of anarchy and despotism. These stern instructors of nations might in time, perhaps, effect some good. But from the present race nothing is to be expected. The men want head, heart, and arm: and though the women possess all these, they are, very properly, too much engaged in making love to attend to politics.

* * The opinions contained in these papers differ, no doubt, from those expressed by some of the dandy tra-

vellers of the day. It is, just now, the fashion to be liberal and sentimental, and to affect great admiration for every thing connected with what is termed the land of the arts. We have all heard a good deal about Roman greatness and Italian genius; and, forgetting that both the greatness and the genius belonged to times and generations long passed away, we deem ourselves bound, as persons of taste and discrimination, to find remnants of the former and living proofs of the latter at each step. The present writer has, in every sense of the word, found only ruins,—all vastly overrated as to beauty and grandeur; and he states his opinion distinctly, and without reserve. He may be wrong, no doubt; and, if so, may be refuted: but it is only by trying the value of conflicting opinions that the cause of truth can be advanced: a constant repetition of laudatory strains, and strains of affected sentimentality, can lead to nothing.

The conduct and character of nations have, in all ages, been fully open to free discussion; and these are not the times for sugaring over opinions on points that exercise a direct influence

on the manners and the morals of our own people. I believe our present intercourse with Italy, and the long residence made by English families in that country, to be highly injurious to our national fame and character, as well as to the morals of society; and I state that opinion without fear or affection, and with all the clearness and force I am capable of exerting.

That the ladies and gentlemen, who, on the mere strength of a trip to Rome and Naples, set up vast pretensions to taste, and to a knowledge of the arts, should be displeased with me, is natural enough. That the tourists, who deafen the ears of ordinary mortals with the jargon of connoisseurship, and astonish the untravelled by recitals of the marvels which they, the happy wanderers, have encountered, should be indignant at finding themselves exposed, was to be expected. I stated, in the first of these papers, that my intention was to *run a-muck* against affectation, wherever it should be found. The wrath of the detected is therefore music to mine ears, as it shews how well I have struck home.

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MONOLOGUES BY THE LATE SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE, ESQ.

No. I.

LIFE.

It will be recollected that, in our paper on Coleridge's *Table-Talk*, we declared a wish that the Book thus entitled had been less aphoristic and more conversational. We desiderated that, in one or two cases at least, the editor had given an entire conversation, that the world might have had a specimen of its style and scope. We suggested that we knew where materials were to be found, and hinted at ourself being in possession of not a few. Certain reasons have hitherto restrained us from publication; they, however, exist no longer. We cannot injure now the success of any similar design; and as to Coleridge's reputation, or rather his fame (to retain a distinction made by himself), it is above doubt and danger. What we shall give, if it may not increase, cannot diminish it. It is nevertheless our opinion, that our issues will serve to contribute to the work which the Poet and Sage had most at heart.

Our first specimen is one possessing peculiar advantages. We have already stated, that this great philosopher was always willing to assist the minds of the young in the study or acquisition of transcendental Science. For this purpose, he would devote other than his Thursday evenings to a select few. It was our fortune to accompany a party of gentlemen to a private course on Logic, which he had undertaken to give them in common at set times; a task of tuition on which the benevolent poet set no pecuniary price, but which no honorable mind could suffer the performance of without rendering grateful recompense. The occasion to which we are now referring bears date about the year 1823; and it was Mr. Coleridge's wont then to dictate deliberately to his pupils, whether from memory or immediate impulse, his sublime lessons, permitting them to take his words down in writing. Sometimes he diverged, always eloquently, from the dry theme of lecture into some branching topic, having life in it, and a reference to life.

Such is the history of the following beautiful fragment, forming in itself a complete *Essay on Life*. It was delivered as from the inspiration of the moment, by way of relief to a ~~stranger~~ matter, and may therefore serve to instruct the uninitiate in the character of Mr. Coleridge's actual Conversation. It was committed, not to memory, but to paper, in the Poet's presence. The speaker was slow and measured, the scribe was practised in his art, and wielded the pen of a ready writer. What more need we say but that, when his work was finished, it received the approbation of the Master?

The subject divides itself as follows :

GROWTH — MOTION — SENSATION.

We are frequently in the habit of using the word *Constitution* when we are speaking of our own bodies, in relation to Life, and its healthy or diseased state, without exactly considering the force of the word.⁶ For, at the same time, we speak and think of Life as a simple unity, whether we consider it as a Power or as a Result ; and yet the term Constitution, whether we take it to mean the whole complex organism, as that which is CONSTITUTED, or as the powers CONSTITUTING, manifestly supposes a Plurality, though in some way or other united, if only by being themselves plural in one sense, and yet one in another ; in the same manner as the magnetic power is strictly one and yet at the same time consists of two opposite and correspondent forces, or poles, in attraction or repulsion ; yet one, I say,—for, as nature herself instances in the magnetic serpentine, each of these forces supposes the other and every particle of a serpentine magnetic detached from the mass becomes attractive at one end and repulsive at the other. The magnet, in short, is composed of an infinity of magnets, so as to demonstrate that the two forces are so strictly one that neither can exist without producing the other. Constitution is as applicable to a single simple body, or power, as a congress, conclave, convention, &c. would be to a single individual, or functionary.

Thus in politics, we may say that, during the interval from Homer to Solon, the Greek governments, or simple chieftancies, had, by increase of knowledge and philosophy, passed into Constitutions ; and everywhere constitutional governments are applied to those in which the supreme power of the state results from a system of Wills and Interests balanced against each other, in contradistinction from absolute monarchies.

If, then, the word is to be retained, Life *must* be a Power consisting of different forces in unity ; and we have only to learn what those forces are, and in what their unity consists. I have used the word *must*, and with good reason ; for although we should understand the term—the human constitution—in its lowest sense, as a whole, consisting of co-organised and interdependent parts, yet these parts are found

to be specifically different,—the cellular structure from the muscular, and both from the nervous, and yet form one body. But as the effect so must the cause be ; the organising forces must be specifically different, and yet must subsist in some such bond or (if I may say so) intromixture (to take up inwardly) as will warrant us in the conclusion that they are at once one and many. *Ubi unum est in pluribus, vel plura sunt unum, ibi constitutio est.* So much for the verbal explanation of the subject,—for real information we must go to nature. And here I will not detain you with the different jarring attempts to define Life as opposed to death ; though the time may come when a critique of this nature may form an interesting and instructive exercise or example in the application of Logic.

The definition which is alone unobjectionable, and at the same time of practical utility, and competent to all practical purposes, is that "Life is a tendency to individualise ;" consequently, whatever we contemplate as detached from the whole, and not detaching itself—whatever we contemplate as detached, without any individuality or tendency to individualise, we must call *Lifeless*, without at all entering into the question, whether the great mass—the Earth, for instance, from which it had been detached, apparently may or may not have a Life as a whole,—that is, without at all concerning ourselves with Life as a *metaphysical* conception ; in which case the only possible answer, perhaps, would be, that to live and to subsist really are convertible notions. Luckily, the discussion is as useless as it would be prolix.

Physiology, in the present use of the term, is distinguished from physics by having Life for its subject. Life, in the sense here meant, *i. e.*, the most general (in opposition to universal or metaphysical), may be defined—"tendency to individualise." But if this definition is not to mislead, we must carefully distinguish the term "individualise" both from "*totalise*" and from "*specificate*." Thus a daisy—a fly—are in one sense individualised ; but a pebble is a mere *total*, without any tendency but those of common na-

ture; while in a crystal we may perceive a tendency to specificate, or become a specific total, but yet so only as to become an aggregate by apposition, in the formation of which there is no evolution (*ab intra*), but simple apposition,—the universal attraction being here the only actual agent no less than in the pebble; though, in the instance of the crystal, the direction of this action is made specific by the particular geometric form of the molecule, or elementary particles. For ordinary purposes, the conception of the difference between a plant or seed and a pebble, as an accidental aggregate of cohesion, and from a crystal as a specific aggregate, by active attraction, will suffice for all the distinctness which we need in the appropriation of individuality to life generally, and in all its forms.

In Nature the transitions are so gradual that we must always struggle with difficulties more or less, in knowing from what point to commence any new class or order of things. The first form, however, that rises above those of apposition and specific attraction we may distinguish by the name of Productivity; and perhaps we should not err greatly if we took the corallig-line slime* as at once the illustration and the first instance.

Above this, and with more evident propriety entitled Production, we may take that of evolution and extension in the Plant; and the mechanism of the vegetable world is no other than a thousand-fold repetition of Production or Growth, till we reach the very acme of vegetable existence—the moment, namely, in which one part of the plant impregnates the other; at which moment, in many of the more perfect plants, there are appearances of a motion not mechanical, but strongly resembling the motion seen in parts of insects, under which term (for present purpose at least) include worms, &c. &c.

This higher power manifesting itself in a motion not merely of the compo-

nent particles which must be imagined ever in silent growth, but of a whole individual, or of some integral part, has received an appropriate name; and we call the power, or vital force, which thus manifests itself the Irritability. It is almost superfluous to remark that, although the first power, that of Productivity, or Growth, may exist without any manifestation of Irritability (as in plants generally), yet the power of Irritability supposes, and cannot manifest itself but in combination with that of Productivity. If the vegetable realm presents us with one vast instance of predominant Productivity, the insect world exhibits with equal, if not more stupendous variety, the combination of Productivity with Irritability, under the predominance of the latter. Lastly, we observe Effects of a Power manifestly differing from Irritability, though present only where both that and Productivity are subordinate and co-present. This is the power of Sensibility; and though we may not be able to demonstrate the insensate nature of any individual possessing irritability—yet still the manifestation, or positive proofs of Sensibility to the nervous structure by which its certain presence is always attended—yet a multitude of experiments with particular organs and structures, forming parts of individuals—the numerous well-known facts of insects performing all the functions of irritability under circumstances and in a manner incompatible with all we can conceive of a sensitive nature;—these, in conjunction with sundry chemical electrical differences, justify us in distinguishing the third from the second, even as we had before distinguished the second from the first.

Of this higher power, in combination with and as the predominant of the two former, the animal world, in different degrees, from the fish to the bird, the beast, and, lastly, man, gives us the example. And hence it appears to me that the most convenient

* A slime distinguishable into gelatinous warts, overskins, a stem, or earthy pipe, composed of carbonate of lime; within and out of which stony pipe there arises a gelatinous pipe, by the finest imaginable softening of the lifeless and stony edges; which gelatinous pipe blossoms into an animal of the syngenesia character; a bud, or wart, if separated and detached from the earthy pipe, forms the commencement of a new coral. It grows, and still as it grows deposits carbonate of lime, even as gristle becomes bone,—and thus, we may truly say, lives by dying. This power of depositing a matter not (in the same form at least) pre-existent, whenever increase is the result of such deposition, we distinguish by the term Productivity.

as well as unpretending names for these powers, would be derived from the three great realms of nature, according to which Productivity might be entitled the vegetative, or *το φυτ-ιδις*; the insective, *το εντομο-ιδις*; and, lastly, the animal, *το θηιω-ζωϊον*. Of more importance is it to observe that nature has marked the differences of these powers no less plainly in the classes that possess the three in combination, as in the realms in which, if not the power, yet their manifestations exist more or less severally; and this she effects not by the difference of the constituent organs, but the structures in which are the materials of these organs; the cellular, glandular, and venous structures corresponding to Reproduction,—the material and muscular to Irritability,—and the nerves to the Sensibility, in the physiological sense of the word; for, in the common sense of a susceptibility of pain and pleasure, we are better warranted to regard it as a sign and consequent of a nervous system than nerves in themselves unconnected with each other, as in the insulated small ganglia* of certain insects.

Nothing then remains but to state the fact that Powers exist of which the structures and functions especially characteristic of the Vegetable, Insect, and Animal realms are the representatives; that the manifest object of nature is to produce these gradually in harmony with each other, by a due subordination of the first to the second, and of both to the third. And that, as nature in the instance of the highest animals

ends in making the Sensibility the true principle of the unity of the three forces, it is rational and not unphilosophical to assume, that as she ends even so in reality doth she begin; that the Powers of Reproduction and Irritability are in all instances,—in the lichen, the coralligine slime, and the caterpillar, no less than in the human frame,—only manifestations of sensibility which, therefore, alone is properly Life;—but with this distinction, that, in the case of the plant and the insect, these manifestations precede the appearance of Sensibility as the dawn precedes and announces the rising sun, or still more appropriately, perhaps, as the heat often precedes the bursting out of the fire; while in the animal the Sensibility is present in Self-manifestation as well as in Power, and the subordinate powers then appear to follow and to emanate from their principle as the heat and motion from a fire after it has burst forth. But the Sense of Man in its first simplest forms has supplied us with the most philosophical language in (the terms) length, breadth, and depth. The first appearance of body is that of simple length, or the line,—then follows surface, which includes and supposes length,—and, lastly, arises the depth, which is, in fact, no form or image at all, but yet that which, though manifesting itself to us last, is then known to be the cause, condition, and true substance of both the others, which without it would be impossible, except as phantoms in the eye or mind of the imaginer.

THE CONFESSIONS OF A METEMPSYCHOSIS.

BY THE DOMINIE.

This is an age of doubtful questionings. We believe nothing that has not been matter of commonplace experience. All faith has been banished from amongst us,—as the dream of fanaticism or the ready engine of hypocrisy. And thus we wilfully thrust from us an exterior key to the most precious secrets of nature.

I, who write this, was once also carried away by the vain bubble of unbelieveing opinion; and my ignorant scepticism I dignified with the name of philosophy. In this state of mind

I lived; in this hardened want of faith I died. Heavens, what I have known since I—for though death *hath* passed upon me, though I *have* been buried and numbered with the defunct, I am now again in the enjoyment of consciousness. I feel, and think, and reason. I know that I am in existence; and yet my channel of existence is different from what it once was—has been changed, and will, as is likely, be changed again. I certainly cannot insist upon others believing this upon my mere statement; but I have ~~our~~ experience to

* Knots of nerves.

satisfy myself. And how do I know but that there may be many others who dwell in the same mysterious state of being, if the secret were of such a nature with respect to the world that any one dared "blab it out." I am determined, however, to tell my own tale.

It might be too startling to the degree of faith with which I may be favoured, were I to relate minutely the circumstances of my death. Suffice it to say, that when I felt the weakness of coming dissolution creep over my clammy limbs and flutter at my heart—when I saw my friends weeping around me—when I felt that struggling and gasping sensation which accompanies the passing away of the exterior spirit of life,—I knew, of course, that I was dying; and, scarcely sensible to perception or regret, I resigned myself accordingly. Presently the curtains of the bed around me became as it were illuminated, and then faded into a flickering cloud—the weeping faces that overlooked me became grotesque and indistinct—the sonorous voice of the clergyman who read prayers for the dying sounded a hollow boom in my ears, until it departed like a distant murmur. I scarcely felt the thin fingers of my dear mother press down my eyelids, for sensation of all kinds was ebbing fast. It was gone—I was dead!

Without sensation time has no existence—so as to its lapse, or aught else that occurred, I can tell nothing, until time again became apparent through the medium of returned consciousness. And yet that consciousness was not like the renewed lighting up of the soul, but came upon me gradually like the dim perception of a wandering dream. It seemed to me also different from the consciousness of one who is *in the body*; for I had properly no sensation—at least no sensation of materialism or animal life; and although I could perceive that I was in my coffin, and believed myself buried in my appointed vault, I had no communion with the coldness and clamminess of death. Though I felt myself to be dead and buried, I could not be said to lie, like Tybalt, "festering in my shroud," for at least the process of dissolution made no part of my consciousness.

Anon my sensations, whatever could be their channel, became gradually

more acute. Methought, had I not been confined within the wood and the lead, I should have been able to see what was around me—certainly, without being sensible of using the proper organ, I began to hear, and that so acutely in the silence of the sanctuary of the dead, that I could distinctly recognise the twitter of the bat along the roof of the vault, and even the small cricketty sound of the beetle, which leisurely moved along the outside of the oaken case in which at present I knew myself to be confined. Presently the bat fluttered again with a louder sound—I heard a key move in a rusty lock, a door creak as it opened, steps descend heavy and slow, and approach to where I was. Voices spoke—there were two; one old and tremulous, another young, because it sounded clear and firm, and manly withal: but it spoke almost in a whisper, as if afraid of disturbing the silence of our tomb. Heavens, I knew it! It was that of my old fellow-student Rimiera; and he talked of me, and sighed, and spoke some of the quaint common-places about death; and the old man—for it was the sexton who accompanied him—tapped my coffin, and uttered a coarse pleasantry that seemed to shock the feelings of the meditative student. I declare I felt indignant, and really insulted at this vulgar freedom with myself and my brethren of the dead.

The student seemed now to fall into a reverie, as I knew by the silence that prevailed in the vault, which made me revert to the memory of former days, when I moved among the living, and to think retrospectively of his character. I knew him but slightly then, and only, as we know those whose outward demeanour is somewhat of a mystery, and whose real character is a perfect enigma. A dreamer, a *philosophe*, a meditative inquirer into the dark occultations of nature; the penetrating shootings of whose mind, however, returned back upon himself, as I afterwards learned, blunted and abortive, as if nature had repelled the attempted search as impertinent and sacrilegious. This young man had dived into the questions of existence and non-existence, consciousness and annihilation, until his intellect had become half crazed by its vain gropings into mysticism; and he had of late almost taken up his abode among the tombs.

And yet it struck my imperfect recollection that I had once heard something more of him, and a strange story was told of a strange and terrible fancy that had taken him with reference to another and a most interesting being. When I remembered this, it also came into my fugitive mind that, during the time that I lived upon the earth, I had known and experienced ~~most things~~, but never had really known ~~one~~ ^{one} passion, which some called a sentiment, and others confounded with all the sentiments and feelings which are said to agitate the human breast, but which has been the theme of poets and romancers from the beginning of time. Considering how the student was said to be situated, I felt at once upon this recollection an involuntary longing to know what he knew; in other words, a strong desire came upon me to free myself of the prison to which I seemed to be confined, and to transfuse myself into his person—in short, to become himself. When I became conscious of this feeling, it so far overpowered me that the desire almost amounted to a prayer; the prayer seemed accompanied with a strange and impelling power. In obedience to volition, I felt uneasy, like one struggling in a dream. I wished again, as if my very wish could accomplish itself. A flash of electricity, came over me. I instantly found myself again a living man—no longer as I was before, but in the person and soul of the student.

My first sensations were not very distinct, as I left the vault and again emerged out into the light of day. Of the reflections with which I had been occupied as a visitor into the resting-place of the dead, I, the newly possessed of my new mansion of thought, only caught the last vibrations; and their usual unsatisfactory tendency and inconclusive darkness filled me with melancholy. But strange thoughts again occupied my mind, as I walked towards one of the obscure streets of the city, and a confused image of female beauty swam before my fancy; bright eyes and dark glances of a strange lightning seemed to shoot into my soul—until, as I meditated, my heart began to beat quick, and visions of joy unspeakable danced before my excited imagination. I now suspected that this was the sensation which I had often coveted to feel while

formerly inhabiting the earth, and never could; but which I was now to experience in the person of Rimiera the student.

It was now getting dark as I turned into a mean-looking, desolate street, and, entering a low door, began to clamber up a narrow and broken stair. My heart sank within me, and my lofty imaginings melted into depression, as I surveyed the naked and poverty-stricken apartment which was my domicile. What signified my litter of moth-eaten books, which none but the patiently inquisitive had the resolution to study? What signified my laboratory of phials and philters, for in what did all my midnight studies end? what was the ultimate result of all my experiments? Ignorance, melancholy ignorance;—while, as to my graspings after the ordinary baubles of the world, my situation and chances were still more humiliating. The wretched sentiment of having hitherto lived in vain—of having mistaken my vocation—filled me with the most agonising reflections. Though my pursuits and my present situation were equally effects arising from the necessity imposed on me by the circumstances of my birth and its associations—nay, though all this had proceeded link by link, as by an iron law of fate, which I had attempted often to break, but in vain—still, still I could not help arraigning myself as a criminal, by whose will and act the chain of destiny had been in great part, if not wholly, forged. I resolved to get rid of the shame and the sin of poverty: I would make another effort. I scarcely suffered a moment to be lost in my preparations to leave the apartment, and set forth to mix among the great, to attempt greatness myself for an hour—or, at least, to conceal the lack of that, without which pride is only a self-torture, and professed respect from others but a hypocritical mockery. Love, that sometimes shot its pleasing pang through my bosom, instead of elevating my nature, as I felt was its tendency, sank me into the dust of humiliation when I reflected on the circumstances and company among which I was likely to be permitted to meet the object of it. Even the prospect of this pleasure gave me no joy; for who was I that dared to treasure a form in my heart on whom nobles looked with admiration, and princes condescended to gaze upon with desire.

At length I arrived at the scene of revelry, and piloted my way like a philosophic grasshopper among the crowd of equipages that surrounded the palace. But as I tripped up the marble steps of the great stair, and heard my name announced in the assembly of the honoured, the elevating atmosphere of human pride had an instantaneous effect upon my nature. The melancholy of the tombs and the humiliation of the poor student's chamber were forgotten; and, in the confidence of a man and a philosopher, I thought I could look even royalty in the face.

Since my strange and inexplicable awakening in the vault, I was completely absorbed in my new being, and could scarcely recal a former existence. Now, however, the scene before me stimulating all the powers of reflection, I tried to recollect what I was, what was the precise meaning of my present feelings, and wherein consisted my actual identity. That I was the student was certain; and yet that I had lived before was equally matter of experience. A transient power of thinking as a separate existence occasionally came upon me, reminding me in a confused manner of my former life; and yet my present consciousness was to all intents and purposes the feelings and reflections of the man in whom I now lived, moved, and had my being. Yet the power of retrospection in his person was not very distinct; and his experiences, and the acts of his former life, were called up as it were only by an effort, when necessary to illustrate a present feeling. In this way the mixture of pride in some former chain of circumstances, and of shrinking humility in present consciousness—of aspiration after some occult knowledge, and of intense passion for some lovely being, which by turns caused an agitation in my bosom, as I wandered among the ceremonious splendours by which I was surrounded—filled me, as a new being, with a strange undefinable anxiety and curiosity, as if some personage was about to be introduced to me, or some event to happen which was to bring me into immediate acquaintance with myself.

With eager eyes and a beating heart, I wandered from saloon to saloon in the brilliant assembly, seeking for a single sight of a fair being, who al-

ready seemed to have become my third existence.* But no such being appeared amid the splendid throng; as for more than an hour I lingered a solitary and neglected intellect among those with whom I had neither part nor lot, until my heart sank again in humiliation and disappointment. The thousand lights seemed to burn dim before my aching eyes—the clusters of diamonds shone, I thought, like blue and green sparkles of unearthly flames before my loathing sight—and the ranged countenances of noble dames began to appear to my meditative sense almost ghostly and tomb-like, as if ornamented beauty itself was only a thin veil over rottenness and dust, and grandeur but a varnish over inward misery, gnawn by envy, and feeding upon jealousy, or torn and blackened by the intolerable bitterness of disappointed pride. Was this morbidity, arising from the effects of my previous studies? or was it truth, which the deceiving world will not allow to be spoken? The lights all round me actually shone yellow, a sulphurous yellow, in this thick and dark atmosphere of a thousand artificial corrodings of the heart; for the high society at this time congregated at Vienna was tormented by a thousand jealousies and private bickerings, which are too tedious as well as too contemptible to recount.

A reaction now came upon my pride of manhood, if not of birth—for the latter barely entitled me to appear in this proud assembly; and I now thought, with a contrasting affection, of my poor chamber at home, and my phials and my chemicals, that made me happy in the investigation of nature—and of my black and musty books, that taught me wisdom—and my crabbed old attendant, that made my simple potage, and told me plainly of my faults and my waywardness. Presently I heard a buzz arise among the company towards the great entrance, and “the Englishman! the Englishman!” was whispered all round me. It was this personage, it seems, who, partly by the nature of his political mission, and partly by the advances he had made among the aristocratic families here, and the strife the reports of his great wealth had occasioned, who had been the cause of the various heartburnings which vexed the apparently gay spirits which fluttered round me; and I heard another name also whispered in association with his,

the bare mention of which, from feelings as yet to me but matters of indistinct retrospection, sent my heart bumping hard against my side.

Way was now made for the late-arriving party which caused all this sensation; but my straining eyes were in an instant transferred from the commonplace figure of the island nabob to the beautiful being who had entered along with him, and whom I had in vain looked for the whole of the evening; but who now, a perfect vision of beauty, paced forward, like the bright angel of purity, which had come to diffuse poetry and elevation around her, and to dispel from this gay assembly the dark and dubious spirits of evil. Her hair was bound with roses and sprigs of myrtle; she leaned on the arm of a noble-looking, yet reverend cavalier; and, looking round her modestly on the crowding assembly, she addressed a word occasionally to the dull bluff Englishman, who, with the characteristic insensibility of his countrymen, walked in animal stupidity by her side.

I looked upon this vision, as it drew near, as men should look upon an angel sent down from above. She did not in reality appear as belonging to the earth. As she turned her head slightly in passing, and looked modestly towards me, her eyes shot a feeling into my soul which seemed to me like the delirium of Mahomet's paradise; and when I felt her dress afterwards rustle against my own, my heart beat so quickly that I seemed ready to faint, and for a moment I was deprived of all exterior sensibility.

This, then, was the sensation which, in my former state of being, I had so longed to experience—this was that intoxication which men called love, and which the poets of the world have sung of in all generations—this was the unaccountable adoration for a mere human being, which now put to flight all the philosophy amassed by me for years—this was the experienced feeling which made my abstract musings on mere humanity almost ridiculous, and the taste of which is the only real romance furnished by this dull and animal existence. And yet I felt it to be a thing which belonged to imagination and individuality, and which no man could make come or go at his bidding: for the features of this angelic creature I could perceive not to be

entirely new to me; formerly, before I had become the student Rimiera, I now could recollect to have seen her frequently. Then, however, her form had passed before my eyes without any impression to touch my feelings, more than would have done a pleasing picture painted by a limner. Now my spirit and heart sought for and dwelt in hers, as we seek for a better and holier state of existence.

The pleasures of love, however, no sooner were felt by me, than I began also to feel its pains; and those, like the other, were grievous and acute. First, the adoration of this lovely being recoiled upon myself in the shape of personal humiliation. What was I when placed in comparison with her? and what was my humble lodging, my poor prospects, my phials, books, and old woman, compared with this proud and splendid Englishman, who had plenty of gold, and no need of philosophy. Again, my heart sank within me as I saw the crowds that paid their court to Alexina; and that deep and saddening moral jealousy began to tear the sensitive strings of my feelings, as I observed how she smiled upon several highborn men, and especially upon this bold Englishman. Observation, reflection, meditation—hitherto the chief occupation and pleasure of my *student's* life—became now, as forced upon me by what I was obliged to witness, an insupportable torture. Discontent—the contrasting discontent of circumstances, the hopeless and humiliating misery of relative position, now came over me in their terriblest forms. And yet Alexina smiled upon me too; and I thought I heard her whisperingly express a pleasure at seeing the student Von Rimiera. But this condescension, which precluded me from touching the hem of her garment, was not the return that love seeks; and wishes, intense as my perception of bliss in the society of this angel, were torturous in proportion as they appeared without hope.

Unable any longer to bear this scene of envious excitement and self-annihilation, I fled home in the dark obscurity of midnight, and on my own mean pallet, where I at length threw myself, I dreamed all the morning of the great English viscount and Alexina. Late I was relieved from my uneasy visions. I rose with haggard looks and depressed spirits, and tried to study; but study I could none. The ancients

of my books appeared to me passionless proser of inapplicable wisdom, or dreaming gropers after some unattainable philosophy. My acids and chemicals seemed unsavoury and nauseous. I poured drugs and liquids together, while the fiend of abortive experiment seemed to rise up from among my bottles, and laugh me to scorn. Unlooked-for combustion ensued, and the whole blew up in my face. I rushed forth from my garret, and ran towards the principal hotel to try if I could hear any thing of *milord* the Englishman.

To my great joy at first I learned that he meant to depart from Vienna next day. I learned also that he was about to sup in the evening of this day at the hotel of the Count de Pueblo, where it was expected he was to meet again with Alexina at a grand entertainment. From a strange restlessness and curiosity, I lingered about his hotel to witness his departure. As the evening approached, and his splendid equipage drew up at his gate, an intense feeling of envy of his happiness, or at least of desire to enjoy it, took uncontrollable possession of my mind. When I saw him issue forth through a double row of servants, I thought I would have given worlds to enjoy what he was likely to enjoy this one night. The thought of my transferred existence now shot into my mind like electricity. I involuntarily made use of the same praying wish that I had originally done from my coffin in the vault. A shock like a bolt of lightning shot through me: in another instant I found myself seated in the splendid carriage, and looking with a sort of flattered contempt upon the poor student, and other rabble pedestrians who surrounded my equipage. The footmen through whom I had just passed to my carriage—that is, as many of them as could find room to stand on the board—jumped up behind me, and away I drove to the hotel of the Count de Pueblo.

Carrying into my new being some vibrations of my late impressions, though my mind and feelings were altogether changed, I yet experienced a sort of languid astonishment at not feeling the least of that joy in going to meet Alexina that I could recollect having anticipated. In truth every thing I saw, as I was whirled along, I thought,

if thinking it could be called, inferior, tiresome, or contemptible. On the German stateliness of the society which I met, and which is less repulsive, after all, as I now know, than that of England, I recollect looking with perfect ridicule. In truth, on nothing that I saw, however splendid, however elaborate, and meant for my gratification, did I look with any pleasure.

But Alexina!—to me that evening she was particularly tiresome, and what the people could see at her I am sure I could not understand; for to me her beauty, and her manners, and her bepraised blandishments, were absolutely a bore. Some traces were left on my dreamy recollection of a former worshipping flutter at the heart in her presence; but how it arose I could not conceive—she was absolutely nothing! but pretty and plaguing as most women are—and proud as a princess, without more to live upon than my mother's mantua-maker; and her father prouder still, and yet the ghostly old Von was of less sterling value than my English steward. And these genealogical, stupid Germans took the liberty of talking of her and me, because, forsooth, I chose to flirt with the creature, because every one admired her, and I found it was the fashion. Bah! I was sick, and wished myself again in Hanover Square, although I couldn't recollect that that was much better. In short, the night was, as usual, insufferably fatiguing, and still more stupid than the former. I returned early to my hotel, and was obliged to take a sleeping draught—I was so wretched.

Next morning I found some satisfaction in the perusal of an English newspaper. My thoughts were all of home, and I hoped some relief from the sight of old faces; and with these feelings was mixed that undefined sort of curiosity that arose out of a certain former consciousness. To do justice to my rascals, they had every thing prepared—all was packed and arranged—I had nothing to give me the slightest trouble. Thrusting my newspaper into my pocket, I was assisted to my carriage. I was seated—I was ready. Up went the side-blinds, smack went the whips, and I heard the forward villains from behind shout, "Ho! for England!"

RECOLLECTIONS OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.

HIS EARLY MANHOOD.

BEFORE quitting the subject of German literature it should have been remarked, that Goethe's succeeding tragedy of *Egmont* is a production of the same class, and was calculated to deepen the impression already produced on Scott's genius by "Goetz of Berlichingen." I have heard it remarked, that in the romance of *Kenilworth* some of the scenes bear so close a resemblance to those of *Egmont*, that this might be supposed the effect of imitation. If so, it may be an accidental coincidence of story, or an effect of memory; but, assuredly, no writer was ever more free from the imputation of borrowing than Sir Walter Scott. Had he continued his German studies, the enormous stock of fictions, as well as of historical and antiquarian learning, which exist in that language, might indeed have supplied materials to work upon, which would have saved him trouble, and undergone in his hands a transmutation like that of lead into gold. But I doubt whether his reading in the language extended much beyond those volumes which he translated before the year 1800. The works of Goethe and Schiller acted like a spark — or say, rather, a torch — kindling up his own genius, which found ample materials in the old ballads and historical records of his own country; and being once excited, required no further aid from foreign sources. In truth, after Sir Walter Scott became actively engaged in authorship, he every year read less and less. As in the early part of his life, until the age of twenty-five or thirty, he did little else but read, in his latter years he was so unremittingly engaged in writing, that reading no longer afforded his mind sufficient excitement.

One of his earliest friends, whose example induced him to try his powers in literature, was the eccentric Matthew G. Lewis, whose clever ballads, and romance entitled the *Monk*, unequivocally modelled from German sources, had made him an object of notoriety; which, however, was considerably increased by the circumstances of his being possessed of a fair fortune in the West Indies, moving in fashionable circles, and having a seat in parliament. No one could proceed more

cautiously than Scott in his attempts at authorship. So little confidence did he at first place in his own powers, that it was not without hesitation he entertained the idea of being able to approach the rank of Monk Lewis as a composer of ballads; but by the approbation cordially bestowed on his *Glenfinlus*, and *Eve of St John*, he found, perhaps to his surprise, that he had underrated his own capacity in that respect.

I have observed, that the interest he took in the politics of the day, combined with literary research, formed the main springs on which his activity was kept up, and which prevented him from assimilating with the idle members of the *stove-school*. If his wishes as to becoming professionally a soldier could not be gratified, it was at least in his power to "play at soldiering;" an amusement into which he entered with the utmost enthusiasm and fervour, when, in the year 1797, he became an officer under the banners of the Royal Mid-Lothian Regiment of Cavalry. At this period he cemented a cordial friendship, which endured through life, with several very eminent public characters, who were also zealous adherents of the Tory government; especially his noble kinsman, the Duke of Buccleuch; Mr. Blair, afterwards president of the Court of Session; and Henry Dundas, afterwards Lord Melville.

If Scott, according to his own words, had gained no ground in life which was not won by his own exertions, yet in his friendships he assuredly was fortunate, especially with those three individuals. Every one who remembers the Duke of Buccleuch in 1797, will be ready to characterise him as a model of a nobleman, — by his activity, his regular habits of business, his buoyant jovial spirit, his princely generosity and zeal to do good without ostentation, ennobling the rank which he held instead of depending on that rank for distinction. With regard to President Blair, had it not been for the assiduity with which he devoted himself to a laborious profession, there is little doubt that he would have become eminent as an author. Overloaded as he was during his practice at the bar with a

multiplicity of business, he yet found time for literature; and, during vacation-time, always recurred with a singular degree of juvenile zest and ardour to his favourite studies. Between the character of Scott and that of Blair there existed indeed some strong points of resemblance. There appeared in both a great command of temper, with a constitution naturally irritable,—the same contempt for obstacles such as would have appalled most other men,—the same unconquerable spirit in the fulfilment of duties once undertaken,—while, also, in their eccentricities, particularly that of absence of mind (or abstraction), there was an affinity. This, indeed, was more remarkable in Blair than in Scott, of which the latter used to mention a ludicrous instance. On coming out of his house one day in George's Square, he was met by a stranger, who touched his hat, and with seeming familiarity marched up to the threshold. "What do you want, sir?" said the judge rather sternly. "My lord," answered the stranger, "I came to call for Mr. *Thamson*." "Mr. *Thamson*?" repeated his lordship; "this is my house, and my name happens to be Blair. Go about your business, sir." "My lord, I beg pardon; Mr. *Thamson* is your lordship's clerk." "Good God!" said the judge *sotto voce*, and walking away, "is that man's name Thompson?" The clerk had been tolerated by him twenty years, or more; though distinguished for stupidity, and answering probably to the appellation of James or Saunders, his proper name had been wholly forgotten. *Non erat tanti viri*.

But of all friends whom Scott at this early period had acquired, none was more steadfast and congenial than the late Viscount Melville, and none approved more cordially of the spirit which he evinced as adjutant of the Mid-Lothian cavalry corps. It should be noticed that, at this period of his life, as indeed for the following thirty years, the Author of *Waverley* was gifted with great vivacity and buoyancy of spirits. His constitution promised to be robust and long-enduring; and he was equally ready at all times for the sports and exercises of the field or the industrious labours of authorship. In regard to these last, he had not yet adopted that system of early rising for which he was remarkable in latter years, but would often continue

his studies through the whole night, without being inconvenienced by it, or suffering fatigue on the following day.

In whatever Sir Walter Scott undertook, excepting perhaps the management of pecuniary affairs, there appeared the same peculiarity of disposition and talents, only turned into a different channel, which he exhibited in his writings. As to the discipline of a troop of yeomanry, those only who have served in one can appreciate how much of patience, ingenuity, and application is required before any respectable appearance will be made on a field-day. If the French had been actually off the coast, Adjutant Scott could not have shewn more alertness and enthusiasm than he now did, in drilling both horses and men, of which many whimsical instances might be recorded. With all this enthusiasm, he had opportunities enough of indulging that keen sense of the ludicrous which accompanied him through life, though he never made a really ill-natured joke at the expense of any one. With this vein of comic humour, it is almost needless to observe that he was a superlative companion in the mess-room, where his unaffected cheerfulness and boundless store of anecdote often set the table in a roar.

There was once a story current of Scott being in early age deeply attached to a lady of great beauty and high rank; which *liaison*, as the "tide of true love never did run smooth," ended in disappointment, preyed upon his spirits, and gave for some time a recklessness to his feelings which might have influenced him to plunge deeply into literary research, by way of a sedative. I know not whether there is any foundation of truth for this rumour.

In 1797, after a ramble through the beautiful scenery of the Cumberland lakes, he happened to stay for some time at Gillsland, which had then some celebrity as a northern watering-place. Such places of resort are celebrated for match-making; and he here became acquainted with Miss Charpentier, whom he speedily afterwards married.

Through life Sir Walter Scott imagined himself a *prudent* man; I have said *imagined*, because his innate kindness of heart and generosity, his literary abstraction, his boundless hospitality, love of architecture and land-

scape-gardening, old books, pictures, and antiquities, were all at war with what is usually termed prudence. "For one step up hill," as he sometimes observed, "there were three downwards." His resources were multifarious,—his skill, sagacity, and perseverance in turning them to the best account were worthy of the highest admiration; and, having accomplished much as a financier in acquiring money, which occasionally was showered upon him, he perhaps determined also to become a rigid disciplinarian in repelling attacks upon his purse; but the barriers he raised against expenditure were easily broken down, and to become avaricious was wholly impossible. Yet, ere dismissing this point, let it be remembered that, had it not been for accommodation-bills granted or indorsed to support the credit of his bookseller, Sir Walter Scott never would have known any real pecuniary difficulties: were it not for the multiplied evils which arose out of that one error, or misfortune, he might at this hour have been alive and affluent.

I believe that, if he betrayed the slightest alloy of self-conceit or vanity (than which nothing was more opposite to his character), this consisted in the idea that, though devoted to the Muses, he could yet persevere quite enough in that courtship without abating one tittle of worldly wisdom. He always disputed the notion that a man of letters or poet cannot be a man of business; and, after his marriage, was an indefatigable attendant at the Parliament House. His extreme partiality for the country, however, made him wish for some retreat out of town, in which to spend the holidays; but at first he proceeded on a very moderate scale. His residence in North Castle Street, Edinburgh, formed for many years his head-quarters; and here was founded that library, and collection of antiquities and armour, which afterwards accumulated to great extent. The house was small, but convenient, having a quiet library in the rear, where his books were arranged in such perfect order that he could in a moment command any volume that was required,—the dusky old covers being always retouched by his confidential binder, and blazoned with their names in gold letters. The massive library-table, the trophies on the wall, the Roman lamps on the chimney-piece,

the spectral figures produced by old coats of mail and hauberks placed upright,—all were in symmetry. There was no litter or confusion; and, to prevent an accumulation of useless papers (for even the envelopes of the letters he received would in the year have made a waggon-load), a large round basket always stood at hand to receive what Voltaire chose to denominate "foul linen." One winter evening, when Scott happened to cram into the fire a very large portion of manuscript of which he had made a fair copy, and Mr. Ballantyne (the printer) wished to take it out again, "Be quiet," said the author, "and rest assured you have got what is quite bad enough already; don't ask for any thing worse." In those days he carefully transcribed his productions, and seemed to take pleasure in so doing; but latterly, it is almost superfluous to observe, that the practice was discontinued: in truth, he never took time even to read over the pages ere they were sent to the printer.

For landscape-gardening, for architecture, as already mentioned, and even the interior embellishments of a house, Sir Walter Scott always shewed a peculiar taste; and no residence could come into his possession, though but for a short time, without being improved. Soon after his marriage, in 1797, he chose for his summer retreat a thatched cottage in the neighbourhood of Lasswade and Roslin, close to the properties of his friends the Duke of Buccleuch and Mr. H. Dundas of Melville. The road from Edinburgh to Lasswade crosses that tract of country which forms the opening scene of action in the *Heart of Mid-Lothian*. It would, indeed, be difficult to point out the cottage of Jenny Deans, so many new buildings having spread in the once lonely district of Newington and St. Leonard's; but about half-way to Roslin there exists on the right an old square tower (whitewashed) which unquestionably stood in the poetical picture for the residence of the "Laird of Dumbiedykes." The whole road affords beautiful prospects. Passing the said Dumbiedykes, you proceed to the top of Gilmerton Hill, from whence is obtained a view of Edinburgh, which for grandeur of outline cannot be surpassed. Thence, descending, you soon arrive at the valley of the Esk and village of Lasswade, which I have often thought supplied materials for

the picture of "Ganderscleugh," so humourously introduced in the prefaces to *Tales of my Landlord*. There is the same steep hill down which the Edinburgh mail-coach approaches every evening,—the same atmosphere of quiet seclusion, which only stupified the schoolmaster, but made his usher a poet. There is, moreover, a noticeable school-house on the river side wherein Mr. Tennant, the ingenious and learned author of *Anster Fair*, for some time enacted the humble part of Jedediah Cleishbotham: lastly, on a high sloping bank there are the ruins of an old church, surrounded by lofty ash-trees, which a poetic imagination might very easily convert into the remains of a venerable abbey.

Probably the happiest years of Scott's life were spent at this hamlet; and it might have been well for him if ambition, that "last infirmity of noble minds," had never tempted him to change his abode. The cottage had attached to it only a few acres, comprising the diversities of a paddock for grazing, a tolerable garden, and, on the opposite side, a rising patch of waste ground, commanding a view into the beautiful valley where now stands Melville Castle. The house was neatly thatched, had a romantic appearance, and contained a good and cheerful drawing-room, of modern date, with a small and rather sombre old dining-parlour, forming the *ideal* of a winter "snuggery." When Scott first arrived, the place was a neglected wilderness, but he immediately commenced his operations to render it a cottage orné; and it delighted him to say that he and Mrs. Scott had executed most of the improvements with their own hands. I remember that two crooked trees, with rugged bark, had been selected to form an entrance, having their tops fastened together, thus making a rustic arch, and ivy was planted below to twine round their shafts. From thence proceeded a carriage-drive, winding round to the door of the cottage. Honeysuckle and China-roses were carefully trained up its walls, and the garden soon assumed a flourishing appearance.

In Scotland, to be wanting in hospitality would indeed argue meanness of character, education, and birth; it would form a crime not excusable even on the score of poverty. But of all men, certainly none could be more

hospitable than Scott. He was so even to strangers, but to friends his kindness had no bounds; and in after years his patience was often sorely trespassed on and tried by visitors who made their *entrée* without even the shadow of previous introduction. One day, at Abbotsford, he had been induced to *parade* before a tedious guest of this description, who, finding the house full of company, at length took his leave, or was bowed out. The "Great Unknown" gladly retreated to his own apartment, but on the way was overheard muttering to himself,—"After all, I might at least have asked him to dinner." Among other causes of his happiness at Lasswade may be reckoned that, from the narrowness of the accommodation, he could not receive large parties; and if uncongenial guests did arrive, they could not, as at Abbotsford, be requested to prolong their stay.

I remember, though it is like a dream, a visit to Mr. Scott during the last year of his residence at this cottage, which he felt some regret at leaving; but his appointment as sheriff had afforded a reason why he should be domiciled for some time each year in the county over which he exercised that office. Some rambling notices of this visit I shall venture to set down; but at such distance of time much cannot be expected from recollections of the conversation, which, had it been ever so pointed, I was too young to appreciate. But the truth is, that men of much inferior minds have supplied better materials for volumes of "table-talk" than Sir Walter Scott. The leading characteristics of his conversation depended on his unaffected good humour, on the utter absence of any design to produce *effect*, either by witticisms or superiority of eloquence; for in this respect, at a party of *soci-disant* wits, he was like a man who persists in wearing plain clothes while others are strutting in bag-wigs and gold lace. Somewhat on the same principle that led him to withhold his name from the *Waverley* novels he also seemed rather to shun any distinction that might have been gained as a "talker," contenting himself with what Galt has called a "pleasant comicality;" and as to his excellent old stories and happy illustrations, they dropped in by mere accident, as his memory supplied them, when applicable

to the immediate topics of discourse. I may notice *en passant* one more peculiarity. As it was next to impossible to inveigle Scott into a colloquial dispute, it became also scarce practicable for others to carry on an angry controversy in his presence. Some ridiculous anecdote, or *bizarre* mode of stating the question at issue, generally succeeded in making the antagonists both laugh and abandon their hostility. In this respect, Pinkerton, Ritson, and Weber, were the most unmanageable persons he ever had to deal with; but even *their* acerbity was neutralised in his presence,—though poor Weber's insanity, after long and faithful service as an amanuensis, became at last too apparent to admit of his being, as usual, a guest at the table of his benefactor.

I had been invited to pass an afternoon at the cottage, and visit whatever was remarkable in the neighbourhood. At that time I believe the principal, or I may say the only, object of my ambition was to have a volume of poems, with or without my name attached to it, actually in print. With regard to the contents of the book, either in bulk or style, whether ballad, ode, or sonnet, I was not particular. A volume containing about as much as Gray's poems, published by a leading bookseller, would have satisfied my desires; and having accomplished this, I should have died content! Accordingly I had elaborated a thin quarto of about one hundred and twenty pages, with twenty lines in a page, which constituted the *magnum opus* whereon immortality was to be founded. Greater trash could not exist; but Mr. Scott, who was fourteen years my senior, had the condescension to pronounce the verses "very pretty"—though he doubted (well he might!) if booksellers would like them.

"I have no pretension," he added, "to style myself a literary character, which would be rather an imposing title to found on the mere editorship or imitation of some old ballads.* But this much I can clearly understand of literary employment, especially poetry, it is good as an *amusement*, but deplorable as a *profession*. Fortunately, however, you have it in your power to woo the Muse without needing to consider whether she has any '*tocher*;' and as

to the guerdon of praise, it is best to look on it as of no consequence. The man who writes well generally has a pleasure in writing, which alone is a recompense; and with regard to obtaining the favour of booksellers or the public, it is a mere lottery, in which, as in other lotteries, those probably fare best who think least about the chances."

I have admitted some egotism, only to shew in what character I was first introduced to the "Great Unknown," who at that period was equally unknown as a great genius even to himself. In a very beautiful morning of October I rode out, fully occupied in mind with anticipations of a delightful visit; for I had discrimination enough to perceive that, as a literary acquaintance, Mr. Scott deserved to be held in high regard, while his buoyant spirits and unaffected manners rendered him a favourite in all circles. On arriving at the heights above Lasswade, I thought it the most beautiful village I had ever seen. The landscape is well wooded and finely diversified—the small river Esk assumes in its windings many picturesque forms—there is a neat village church, with white spire—and the whole scene has an aspect of peacefulness, serenity, and prosperity, not often to be met with in villages near Edinburgh.

Not knowing which was the house, I descended the valley, intending to put up at the inn and inquire my way, when a livery servant, of whom I had no remembrance, came up, and touching his hat with an air somewhat *militaire*, asked if he should take my horse to the stables. Probably his recollection of me as a visitor in Castle Street was clearer than mine of the domestics; and having pointed out the cottage, instead of mounting the pony, he led it away down hill as respectfully as if it had been the charger of a king.

Every step within or near the abode of an eminent man is interesting. I had read with great admiration all the verses which Scott had then produced, including unpublished ballads, and, though without any prophetic notions, felt perfectly convinced that I was on a visit to no ordinary character. Turning off from the highway, I entered a cart-track, or by-road, betwixt hawthorn hedges, now profusely covered with the

* The first edition of *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border* was then in the press.

red and ripening fruits of autumn, and soon reached the entrance-gate betwixt the two crooked trees already mentioned; which are visible at the present day, but stripped of their bark by the weather. I had scarcely got through it when an angry and sonorous voice excited some momentary apprehensions for personal safety. It was that of a large dog, of a mixed breed, with a head like a mastiff, who came up at first very ferociously, and with the eye of an examining *douanier*. It appeared, however, that he, like the servant, had some grounds of *reconnaissance*, and decided that I was not *contreband*, for his growls were soon exchanged for playful gambols, and he scampered before me, looking back with raised eyebrows and a joyful expression, as if he would have said, "Come along; this is the way." I followed him till we came opposite the drawing-room windows and the little peaceful meadow, in which a pony and cow were grazing. I was struck with the exceeding air of neatness that prevailed around: the hand of tasteful cultivation had been there, and all methods employed to convert an ordinary thatched cottage into a handsome and comfortable abode. The door-way was in an angle formed by the original old cabin, and the additional rooms which had been built to it. In a moment I had passed through the lobby, and found myself in the presence of Mr. and Mrs. Scott, and Mr. William Erskine, afterwards Lord Kinnedder.

At this early period Scott was in appearance much more like the portrait by Saxon, engraved for the first edition of the *Lady of the Lake*, than to any subsequent picture. He retained in features and form an impress of that elasticity and youthful vivacity, which he used to complain wore off after he was forty, and by *his own* account was exchanged for the plodding heaviness of an oporose student. He had now, indeed, somewhat of a boyish gaiety of look, and in person was tall, slim, and extremely active. Through life he possessed that remarkable mutability of countenance, which occasioned much discrepancy in the productions of his portrait painters. It was very possible that half a dozen pictures might resemble the original, and yet be very unlike one to another.

This reminds me of what once occurred at the rooms of an eminent

artist, who at the third sitting declared himself at fault, and that he could not bring out the expression he wished to convey.

"Why, what the deuce would you have?" answered Scott; "I am sure your production is only too good for such a subject."

"There, it came back again for a moment," said the artist; "but, no—it is not yet perfect."

Meanwhile a stentorian voice was heard among visitors in the adjoining exhibition-room, and Scott, who well knew the comical character of the speaker, observed, "Hah! there is honest Jack Fuller."

"*Heureka!*" cried the artist; "that is precisely what I wanted. *Now* I have caught it, and am content."

The *original* bust in marble at Chantrey's exhibits accurately the kind of expression which Jack Fuller's oddities must have excited; but it is much enfeebled in the ordinary plaster copies.

To return. On my entrance Scott was seated at a table near the window, and occupied in transcribing from an old manuscript volume into his commonplace book. As to costume, he was carelessly attired in a widely made shooting dress, with a coloured handkerchief round his neck; the very antithesis of style usually adopted either by a student or barrister.

Yet a few words on the commonplace book. Never did any one in appearance enjoy so much leisure, and economise time so profitably, as the Author of *Waverley*. Quietly, yet I suspect with great inward enthusiasm and delight, he collected, under particular heads and classes, such extracts or traditions as might afterwards enlighten the dark page of history, or give a strength, vitality, and *vraisemblance* to his original productions, which mere imagination, without learning, could not possibly afford. I cannot say whether the system of a commonplace book was regularly persevered in, for he had peculiar modes of assisting his memory, which would have been of no use to any one else; but, for example, it may be noticed that he had written at this time many pages of *notanda*, directly or indirectly connected with the life of John, Master of St. Clair, who was exiled for his share in the rebellion of 1715, and took temporary refuge at Kirkwall, in Orkney, where his ancestors had once large property and a

princely castle. Of these I am not aware that any use was made, except what appears in the notes to the *Lay of the Last Minstrel*.

I was received with the utmost cordiality. "Hah!" he exclaimed, "welcome, thrice welcome! for we are just now proposing to have lunch, and then a long, long walk through wood and wold, in which I am sure you will join us. But no man can thoroughly appreciate the pleasure of such a life who has not known by experience what it is to rise spiritless in a morning, and dawdle out half the day in the Parliament House, where we must all *compear* within another fortnight; then to spend the rest of one's time in applying proofs to *condescendences*, and drawing out papers to bamboozle judges, most of whom are *daized* enough already!—What say you, Counsellor Erskine?"

Not one syllable did this gentleman utter in reply. He had just laid down the newspaper, taken a huge pinch of snuff from a *mull* which the reverend Dr. Jameson had forgotten on the previous day, and sat staring at the window. Lord Kinnedder was remarkable for abstraction of mind and taciturnity; that is to say, he would not speak at all unless when roused by some subject which interested him, and he could then become very eloquent. He had great enjoyment in literature; but with regard to his own compositions, was so exceedingly fastidious, that this, independently of his professional labours at the bar, would have been sufficient to prevent him from appearing much as an author. He read, however, with intense interest; and of books was so tenacious, that, with the exception of a dictionary of decisions, his library always remained under lock and key, and within cases with close fronts, so that no one could see the contents, or be tempted to borrow a volume; whereas Scott, in regard to books, always freely borrowed and lent. With an appearance of much quietude and good-nature, Erskine had a great share of that irritable temperament which often accompanies poetical talent; and of poetry he was at least a most acute and excellent judge. Merit he would carefully discover and kindly applaud, even in the humblest aspirant; but to the author who imagined that he would skip over inaccuracies and be lenient

to faults! He was an excellent reader and reciter of verses; and, conscious that he produced good effect, very willingly officiated in this way. On no other friend as a critic did Scott rely so much as on Erskine; and many times even whole pages of poetry, after being transcribed for the press, were entirely recomposed at the suggestion of this fastidious but kind adviser.

Ere proceeding further, let a few words be devoted to the interior of the humble cottage at Lasswade. With a mind almost perpetually active, while to superficial observers he might seem a trifler, the Author of *Waverley* soon gave a new appearance to every place of which he chanced to be the tenant. He might be employed *diving* in his garden, or knocking nails with pieces of cloth into the wall to train the shrubs and fruit-trees—he might be cleaning his gun, binding his own books, or arranging antiquities,—yet these occupations did not interrupt, but rather assisted pursuits worthy to be called intellectual. Old books, pictures, and manuscripts, armour, costume, and implements of all sorts, seemed to be with him necessities of life, and they accumulated wherever he went, like plants and stones with the botanist and geologist—though, instead of contributing merely to science, such collections gave rise in his hands to new creations out of old materials, or I might say to the production of new life. It was not enough to have the hunting-boule of King James VI. as an object of curiosity, but the *rex pacificus* must be himself evoked to appear once more before the eyes of the world in most amusing *proprius persona*. The temporary cell at Lasswade was not, of course, without its antiquarian adornments; and in a recess of one of the windows stood a painter's lay figure supporting a coat of mail, and having arms and hands, in one of which was placed fantastically the remnant of an old broken sword. Over the marble chimneypiece, too, there was a trophy composed of an authentic old Highland shield, with various swords, arrows, daggers, and other weapons, which the owner delighted to say were as ancient as the times of Robin Hood.

* * * *

"What makes you so grave, counsellor?" said Scott, again addressing Mr. Erskine. "Come, *alla guerra*!

Rouse, and say whether you are for a walk to-day."

"Certainly—in such fine weather, I don't see what we can propose better. It is the last I shall see of the country this vacation."

"Nay, say not so, man!—we shall all be merry twice and once yet, before the evil days arrive."

"I'll tell you what I have thought of this half hour: it is a plan of mine to rent a cottage and cabbage-garden; not here, but somewhere further out of town—perhaps in Ettrick Forest—and never again, after this one session, to enter the Parliament House."

"And you will ask Ritson, perhaps, to stay with you, and help to consume the cabbages? But those who *talk* of running away from duty are not always the first to do so. I maintain stoutly my determination to abide by the Parliament House; but am more likely to fling up my gown and briefs than you are. Rest assured we shall both sit on the bench one day—but, heigh-ho! we shall both have turned very old and philosophical by that time. Instead of ballads, I shall perhaps be writing treatises, like *Mon-hoddo*, on the origin of languages, or to prove that men should have tails—varied now and then with an edifying new tractate on the law of entail."

"Did you not expect Lewis here this morning?"

"Lewis, I venture to say, is not up yet, for he dined at Dalkeith House yesterday, and of course found the wine very good. Besides, you know I have entrusted him with *Finella*, till his own steed gets well of a sprain, and he would not join our walking excursion.—I see you are admiring that broken sword," he added, addressing me, "and your interest would increase if you knew how much labour was required to bring it into my possession. In order to grasp that mouldering weapon, I was obliged to drain the well at the Castle of Dunnottar."

"Is Dunnottar Castle worth seeing?" inquired Erskine.

"Worth seeing, indeed!—as if it were not worth travelling five hundred instead of one hundred miles to see. Why, counsellor, we must go there to-

gether next spring. We shall find an Aberdeen smack at Leith—no, a Shetland vessel homeward bound for Lerwick would be best, because we can afterwards visit Shetland also; and we shall make an agreement with the captain to set us on shore at Dunnottar, and to stay there for a whole week, if we desire him to stay. And there you shall see not only the well which I drained, but the celebrated Whigs' vault, with remnants of the iron staples, stanchions, and chains, wherewith the poor devils were fastened to the wall. How would the selfish, cautious, cowardly crew of modern Whigs like such treatment? But it is time to set out; and here is *one* friend"—addressing himself to the large dog—"who is very impatient to be on the field; he tells me that he knows where to find a hare in the woods at Mavisbank. And here is another"—caressing the terrier—"who longs to have a battle with the weazels and water-rats, and with the fowmart that wons in a glen near the caves of Gorthy. So let us be off."

Mr. Scott and his friend passed the time on the way to Roslin in a political discussion on the events of the times, of which so little interest did I then take in politics, that I scarcely remember one sentence. At length we came to a high jutting point of rock, from which on one side is commanded a beautiful view into the valley of the Esk, and on another are seen for the first time the ruins of Roslin Castle and its chapel.

"Now, though we are accustomed to all this, Erskine," observed Scott, "we must allow our young friend to pause, ponder, and admire. I suspect, also, that a rest here will be very agreeable to all of us. Yonder, sir, you behold the far-famed chapel, founded in 1446 by the powerful William St. Clair, which, whatever we modern critics may think of it, was not finished without the aid of an architect who had travelled to Rome, and throughout all Europe, to learn the deeper mysteries of his vocation, and give the proper embellishments to its interior. It is one of the few remnants of the olden time on which our great champion of the Scottish church did

* The reader must imagine as he best can the comic half-theatrical tone with which the phraseology of Shakespeare, and other old writers, was introduced by the Author of *Waverley* in ordinary conversation. To the ignorant it will seem odd; but I cannot help this.

not exercise his peculiar plans of reformation. There you shall shortly tread on the pavement under which twenty of the bold barons of Roslin are laid in their armour; and, as you are fond of ghosts, I dare say we could make a bargain for you with the portress of the chapel, that, if so inclined, you might be allowed to pass a night there, and try whether any of those cavaliers, haply troubled by an evil conscience, is in the habit of walking at the spectral hour."

"If you are going into the chapel," said Erskine, "I must insist that the horrid old woman with the stick may not be suffered to enter it. Give her the money she expects, if you will; but let her be paid for holding her tongue, not for speaking."

"Why, counsellor, she would fling the money at our heads, and perhaps lay the stick across our shoulders, if we dared to make such a proposition. There is a pleasure in her song which none but the songstress knows; and by telling her that we are acquainted with it already we should only make the poor devil unhappy: and wherefore should we do this only to relieve ourselves from a little trial of patience? Reflect, also, what place is so fit for penance as a Catholic chapel; and thank your stars that you are not obliged to pray for hours or weeks together on the cold stones, and live on peasemeal and water for the expiation of your sins."

I must say that Scott did not afterwards practise as he preached, but with almost boyish drollery interrupted the old woman's explanations, starting doubts, and correcting blunders, till her indignation was fiercely roused.

"Owe, ay!" she said; "it's like eneuch that you indeed—a wild young chap—should ken better than me, that's lived a' my days at the place, and learned the stories as they are delivered down frae father to son, and frae mither to dochter."

"I wish we knew more than we are ever likely to do of the powerful family that once owned this castle and chapel," said Scott, in a reflective tone. "Doubtless there were beauteous damsels as well as belted knights, that now 'sleep the sleep that knows no waking' under these cold stones: anxious, of course, were the days and hours which they often spent within the castle-walls; intricate and hazardous

the adventures in which they were engaged. A chronicle of Roslin, or of any other old castle of consideration—that is to say, a minute record of the lives of its various inhabitants, how they fought and caroused, loved and hated, worked and played, would be worth more than all the mere romance that ever were penned as a fund of amusement and instruction. But we have only vague outlines: imagination must do the rest."

"Yet, as to the Sinclairs, you have considerable evidence already," observed Erskine.

"Scarcely enough for a condescendence to go into court with," replied Scott. "Why, we are adopting parliament-house language for every thing! Yes, of a family so highly connected, and so powerful, we must have evidence. The founder of this chapel, with his endless string of titles, his princely castle in the Orkneys, and his alleged immorality of conduct, is not to be forgotten. But, on the whole, how little more do we learn from history than that Sir William lived and reigned at one time, and Sir John at another; while of the fair dames little or nothing is said! We find their names in long lists, it is true, and as having assisted on certain public occasions of war or pageantry. But the poet must either discover or invent more than this. He requires to know their individual habits of life, their wants, wishes, and springs of action. In truth, we know far more about Major Weir and his enchanted staff than about any of the Roslin barons and baronesses; and if I were ever to become a novel-writer, I think I would choose him, if not for my hero, at least for an agent and leading one in my production."

"The major was a disgusting fellow, however," said Erskine: "I never could look at his history a second time. A most ungentlemanlike character!"

"True; but remember, you judge only by what his enemies have said of him: it is an *ex parte* statement. We are informed that he lived in the West Bow, and occasionally gave the utmost annoyance to his neighbours by the *clritch* laughter, and other noises, that arose in his house at midnight; and by the hobgoblins that appeared, not only at his windows, but stalking along the streets to and from his mansion. He is, of course, represented as

a public nuisance ; and the foulest accusations, over and above that of dealing with the devil, are superadded. We know all this, and I am afraid we know also that he was burned alive, and his staff along with him ; which was rather severe retributive justice for allowing the tall woman without a head, or with three heads, to parade the streets, or permitting his devilish companions to laugh at midnight : and would those who burned him, or approved of his being burned, represent him as a gentleman ? Certainly not. But all this does not afford any sufficient reason why a poet or novelist should not introduce him as a highly intelligent, well-educated personage, who had before signalised himself in the wars, and " had losses." Though he dealt with the devil, and the hobgoblins came about him, why should we set him down for an ungentlemanly fellow, unless we could have his own statements also (which, rely on it, have been suppressed), and knew the motives for his actions at least as well as we know those of Dr. Faustus ?

From Roslin Chapel we went almost immediately across the river, to visit a certain cave which was a favourite with Scott in those days, though it is only an insignificant one among many which exist in Scotland similar to that in which the Baron of Bradwardine took refuge. It enters from the front of a precipitous cliff, is cut into the solid rock in form of a cross, — that is to say, one considerable apartment, with two niches or projections. Like other places of the same kind, it is concealed from observation by overhanging thickets of wild wood ; nor can it be reached without clinging to the branches, either in mounting or descending. We descended, and here an accident occurred which might have had serious results. We came along in safety till we stood close to the cave ; but in turning to enter it Scott made a sort of leap, which his lameness rendered ineffectual, missed his footing, and fell down the precipice. Had there been no trees in the way he must have been killed ; but midway he was stopped by a large root of hazel, where, instead of struggling, which would have made matters greatly worse, he seemed perfectly resigned to his fate, and slipped through the tangled thicket till he lay flat on the river's bank. All this was so alarming that I could not help uttering

a vehement exclamation. " Never mind," said Erskine, " I am certain he is not hurt ;" and accordingly Scott rose in an instant from his recumbent position, and with a hearty laugh called out, " Now, let me see who else will do the like." He scrambled up the cliff with alacrity, and entered the cave, where we had a long dialogue.

On our return to the cottage we found the party increased by the arrival, in our absence, of Mr. John Leyden, and a gentleman of grave and formal manners whom I never saw before nor since, and named (I believe) Mr. Macritchie.

I have already noticed Scott's friendly disposition to patronise and assist meritorious aspirants to literary distinction ; and among his young acquaintances, and fellow-students of old manuscripts and border traditions, Leyden, notwithstanding his *bizarre* manners, was, perhaps, of all the most congenial and deserving. He had boundless enthusiasm for Scottish characters of the olden time, for Scottish music, poetry, and scenery, for hard study in every department ; and to all his undertakings applied himself with a degree of ardour which no difficulties, complexity, nor even danger, could extinguish. His favourite principle was that difficulties exist but for the bold and persevering to conquer, and in a humble department, that of transcribing from books and manuscripts in the Advocates' Library, he cheerfully rendered Scott good service, — indeed, could have written sixteen hours per day without once complaining of the drudgery. Fatigue he maintained was a feeling which entirely depended upon the mind, and over which the mind ought to triumph. Probably no one ever left his own country as a professional man in search of fortune with more acute emotions of regret than Leyden ; and this he has beautifully expressed in subsequent poems. His unconquerable spirit proved at last the indirect cause of his untimely end, — for the severe application to which he subjected himself in his Oriental studies no doubt weakened his frame, and rendered him less able to contend with the malady which seized him when on duty in the pestilential island of Java. But of personal fear, or even caution, he seemed at all times nearly insensible.

On our arrival, Scott inquired " What

had become of the learned cabbage-eater?" meaning Ritson, whom he had expected to dinner.

"Indeed, you may be rejoiced that he is not here," answered Mrs. Scott; "he is so very disagreeable. Mr. Leyden, I believe, frightened him away."

Leyden then described, with some asperity, what had occurred. About two o'clock, when Ritson made his appearance, a cold round of beef was on the table, of which Mrs. Scott inadvertently offered him a slice; and the antiquary, in his indignation against the use of animal food, had expressed himself in such outrageous terms to the lady, that Leyden first tried to correct him by ridicule, and, on the madman growing more violent, became angry in his turn; till at last he threatened, if his antagonist were not quiet, he would "throw his neck," which I almost believe he would have done. Scott shook his head at this recital, as if he did not much approve of Leyden's conduct any more than that of the other party; which, the former observing, grew vehement in his own justification. Scott said not a word in reply, but took up a large bunch of feathers fastened to a stick, denominated a duster, and shook it about the student's head and ears till he laughed,—then changed the subject. This might seem unworthy of repetition; yet, by those who were acquainted with the illustrious subject of these *memoranda*, it will, however insignificant, be recognised as strictly in keeping with that playfulness of manner and aversion to dispute which I have already mentioned.

In allusion to an unfortunate *littérateur* (since dead) who contrived to live in a perpetual worry of apprehension, and was a *malade imaginaire*, Scott once observed to me,—

"That poor man will end in actually producing all the misfortunes which he is so anxious to avoid. I have tried every means to divert his mind, but in vain. He is a living proof of our adage, that 'those who seek *freits* find them.' I could verily believe that if a mere child attacked him with a drawn sword he would run against the blade, instead of *gently putting it aside, as we should always do with the minor, and, if possible, all the greater, evils of life.*"

To return,—dinner was plainly and unostentatiously, yet elegantly served, and our entertainer made every one

happy by the mere influence of that good-humoured drollery which appeared natural to him, and of which the effect depended more on the tone and manner than on the words. Afterwards, when Mrs. Scott retired, the grave, formal gentleman, who was, I believe, a native of Glasgow, requested permission to make a bowl of cold punch, which was readily granted. I then had the honour of starting a subject for conversation which lasted for the remainder of the evening; for, having this much in common with the Author of *Waverley*, that I was fond of antiquities, I proposed a secret excursion to Roslin chapel at the dead of the night; that we should enter it by the window of the sacristy on the east, provided with a dark lantern, and all necessary implements, and should dig up and carry away at least one of the twenty coats of armour which are said to be mouldering under the cold stones of the chapel. Had any one ventured actually on this exploit, I am persuaded Scott would have been among the first to prevent or punish the offender; for such infringement on sacred ground, and on the etiquette due even to the dead in old families, was quite inconsistent with his principles. But *I*, for one, was perfectly serious; and it amused our host to humour the plan, and enter into all its details, more especially as our solemn friend Mr. Macritchie (over his bowl of punch), taking the whole in downright earnest, became ludicrously zealous in interposing wise objections, and starting endless doubts as to the hazard and impropriety of the undertaking. To parry his arguments seemed to afford Scott great entertainment. Leyden, I believe, felt as gravely bent as myself on carrying this plan into execution, though he screamed with laughter at the conversation; and a day was actually appointed for the "Raid of Roslin," but subsequently, on account of bad weather, not to speak of other motives, our scheme was abandoned.

On the merest trifle often hinges the fortune of a whole future life; and had it not been for the accidental suggestion of the beautiful, accomplished, and truly amiable Countess of Dalkeith, Scott would *certainly* never have written his first metrical romance, and *possibly* never even dreamed of rising to high eminence as an author. She

had heard the legend of the dwarf-demon, "Gilpin Horner," and wished to have some verses written about him, probably thinking this would be an easy task; and her slightest wish was a law. But the dwarf was no very poetical personage. He had made his appearance unexpectedly, it is true,—had behaved capriciously,—like Number Nip, frightened both grown people and children,—shewn the notable inclination for mischief which is customary with devils, and at last vanished as unexpectedly as he came; but all this was quite as well told in prose as in the best rhymes that ever were penned. In order to meet Lady Dalkeith's wishes, therefore, he must be introduced as an infernal agent in some plot of importance which was yet to be devised. Neither the devil nor his imps could be brought with effect into poetry for their own sakes, nor unless there was somewhat of importance to be done. Thus arose the *Lay of the Last Minstrel*, though the original idea of "Gilpin" soon became subordinate, and was lost in the superstructure.

In regard to the composition of his first poem, Scott resembled an author from whom in other respects he widely differed. Lady Hesketh wished that Cowper would write for her a few lines, or pages, of blank-verse, and gave him, at hap-hazard, the "sofa" for a subject. He began with no higher aim than to fulfil the commands of his female friend; and the result was that a long and most original poem unexpectedly rose up, which formed at once the basis of his immediate and lasting reputation. The analogy does not stop here. In after-life Cowper planned another blank-verse poem, which at the outset he intended for a great work, to be entitled the "Four Ages of Man;" but he wrote with difficulty only about one hundred lines, and nothing more came of it. With this might be compared the *Lord of the Isles*, though the difference between Scott's character and that of Cowper cut off the risk of its remaining unfinished. The subject was the best he had yet treated, and there is no want of strength or art; yet the genial feelings, the *vivida vis*, the *je ne sçai quoi*, of poetic inspiration were less obvious; and, instead of adding by it to his celebrity, he had the mortification of seeing it drop almost still-born from the press.

Of the *Last Minstrel* he wrote, at Lady Dalkeith's request, some opening stanzas, which he read to his friends, who—being, of course, utterly unconscious of the effects to which such a commencement might lead—received them with great coldness. The rule holds good,—“never shew to fools or children a work half done.” Although he at first destroyed his production, and seemed to abandon the idea, yet there is no doubt he had conceived the plan of an entire poem; for, when some friendly critics declared that the lines had dwelt on their remembrance, and they wished he would go on with it, the work proceeded at the rate of about a canto in a week. Such rapidity was a natural effect of his vivid conception of character and situation, which carried him on without effort; so that the work proved as entertaining to the author in composition as to his admirers in perusal. In the *Last Minstrel* we find that happy blending of descriptive passages with the narrative which forms a leading charm of the *Waverley* novels; and the language and metre present the careless freedom natural to a man who feels himself master of the subject, and that in his hands it is thoroughly plastic. The mere simple ballad of "Rosabelle" alone—so clear, so graphic, and melodious—would have been enough to acquire for its composer the reputation of a poet.

* * * *

His appointment as sheriff, and migration from Lasswade to his new residence, formed, of course, a grand epoch in a quiet literary life. Ashiestiel was an old and rather dilapidated house, not in itself romantic, but situated in Ettrick forest, amid scenery affording all those elements which a poetic mind delights to combine and work upon. It stands close to the banks of the bold and bright river Tweed, which flows past the garden on the south, and is surrounded by wild mountains, exhibiting here and there the grey ruins of an ancient fortress and straggling patches of underwood—remnants of the once celebrated forest. It was a scene in every respect congenial to his taste and imagination; he could here live *more majorum*, after the style of his own baronial ancestors, nor enjoy the pleasures of the "merry green wood" one tittle the less because the domains were not his own. The

profound solitude and tranquillity of this district were admirably adapted to promote literary industry and invention; all its features were suited to revive and deepen those early impressions from the lonely heathlands of Roxburghshire already so often mentioned, and to which he owed his first poetic reveries and impulses.

Scott was now probably aware that he moved in a path which might lead him to the highest honours, and may have felt some share of that intoxication which gratified ambition usually excites; but, if so, not the slightest trace of any such feeling appeared in his outward demeanour, which was invariably humble and unpretending. At this time party-spirit was cherished in Scotland to a degree which in the present era would appear ludicrous and absurd; and the poetical sheriff of Selkirk, being an individual highly esteemed by leading members of the Tory faction, was proportionably disliked by the Whigs, with whom, however, he always kept ostensibly on the best possible terms; for, though they might condemn his principles, or affect to despise his ballads, they at least could not deny the amenity of his manners, and the sterling integrity of his character in private life.

In the beautiful and quiet seclusion of Ashiestiel the *Lay of the Last Minstrel* was completed, and appeared in 1805. Rapidly it spread his reputation, and the most inspiring encomia poured in from all quarters. The description of Melrose Abbey, and the ballad of Rosabelle, were imprinted on the memory of every one not utterly unsusceptible of the charms of romantic poetry; and it was scarce possible to visit any house where a copy of the expensive quarto, with its "rivulet of verse flowing through a meadow of margin," was not to be found on the drawing-room table. Yet the poem had, of course, its hypercritics, especially some wisecracks among the Whig faction, who were not disposed to admit that what was so contrary to established rules, and to *their* criterions of excellence, should be considered poetry. But the intrinsic beauty, the originality and vivid feelings of the *Lay*, were attractions too powerful to be resisted. These potent spells had done their duty—had worked their way to the hearts of the public; and the empire thus gained could not be undermined

nor shaken by the efforts of such petty cavillers.

Meanwhile it was Scott's persevering practice to give himself out for a mere man of business. Daily and regularly he appeared during the session on the boards of the Parliament House; and though no strife arose amongst attorneys who should first secure his assistance, yet he went through the routine of duty, and maintained that literature should never be allowed to supersede professional engagements. But all the world now courted his society, and every one expressed a wish that he would produce another poem. For two years, however, he remained undecided what was to be the subject; and during this interval contented himself with publishing a separate edition of his *Ballads and Lyrical Pieces*, and announcing, in the end of 1807, *Six Epistles from Ettrick Forest*, which were then partly written, but were afterwards remodelled and adapted as introductory dedications prefixed to the several cantos of *Marmion*.

Benefits, like misfortunes, rarely come single; and within the next year, after the flattering reception of the *Last Minstrel*, the friends whom he had gained, and who were steadily attached to him, obtained for Scott from Mr. Pitt's government the promise of a situation the best of all adapted to his wishes, namely, that of a principal clerk of session, whose duty it is to sit immediately under the bench and take down the decisions of the court, also to sign divers papers. The appointment was ratified, with many complimentary expressions, by Mr. Fox and his friends during their short accession to power. In order to fulfil the duties of this place, rapidity and precision of penmanship are especially requisite; and for these qualifications (the rapidity, in particular) Scott, until his latter years, was eminently distinguished. After his illness in 1819, however, his hand became much changed, and, though similar in character, was cramped, and even illegible, except to those who were habituated to its peculiarities. His predecessor, Mr. George Home, who had broke down under the Herculean task of noting decisions, but who still survived, drew for several years the entire profits of the situation, till, in 1812, this gentleman received a pension and retired;

so that henceforth Scott derived a fixed income from his appointment—not, indeed, always the same, but averaging at 1500*l.* per annum.

He was thus completely withdrawn from the bar, and, like a voyager who had got into port, might still look on himself as a traveller or man of business if he would; but all he had to do in the latter capacity was to keep pen in hand and note down decisions. The employment, however, would have proved exceedingly irksome to any literary man not accustomed by strict discipline and early rising to make the most of his time, for he was under the necessity of attending every day from ten to two o'clock. But instead of being annoyed by such drudgery, it seemed as if he delighted in it, and had some feelings of self-complacency at rendering himself useful. The lord-president had before ironically said that he was eminently well provided with clerks—having four, of whom one could not read, another could not write, and two could neither read nor write. On the contrary, Mr. Scott, from the commencement of his labours, was complimented by the judge for the correctness and celerity with which he acquitted himself; and I believe he felt more flattered by such approbation than by the praise bestowed on his poetry.

I remember some stanzas, written by the Rev. James Marriott, "On Mr. Walter Scott's leaving the Bar," and first published in the *Edinburgh Annual Register*. They were so well conceived and expressed that I would have transcribed them here, but have no access to a copy—nor, indeed, to any book.

The predictions of Mr. Marriott and his other friends were realised. No sooner had he obtained a situation, which would have induced most other people to subside into quiescence, than he began in right earnest those literary labours which continued henceforth without intermission until nearly the close of his life. At this period the mania for black-letter books began to manifest itself in the land, and, like the once notable tulip-madness in Holland, proved an important source of emolument to those who had even a small capital to embark in the purchase of rare specimens. It was quite possible for such traders occasionally to purchase for a trifling sum an entire

library from some improvident or illiterate representative of an old family, by whom the books were looked upon as mere lumber. From these the fortunate purchaser well knew how to select the gems inestimable in the eyes of a collector, any one of which, being properly set and adorned in its fragrant binding of Russia leather, would sometimes bring nearly as much money as had been given for the whole lot. It was, indeed, on this basis principally that the late Mr. Constable, who had the honour of publishing the *Lay of the Last Minstrel* and *Murmion*, contrived to accumulate that wealth, or acquire that credit, which, if more prudently managed, might have insured him stability and reputation for life. Mr. Scott was one of the very few among Constable's patrons who could turn this mania to good account; for, whilst he seemed to the uninitiated to have an indiscriminate appetite for old books of every description, the truth was that he seldom made a purchase of one without some rational and special object in view. The volume in itself alone might be of no value, but it joined in as collateral evidence, and served like one of the component stones of an arch; his old books being all reduced into particular classes, each bearing on some particular point or era in history, manners, criticism, politics, or superstition. Among his collections in this way, by far the most valuable were those in the department of Scottish and English history. But for many years one of his favourite pursuits was that, of demonology and witchcraft,—a subject which he no doubt would have treated with great effect, had it not been laid aside for better things until the evil days came; and in all that he then wrote, however estimable, there appeared to those who had known him in better times the characteristics of hurry and constraint. The learning, industry, and research, were still obvious, and in almost every page some line or sentence existed which were in unison with the tone of former days; but the genial spirit which ought to have animated and harmonised the whole no longer appeared. The work was *task-work*; and the energy which prompted such exertions, under disadvantageous circumstances and painful impressions, soon worked its own decay.

DOMINIE SKELPDOUP.

A TRUE TALE.

Shewing how he spent a Saturday Afternoon — what befel him at Night — and how
he got home on Sabbath Morning.

DONE INTO METRE BY WANDERING WILLIE.

'Twas Saturday, the clock toll'd twall —
Ilk stroke dissolved scholastic thrall :
The lads toom'd frae the scalin' scule ;
Wi' lightsome hearts, unscar'd wi' dool,
They rin, they lauch, turn heads ower kreels ;
Ane louns the dyke, anither speels ;
They bizz and bir, halloo and skirl,
Till through yer head the sound gaugs dirt.
At praps or bulls some play thegither,
Or ower the brae houch ane anither.
There on a mound stands Willie Wastle,
Wham birkies beard e'en in his castle.
The douser dux within the scule,
Without 's a dowff and sneev'lin' snool ;
Close to the wa' his showther rubbin' —
He 's aff, lest he should get a drubbin'
For takin' down some sprittie spunkie,
Or bein' a tale-piet on the munkie.
A fig for rank by beuks or gear !
Quick wit and strength dings a' thing here.
On the door-stane the Dominie stands,
Breek-pouches fill'd up wi' his hands,
His glesses push'd up on his brow,
His duffel coat, o' airn hue,
Thrown back sae easy ower his showther —
The neck o't whiten'd wi' hair-powther ;
Tails straik't like backs o' speckled hens,
Wi' wipin' inky-nebbit pens.
Noo Dominie Skelpdoup look'd as happy
As ony crony ower his nappy.
On lowest furm the weeest bairn,
That feichts his carracties to learn,
Is na' mair gled o' freedom's blessin'
Than Skelpdoup at the scule dismissin'.
Weel pleased he hears the rair and rustle —
Himsel feels half-inclined to whustle ;
Thinks o' his youth, when he was frisky —
As gleg he feels as 'twere wi' whisky.
The weekly play-day joy flows sung,
On maister auld and scholars young.
The pedagogue has frien's to crack wi',
To drink a health or tak' a chack wi' ;
An' ane that mauna be neglectit,
His greatest frien', and maist respektit —
The minister — his worthy patron —
Of wham nae guid said could be flatt'rin'.
He looks aboon, he scans the sky ;
" Will 't turn out weet, or will 't keep dry ?"
Though learn'd in wisdom o' the weather,
Some sma' cluds mak' his judgment smither ;
But fine or mirk, or dry or weet,
Wi' Rigside's pastor he maun meet :
Come fair or foul, resolved to gang,
He wadna mind a starm a sang.

Auld Skelpdoup — I maun tell the truth,
 Though so to do I may be laith —
 O' gormandisers bore the bell,
 Delightin' weel his kyte to swell.
 The quality ne'er fash'd his fin,
 Sae that the mess wad displace win;
 Nae ane e'er kenn'd his *quantum suff.*,
 Nor heard him cry out, "Hold, enough!"
 Cauld kale or warm, he liked them baith —
 To cock-a-leekie nothing laith;
 Wi' equal glee hotchpotch he'd sowp,
 Or down Craig's Close mak' collops loup;
 He liked fu' weel the royal haggis,
 Or parritch wi' sour milk in luggies;
 He'd mak' a shift, 'thout muckle grief,
 Wi' English puddin' and roast beef; —
 In Scripture words, ance mair I tell ye,
 I fear he made his god his belly.

Noo, at the manse this bein' weel kent,
 The gudewife kindly aye took tent
 To mak' some dish o' arra scraps —
 A haggis, or hotchpotch, perhaps,
 Or ony thing, so there was plenty —
 Jist gie 'm eneuch, he wasna denty.
 Thus 'twas prepared, whene'er he cam'
 To chat, an' drink, an' lauch, an' cram.

The duffel coat noo doffed for black,
 Substantial braid-claith clads his back;
 He dons his breeks o' airn grey,
 So seldom seen on ilka day:
 Syne briskly steppin' ower the muir,
 He 's in the town in half-an-hour.

For some kirk-elder noo he'll spier,
 Or frien' he's kent for mony a year;
 Or ca's to tell some doatin' mither
 Her Jock dings a' the scule thegither.
 "I'm gled the lad's sae guid 's ye say —
 Noo, Maister Skelpdoup, what 'll ye hae?"
 Proud o' her son, her heart rins ower,
 An' Dom'nie gapes to kep the show'r.
 A sicker baillie neist he'll see,
 That 's no yet paid his laddy's fee:
 He jist draps in for trade to spier,
 Lets fa' a hint — the time o' year.

A' minor visits paid and past,
 He's at the manse arrived at last.
 The minister gies welcome kind;
 W' friendly grip their han's entwined.
 He greets the Dom'nie, learned root!
 Fra' whase rich sap there's mony a shoot
 O' erudite and sterlin' knowledge,
 Grown up an' flourish'd in a college.

Noo common compliments are gi'en,
 An' also ta'en; syne, wi' a wheen
 O' questions about this an' that,
 They fa' intil a friendly chat,
 About their brethren o' the kirk.
 Some they dab fair, an' ithers mirk;
 O' this ane's stipend, that ane's marriage;
 The bride wi' tocher, an' a carriage;
 This ane, placed 'gainst pop'lar will,
 Mak's the seceder's kirk to fill;

That ane, deposed for heresy,
 An ill-used man they baith agree.
 O' patronage they talk wi' wisdom,
 An' then the voluntary system ;
 Synod an' presbyt'ry — their acts
 Are scann'd, and mony stubborn facts,
 Nae muckle to the members' credit.
 — But, whisht ! their vengeance we maun dreat it,
 Wha frae the kirk has kept aloof,
 An' frae the session got reproof :
 What erring sinner, lass or man,
 Bears excommunication's ban ?

O' college cronies neist they crack,
 Ower mem'ry's shoulder keekin' back,
 When classes they did tend thegither,
 Or at a disputation tethier.
 Their fellow-students' lives they trace —
 How this ane's ris'n the kirk to grace,
 An' that ane fills professor's chair ;
 How ane a living's got, nae mair ;
 Another, or by gowd or merit —
 The first, the council wad prefer it —
 Gets an equivocal degree,
 Mark'd D—D, thus ; or thus, D.D. ;
 While ithers hold despotic rule
 Ower callants in a parish scule,
 Wi' twenty pounds o' revenue,
 An' a' that they can add thereto
 By orra jobs, at orra hours —
 On rushes wasting giant's powers. :
 They free discuss things said and done,
 By puir below and great aboon.

Wi' sic like crackin' a' agog,
 Rin minister an' pedagogue —
 The *servant* here is *maister* call'd
 Like Saturnalian jokes of auld.
 The ane lays by his awfu' frown,
 The ither thinks na' on his gown ;
 An' equalising whisky thaws
 The wielder o' the sceptral taws —
 His frozen mien — an' melts the ice
 O' clerical hauteur sae nice :
 Forgettin' a' things but themsels,
 Each ane his langsyne story tells.

But think na' converse could beguile
 Skelpdoup frae eatin' a' this while,
 That he could e'er forget his aim
 And end — to fill his cravin' wame ;
 He did na' keep his jaws a ga'in',
 That words alane should out be fa'in' ;
 He did na' wag his new-mawn chin,
 To send guid out 'thout takin' in ;
 It did na' suit the Dom'nie's plan
 To chat ower empty cag or can.
 As weel expect, without seed-sawin',
 To hae rich rigs o' barley grawin' ;
 As weel expect flour frae a mill,
 Whilk ye hae pit nae corn intil ;
 As weel expect what couldna be,
 As to speak without eatin' he.

Wherewith the Dom'nie's kyte did swell
 Is needless noo for me to tell ;

Justice he did, believe ye me,
 To his host's hospitality.
 Time after time he fill'd his plate,
 An' still he spak' and still he ate;
 His glass was fill'd and fill'd again,
 Nor thirst nor hunger seem'd to wane,
 An' wasna satisfied till he
 Did clean the empty ashet see.

Moisten'd wi' braw strong swats for rain,
 Nae wonder he'd a fruitfu' brain;
 The sma' dew o' sma' peat-reek still,
 An' head-bedizzing, chatty yill:
 These made his words grow fast and thick,
 Crowdin' ower ane anither quick
 For utt'rance frae his busy mou',
 An' scarce could get out fast enow:
 So fruitfu' in a wordy crap
 Was ilka bit, and sowp, and drap.

But noo the tantaleezing clock
 O' midnicht gies the warnin' croak;
 An' though in midst o' pleasure's heat,
 A minister maun be discreet.
 The Dom'nie hears the warnin' sign,
 Prepares his feastin' joy to tine;
 Jist about canty, hardly fou —
 Nae got ower muckle, but enou':
 He jist can tak' a partin' drap,
 'Thout skulin' ony on his lap:
 He lifts a glass wi' cautious han'le,
 But dares na' tae to snuff a can'le.
 Fu' laith he rises aff his chair,
 Casts a lang ee for ae gless mair —
 Joomst ower his trapple, feels a' richt,
 An' loof in loof they bid "Guid nicht!"

Cauld cuts the air the Dom'nie's nose;
 Ilk cheek wi' warmth o' whisky glows.
 Across the muir his drear road lies,
 An' black an' mirky are the skies;
 Nae beaten path his steps to guide,
 Nor star in a' the heavens wide,
 Nor planet points his hameward way,
 To keep his fit frae ga'in' astray.

Noo, on the border o' the muir,
 He halts to think, perplex'd an' dour;
 There stan's a stump — there a fael dyke —
 The whilk a wee thocht ease his fyke;
 He turns his face nor'-wast, and syne
 Gangs forward in a due richt line.

Thus ent'ring on the dreary waste
 Wi' cautious step an' tremblin' haste,
 His head alegg wi' what's within,
 His pace he quickens to a rin;
 Nae jag o' vengefu' thistle fears —
 Shoon shield him frae their stingin' spears;
 So, bauldly crushing broom and heather,
 Ane fit fast follows close the ither.

But, stop! a sudden glif o' fright
 Does a' his shiv'rin' body smite;
 Anither fit he daresna move,
 His switherin' teeth his terrors prove.
 A gapin' coal-pit, deadly deep,
 Wi' sides a' jagged, black, and steep,

Yawnin' to swallow careless folk,
 Wha, ance gulped down, ne'er after spoke ;
 Nae friendly dyke, or earthen mound,
 Or warnin' pale, to shield it round —
 ('Twas thocht that to put up a fence
 Was flyin' in face o' Providence) —
 About was smooth, deceetfu' level,
 As is the highway to the devil.

Deep on its sides rank grew the weeds,
 For human blood had warm'd their seeds.
 A widow's only son was missin' —
 A son that ca'd down mony a blessin' :
 The neebors search'd and sought in vain,
 The callant ne'er was seen again ;
 The coal-pit's sides wi' bluid were smear'd —
 They kent his fate, and waefu' tear'd.
 The cannie packman left the clachan,
 Where he 'd selt bargains, jokin', lauchin' ;
 He cam' na where he ne'er did fail —
 The bluidy pit-sides telt the tale.
 To keep her tryst went bonny Jean —
 She went, and never mair was seen :
 Bluid — thistles frae the black heugh torn,
 Wi' deadly grasp — gart her joe mourn.
 'Twas there mad Murdoch coost the wean,
 Then jumpt himsel amangst the slain :
 The neebors held the frantic mither,
 Or else the pit had gulp'd anither.
 Besides sic feasts o' human breath,
 O' mony a beast it 's been the death :
 Puir ewes and lambs, and wand'ring kye,
 Cropt their last moufu' far ower nigh ;
 And e'en the Dominie's ain cou
 Fell down its black relentless mou.
 The batter'd bodies at the bottom —
 'Twas said the charm'd earth wadna rot 'em —
 Cauld, dank, an' bluidy, there they lay,
 An' bade defiance to decay ;
 An' mithers telt o' bogles there,
 Frae danger's way the bairns to scare.

This awesome heugh, this drear death's door,
 The Dom'nie kent was in the muir.
 He kent, an' trembled at the thocht —
 The ae fit close to th' ither brocht ;
 Then stood stock-still wi' wilder'd brain,
 An' cauld fear grew'd through his back-bane.
 A' reck'nin' o' his course he'd lost —
 How muckle o' the muir he'd cross't —
 Whether the pit was far or near,
 Afore, aside, or in the rear ;
 Maybe 'twas far — fearsome to think,
 Aiblins he stood upon the brink ;
 So black the nicht, so thickly dark,
 His fing'r afore he could na' mark ;
 He glower'd fu' hard, an' strain'd his een,
 An' strove to see, but nocht was seen.
 He cautious drew ae fit around,
 Felt a' was firm — that a' was ground ;
 Syne slowly stoop't on knee an' han' —
 He thocht 'twas safer than to stan' ;
 Syne cautious creepit on a wee,
 Felt wi' his han', then drew his knee :

But a' on chance he moved along —
 Ife micht be richt, he micht be wrang;
 He micht be creepin' straight intil't,
 An' blindlin' ga'in' to be kilt:
 The danger micht be far ahint;
 He kent nae — clean the gate he'd tint.
 Perplex'd wi' fearfu' rackin' dout,
 His stock o' nerve was near rin out;
 He only felt o' safety share,
 The earth whereon lie was nae mair;
 Afore, ahint, on either side,
 Death might be gapin' fearfu' wide.
 O awfu' thocht! He closer shrunk,
 An' cow'rin' close on earth he sunk,
 Resolvin' there to sleep till day —
 Should break, an' a' his fears allay.

Sleep! — na, beware! destruction dire
 May lurk in drowsy sleep's desire.
 Restless, in bed so strange an' hard —
 Senseless, by slumber thrown off guard —
 He might row ower to dreadfu' death,
 An', fa'in' hard, ding out his breath.
 Wi' desp'rate grasp he clutch'd the heather,
 An' close clung to his earthy mither.

Noo, struggling slumber to evade,
 Lest Sleep his brither Death should aid,
 Imagination lent its light
 To shew forth terrors in the night;
 An' startin' aft frae wakefu' dose,
 The charnel smell breathed in his nose,
 Wi' wind that ower the pit's mouth broke,
 An' thocht he heard the dank toads croak.
 He saw the ghaist o' mangled Jean,
 A' in a clud o' dazzling sheen;
 She bade him tell her joe be true,
 An' keep his tryst aneath the yew.
 The pedlar neist spread out his pack,
 A' smear'd wi' clotted bluid, and black;
 Bade him choose out a guid mart claiith —
 He wadna cheat, he'd tak his aith.
 The bleedin' bairn mad Murdoch hugg'd,
 Its limbs he nip't, its hair he rugg'd;
 An' angry cus it wadna greet,
 He coost it at the Dom'nie's feet.

Auld Skelpdoup shrank frae touch o' death,
 An' sudden wauknin', catch'd his breath.
 The ruddy sun glint frae the east,
 An' Dom'nie frae his fears releast:
 The dreaded, dank, an' deadly pit,
 Was ower the muir fu' mony a fit.
 Raxin' his stiffen'd joints he rose,
 An' tried his senses to compose;
 Wi' hurrying steps he cross't the muir,
 An', wearied, reach'd the scule-house door;
 Quick ent'ring, lest, on Sabbath morn,
 He should be seen bleer-ee'd, unshorn.
 Lang as his een enjoys the licht,
 He'll ne'er forget that awfu' nicht.

MEMORABILIA BACCHANALIA.

BY NIMROD.

DEAR YORKE,

Were it possible to do without beef and mutton, and divers other refreshments for the animal body, I would make larger disbursements upon the intellectual soul, and take most of the periodicals of the present day. Believe me, sir, yours should not be omitted,—for a greater treat to the general reader cannot, in reason, be demanded, even in these low-priced days, for the small charge of half-a-crown. Also, believe me, the general reader looks for amusement. Many, like myself, are too old for instruction; and, really, half the world, if not more, are almost inclined to keck at the term, since knowledge is become so vulgar and so cheap. Autopsy omnibusses, jenny-spinning operatives,—all such disgusting jargon has long been in fashion in the cockney world,—and we hear of its spreading into the rural districts. We shall, I conclude, soon hear the farmer telling his *arator* to go to his agrarian operations, and the cleanser of a ditch to his geology. Nor is this any conceit of mine; for I read, in one of those paste-and-scissors compositions which are floating about England, the following absurdity, a few months since. “If a man (a London operative, mind ye!) takes a walk into the country, and picks up a lump of dirt, *that is geology*.” Bah! I knew the world in its (comparative) ignorance, and can only say it was then much better behaved than it now is; and so would thousands of the advocates for this twopenny-halfpenny knowledge be obliged to admit, if they looked to facts and not to theory; and that, instead of its being, as Shakespeare says, of real knowledge “the wing wherewith we fly to heaven,” it is evidently wafting us t’other road. We had no rick-burners then; very few forgers; no footmen talking about the immortality of their souls when waiting at dinner, at the same time knocking out young ladies’ teeth with bread-baskets, as they flounce round the room, which was the case some six or eight months back, in London; and then standing with arms a-kimbo before a London magistrate, when pulled up for the assault. No; the question then was not,

“To be, or not to be?” but “to be,” if the master ordered it, and the demand were not unreasonable. But they may kick as they will,—there must and will be a top-sawyer in all civilised countries, so long as the world stands; and we might as well throw the reins upon the foot-board, as Jack Moody did on the Exeter mail, and tell the four horses to “divide the work between them,” as to expect the lying axiom, as the *Quarterly Review* calls it, of all men being born equal, ever to go down with English gentlemen. But, really, a person who breathed in the last century appears at present to move in another sphere,—so very *précocse*, as my French gardener calls early potatoes, is human intellect now become. As for the promising four-year old (see a late *Bristol Journal*), who can read four dead languages, Hebrew one of them, with the types up, or the types down, why, that is not more a proof of the world itself being upside-down than of the excellent swallow of the Bristol editor, or of his kind friend who furnished him with the anecdote, neither of whom, as we say in the stable, by any means required the assistance of the balling-iron. But I had a bit of a taste of this human precosity a short time back. I saw a blue-coat boy fishing in a canal very near my house, when the following edifying conversation passed between us, for a recapitulation of which I must offer as apology my never having before exchanged a word with any of these yellow-legged heroes, whose absurd costume shews that *some* old ways may be very advantageously exchanged for new ones. He was a very stout lad for his age (a good blacksmith spoiled), with a freckled face, and lowering brow, and every hair on his head as thick as a steel knitting-needle.

Nimrod loquitur. “Fish bite, my boy?”

Boy. “No.”

Nimrod. “Never do here, with the wind north. How many scholars now in Christ’s Hospital?”

Boy. “Fourteen hundred.”

Nimrod. “More the merrier. How old are you?”

Boy. “I’m just past nine.”

Nimrod. "What do you read?"

Boy. "I'm in Latin and Greek."

Nimrod. "Greek! Why, at your age I was stuck fast in '*Propria quæ maribus*.' Pray, what Greek books may you read?"

Boy. "I'm in the Greek Delectus."

Nimrod. "Very good book. Who knows but that one day or another you may yourself become one of the *ἀρχαῖοι*—lord-mayor of London, perhaps! What is Greek for a fish?"

Boy. "Pisces."

Nimrod. "Very like a whale indeed. You are thinking of Latin, are you not?"

Boy. "I believe I am."

Nimrod. "What's water?"

Boy. "Don't remember."

Nimrod. "What's earth?"

Boy. (A shake of the head.)

Nimrod. "What's God?"

Boy. "Dei."

Nimrod. "De—devil I was going to say. You are thinking of Latin again, my lad. But perhaps you remember the Greek for *man*?"

Boy. "*ἄνθρωπος*."

Nimrod. "You are in Greek, to be sure," said I, *aside*; but it is quite clear there is very little Greek in you." So, after asking him half-a-dozen of the simplest words I could think of, not one of which could he metamorphose into the Athenian tongue, I took my leave of this phenomenon of the human mind. But a child of nine years old in Greek!! 'Tis worse than eight stone four pounds on a two-year-old.

I must, however, assure you, most sapient editor! I am not content with an occasional perusal of your very entertaining Magazine, but have a great desire to see myself in your types; and have often had this honour in contemplation, when an accidental circumstance settled the point—at least, as far as making the attempt. "'Tis a poor soul that never rejoices;" so, having a few friends the other day at my humble board, I was thus unceremoniously addressed by one of them, as clever a man as ever the sun or moon shone upon, and a great personal friend of our late noble and immortal bard. "Nimrod," said he, "what are you next about to write? I am just come from Brussels, where I dined with Mr. White, with whom a certain person lately dined, and who told him (no better authority, you know) that a certain article you lately wrote in a certain

periodical had caused the sale of two thousand seven hundred extra copies in the first six weeks!" "*Certainly, then*," I replied, "I am very happy at hearing you say so; and as you have the *πρῶτον*, do me the favour to give me a thesis? "Non-sense," he resumed, "you don't want a subject; any thing will make a subject for you,—that *bottle*, for example," putting his finger upon one that stood opposite to him. Now, it so happened that the aforesaid bottle was an empty one; and, had it not been for what had just fallen from his eloquent tongue, I should have strongly suspected my facetious guest was inclined to typify, and that the empty bottle was a well-chosen symbol of my skull. However, I began to cogitate the following day, what sort of a thesis a full bottle would make, when something told me that as it did for Anacreon it might do for me; as it did for Moore, it might do for Nimrod. Moreover, as Anthony wrote in praise of drunkenness, perhaps I may be permitted to write against it. Now, then, for a start; and if the contents of my bottle do not equal imperial Tokay, let the reader remember, there is no disputing on the faculty of taste, neither corporally nor mentally. An orthodox Englishman says, "Give me good port;" whereas, a Frenchman says, "*Ma foi! il est poison*." Again, with the thermometer at 80 degrees, which it is to-day, one of the highest gratifications of our nature would be a cup of sangaree—half Madeira, half water, acidulated with lime, sweetened with sugar, and flavoured with spice. Should I present you, then, with a sample of the latter, as it is now as hot as in the dog-days, you may perchance be satisfied with a sip of the cup. "*Aceto summa vis in refrigerando*," as Pliny says of a certain cooling beverage much in use in his day.

But before we go too far into the bottle, let us turn our eyes towards that noble plant of the creeping kind—the wine-vine, as Moses called it,—which Noah preserved for us at the same time he preserved the human race, and without which, some of my friends would assuredly say, he need not have troubled himself about the latter. But having himself once had a taste of its precious juice, who can marvel at his having so carefully preserved it, so successfully cultivated

it, or so freely drunk of it? Think of the scene of desolation he must have left behind him when he stepped into the ark! nor could the prospect before him have been very inviting. With the waters standing on the tops of the mountains, the valleys below must have been any thing but smiling; and we should commend his prudence in immediately providing for a replenishment of his stock. Neither was Moses slow in these matters. The sample of grapes from the valley of Eschol—each bunch weighing a dozen pounds—set his mouth watering for the Promised Land, which was, from that cause alone, pronounced to be “fat;” and when we are told of its flowing with milk and honey, we may take it as a figurative term for good wine. But theological writers and deeply-read Scripturists are not agreed upon one point—whether wine was in use before the flood, a point now of very little moment, as we may be quite certain it has never been out of use since. Yet if I had been examined as to the fact by the fathers, I should have given it as my opinion that so inestimable a gift could never have been so long withheld from man. I should rather have said, as has been said before, that “the use of wine was taught from Heaven, and is the general product of eternal reason:” at all events, we may be sure there is no devil in the quality of wine; it is excess alone that vitiates the gift. The Stoics allowed their wise man to drink, at least so says Horace:

“Narratur et prisci Catonis,
Sæpe mero incaluisse virtus;”

and the water turned into wine at the marriage in Cana proved that Pindar was wrong when he wrote *αἰνέειν μὴ ὕδωρ*. Of this, also, we may be well assured: the first thing done after replenishing the world was to plant a vineyard, and the next to drink of its juice.

Putting wine out of the question, there is something beautifully pastoral, as well as highly poetical, in the word *vineyard*, and the associated expression of “every man sitting under his own vine,” which appears to form the epitome of rural felicity. I must, however, suppose it to relate to the eastern arbours, which were generally, I believe, composed of several vines trained over treillage-work, which, when festooned with bunches of grapes,

must have been very delightful, and very luxurious; for I have never yet seen a single vine-tree which would afford more shade than is necessary to protect its own fruit. And who could have so gulfed that great natural philosopher, but far too credulous, Pliny, as to have made him relate that the staircase to the Temple of Diana of Ephesus (the largest in the world) was formed from the stock of a single vine! In what country could such a vine have grown? I can only say that in my own I have never seen one which would cut into rafters for a barn-floor; and, if we are to believe all we read, I ought to have witnessed the best specimen of this plant of English growth, having lived within a mile of *The Vine* in Hampshire, the seat of the Chutes, where, according to Camden, the first British vine grew. But, speaking seriously, I was much disappointed, after all the high-flown panegyrics on this creeping plant, used figuratively to represent the people of God, and its boughs compared with the goodly cedar-tree, in the view I had of the Rhenish vineyards, in my tour through Germany, in which I confess I saw nothing half so picturesque as our English hop-gardens, and exhibiting but very little more of the sublime and beautiful than is every where to be seen amongst our gooseberry and currant trees.

But now to the bottle; and, in pursuance of my subject, I will give a brief history of the drinking career of an English gentleman's son in my youthful days. It too often commenced at a public school, as mine did at that of Rugby. How often have I been hoisted over a wall at night, and re-hoisted by the same means, with a bottle of wine under my great-coat, from “*Master Lamley*,” as we used to call him, of the Spread Eagle, or “old Bruinmage,” of the Black Bear. The price of the bottle was half-a-crown, and what it was composed of mattered not; it was black and strong, and called “*port*.” Then what a scene of confusion would often arise whilst we were drinking and carousing over this horrible mixture, in our comfortable little studies, when the word “Absence” resounded through the yard. The ordeal here was rather a serious one. The crime of drunkenness was become so flagrant, that the visiting-masters, each week in their turns, were

very much on the alert to detect it; and, having detected it, of course to punish it. As we set a thief to catch a thief, the "old doctor," as we called the head-master, in my time, a dear lover of a drop himself, was the most dangerous to encounter on these occasions. Like the philosopher of old, who complained that he had been offered a glass when he expected a kiss (from a lady who had been drinking), he would put himself in a position to come in contact with the breath of a boy he suspected had been drinking; and was absolutely once seen to stoop down to have a sniff of what had been ejected by an overcharged stomach, which, without submitting to the test of the chemist, he pronounced to be *wine*. What followed may be easily guessed at. But we were generally wide awake on these occasions. We had a bit of orange or lemon-peel at our ready command, as a foil to the scent; and, to their honour be it said, the masters never intruded themselves into our private apartments. But what must be thought, amongst all this scrutiny, of our half-yearly feast—the last day of each half-year—when every boy in the school was put to bed dead drunk with rum-punch! O, how well I remember the next day's effects of this infernal potation! It spoiled the pleasure of the first day's journey on our road home, which would otherwise have been one of the happiest in the year; and, by almost incessantly drinking to allay thirst, it generally ended in a second night's debauch. But I have not done with the progress of the bottle at Rugby School. There were boys in it, in my time, who became habitual drunkards. There were the beef-steak and other clubs, and some of my schoolfellows did not spend less than 200*l.* per annum in the town of Rugby in the course of the year. I could name one, in whose room I occasionally officiated as "fag," or waiter, who would have two or three different sorts of wine on the table, and amongst them the then very expensive one of *hock*. With this hopeful youth the hic and the hæc—excuse the wit, somewhat on a par with old Lamley's port—were of minor importance. He was a nobleman's son, and could do without either Latin or Greek. I could name two or three other hard-drinking men who started at Rugby, as if they thought life was a race, and who never pulled

up until arrested by death at a very early age. And yet, I believe, Rugby was neither before nor behind Eton in devotions to Bacchus as well as to Apollo. I remember passing a short vacation at a friend's house in Buckinghamshire, and accompanying a gentleman to Eton on the Friday, for the purpose of his tipping his two nephews with a five-pound note. We saw them again on the following Monday, when they unblushingly avowed that the little bit of flimsy had just paid for the anchovy toast and wine of the preceding week.

The universities again,—what a trial was a few years' residence in either of them to an unseasoned youth, whose inclinations led him to pay his devours to the ivy-clad god! I have now before me in my memory's eye the finish of an evening in what was called "a good fellow's" rooms at Oxford, some thirty years back. It would have afforded fine scope for the pencil of a Hogarth, and a very instructive moral as well. The almost daily repetition of such scenes increased the evil,—for the wine was all but poisonous; and many a younger brother became heir-apparent from this very cause. But drinking was a fashionable vice in my early days, and I was very near being a drunkard myself; in fact, I did but just weather the fatal rock. The son of a man who never drank, I was by nature inclined to follow his example; and, to induce me to do so, he would often remind me of these lines in Prior:

"I drank,—I liked it not; 'twas rage,
'twas noise,—

An airy scene of transitory joys:
To the late revel and protracted feast
Wild dreams succeeded, and disordered
rest."

But I wish I could say that this was the only instance in which I preferred the song of the siren to the salutary forewarnings of a good man. I veered with the wind and swam with the stream, until I got into the eddy of the gulf that was before me. A commission in a hard-drinking cavalry regiment very nearly did the business. "Look at that boy," said the surgeon, one night, pointing to myself (I had been then about two years in the regiment), "he fancies he cannot sleep without a third tumbler of punch upon a skinful of wine." Neither could I have slept if I had gone quite sober to

bed. However naturally incredulous of ghosts and goblins, such was the excited state of my nerves, that the naked walls of my barrack-room would have been adorned with the portraiture of saints or devils, men dead or men dying, as accurately as if they had been sketched by the pencil of a jinner. Without my punch, I had seen a man hanging at the foot of my bed as plain as I had seen him the previous day on the gallows; as, also, the wounded soldier in the agony of death would be writhing before my eyes, if I awoke in the night. But I was not the only one in this situation. Much as my regiment suffered by the sword, I have reason to believe that, among the officers, about equal slaughter was committed by the bottle. Perhaps as memorable an instance of a decided victim to the former as the annals of Bacchus could produce, was our late adjutant's son, as fine a young man, and as brave a young man, as ever wore a sword on his thigh. Before he was six-and-twenty, he destroyed a constitution that appeared as if it would have bid defiance to Time, and thus fell into a premature grave. But much of this drinking proceeded from what may be called a trial of strength,—that “painful pre-eminence” which Addison speaks of. We had two or three officers in the regiment whose heads were as hard as their hearts were soft; and, as there was no pint-of-wine distinction at our mess, we youngsters could not tear ourselves from their bewitching society. In one of these trials, I am sorry to say, I particularly distinguished myself; but, like the favourite for the St. Leger, I shall soon shew what fearful odds I had to contend with, and, like him, what a slight chance I had to win. My competitor was, in the first place, a man of nearly twice my calibre, and as thoroughly seasoned as an old port wine cask. In the next place, he had been in the regiment three years longer than myself; and he had left a character behind him at Oxford as nearly the best tempered man, and quite the hardest drinker of Trinity College. What chance, then, had I against such an opponent as this? ’Twas the sapling to the oak. But at it we went, foot to foot, in a Dublin hotel, to prove which was the better man—in other words, the greater beast,—and the following was the return of bottles emptied: thirty-four,

of port, sherry, Madeira, and claret, in four days—or four bottles each man per day, and one over,—every bottle decanted by ourselves, as was then the custom in the sister-island—besides cherry-brandy in the morning, at Anderson's fruit-shop, and whisky-punch after our oysters at night. Now, then, for the effect. On the hero of Trinity—none at all; not an extra tinge was given to his rosy but handsome face; but the result to myself is not so soon summed up. A month and three days was I in my bed,—head shaved,—brother sent for express,—given over by the doctor,—prayed to by the chaplain,—and, to give you some idea of the raging fever I brought upon myself—you will excuse my going to the road for a simile—when the bed-clothes were turned down I smoked like a coach-horse at the end of a ten-mile stage on a frosty morning in November! Of course, this cured me of these “trials of strength,”—at least, I conclude my reader will think so. Not it, indeed! I would not have yielded to Alexander himself, much more to a brother-officer, after this one defeat: we had several more severe struggles for the victory, which I never could gain; and it was only a few months back that the last struggle took place between the Major and Time—having maintained the character he brought with him from Oxford to the last hour of much more than an average life. Not so myself. I became a *sportsman*—an almost infallible cure for such health-destroying excesses; and, independently of occasional outbreaks, a very sober man from that time to this. Moreover, the longer I live the more I cherish a sentiment expressed by a very zealous sportsman, a *ci-devant* master of fox-hounds, that “it is part of every man's moral duty to preserve his health for fox-hunting alone.”

But these times have passed away; and if the intervals between eras could be instantly annihilated, and it were possible to display the usages of society some fifty years back, there would, perhaps, be found to be as much alteration in the system of drinking amongst the upper orders of persons, which the world call gentlemen, as in any other system with which society is connected. A confirmed drunkard is now held in abhorrence; and a gentleman drunk in public is nearly become an unusual sight. On the other hand, forty years

back, a gentleman quite sober at a ball, or an evening party, was not often to be met with; and I confess that, in my youth, I valued a man according to the quantity of wine he could drink and carry away with him. But I was born and bred in a very hard-going neighbourhood; and, were I to tell you all I know, and all I have witnessed on this subject, it would almost appear certain, that a change has taken place in the human constitution as well as in human morals; and that, if gentlemen were now inclined to drink as much as they used to do, they would fail in the attempt from sheer physical inability. Then, again, in the formalities and ceremonies of drinking, what changes have been effected! For example, entering into minutæ, I remember the day when the white glass decanter was not generally in use at the houses of country gentlemen of from one to two thousand a-year. It was a green bottle, much resembling the French claret-bottle, only blown in rather a more regular form; and, with the addition of a well-cleaned and large silver lable, with a rich border, denoting its contents, suspended from its neck, had very far from an unsightly appearance. At the period I allude to, again, but little wine was drunk at dinner; nor was it placed upon the dinner-table at all. This, however, was a nuisance; for, in addition to the extra trouble given to servants in handing it round, there was the dull formality of selecting the colours of the wine by the pledging parties, some times little short of two minutes' work. It was "Which wine will you take ma'am?" when ma'am would answer, "I choose red, sir; but *pray* don't let me prevent your taking white." Then, how common an occurrence was it, either to see a mutton-fisted footman—if he did not run against another mutton-fisted footman, when wine and glasses were all floored at once—let slip this glass of red from off a slippery waiter into a lady's lap, if she escaped knocking it over herself with her elbow. These mishaps, I remember, were perpetually occurring at my own father's table, and for this plain reason,—none but a mutton-fisted footman would live with him; for, although a Christian at all other times, and kind in the extreme to his out-of-door menials, there was something of the *fera* about him at his meals, which kept him in a state of warfare with his house-servants, and

made them more awkward than they otherwise might have been. "You have neither eyes nor ears," he would tell them a dozen times during dinner, and perhaps he would have been glad to have added, "nor mouths."

One of the greatest improvements in our social hours is the abolition of the noisy and no less senseless ceremony of drinking healths at table; and yet, if I thought you would stand it, I could bring you a list of authorities for the antiquity of the custom as long as my arm. Perhaps its origin is deduced from the libations offered, first, to the true God, and afterwards to those who were not true Gods. This is beautifully illustrated by my favourite bard, in his first *Æneid*, where Dido presents the cup to Bitias, at the welcome feast to her beloved *Æneas*:

"Dixit, et in mensâ laticum libavit honorem:
Prinæque libato summo tenus attigit ora.
Tum Bitiæ dedit incæpitans: ille impiger hausit
Spumantem pateram, et pleno se proluit auro:
Post alii proceres."

Suetonius also speaks of drinking of healths as a custom not only in use among the Romans, but likewise practised by the Greeks, which Athenæus confirms by the mention of a law by an ancient king of Athens (*Amphyctyon*, I believe), by which it was enjoined that Jupiter Conservator should be invoked at all their drinking parties, in order to insure a good state of health. He likewise informs us that, in the house of Medius, the Thessalian, Alexander the Great drank to twenty guests at table, and was, in return, drank to by them. "Cum Alexander apud Medium Thessalium cœnaret, adessentque viginti in symposio, omnes provocavit, ab omnibus pariter accipiens." (*Lib. x. cap. 11*). Then old Plautus, the play-writer, who flourished two hundred years before we begin to reckon time, cannot be mistaken:

"Cedo sane bene
Mibi, bene vobis, bene amicæ meæ."

Also, we may now see them nodding their heads.

"Bene vos, bene nos; bene te, bene me,
bene nostram,
Etiam Strephanium."

Ovid, Martial, and Juvenal, also mention intercessions for health (as does

the Bible in many places); and one line of the first-named reminds me of our good old-fashioned toast of church and king :

"Et, bene nos, patriæ, bene te, pater, optime Cæsar."

But the fact of either the one or the other being better for our toasting is more than doubted by St. Ambrosius, who wrote fifteen centuries back, and who condemns the practice as promoting drunkenness. "Bibamus, inquit, pro salute Imperatorum; bibamus pro salute exercituum; pro comitum virtute; pro filiorum sanitate," &c.; and finishes by exclaiming: "O stultitia hominum, qui ebrietatem sacrificium putant!" The custom, however, has given birth to many beautiful passages, both in verse and prose; and among the latter may be reckoned the melancholy fact related by Cicero of the philosopher Theramenes, who, when he took the poisoned cup, drank it to Criteas, through whose means he was to suffer an unjust and ignominious death.

But we may trace to distant eras several other customs besides drinking healths, even to the minutest ceremonies of the festive board. The president, or toast-master, we find mentioned in the Bible, by the author of Ecclesiasticus. "If thou be made the master [of the feast], lift not thyself up, but be among them as one of the rest: take diligent care for them, and so sit down. And when thou hast done all thy office, take thy place, that thou mayest be merry with them, and receive a crown for thy well ordering of the feast." This *master* was appointed by various devices. Horace elects him by dice, Plautus by the will of the guests, and he was called by various names; but *dictator*, the one given him by Plautus, was most characteristic of such an office in my younger days, when "off with your heel-taps" was a word of command which was to be obeyed, when given from the chair, whether those who heard it had room in their stomachs for another glass, or whether they were already keeking at the very sight of wine. But it is quite apparent that there were no shirkers in old times. The chief of the feast first began, and put the cup to his next neighbour,—

each man drinking in his proper turn, and never, it appears, allowed to refuse. The Greeks, according to Cicero, were equally severe: "Græci enim in conviviis solent nominare cui poculum tradituri sint." (Tusc. Quæst. lib. i.) The ancients, however, had a few customs not in use in modern days. For example, the Romans would drink as many cups of wine as there were letters in the names of their favourite mistresses, to which Martial alludes in a very pretty epigram :

"Nævia sex cyathis, septem Justina bibatur,
Quinque Lycas, Lyde quatuor, Ida tribus;
Omnis ab infuso numeratur amica Falerio,
Et quia nulla venit, tu mihi, Somne, veni."*

They would also drink nine cups to the Muses and three to the Graces, in reference to the number of each, from whence the proverb, "Aut ter bibendum, aut novies?" as well as several other classical allusions.

Even what we call "the stirrup-cup," which I only came a very few years too late into the world to partake of, was not omitted by the jolly dogs of old times; at least something very like it was the "Poculum boni genii" which the Romans drank, when they parted, for the health and prosperity of the host and the emperor. During the prevalence of the practice in our own country, it was, I have been told, a very common case to see a man, a gentleman too, so drunk as to be obliged to be lifted on his horse, and yet not suffered to depart without this finish to the feast, which he took after he was seated in his saddle. It was this that gave rise to the following story, the truth of which I do not vouch for. A Welshman, who fell from his horse on the brink of a mountain rivulet, was heard to exclaim, as the bubbling stream occasionally touched his lips,—"Thank ye kindly, my good friend, but I cannot drink one drop more."

But to return to the more modern practice of drinking healths at table. Can you fancy—can you picture to yourself the extent of the nuisance in such a family as my own,—I mean that in which I not only first tasted wine, but pap? We consisted of father and

mother, six sisters, one brother (first-born, worse luck), and myself; and after a certain age we all dined together in the holidays. Now go on, fancying the cloth drawn, and each helped to a glass of wine. The signal for the start was generally from my father; and, if only *en famille*, it was, "Anne, my dear, your good health," to my mother, and "boys and girls" were clubbed, with a nod. But if strangers were present, the ceremony was observed with all due solemnity. Now my worthy father stammered dreadfully, at words beginning with certain letters, of which M was one. I would have given him fifty seconds, at the best of times, to have got to the end of the word "muffin;" and as many more would scarcely have accomplished it, if in a hurry, which, indeed, he was very rarely not in. Notwithstanding this, no man could read better than he could either prose or verse; but this is a digression. The letter it was equally a choker; and fancy Mr. and Mrs. Robson to have been of the party! It was "Rob, Rob, Rob, Robson, your good health; Mrs. Rob, Rob, Rob,"—when my mother would cut the matter short, by saying,—"My dear Mrs. Robson, Mr. A. drinks your health." Then I stuttered more than my father, and it was either all the "Robs" over again, or I was taken to task for drinking my wine without drinking healths all round. Ditto one half of my sisters—the other half having taken courage, and with young persons, in a large party, it was really somewhat of a daring flight. But what a useless interruption to social intercourse,—what a senseless notion that such a benediction could avail at all!

Now shall I be called to account for want of respect towards a deceased parent, in dragging his infirmities before the public eye. O, no,—at least not by those who knew me in early life; for muchsoever as I may have disregarded some of his excellent precepts, notwithstanding that I disappointed his fond hopes of becoming, as he himself was, an elegant scholar, and a truly good man, yet no son esteemed a father more highly than I esteemed mine. In fact, it was an over-great regard for him that prevented my accepting a writership in the East India Company's service, offered me by the late Mr. Roberts, one of the directors, when only fourteen

years of age; and, moreover, we used to joke each other on the subject of our tongue-tied struggles,—comforting ourselves with the reflection that Demosthenes was a stutterer. By the way, I can give you a good anecdote of a scene that took place between two of our stammering fraternity, and you may depend on its truth,—for I rented under one of the *dramatis personæ* (a brother to a noble lord). "Why, my good friend," said one Staffordshire squire, who stammered very much, to another Staffordshire squire, who stammered nearly as bad,—“Why don't you go to Bub—Bub—Bub—Brady? he has qui—qui—qui—quite cu—cu—cu—cured me.” “Has he, by G—?” replied the other; “Then he *shan't cu—cu—cu—cure me!*” Thank heaven, though I have never been to Brady, I have very little left of the hitch upon my tongue, and have often wished my pen could wag as fast. As the old women say, “I grew out of it;” but none know the misery of stammering except those who have been afflicted with it; and I can only say, if it be really true, as related of a celebrated Roman—one of the Cornelli, I believe,—that he expressed a hope he should become a stammerer, because Demosthenes was a stammerer, he was a great simpleton for his pains.

To the practice, after the ladies had withdrawn, of the master of the house calling upon his party, in their turn, to “give him a friend” whose health was to be drunk, there was no objection; on the contrary, it had some advantages in rural society, where topics for conversation do not generally abound. Indeed, I think I can name the year when we had but four in our neighbourhood,—namely, white stuff-petticoats and patent washing-machines among the ladies, and horses and hounds amongst the gentlemen. The mention of a name led to something connected with the person who bore it, and thus furnished a subject, if wanted; and, if I thought you were not afraid of your pockets, I could give you a good pun which this practice gave rise to, at Oxford, in my father's day. A learned professor of the name of Brown was constantly giving for a toast a rich widow of that city, who it was well known had refused the offer of his hand. “Ah, Mr. Professor,” said one of his friends to him, as he was filling a bumper to her health, “you may

toast her as often as you like, but you will never toast her *brown*." I knew an old doctor of divinity, a drinker upon system, who could recollect every friend he had toasted during the previous week, which shewed that with him there was something in the ceremony more than a name. But the call for "*sentiments*" is happily done away with; for, so far from there having been any thing like sentiment in them, they were, for the most part, scraps of broad obscenity—

"Offence and torture to the sober ear,"—

which Cowley says "has no place in wit," and were unbecoming the mouth of an English gentleman. The only one my father would admit of at his own table was, "Church and king, and down with the Rump,"—for he was a thorough-going Tory; and, if he had not died some twenty years ago, the late Reform Bill would certainly have killed him,—at all events, he would not have survived the Church Spoliation Bill. "My dear boy," he would often say to me, "never become a Whig. The Tories may be compared to the ancient architecture of our forefathers, which neither tempest nor time can destroy; whereas the Whigs resemble the flower on the wall, placed there by accident, and flourishing only for a day!"

As my much-respected parent, however, is in his grave, I suppose I may now quote Cobbett,—the amusing, the instructive, the all-observing Cobbett,—who says "It is a bad French custom to drink wine with meals;" and, barring a glass or two of iced champagne in hot weather, or of sherry after fish, I am quite of his opinion. It is a sad take-off from the enjoyment of wine *after* dinner, and particularly so according with the present fashion, by which it is poured down your throat, if you will open it, after almost every mouthful, by the servants who hand it round. I fear this will in time destroy the old-fashioned practice of persons pledging each other during dinner, and I shall lament its doing so. It is an easy and pleasing method of shewing attention at table, particularly to strangers, as well as of keeping up good fellowship with friends; and with *women* the trifling ceremony is not a little thought of. In fact, I have reason to believe that, trifling as it might be, it

has been the foundation of many a match; but whether good or bad it is not for me to say. I speak, however, from experience, as regards the softer sex. Some years back I was silly enough to fall desperately in love with (of course) a very pretty woman, and she was still more silly to fall desperately in love with me. It so happened that we were both invited to spend a fortnight under the same roof, although the extent of our passion was only known to our two dear selves. On the third morning, however, I perceived a difference in the manner of my beloved which I could not account for. She carried herself coldly towards me, and a gloom appeared to have settled on her beautiful brow. "What's all this? tell me what I have done?" was my most anxious inquiry. "*Done!*" she replied; "why you have been two days in the house with me, and have drunk wine with every woman in the room but myself." It was a true bill; but I could not explain to her the reason for my forbearance. "I must wipe this off," said I to myself; "but *how?*" when a thought struck me that I could turn it to account. "I'll meet you in the garden," continued I, "an hour before dinner, and then I'll tell you all about it;" so, slinking away from the party—for there was a large one in the house—I retired to my chamber, and, at the appointed time, purchased my pardon by the following effusion of my humble muse:—

Think not, my love, I meant to wound
A heart to me so true,
Because I pledged to all around,
But did not pledge to you;

O no, my love, I'll quickly prove
Such crime was never mine:
With you I drink so deep of love,
I never dream of wine.

And what is wine, however choice,
Which man delights to sip?
Give me to taste more precious juice
That rests on woman's lip.

Then let me seal my pardon now!
(Here's no one near to see:)
One kiss, my love! 'tis done, I vow,—
This night I'll pledge to thee.

You ne'er again shall try to prove
Your charms on me are lost:
I'll drink my fill of wine and love,
With you my constant toast.

'Longumque bibebat amorem,' Virgil says of Dido.

Thus Phæon was by Sappho chid

For enlighting Sappho's charms :

The poets tell what Phæon did,—

He fled from Sappho's arms !

But I, more eager, rush to yours,

Corrected and forgiven :

With you — my days, my nights, my hours,

Will make an earthly heaven !

To return to the progress of the bottle. In my early days, and in the neighbourhood in which I was born—a very aristocratic one, on the borders of Wales—it was the custom in several houses of gentlemen of great possessions to have a cup, in which what was termed the “freedom of the house” was to be drunk by a person on his first visit to it. Some of these cups, though, perhaps, not equal to that of Hercules, which we are told floored Alexander the Great, were of considerable dimensions, none holding less than a quart, wine-measure ; and the drinker had the option of the liquor he would drink in it, provided it contained not *aqua pura*. Were it not for some prominent examples by the great men of antiquity, such as that of Cyrus, for instance, who, in the celebrated letter he wrote to Lacedæmon for help, boasted not only of his blood-royal, and his philosophy, but of his being able to drink more wine than his brother, I should be ashamed to say I have drunk at least half-a-score of these cups, but was never much the better for them.* At a bowling-green monthly-meeting, in the beautiful village of Overton, on the road between Ellesmere and Wrexham, and on the banks of the Dee, which was frequented by all the aristocracy of the neighbourhood—for such meetings were once not considered *infra dig*—it was usual to accompany the entry of the name of a new member, with the number of tips, or draughts, in which this cup was drunk off by him. I was on one occasion present when the entry made in the handwriting of the member-elect was (here is Alexander again, in his contest at Babylon with Proteas the Macedonian) “half a tip.” On being asked what he meant by “half a tip?” he replied, that to him it was (it held a quart, ale-

measure!) but half a tip ; so he was ordered to drink the cup again, which order he immediately obeyed, and as such was the act recorded in the book. May we hope, however, that, like Uncle Toby's oath, something may have fallen upon it, and “blotted it out for ever.”

But these feats of bravado were very common, and much in vogue about the period I am alluding to ; and I blush to say that I myself figured away in one of them. I was supping with a party of eight, at the Plough hotel, in Cheltenham, after a full allowance of wine at dinner—a ball having intervened. A bowl of punch was ordered, and objected to when it came—rather a rare objection in those days—as being too strong. “Nonsense !” I exclaimed, after tasting it, “I'll bet fifty pounds I drink it off at a draught, without once taking the bowl from my lips.” “Done !” said a sporting captain, who was one of us. “Done again !” echoed I. “You shall not drink it,” said a relation of mine, now an Oxford big-wig, but then curate of the town. “Then you must pay the fifty pounds,” was my answer. This was a poser, such as second-cousinship could hardly be expected to get over ; so, taking out the lemon-slices with the ladle, I put the bowl to my lips, and fulfilled the condition of the bet. An emetic was recommended by one, salt and water by another ; but I took neither ; and, although I was all the next day in a state of great excitement, I did not appear to be much the worse, overnight, for the dose—walking off in triumph to my bed. A medical friend, however, more than hinted that apoplexy often followed in the train of such dangerous excesses, and congratulated me on coming off so cheaply. This brought me to reflect a little ; I never again repeated an act so degrading to human nature ; and its only excuse was, the absence of reflection—my words having been snapped up as they escaped my tongue. The poet says,—

“He lives in fame who dies in virtue's cause.”

* By the way, will you allow one little note ? Did you ever hear the answer one of our own noble lords made to a person who asked him, which could drink most wine, himself, or his noble brother, a good three-bottle man, but also famous for taking especial care of his money. “O,” said his lordship, “I have no chance with my brother ; he will drink any *given* quantity.”

But to die in such a cause as this !

" O name it not,—
The very mention makes my blood run
cold !"

In the principality of Wales, and upon the borders, it was the custom to put a handsome brown jug, often accompanied by a (silver) fox's head, on the table with the wine. This was on the principle of the rules of Wednesday Cocking, where, the song says, every man dined for a groat, provided he first ate a gallon of broth ; for, with port at a hundred and forty pounds a pipe, and claret more than double, it would have been a very expensive undertaking to have satisfied the cravings of a good Mayler-hundred* party, without a choker of this nature at starting.

This *aves nequios*, as my father called it—though I believe Xenophon called it so before him, when he found it amongst the savage tribes, in his retreat—as drunk in the country I am speaking of, was by no means a pernicious liquor, being brewed from the very best materials, and always with great care. At meetings of a certain description—some hunt-dinners, for instance—nothing but ale was put upon the table ; and, strange to say, there was a chosen few of the old sort of Britons, commonly called Ancient Britons, who could drink thirty-two half-pints, or two gallons, at a sitting, and ride home afterwards. Never shall I forget a dose I had at one of these meetings (Iscoed Hunt), at which the king of Wales, as Sir Watkin Williams Wynn is called by the Welshmen, was present. Unfortunately for myself, I did not do as my next neighbour did, empty my stomach into the coat-pocket of my neighbour, but carried my load home ; and the consequence was, I could not bear even the sight, much less the taste, of ale for the next six weeks.

Although *cwrrw-dda*, or Welsh ale, is very mild, it is very strong, and a Welshman is generally as proud of it as he is fond of it. I one day witnessed an amusing scene, in the county of Gloucester, where a glass of good mild ale is sought for in vain, owing to the nature of the water. An antiquated native squire, however, at whose house I was a guest, was not of my opinion ; and, having by accident a Welsh parson at his table, ordered his

butler to tap a fresh cask of ale for his reverence. The parson tasted it after his cheese, but praised it not ; which called forth the question, " How do you like my ale, sir ?"—" Ale !" replied the ancient Briton, smiling ; " we should call it very good small beer in Wales." There was not much of courtesousness in this reply, but a great deal of truth.

The renowned Mr. Warde, of fox-hunting celebrity, was once heard to say, in one of his merry moods, that " nothing could lie like a—shire squire." As a parody on his words, I may be allowed to say that, thirty years back, nothing could drink like Welsh squires, which the general hardness of their constitutions enabled them to do with something like comparative impunity. Having lived much amongst them, I could give you very many proofs of their prowess. In fact, they prided themselves on being superior to their neighbours on the borders ; and I remember hearing of a relation of my own having boasted that a Cheshire squire was rather a formidable competitor over the bottle, but that no Shropshire gentleman could ever bring out a pimple on his face. Of a real mountain squire, with whose family I am also connected, the following amusing anecdote is related :—A well-known epicure, from the city of Chester, came unexpectedly to visit him, when his housekeeper addressed him in some alarm for the contents of the larder, and no market to be reached under fourteen miles. " Can you give him a good dinner to-day ?" asked the squire. On being answered in the affirmative : " Very well, then," he resumed ; " *I'll spoil his appetite against to-morrow, or the devil is in him ;*" and so he did. I knew a Shropshire lawyer who had one of this genus for a client ; and his wife always aired his gouty shoes previous to his annual visit to him, which generally lasted the best part of a week.

A little before my day, but in the same county in which I was born, there was one of the same race—the true race of Ap Shienkin—whose fame for drinking was not, I believe, eclipsed by that of any man. So truly did he associate his darling passion with every act and thought, that when he reached his eightieth year, he was heard to say he had " *tapped* his fourth score."

The hundred of Mayler, in Flintshire, was celebrated for hard-drinkers.

But he was a great eater, as well as a deep drinker; and being a single man, and very rich, his table was supplied with every dainty in season by the following not very unfair bait to those who swallowed it: "I have a little book at home," he would say slyly, in a corner, to such of his friends as had venison, or game, or any other good things to be eaten, "and in that little book is your name." He departed, however, without making a will, at the age of eighty-six. In spite of their drinking, it was no joke waiting for the "dead men's shoes" of these Welch squires: if they did not die in the seasoning, as we say of coach-horses on the road, it was a tough job for them to kill themselves afterwards. I knew one, who, at the age of thirty, had so much the appearance of having "drunk up his beer," that the corporation of Liverpool granted him an extravagant annuity for a sum of money he advanced them, and he lived to the age of ninety-three! He was a fine specimen of the old breed of country squires, of about 2000*l.* per annum; on which I was for many years witness to his doing what cannot now be done on an income a third more than that. He had his coach, his hounds, and setting dogs, which he turned out in very excellent form, and netted a vast quantity of game to them; and he kept an excellent and hospitable house. But from the want of having come much in contact with the world, he had a few most rare vagaries. For example, if dinner was not announced exactly as the stable-clock struck two, he would take the bell-rope in his hand, and never cease pulling it till it was announced. Ditto again at the supper-hour. But it would require a diviner to conceive what occurred after supper; and therefore I must say that, when he had taken his allowance for the night, his wife's waiting-maid would enter the room, and, after unbuttoning the knees of his breeches, taking off his garters, and untying his queue, comb the few hairs he had on his head, until he felt himself sufficiently composed to betake himself to his bed for the night. Surely this was not a bad finish to a good day's sport. But this old gentleman was entitled to all he could get in this world, for, notwithstanding these oddities, he was a very worthy character.

Just within my recollection, and

only a few miles apart, lived another of these originals, who was both an eater and drinker upon system, known by the name of "Tom Eyton of the Mount;" the Mount being the name of his house. It may scarcely be credited at the present day, but this sporting old gentleman—for he followed field-sports, and lived to a great age—would dine with no one unless on the following conditions:—First, that he had a pewter plate; secondly, a hard batter pudding; and, lastly, a very small wine glass, of a certain pattern, which enabled him to drink a bumper to every toast given. My memory just reaches him; but I have him this moment before me in his brown bob-wig and hunting-cap, leather breeches as thick as a bullock's hide, and mounted on a cropped gelding of very noble appearance, but which now would be reckoned scarcely fast enough for the old Salisbury night coach, if such drag be still on the road. But I could go on producing you a string of such characters as these, such as we shall never see again; yet surely they must have been formed physically superior to the present race of gentlemen, for, in addition to the large quantity of wine they drank after dinner, they would be continually drinking large draughts of ale and beer during dinner. They were, to be sure, for the most part, men of great bulk—consequently, of great stowage; but if their stomachs had been gauged two hours after their dinner, it would have surprised the half-pint wine-sippers of the present day to have found what a quantity of liquid they contained—and this in addition to the solids. The author of the *Turkish Spy* makes his hero boast of a countryman of his who found, by the feeling of the pulse, that his patient had devoured just four pomegranates and a half; but he does not pretend that the "schygmical art"—every thing now must be Greek—could reach the amount of liquids.

Paley says, and says truly, that it is one thing to be drunk, and another to be a drunkard. I am able to produce an excellent illustration of this just distinction in the person and habits of a truly old-fashioned Cheshire squire, who flourished in the days of my youth, and whose equal for native humour, and, indeed, for good humours of all sorts, I have never yet seen. This gentleman was so far removed from a

drunkard, that, when at home by himself, a little small beer at dinner, and two glasses of wine (sometimes none of the latter), was his usual quantum; finishing the evening with a walk amongst his workmen in his beautiful park, or perhaps a look at his fox-hounds, of which he was a master for a great many years. Notwithstanding this, I never knew nor heard of his having a party at his own house, or making one at a neighbour's, that he did not get very drunk. Nor was this all. Such was the charm of his conversation—so much of the *urbanus* about him, as Horace calls a pleasant fellow—that it required the aid of philosophy to quit it; and he was, therefore, the cause of many others being also drunk. Then it was amusing to see him, the day following one of these jovial evenings, on the stool of repentance, and protesting against more than a pint of wine that evening. But the pint just did the business—just set his soul afloat; and his usual expression, “I am coming about,” delivered with a *simplicity* so peculiar to himself—“the majesty of which,” Pope says, “is far above the quaintness of wit”—was the certain prelude to another night's debauch. To shew, however, how little such occasional outbreaks injure the constitution of a naturally temperate man, who resides in the country, and takes strong exercise, as he did, this worthy man, this true representative of the old Cheshire squire—a character now lost, having taken its departure, as Fielding says, with the parmagian and the black-cock—reached nearly, if not quite, the age of fourscore and ten; and only a very few years before his death stuck to his bottle for nearly twelve successive hours. The *occasional* worshippers of Bacchus come off cheaply: 'tis those who imitate the fuddling Silenus that generally drop into an early grave. As a witty old gentleman once said in my hearing of some of his hard-going neighbours, “They never dry their nets.”

By way of shewing what a revolution has taken place in the temperament and habits of country squires within the last forty years, I may state the fact, that it was only from an accidental occurrence that the gentleman of whom I have been speaking, although possessed of 10,000*l.* a-year in land, kept any thing in the shape of a carriage. On being remonstrated with by my

father, who found him on his back in the road, returning from a jovial dinner-party, and within an ace of being driven over by a carriage-and-four—and this after he had reached his grand climacteric—that he said, in his usual jocose manner, he thought it was “now time to set up a drinking cart;” and he soon afterwards purchased a post-chaise. But every thing about this extraordinary character led to some merriment. I remember being in his company one bitterly cold night, when his servant thrice announced his carriage being at the door; but all to no purpose. Coming into the room a fourth time, with a countenance that would have well become Job, he whispered his master that the horses would be starved and the postillion frozen to his saddle. “Tell John to jumble them about a bit,” was all the consolation he could get; and John very properly “jumbled them” into the stable again.

I have had many a perilous ride home after a good dinner and the *et ceteras*; and on one occasion fell five times from my horse, in little more than as many miles, from a house-warming. But whether it was that, according with the old adage, “naught is never in danger,” or that there is a protecting genius over drunken men, I was never very much hurt. I have, however, often thought that, at somewhere about the remotest period within my recollection of visiting, an invitation to dinner from one country squire to another might, without much violation of reality, have been conveyed in the following words:

Dear Bob,—Come and dine with me to-morrow. You will find a hearty welcome; and it shall not be my fault if you do not make yourself a greater beast, as well as a more consummate ass, than you are in nature. I will also do my best that you may break your neck on your road home. But should you arrive thither in safety, your wife shall be so disgusted with your ~~thy~~ appearance and indecent behaviour, that she will be inclined to lament not having given more encouragement than she did to the handsome guardsman who seemed to fancy her at the assize ball. Don't disappoint me, for I have asked two or three of your own kidney to meet you, just as great beasts as yourself.

Yours, &c.

Public dinners, forty years ago, were serious undertakings in a man who had

a soul, for he considered slinking away sober from them tantamount to the desertion of a good cause—

“ ’Tis your country bids.

Gloriously drunk, obey th’ important call;
Her cause demands th’ assistance of your
throats—

Ye all can swallow, and she asks no
more.”

Bitter satire this, to be sure—but was it not always so? Although to be *Greeked* (*Græcari*), with Horace, signified to be drunk, as with us it implies being diddled at a gaming-table, yet, according to Athenæus, the primitive Greeks never drank much wine, except on very particular occasions, such as a propitious omen, or a signal token of divine favour, when they thought by their excess to honour their gods. With us, hunt-dinners and race-ordinaries were equally trials, and severe ones, to the constitution, owing to the pernicious stuff in the shape of wine we formerly drank. I was once witness to a ludicrous scene, the consequence of the wine being worse than usual on such occasions—I mean race-ordinaries. It occurred at an inn in Hereford, and the late Duke of Norfolk was present. “Suppose,” said his grace, “we send for the landlord, and, by way of punishment, make him drink a tumbler of his own wine to all our good healths.” The proposal was agreed to *ncm. con.* Soon afterwards the duke himself was the toast; when, quaffing a bumper of the vile mixture, which, he said, “was bad, to be sure, but much better than none at all,” he made the following humorous speech: “Many thanks, gentlemen, for the honour you have done me in drinking my health. It is a long time since I have given a physician a guinea; and I attribute the very good health I enjoy to drinking such excellent wine, two days in the year, in *your company*, at Hereford races.” Bad as the wine was, however, it was black and strong, and the duke stuck to it until it was past the time for the horses to start. On being reminded of the hour by his chaplain, and that it was high time to be off to the course, his grace facetiously observed, as he arose from his chair, “What a pleasant meeting this would be, were it not for the races.” That it was less annoying to this noble duke than to any other noble duke that I can name, to make such a sacrifice as the one I have been describing, I believe

I may assert without fear of contradiction: it must, however, have been no great treat to the “King of Wales” to have left his Lafitte at Wynnstay for the Welsh ale at Iscoed Hunt. But if such oblations were more frequently offered by the aristocracy of England to the middle orders than they now are, they would be as gold to silver in their eyes. I don’t allude to political meetings; I mean those which relate to our national sports and pastimes.

But from what I heard of them, fifty years back, Welsh hunt-dinners among the mountains generally partook of the rudeness of the country, and uproarious quarrelling was too often the result. The last of these meetings of any note was at a village called Caros, in the county of Denbigh, which was attended by gentlemen of the highest respectability in the northern principality, and lasted, I believe, for some days. Notwithstanding this, appeals to the fist were so common among the members, that it was the remark of a facetious old gentlemen in the adjoining county, that when he saw a neighbour on his return from Caros Hunt, the question he put to him was not “What sport?” but “*Who fought?*” Blessed be our stars! such barbarous days have passed away; and Holywell Hunt, in North Wales, now stands high among provincial sporting meetings, although racing is the principal amusement of the week.

I have had a taste, and not a bad one, of Scotch drinking, which was formerly carried to a great pitch, and particularly, I believe, in the good town of Edinburgh. But in some parts of the country, and at certain houses, it was considered an insult to the laird if a guest was able to walk without help to his bed. Thus Burt, in his letters, when describing the hospitality of the house of Cul-loden, says, that Mr. Hector Scott, father of the late baillie Scott, when a guest there, was, on one occasion, so overtaken by the jolly god as to be unable to rise from the ground, even with help. One of the party approached him with the following line in his mouth:—

“Hector, arise, thou mighty son of
Priam;”

when Scott, who was clever at impromptu rhyme, proved by his answer that Bacchus, after all, was no match

for Apollo, by immediately exclaiming,—

“Was ever mortal man so drunk as I am?”

I have witnessed some desperate drinking in the Emerald Isle. Indeed, it has been written of the Irish—famed, also, for their hospitality—that they make you welcome by making you drunk. But it is to this generous virtue—excess of hospitality—that excess in wine is in great part to be attributed. Then, again, Irish gentlemen have long been renowned for one incentive to drinking, beyond the excellence of their punch and claret,—namely, the novelty and point of their convivial toasts. This once called forth the cutting remark, that an Irish squire spent one half of his day in inventing toasts, and the other half in drinking them. That they have prided themselves on their prowess in “dire computations” is very well known; and the following anecdote tends to establish this fact. A gentleman from Ireland, on entering a London tavern, saw a countryman of his, a Tipperary squire, sitting over his pint of wine in the coffee-room. “Blood an ounds! my dear fellow,” said he, “what are you about? For the honour of Tipperary, don’t be after sitting over a pint of wine in a house like this?” “Make yourself asy, countryman,” was the reply; “it’s the *seventh* I have had, and every one in the room knows it.”

Far from intending any disrespect towards the church, I may be allowed to say, it has always been associated with good cheer. Indeed, so far back as the eleventh century, when Giraldus dined at Canterbury, with the prior and monks, there was, he says, “such a profusion of choice wines that neither ale nor beer was allowed to appear;” and some thirty or forty years back, a Welsh parson was a sturdy competitor over the bottle. I knew a great many such of that country, and of that cloth, excellent and moral men in all other respects; but who, forgetting, perhaps, the warning given to Aaron, the high-priest, did not think they were doing wrong by carrying home with them a skinful of wine, if not upon a Saturday night. In other parts of our island, however, as well as in Wales, the parson has generally been considered the best man at a feast. Thompson, indeed, in his ad-

mirable sketch of the last scene of a hard-drinking bout, must have been of this opinion:

“Perhaps some doctor, of tremendous paunch,
Awful and deep—a black abyss of drink,—
Outlives them all; and from his buried flock
Retiring, full of rumination sad,
Laments the weakness of these later times.”

How exactly answering to this description was a tall, wealthy, Welsh rector, and a D.D., who lived within a few miles of where I was born, than whom, harring this one infirmity, a better man did not live. But he would actually boast of the number of his acquaintance whose “night-caps he had put on,” as he was wont to express himself—or, in other words, who had killed themselves by drinking,—in vain attempts to go the pace with himself. His every day’s quantum was two bottles of port-wine, which he continued to drink to his seventy-third year, although stricken with paralysis the last twelve. So systematic was he in his work that he even had his favourite glass, marked underneath by a bit of red wax to distinguish it from the rest; and, being very small, it afforded bumpers to a long list of toasts—the first being always, “Church, and the king, and down with the rump.” I cracked many a bottle, as well as many a joke, with this worthy old gentleman,—at the same time that I read in his appearance and his affliction a good moral lesson. To see a man of his Herculean frame with one half of it already dead, and the other little more than half alive—whereas, had he been temperate in his habits, he might have been then fresh and well, and likely to have lived a century of years—set me a-thinking. Then came another reflection: this unfortunate propensity was the only stain on the character of an otherwise excellent and most kind-hearted gentleman. But, as Horace tells us, there is something about every man to prevent his reaching human perfection:—

“Vitiis nemo sine nascitur; optimus ille
Qui minimis urgetur.”

In other words, no man is born free from failings; he is therefore best who has the fewest: and I really believe this worthy man had only one.

But I cannot quit him just yet. He was the friend and companion of the younger days of my father, who, by the by, lived to see four generations of his name, all issuing from one parent stock; and they exchanged dinner-visits about twice a-year during the latter years of their lives. But some foresight was requisite on these occasions. Previously to fixing upon a day with "*the doctor*," two or three hard-headed neighbours were to be secured to meet him, as my father could not half sit him out. Again, it was awful to see him put into his carriage at night, to go home,—for he was twenty stone, plumb weight. Both doors were thrown open; and, by the coachman meeting him in front, and the footman in the rear, he was, from practice, rather scientifically hoisted in.

Not more than twenty miles apart, but among the mountains, lived another rector, of similar calibre, who also drank his wine by measure. Being one day on a visit to a neighbouring squire, when a very small glass was set before him after dinner, he pulled the servant by his skirts, and thus expostulated with him: "What is this glass for? Does your master wish to keep me here all night?" The celebrated John Warde, of fox-hunting fame, rather improved upon this. On a very diminutive glass being set before him, he also hollowed the footman back, and, placing it on his stomach—one of very considerable dimensions, as all the world knows—asked him "if he thought they were any thing like a match?" But the Welch rector was as famous for eating as he was staunch to the bottle. "This preaching thirty-five minutes," said he at dinner one Sunday to his curate, "will never do: here's a fine goose roasted to a rag, and not a drop of gravy in it."

Your readers will bear in mind that I am alluding to times long since gone by; and although I have not been lately amongst them, there cannot be a doubt but that the Welch clergyman has marched with "*the march*," and that such a rector as this, such a diamond in the rough—for he was a good man, good to the poor, good, in short, to every one but himself—is likely to become a black swan. Could any one believe, however, that, since the days of Squire Western, such a scene as the following could have taken place at a gentleman's table, but which actually

did take place at his? A stranger at his board asked his curate to take a glass of wine with him, and the invitation was accepted. But on the order being given to the butler to fulfil the contract, the rector sang out, in an audible voice, "*Wine! Give him (the curate) ale.*" I certainly have more than once seen the line of demarcation between the wine and the ale drinkers very nicely distinguished at a Welch squire's table; and at that of one of them, whose yearly maltster's bill was 700*l.* on an average, a guest had notice to quit the very next morning for daring to infringe it. In justice to the memory, however, of this mountain squire, at whose hospitable board I have so often taken my place, however unworthily, in "*the highest room*," I am bound to shew that the guest in question had so far encroached upon Welch hospitality as to have very nearly completed a two years' visitation.

My ancient British readers will immediately recognise the mountain squire to whom I am alluding, well known to the Society of Arts, and receiving therefrom a gold medal for his spirited exertions in improving his estates, by embankments against the sea, and draining wet land. But amidst all the drink swallowed within his walls in the course of the year, his own share was not one day's consumption, for he rarely drank any thing but water. An attack of gout, at the age of forty, determined him on the sacrifice; and by wisely taking the advice of a Roman poet—

"*Principiis obsta; sero medicina paratur,
Cum mala per longas invaluere moras,*"

he lived nearly freely from it, to within a little of the term of eighty years. He would fain have persuaded some of his brother squires to adopt his specific, as the only certain preventive of gout; but in this he met with poor success. I was once witness to his reducing one of them by degrees to half a pint of sherry, and he began to flatter himself the victory was gained. But approaching him one morning with a very hypochondriac countenance, his refractory patient thus addressed him: "I really think, my good friend, I am too far gone for all this." And so he was; for that very evening he returned to his bottle, the next to two bottles, and in a very few years to the dust from whence he sprang.

But this is a digression. I must return to "*the cloth*" in Wales, and relate rather a characteristic anecdote of a scene that occurred at a visitation-dinner, in the diocese of St. Asaph, in (I believe) Dr. Horsley's time; and although before my day, I can depend upon the authority which has recorded the fact. The hour of dinner was four of the clock (a late hour in those days for a Welsh parson), and it could scarcely be expected that some of the party could wait so long upon an empty stomach. When the cloth was removed, the bishop put a little wine into his glass, and bowing to his chaplain, said quietly, "We will, if you please, drink church and king."—"Light,* by Jove, my lord!" vociferated one of his flock, "that will never do for church and king." A scene of consternation was the result of this uncanonical exclamation; but it turned out a lucky hit for the offending party. On inquiry, it was found that the culprit of the day was gifted with feelings of the best nature, but that, from the smallness of his stipend and the magnitude of his family, his circumstances had become involved, and, like many others before him, he had flown to the bottle for relief. On the following morning his considerate diocesan thus addressed him: "I am sorry, sir, to be informed of the cause that has led you into some impropriety of conduct; I have it in my power to remove that cause, and then I trust the effect will cease." His lordship gave him a living in the mountains, which put a period to his embarrassments, and likewise to the ungentlemanlike offence of drinking before dinner.

I need not remind the very learned Mr. YORKE of what Pliny says, in one of his epistles to Calvisius, namely, that "one good story generally produces a better." Whether better or not, however, the following anecdote of a Welsh parson and his diocesan amused me much; and I can vouch for the truth of it, as the said parson was not only nearly related to myself, but it is also highly characteristic of the man. On applying to the then Bishop of St. Asaph, the late Dr. Luxmore, to give him a living, the following dialogue took place between them at his lordship's palace.

Loquitur sacerdos:

"I have waited upon your lord-

ship to ask you to give me a living."

"Your claim, sir?"

"Nearly twenty years a curate in your diocese; and no man, my lord, can say a word against my character."

"Good—I'll think of you; you certainly have a claim upon me." (*Subauditur*—if all this be true.)

The curate bowed and retired; but, almost immediately returning, the dialogue was resumed.

"I beg pardon, my lord; but I have a further favour to request."

"Name it."

"It is that your lordship will not send me into the mountains."

The fact was, the supplicant, in addition to some hereditary property, and a small extra-episcopal benefice, had married a banker's widow in Shropshire, just within the diocese, where he had long been living on the fat of the land.

"The mountains, sir!" said his somewhat startled diocesan. "Why, were you not born in the mountains?"

"Yes, my lord; but my wife don't speak Welch."

"Yqyr wife, sir!—*she* does not *preach*, does she!"

"No, my lord, *she* only *lectures*."

The bishop, whom I had the pleasure of knowing, and a better tempered man never breathed, took the joke in good part; and finding, on inquiry, that the character the curate had given of himself was, in the main, a true one—that is to say, that he had not more than about his share of human infirmities—gave him a rectory in the very depth of the mountains, which, oddly enough, his father had been the incumbent of before him; and where he only died a few months back, having drunk, I should think, as much Welch ale as any one of his predecessors, and that is saying enough.

Country servants were more given to drink thirty years back than they now are. If the moon was not "in a fog," as Morris says in his excellent song, it was even betting that the coachman was "in drink;" and returning home at night from a Christmas visit was much dreaded by the females of a family. I can well remember being always sent out to examine John before my mother, a very great coward, would enter her carriage

The word *light* signified that the glass was not full.

on these occasions. There was one house in our neighbourhood where servants were generally made tipsy—so notoriously good was the parson's ale. An awful accident once occurred to a neighbouring family returning from a Christmas visit to this hospitable vicarage. Charles, the coachman, and Ned, the postillion, were both examined previously to starting, and passed muster; but John, the footman, by some means overlooked, was "as drunk as a lord." Now in those days, country gentlemen's coach-lamps, like some of themselves, were dim reflectors; and the coach-and-four of this timid old gentleman was always preceded in dark nights by a footman, carrying what was called "a moon," i. e., a circular lantern, containing four candles. The footman, however, being blind drunk, led the way into a gravel-pit, into which the whole party almost instantly followed. But masters of families, as well as officers of the navy and army, are, I fear, all more or less tyrants, where the bottle is concerned; at all events, I can answer for having sat upon the court-martial of a soldier, on a charge of drunkenness, when scarcely sober myself from the last night's debauch. But, then, to be sure, I had not been on duty, and therein, I suppose, con-

sists the distinction. Upon this principle, I knew a gentleman who discharged his coachman for overturning him in his carriage, on his road home from a dinner-party. The man, the next morning, craved pardon, by acknowledging his fault. "I had certainly drunk too much, sir," said he, "but I was not *very* drunk, and *gentlemen, you know, sometimes get drunk.*" "Why," replied the master (the Hon. B. C., renowned for the smartness of his answers), "I don't say you were very drunk for a *gentleman*, but you were d—d drunk for a *coachman*; so get about your business."

Now, friend OLIVER, as the opinion of the present day is that (*μικρὸν βιβλίον, μικρὸν κακόν*) a great book is a great evil; and as Goldsmith said, one of the beauties of a magaziner, like myself, consists in not having it in his power to be long dull on any one subject, I conclude this paper with saying that, if it meets your approbation, I will, at another opportunity, offer my sentiments—partly from experience—on the effect of *the bottle* on the body and on the mind. Till when, yours at command,
NIMROD.

Sept. 5, 1835.

To OLIVER YORKE, Esq.,
&c. &c. &c.

No. LXVI.

EARL OF MULGRAVE.

WE present to our readers the ex-Governor-General of Jamaica, the president of the Garrick, and the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland. Among literary men he is known or heard of as the author of several novels, which have not materially contributed to swell his repute; among fashionable people he is distinguished as an amateur actor, who is equally meritorious in the performance of *Hamlet* and the *Cock*. We recollect him when he used to perform in Florence all manners of characters to all manners of audiences; and we never failed to appreciate the discriminating civility with which, after having crowded his rooms with a miscellaneous collection of all the English who could be found tolerant enough to listen to him, he used to go through the weary mob, inviting a select few, in the hearing of the whole company, to remain to supper (a *little* supper he used to call it, and in that particular he amply kept his word), to the exclusion of the indignant multitude, who thought that, in common justice, they should have had something to wash down his lordship's dose of histrionism.

Our artist is rather too favourable to Mulgrave. Thanks to Delcroix, or some other artist of that profession, the locks look exuberant still; but wo worth the day! crowsfeet tell about the temples, and deep wrinkles beseam the well-rouged face. But still, when duly curled, oiled, painted, and lighted up, he does look passably well, and might be trusted in a third-rate walking-gentleman cast. He is at present shewing off in a part for which he is just as much fitted as he is for enacting *Romeo*, but one in which he can do more mischief than could attend the most vigorously hissed performance that ever disgraced a theatre.

Perhaps his Excellency may have stumbled on the second part of *Henry VI.*, in which *Jack Cade* makes his appearance. This great reformer declared that the laws of England should come out of his mouth (which even his own partisans allowed to be foetid and disgusting),—that that mouth should be the parliament of England,—that he would leave no lord or gentleman in the land,—that a universal destruction should take place, so that all men should be arrayed in one livery, and worship him their lord. In these particulars we have now a revived *Jack Cade*; but do we compare the undaunted "Mortimer, lord of the city," to O'Connell? They both may be designated beggars; but the beggary of *Cade* was valiant. He had no vow in heaven to protect him from the consequence of his outrages; nor, on the other hand, could he, after he had doomed "the nobility to go in leathern aprons," have found a representative of the king to allow him to play the part of "protector over him." That was reserved for our own times.

Mulgrave is poor, and is glad to escape from the eleemosynary hospitality of the Duke of Devonshire on any terms. He is vain, and the title of Viceroy must tickle his fancy. We are told that he is annoyed at the marked absence of the Irish gentry from his parties or levees; but the shouting in the upper gallery compensates in his ear for the hissing of the boxes; and we recommend him to exhibit at Donnybrook grinning through a horse-collar, which would at once shew his features in their most appropriate expression, and afford the most congenial gratification to the friends on whom he relies. In the short list of his ancestors we find that one invented a diving-bell—typical of sinking and mud-seeking propensities,—that another was that lord chancellor of Ireland who was made the victim of Curran's bitterness more than a half-century after his death, and about another half-century before his descendant grovelled at the hoofs of those who adhere to all the sedition, without a tithe of the talent, of Curran,—that another (Commodore Phipps) was, like his nephew, sent upon an experimental voyage, in which he had no great success,—and that formerly his Excellency's father enjoyed, for good reason (*vide* Cobbett), the title of Lord Lonsdale's boots. The noble son plays the part of a very different person.

To conclude. Mulgrave is about forty years old,—desperately hard up—a most industrious scribbler—a capital led-captain—a passable buffoon; but when we see him sent to govern Ireland just now, we are irresistibly reminded of one of his own novels, and must say,—

"By *God*, we, but it is very strange."



THE GREEK PASTORAL POETS — THEOCRITUS, BION, AND MOSCHUS.

BION.

IN passing from Theocritus to the other masters of pastoral song, we feel like the poetical pilgrim who takes leave of the Fairy Queen to wander with Fletcher over his Purple Island. We find the same description of beauty, but weakened and corrupted; traces of the same pencil, but without its freedom or natural force and simplicity. The colours are brighter and more glaring; but the composition is in a more extravagant taste.

Bion is declared by Moschus, in that celebrated elegy which he consecrated to his name, to have been a poet of great genius and reputation. He also speaks of him as a man of property; a circumstance which in our day may be mentioned for its singularity. Of his life we know nothing; but his death is said by Moschus to have been occasioned by poison. Every reader of classical literature has been struck with astonishment a hundred times at the dismal fate which seems ever to have followed the great writers of antiquity. Their misfortunes might fill a volume of the *Calamities of Authors*. Think of Menander (whose writings Fox would have recovered at the sacrifice of any ancient treasure) drowning himself out of mere vexation in the harbour of the Piræus; Euripides and Heracitus worried to death by dogs; Theocritus launched into eternity by a halter; Empedocles swallowed up in the hideous jaws of Etna; Hesiod murdered; Archilochus and Ibycus ditto; Sappho *felo de se*; the skull of Æschylus fractured by a dull tortoise; Terence doomed to a watery grave for want of a Royal Humane Society; Seneca and Lucan bled to death, both singing like swans; Petronius Arbiter (a sort of Jack Miford) ditto; Lucretius, the most original poet of Rome, maddened into desperation by a love-philter; Cicero slaughtered by a bravo; Socrates put to sleep with a cup of hemlock in an Athenian prison; Demosthenes, by a decoction equally sonniferous, in the temple of Neptune; Anacreon choked by a grape-stone; Philemon suffocated with laughter at the spectacle of an ass drinking wine

out of a goblet (he could not have done more if he had dined with O'Connell at Glasgow). Gentle reader, here is a specimen of a genuine Black Book, such as Mr. Effingham Wilson will never publish. What a painful commentary might be written on it—what an afflicting parallel furnished by our own literature! Think of Otway overtaken (according to Pope) by a fever, while in pursuit of a wretch who had shot his friend Blakeston; Sir John Suckling, the gayest of the gay, pricked to death by a nail in his boot; the witty, the licentious Greene, the victim of salted herrings; Kit Marlowe despatched by the hand of a menial; Cowley carried off in the most calm and fruitful season of his life, through lying out all night under a hedge with a festive dean; Nat Lee, the eccentric, the eloquent, and the unhappy, run over by a hackney-coach in the Strand; Shadwell, rocked to sleep by opium—if, indeed, he can be said to sleep who lives for ever in *Mac Flecnoc*, &c. &c.

Bion's remains consist of a few lively and playful little poems, and an elegy of greater pretensions upon Adonis. They display a grace of fancy not unlike the easy elegance of some of our early lyrist. Might not the mirthful poet of "Dean-Bourn,* a rude river in Devonshire," have improvisatorised the following trifle, upon a visit from the Paphian goddess? Being more anxious to display the genius of Theocritus than our own, we shall add the versions of this idyll by Stanley and Elton. Of Stanley, indeed, it may be affirmed, that he rarely touched any thing he did not adorn. His *History of Philosophy*, and his admirable edition of Æschylus, are known to many who are ignorant of what the antiquary Wood calls his smooth and genteel spirit. ~~in poetry~~ His early and long-continued connection with the son of Lord Fairfax, the celebrated translator of Tasso, was likely to increase love of the pure fountains of poetry. With a little more polish, his translations would be perfect; in their present state they are beautiful. Listen:

Α μεγάλη μαι Κυπρις εἴ' ὑπνιωνέτι παρίστα,
 Νηπιᾶχον τὸν ἔρωτα καλὰς ἐκ χερσὶ ἀγνίστα,
 Ἐς χροῖα νυσταχέοντα, τρεῖς δὲ μαι ἰφρασε μύθον.
 Μιλάτιν μαι φίλῃ βούτα λαβὼν τὸν ἔρωτα διδάσκει.
 Ὡς λιγὴ, χ' αὖ μαι ἀπηνέβιν ἰγνώδ' ὅσα βωκολιᾶσθον
 Νηπιος, ὡς εἰλόντα μαθεῖν τὸν ἔρωτα διδάσκον,
 Ὡς ὑπὲρ πλάγχιονος οὐ Πάρι, ὡς Ἀυλὸν Ἀθάνα,
 Ὡς χεῖλον Ἑρμῶν, κίθαριν δ' ὡς αὖτος Ἀπολλών.
 Ταῦτα μιν ἐξιδίδασκεν· οὐδ' οὐκ ἱμπαζέτο μύθον,
 Ἀλλὰ μαι αὐτός· αἰδὶν ἰρωτύλα, καὶ μ' ἰδίδασκε
 Θνατῶν τ' ἀθανάτων τι πάθει, καὶ ματιρὸς ἰργᾶ.
 Κηγῶν ἐκλαβεῖται μαι ὅσων τὸν ἔρωτα διδάσκει,
 Ὅσα δ' ἔρωις μ' ἰδιδάξιν ἰρωτύλα πέντ' ἰδιδάχθη.

Original.—Love and his Tutor.

In the morning, while I slept,
 To my pillow Venus crept ;
 Cupid in her hand she led,
 His eyes upon the ground, and said :
 " Little Love to thee I bring,
 Dear shepherd, teach the child to sing."
 Whispering thus, the Queen departed,
 And I, unthinking, simple-hearted,
 To the listening urchin told
 All the pastoral tales of old :
 How Pan, upon the grassy mead,
 Carved the shepherd's crooked reed ;
 And Hermes strung the chorded lute ;

And Pallas breathed into the flute ;
 And fair Apollo's hand of fire
 Awoke the sweet soul of the lyre.
 Thus I taught the boy, but he
 Laughed at all my songs and me ;
 Idly singing all the day,
 How mortals own'd his mother's sway ;
 And Pleasure heap'd her bed with flowers
 In the green Elysian bowers.
 Sweet his voice, and every lay
 Stole some graver thought away :
 One by one my carols fly —
 The tutor, he ; the pupil, I.

The Teacher taught.

By ELTON.

By STANLEY.

" In sleep, before me Venus seem'd to stand,
 Holding young Cupid in her whiter hand,
 Her eyes cast on the ground : ' Loved swain, I bring
 My son,' saith she, ' to learn of thee to sing !'
 Then disappeared. I my old pastoral lays
 Began, instructing Cupid in their ways ;
 How Pan the pipe, Minerva formed the flute,
 Phœbus the harp, and Mercury the lute.
 He minds not what I sing, but sings again
 His mother's acts—the loves of gods and men.
 What I taught Cupid then I now forget,
 But what he then taught me remember yet."

We always supposed Venus to have been about the height of Mrs. Honey, and, indeed, very like the Psyche of the Adelphe (except in the feet) ; but here she is *μεγάλη Κυπρις*—the tall Venus. Elton is very literal and characteristic :

" The tall-form'd Venus stood beside my bed,
 The infant Love, with downcast, hanging head,
 In her fair hand ; then cried, ' Beloved swain !
 Make Love thy pupil in the vocal strain.'
 She said, and pass'd away. I simply strove
 To tutor this, the seeming docile Love,
 In shepherd songs : I bade the urchin heed
 How Pan first joined the slant unequal reed ;
 How Phœbus swept the harp ; the mel-
 low flute
 Minerva breathed ; and Hermes strung the lute.
 Such were my lessons ; but the careless child,
 Instructor in his turn, my ear beguiled
 With amorous chaunt. He sang how gods above,
 And earthly mortals, languish into love ;
 And all his mother's soft adventures taught,
 Till all the tutor vanish'd from my thought.
 I learnt the tender lore of love alone,
 Intent on his, forgetful of my own."

Take a pleasant device of Cupid sitting on a box-tree, and let Howard or Turner paint it for the next exhibition.

Ἰξυτίας ἐστὶ κωμὸς, ἐν αἰσὶ δυνάμεισι
 Ὀρνια θηριῶν, τὸν ἀποστρέψον ἰδίῳ ἔρωτι
 Ἐσθόμενον πυρὸς ποτὶ κλαδὸν ὡς ὁ ἰσάσι,
 Χαίρων, αἰετὰ δὲ μέγα φαίνεται ὀρνέον αὐτὰ,
 Τῶς καλαμῶς ἡμᾶ πάντας ἐπ' ἀλλήλοισι συνάπτων,

Τῇ καὶ τῇ τοῖν ἔρωτα μεταμινον ἀμφιδονιν.
 Χω παῖς, ἀσχαλῶν, ἐνὶ οἱ τίλῃς αὐτὸν ἀπαντῇ,
 Τῷ καλαμῷ εἴψας ποτ' ἀροτρία πρὸς βυῖον ἰκάνῃ,
 Ος ἢν ταυτὶ τυχὼν ἰδιδάξῃτο· καὶ λῆγνι αὐτῇ,
 Καὶ οἱ διζὺν ἔρωτα καθμινον αὐτῇ ο πρὸς βυῖ
 Μυδισὼν κινήσι καρῇ, καὶ ἀμυβίτε παῖδα,
 Θυδισ τῇς θηρῆς, μὴδ' ἐς τοῖς τωρῶν ἐρχῆν.
 Φινυγὶ μακρῶν· παπὼν ἐντὶ το θηρῶν ὀλβίος ἔσση
 Εἰσοκα μὴ μιν εἰλῇ· ἢν δ' ἀνιρὸς ἰσχυρὸν εἴλῃς,
 Οὐτὸς ο ἢν φινυγὼν καὶ ἀσχαλῶν, αὐτὸς ἀφ' αὐτῇ
 Ἐλθὼν ἔξῃπινας, κεφαλῶν ἐπὶ σιὸ καθίξῃ.

Original.—Cupid and the Fowler.

A youth, bird-hunting, chanced one
 day,
 Wandering on his woody way,
 Love, the runaway, to see
 Perch'd amid a boxen tree,
 High on a bough ; of radiant dyes
 A bird it seem'd — the fowler's eyes
 Glisten'd at the precious prize.
 Together soon his twigs he bound,
 Watching Cupid hover round
 From bough to bough ; now here, now
 there —
 On every spot except the snare.

By SIANTLY.

" A youth (a fowler), in a shady grove,
 As he a-birding went, spied runaway
 Love
 Sitting upon a box-tree branch, and glad
 (The bird seem'd fair) that such a prize
 he had ;
 His guns he all in order doth bestow,
 Observing Love, who skipp'd from bough
 to bough.
 Angry at last, he watch'd so long in vain,
 To an old husbandman, who first did train
 Him in that art, he goes, and doth relate
 His frustrate sport, and shews him where
 Love sat.
 The old man shook his hoary head, and
 smiled.
 ' Pursue this bird,' he said, ' no longer,
 child !
 Fly, 'tis an evil beast, which, whilst thou
 can
 Avoid, thou happy art ; but once grown
 man,
 He of himself, who now avoids thy search,
 Will freely come, and on thy head will
 perch."

From Bland's Collection from the Anthology :

" Chasing his feather'd game within the
 grove,
 Young Thirsis saw th' averted form of
 Love
 Perch'd on a boxen bough ; with joy he
 cries,
 ' This giant-● will prove a noble prize !'
 His shafts he culls, applies them to his
 bow,
 And marks Love's frolic-gambols to and
 fro :

And running to an aged swain
 (His early teacher), told his pain,
 In accents well the case befitting,
 And shew'd where little Love was sitting.
 The old man shook his head and smiled :
 " Give o'er this idle chase, my child,
 No pretty bird hath thee beguiled.
 A cruel beast ! but happy thou,
 Till manhood bloom upon thy brow.
 He that flies will then pursue,
 The bird you hunt will then hunt you ;
 Perch on your head, and round your heart
 For ever flutter, never part."

But vain his skill ; his shafts that miss
 their aim
 He spurns indignant, and with conscious
 shame
 Hastes to the seer who taught him first
 the way,
 With certain aim to strike the winged
 prey.
 He told his tale, and bade him look and
 The want-bird, still perch'd on yonder
 tr
 The seer attentive shook his prescient
 head,
 And with a smile, a parent's smile, he
 said,
 ' Forbear the chase, fly from this bird,
 my child !
 Away ; the prey you seek is savage,
 wild :
 Blest wilt thou prove while he eludes
 thy snares,
 Outwings thy shafts, and no return pre-
 pines.
 To manhood grown, this bird which now
 retires,
 And shuns thy aim, and thwarts thy
 fierce desires,
 Will haste unsought, and, spite of bow
 and dart,
 Play round thy head and perch upon
 thy heart."

This story has been introduced by
 Spenser into the *Shepherd's Calendar*,
 where it is related with great liveliness
 by Thomas. Perhaps the reader may
 think it justified Michael Drayton in
 pronouncing the writer the chief " pas-
 toralist" of England.

"*Tho.* It was upon a holyday,
When shepherd-grooms have leave to
play,

I cast to go a-shooting;
Long wandering up and down the land,
With bow and bolts in either hand,
For birds in bushes tooting.*

At length within the ivy-tod
(There shrouded was the little god)

I heard a busy bustling;
I bent my bolt against the bush,
Listening if any thing did rush,

But then heard no more rustling:
Though peeping close into the thick
Might see the moving of some quick,

Whose shape appeared not.
But were it fiery, fiend, or snake,
My courage earn'd it to awake,

And manfully thereat shot.
With that sprang forth a naked swain,
With spotted wings, like peacock's train,

And laughing leapt to a tree;
His golden quiver at his back,
And silver bow, which was but slack,

Which lightly he bent at me:
That seeing, I levell'd again,
And shot at him with might and main,
As thick as it had hail'd.

So long I shot, that all was spent —
The punie stones I hastily lent,

And threw; but naught avail'd:
He was so nimble and so wight, ‡
From bough to bough he leaped light,

And off the punies latched. §
Therewith afraid I ran away;
But he that erst seem'd but to play,

A shaft in earnest snatched,
And hit me running in the heel.
For then I little smart did feel,

But soon it sore increased;
And now it rankleth more and more
And inwardly it fest'reth sore —

Ne wote I how to cease it.
Will. Thomalin, I pity thy plight;
Perdie with Love thou diddest fight —

I know him by a token:
For once I heard my father say,
How he him caught upon a day

(Whereof he will be wroken ||),
Entangled in a fowling-net,
Which he for carrion-crows had set,

That in our pear-tree haunted.
They said he was a winged lad,
But bows and shafts as then none had,

Else had he sore been daunted."
This little tale is heightened by touches
of fancy equal to the happiest strains
of the Sicilian reed. The shepherd,

" Bending his ear against the bush,
Listening if any thing did rush "

amid the foliage, and the moving of
" something quick," the form of which
could not be discerned, are very graphic
incidents. But a story far more
beautiful even than that extracted by
the delicate spirit of Spenser, is contained
in the "*Daphnis and Chloe*" of Longus — the Theocritus of pastoral
romance; whom Scaliger calls *auctor
amanissimus et co melior, quo simplicior*,
and whose style has been gracefully
compared by Villoison to a silver
stream, overshadowed on either side
by delightful woods. His rural scenes
breathe of the country, and his manners
are agreeably rustic: no affectation
destroys the charm of his "*Arcadia*." Upon the correctness of Huet's
reference of the Italian dramatic pastoral
to the work of Longus, it may
not be wise to offer any decided opinion.
But Dunlop, in the *History of Fiction*,
has noticed its resemblance to the "*Gentle Shepherd*" of Ramsay;
the plot of which is known to have
been suggested to him by a friend,
who might have borrowed it from
the Greek writer. The imitations of
Gesner are far more striking. Although
the story of Longus is written
in prose, the more beautiful passages
are so poetical in themselves, and so
susceptible of poetic arrangement, that
we were about to clothe the following
episode in a metrical dress, when we
remembered that the task had already
been accomplished by a Cambridge
man, with a degree of elegance and
taste that even OLIVER YORKE could
not calculate upon excelling. Here,
therefore, it is, and we reckon upon
the warm thanks of all REGINA's admirers,
to whom it may chance to be
unknown, for presenting them with such
a lovely copy of the antique. The story
is told by an old herdsman to the
youthful lovers, Daphnis and Chloe,
who had very foolishly and ignorantly
(though it ought to be remembered
that Miss Martineau and Malthus had
not then written) fallen in love:

" Then in their joyance came a man of eld,
With shagged cloak to keep him from the cold,
And untanned shoon, and little scrip, which held
His scanty dinner; and his scrip was old.

* Looking about.

† Leaped.

‡ *Wight*, i. e. *quick* or *active*; in which sense it is used by Gower.

§ Caught.

|| Revenged.

Straight sitting down by them, his name he told,
The old Philetas ; how, when he was young,
He piped to Pan beneath the sheltering fold,
Or filled this grotto of the nymphs with song ;
And how his many kine would to his music throng.

‘ And now,’ he said, ‘ fair children, ye shall hear
Of a strange marvel that to me befell.
I have a garden laiden all the year ;
Too old as herdsman in the fields to dwell,
With my own hands I till it passing well :
In spring the ground with violets is strown,
And sweet my hyacinths and lilies smell,
And summer-apples weigh my branches down,
And now are grapes, and figs, and myrtle-berries brown.

When morning sparkles through the misty air,
The little birds, in many a merry throng,
Will flock in search of food and settle there,
Or pipe their matin-notes the boughs among ;
For there, full fit for forest-warblers’ song,
Trees arch their branches o’er the secret shade,
Three bubbling fountains roll their rills along,
And but for fence around the garden made,
Some copse it well might seem, or wilder woodland glade.

And there at noontide as I went to-day,
Beneath the myrtle and pomegranate trees,
With myrtle-berries was a boy at play,
As white as milk ; and with luxurious ease
His sunny ringlets idled on the breeze.
Alone he sported in his careless joy,
And fain would I the truant urchin seize,
For much I feared that little naked boy
My tender myrtles and pomegranates would destroy.*

But lightly he escaped, and laughing fled ;
For underneath the rose trees he would run,
Or closely nestling in the poppy-bed,
Like a young partridge his pursuer shun.
When kids and calves to leave their dams begun,
Full oft I followed them in weary chase,
And little good and much trouble won ;
But never kid or calf from place to place
So led my doubling steps, in such a bootless race.

All breathless, therefore, on my staff I leant,
And watching held the little thief at bay ;
And asked whose child he was, and what he meant
By plucking all the fruit that round him lay ?
He answered nothing, but in roguish play
With myrtle-berries pelted me, and smiled,
And nearer came, and smiled in such a way
I know not how — he was so fair a child —
That, angry as I was, my anger was beguiled.

More lovely seemed he as he laughed, I wis ;
So then I bade him be afraid no more,
But come and kiss me with one little kiss :
And by the child’s own myrtle-berries swore,
Of pears and apples I would give him store,
And let him pluck my fruits and crop my flowers.
But then he laughed yet louder than before ;
More sweet than nightingale in wild wood bowers,
Or swan grown old like me, and in its dying hours.

“ I him spide,
Where in a bush he did him hide,
With wings of purple and blue.”

SPENSER’S *Shepherd’s Calendar*

His laughing voice so musically rung —
 ' To me, Philetas, would a kiss be sweet ;
 I love it more than thou would'st to be young —
 But think if kisses for thy age be meet :
 For thou would'st follow me with feeble feet,
 If but one kiss upon thy lips I told,
 And I than hawk or eagle fly more fleet.
 No child am I, though child I seem ; more old
 Than Cronus or than Time, or ought men oldest hold.

' And thee I know, how in thy budding days
 Thy herd thou feddest in yon marshy mead,
 And by those beech-trees listened to thy lays
 To Amaryllis piped, upon the reed.
 I stood beside her, but thou didst not heed ;
 Yet her to thee I gave ; and now a race
 Of goodly sons, full fit the kine to feed,
 Around thy hearthstone throng with gladsome face :
 So Daphnis with like care, and Chloe, now I grace.

' I lead them till they meet at peep of day,
 And with long kisses to each other grow ;
 Then to thy garden wend my lonely way,
 And sport with all the flowers that round me blow,
 Or revel in the fountain's fresh'ning flow ;
 I bathe ; and watered by the hallowed stream,
 Leaf, bud, and bloom, with brighter beauty glow :
 Nor thou of me as wasteful rider deem,
 Till trampled lie thy flowers, thy fountains troubled seem.

' Farewell ! for thou alone canst tell the tale,
 That thou this child hast seen, yet wast not young.'
 He ceased ; and, like a new-fledged nightingale,
 Upon the myrtles lightsomely he sprang,
 And crept from bough to bough the leaves among,
 Till on the topmost branch he seemed to soar :
 Then wings I saw, that o'er his shoulders hung ;
 Between his wings a little bow he bore ;
 And then I saw the bow, and wings, and boy, no more !"

The dialogue between Cleodamus and Myrson is of a graver kind, and carries a very excellent moral in it. Take it in our version :

A Conversation about the Weather.

Cleodamus. Myrson ! dost thou love to see
 The sweet spring waking every tree ?
 Or dearer to thy longing eye
 Dawneth summer's purple sky ?
 Or autumn, solemn and serene ;
 Or winter, when no plough is seen
 Gleaming o'er the barren earth,
 But Gladness cheers the blazing hearth ?
 While upon the grass we rest,
 Ere the red sun gilds the west,
 Tell me which thou lovest best.

Myrson. It belongeth not to man
 The hidden will of Heaven to scan ;
 All are sacred — every hour
 Brings some blessing for its dower.
 I sigh not for the summer-day,
 Wasting the fairest bloom away ;
 Nor autumn with its yellow sheaf,
 Beautiful, yet full of grief ;
 Nor the breath of winter cold,
 Chilling every stream of gold :
 Rather let the zephyr bring
 The white beauty of the spring,

When the air is clear and sweet,
Nor too much cold, nor too much heat,
And verdure decks the shepherd's bower,
And beauty cometh to the flower
In glen and valley, and the night
Dwells not longer than the light.

The two next are very slight, and though we cannot say of Bion as of Barrow, that even his fragments are dust of gold, they are nevertheless worth an English dress. Here are three :

Ανταρ ἴγων βασιυμαι ἱμαν ὀδον, ἰς το καταντας
Τηνο ποτι ψαμαθον τι και ηἰονα ψιδυρισδα,
Λισσομινος Γαλατωαν απηνια· τας δε γλυκυιας
Ελπιδας υστατιν μιχρη γηρας ουκ απολιψω.

Original.

Still will I roam along the dreary shore,
Whispering thy name, thy hutred, o'er
and o'er,
Harsh Galateu! From my aching heart
Ne'er shall thy light, beloved Hope, de-
part,
Till the last shadow sinks upon my heart.

By POLWHELE.

"But still I slope my solitary way,
And whispering, cruel Galateu! stray
Along the shelving cliff, beside thy beach,
And chase sweet Hope, though wing'd
beyond my reach.
O may the lovely phantom yet engage,
Ev'n at the close of dim declining age;
Drest in the tints of dear delusion rise,
Nor disappear till Death o'ershade my
eyes."

By BLAND.

"Yet will I go beside the sounding main,
And to yon solitary crags complain;
And onward wandering by the sounding
shore,
The scorn of Galateu's brow deploro.
But oh, sweet Hope! be present to my
heart,
Nor with my latest, feeblest age, depart."

Μοισας Ερως καλαιο, Μοισαι τον Ερωτα φερουσιν
Μελπαν ται Μοισαι αι ποθειντοι διδοιν,
Ταν γλυκυιαν μελπαν, τας φαρμακον αδιον
ουδιν.

By POLWHELE.

"Go, Love! invite the charming choir
of Muses;
Ye Muses, bring back Love again;
And may your song, that life's sweet
balm diffuses,
Soothe away the sense of pain."

Original.

Call the Muses, Love, to me;
Muses, Love's companions be;
No charm like your sweet-falling strain
Can lull the heavy eyes of pain.

We come now to his most famous production, the *Elegy on Adonis*; and it may be amusing to contrast the opinions entertained of it by two of the most elegant writers on the subject. Let Polwhele state his case first. "The *Epitaph on Adonis* is indisputably the work of an exuberant invention and a fine sensibility. The strains are so musical and so melancholy, that they melt upon the ear, and almost steal into the heart. Yet amidst these beauties we discover a blemish the most unpardonable of all poetic errors. Allured by the richness of ornamented imagery, the poet too frequently overlooks the simplicity of nature. The puerile idea of the boar's white teeth wounding the white skin, and the purple blood opposed to the snowy limbs—the witticism of the wound of sorrow in the bosom of Venus, as deep as that in the thigh of Adonis—the quaint effusion of her tears, as many in number as the drops of blood that trickled from her lover—and the truly Ovidian transformation of those tears and drops of blood into roses and anemonies—and the conceit of flowers blushing with grief—not to mention mountains, woods, hills, springs, rivers, all huddled together in the most lamentable confusion,—these surely are evident indications of a vicious taste and a disordered fancy." Thus far Polwhele. Now hear Mr. Elton. "By those who do not read poetry with a poetical feeling, it may be thought that the *Epitaph on Adonis* is possessed of little interest to a modern reader. * * * It is an ignorance of the nature of poetry which places its excellence in the expression of real feelings on real occasions. The poet is he that is the maker—he that counterfeits passion where it is not, and identifies himself with imaginary situations, feelings, and characters. It is this creative faculty, this plasticity of ideal feeling, which confer a value on the *Elegy of Adonis* far exceeding that of mere amenity of numbers, or delicacy of painting. Every thing of Bion partakes essentially of the poet. His apoloques are beautiful models of allegory, and delight by their unaffected archness, and the sweetness of their simplicity."

We shall give our voting vote when we speak of Moschus, and we may then have a word to say on Shelley's tribute to the memory of Keats. We now proceed to offer an original version of the poem :

I.

Adonis, sweet Adonis, for thee I pour my tears,
For the beautiful that fadeth in the summer of his years!
No more, fond Queen of Cyprus, upon thy purple bed,
Cradled in thy glowing arms, the hunter lays his head.
Arise, forsaken one, and cry, thou broken-hearted!
Striking thy snowy bosom, cry, *Adonis is departed!*
Weep for the lost Adonis—he lieth on the hill;
The fierce boar's tooth was white, but ah! his thigh is whiter still.
Darker yet beneath his brow the eye of purple grows;
His cheek hath lost its bloom, and his lip hath lost its rose.
The glow of fond desire, and the dew of warm delight,
Are vanish'd, and he feels not the kiss of love to-night.
Weep for the pale Adonis!—the Love-are shedding tears
For the beautiful that dieth in the summer of his years!
Listen! through the forest rings a melancholy sound—
The hunter's dogs bewailing their wounded master round.
Grief dwelleth in the greenwood, the forest mourns for him;
The Oread's heart is heavy, the Oread's eyes are dim;
And Venus, naked-footed, with wild dishevell'd hair,
Wanders through the sounding glens in the madness of despair.
With piercing voice she calls, from morn to setting sun,
Her lost Assyrian lord, her own Beloved ONE.
He answers not, but o'er his breast and glittering paps of snow,
Flushing the tender white with red, the crimson gore doth flow.

II.

"Alas, alas, Cythera!" the little Cupid's moan.
"With thy lover's dying bloom hath withered thy own.
While he dwelt with thee, not a cloud thy radiant beauty knew:
He fadeth from thee, and, behold! thy beauty fadeth too!"
The mountains cry aloud; upon the mournful breeze
The sorrow of a broken heart comes sighing from the trees;
The rivers, as they flow, the parted youth bewail;
And the sweet voice of the fountain weepeth in the vale.
The fair cheeks of the flowers are sad; and, lo! through every street,
And o'er the flashing hills, we hear the rushing of thy feet.
Cythera! woe for thee! Adonis is no more!
And Echo shouteth back the cry to the valleys o'er and o'er.
We weep for thee, Cythera!—for thee who doth not weep?
When she saw her dying lover, and his wound so wide and deep,
The purple blood all clotted upon his fading thigh,
With longing arms outstretched, the mourner pour'd her cry:
"Stay, beloved! yet a while—a little longer stay,
That I may clasp thee in my arms ere thou fade away!"
Rise up from thy bed of death, and press thy lip to mine,
That never, never more shall drink the precious joy of thine:

- * Browne, in the second book of *Britannia's Pastorals*, has imitated this passage, though not with great success:

"Venus by Adonis' side,
Crying kist, and kissing cry'd,
Wrung her hands and tore her hair
For Adonis dying there.

Stay, quoth she, O stay and live!
Nature surely doth not give
To the earth her sweetest flowers,
To be seen but some few hours.

On his face still as he bled,
For each drop a tear she shed,

Which she kist or wiped away,
Else had drown'd him where he lay.

Fair Proserpina (quoth she)
Shall not have thee yet from me;
Nor thy soul to fly begin,
While my lips can keep it in.

Here she closed again, and some
Say Apollo would have come
To have cured his wounded limb,
But that she had smother'd him."

Again, and yet again, until the charm be past
 Into my very soul, to live the sweetest and the last.*
 But thou to dreary Acheron and its dark king dost flee,
 And heavenly blood flows in my veins— I cannot follow thee!
 Fold the bridegroom to thy breast, O dreadful queen of gloom,
 Persephone! The fairest blossoms on life's tree of bloom
 Are swept down by the torrent to thy dwelling sad and drear;
 Thou art mightier far than me—I gaze on thee with fear. ●
 Thou partest from me, dearest; our vigils of delight
 Have vanish'd from my heart like a vision of the night;
 And Venus is a widow now— her castus in thy tomb;
 The little Loves are idle now in each deserted room. †
 Wherefore, O too daring boy, didst thou the forest roam?
 Beautiful! when Love had built for thee a happier home."

III.

Thus, in her despair, the weeping mourner cried;
 The Loves took up the strain of sorrow at her side:
 Alas for thee, Cythera! Adonis is no more!
 For ev'ry drop of blood a tear the Paphian queen doth pour.
 Nor barren on the earth the tear or blood-drop flows ●
 One wakes a pale anemone, the other blooms a rose. ‡

* It is very difficult to preserve in any translation the passionate grief of the original, where love struggles with sorrow—

Οι ἰδι φοῖνον αἶμα μαρτυροῦμαι περὶ μνηρ
 Παχίας ἀμπατῆσσαν κινεῖτο— Μῖνον, Ἀδωνί,
 Δυστοτὶ μῖνον Ἀδ., πανστῆτον ὡς σε κίχῳ,
 Οἱ σε περιστῶν, καὶ χυλίσαι μῖνον.
 Ἐγὼ τούτῳ Ἀδωνί, τὸ αὐ πύματον με φίλασθον.

Thus, in a literal version, slightly altered from the *Class. Journ.*, ii. 20:—

"When she beheld the purple blood upon his fading thigh,
 Spreading out her limbs, she exclaimed, mournfully— Stay, Adonis!
 Yet stay, O unhappy Adonis, that I may possess thee for the last time!
 That I may embrace thee, and mingle my lips with thine—
 Rise up a little, and kiss me for the last time!"

The last line, in its touching and simple truth, will remind the reader of that beautiful scene in the *Orestes* of Euripides, where Electra is beheld watching by the bed of her brother. Fawkes has imparted considerable tenderness to his translation:

"Raise, fond Adonis, raise thy drooping head,
 And kiss me ere thy parting breath be fled;
 The last fond token of affection give—
 O kiss thy Venus while thy kisses live!
 Till in my breast I draw thy ling'ring breath,
 And with my lips imbibe thy love in death."

† Our version of these lines is the most literal, and we may therefore hope the most touching, hitherto given:

Χρηθ' ἂ Κυβερνα· κινεῖ δ' ἀνα δαματ' Ἐρωτι,
 Σοὶ δ' αἶμα πιστὸς ὀλώλι.

Polwhele is very tame. Elton is pretty and characteristic:

"Venus sinks lonely on a widow'd bed;
 The Loves with listless feet my chamber tread,
 My castus perish'd with thyself."

Langhorne, a feeble and elegant writer, has a laboured paraphrase of this poem; but it contains one line so exquisite, that it looks like a copy from a Greek gem:

"The Loves around in silent sorrow stand,
 And the dim torch falls from the vacant hand."

‡ Ovid, instead of tears, makes Venus pour nectar. Hear him through the lips of his gentle interpreter, George Sandys:

"Thus having utter'd, she
 Pour'd nectar on it of a fragrant smell;
 Sprinkled therewith the blood began to swell,
 Like shining bubbles that from drops ascend;
 And ere an hour was fully at an end,
 From thence a flower alike in colour rose,
 Such as those trees produce whose fruits inclose
 Within the timber-rind their purple grains."

IV.

I weep for thee, Adonis—Adonis I deplore.
 Mourn thy loss, Venus, in the forest-wilds no more :
 The couch is ready now, the downy robe is spread,
 The tender hand of love hath smooth'd the pillow of the dead.
 Lay the sleeper softly down upon the silken vest,
 Where he hath dreamt so oft on the heaven of thy breast.
 How sweetly o'er his face the grave's dim shadows creep !
 Dead ! and yet how beautiful ! how beautiful in sleep !
 Heap the odorous garlands up from the garden bowers —
 Summer with his dying breath hath faded from the flowers.
 Sprinkle ointments o'er his head from the myrtle-tree —
 What are ointments now, alas ! the sweetest ointment he !
 The weeping Loves stand round — their pining grief to shew,
 Their sunny locks they tear ; one little hand in two
 Breaks the hunter's arrows — one, the quiver and the bow ;
 And one unbinds his sandal ; another, stooping by,
 From his brother's golden basin pours water on his thigh ;
 While one behind with fanning plume to soothe his pain doth try.

V.

For thee, for thee, Cythera, the little Loves weep round ;
 And Hymen, too, hath quench'd his torch upon the ground,
 Strewing the bridal wreath about : no more the joyful cry,
 Hymen ! Hymenæe ! rings along the starry sky.
 A cloud upon the heart hath past, and foot and song are mute,
 And the chain of Silence hangeth o'er the spirit of the lute.
 " Adonis hath departed now, the Beautiful hath flown !"
 The Graces cry in tones, Dione, sadder than thy own.
 The SISTERS TURN, too, weep for him, in the dreary caves of death ;
 He heareth not their plaintive song, or the cittern's mournful breath.
 Alas ! alas ! how can he hear that tender voice of thine,
 When his weary eyes are charm'd upon the breast of Proserpine ?

* *Και νικησεν τον καλον, εστι καλος νικησ οια καθιδυν.*

How gently flows the vein of grief in the verse of Stanley !

" Adonis dead, Adonis I deplore ;
 Venus, thy husband wail in woods no more.
 A bed, a bed is for Adonis made —
 On thy bed, Venus, is Adonis laid,
 Lovely in death — dead, lovely as in sleep.
 Down gently lay him — in soft coverings keep
 His body wrapt in which he slept with thee,
 On a gilt bed ; unhappy though he be,
 Neglect him not ; 'mongst wreaths let him be laid —
 Not any flower but with his life did fade.
 In sweet myrrh-water wash each softer limb —
 The sweetness of all waters dies with him."

Now try Elton :

" I mourn Adonis, fair Adonis dead :
 Not o'er the youth in words thy sorrow shed.
 For thy Adonis' limbs a couch is strown ;
 That couch he presses — Venus, 'tis thy own !
 There dead he lies, yet fair in blooming grace —
 Still fair, as if with slumber on his face.
 Haste, lay him on the golden stand, and spread
 The garments that enrobed him in thy bed,
 When on thy heavenly breast the livelong night
 He slept, and court him though he scare thy sight.
 Lay him with garlands and with flowers ; but all
 With him are dead, and wither'd at his fall.
 With balms anoint him from the myrtle-tree ;
 Or perish, ointments, for thy balm was he."

HORÆ LUTETIANÆ.

BY MORGAN RATTLER.

THE COGNATE CITIES.

THERE are three cities to which the thoughts and wishes of every English gentleman bend, from his youth upward—Rome, Venice, Paris. The first is dear to us—awfully dear to us—as

“The lone mother of dead empires;”

the second in some sort prefigures, and in prevailing fancy, if not in fact, connects us with the fairy East; and Paris is the city of chivalry.

* * *

Our solemn deep-wrought thoughts of antique Wisdom and the sacred Past, our wild and gorgeous imaginations, our barbaresque dreams, our lofty feelings, our glorious aspirations, are directed to these as charmed places—as vast temples of inscrutable and eternal worship, where these children of the brain may settle, amidst pregnant symbols of appropriate power that will not pass away.

Strange mystic cities they were and are, and ever will be! We have personally, as Englishmen—we have generally, as gentlemen and scholars, an interest in these cities; they are the theme of our earliest thoughts, that are made to extend beyond the playground and the paternal hearth. The shadow of Rome, the dream of Venice, the living fancy of Paris, are upon us from our childhood. They are riddles to us then—felt, but unapproached. We read, and think, and see, and in their oracular precincts open our souls to inspirations which we do partially receive; and yet, even unto our old age, they are still riddles: they are symbols, letters, books of grammery in stone—the work, the imbodiment of the ideas of ages. And so strong is the esoteric impression on our minds respecting them—such is their expansive, and multiform, and essential reality, that seeing them destroys no illusion: the subject is too grand and vast to admit of any definite, not to say distinct illusion, let the imagination labour never so wisely, never so intently. Nobody deserving the name of man, as contradistinguished

from that of brute, ever dared to say that he was disencharmed by the view, or afterwards presumed to speak of any one of them as

“A vision that had perished.”

Men may be disappointed with your cities built in a day, so to speak—your cities built after the potent will of an individual, and wearing the impress of his mind whilst living, and now being one of his most kindly and enduring monuments when dead—the monument of the thinking social animal who *had* power, and exercised it for the common human benefit, according to the best of his lights and judgment. Such cities are Alexandria, Constantinople, Madrid, Berlin, St. Petersburg. You may differ with the man, now that you see his city, of which from his character you had fancied other things; you understand the idiosyncrasy of his city, and you peradventure may despise it. So may you in like manner, according to your temper and disposition, be downcast at your knowledge and contemptuous in your memory of the pageant-cities; you may be disgusted alike, in acquaintance and recollection, with the mere commercial and garrison cities of earth; you may think that holidays might be better employed than in gazing on Florence, and that many things are worth living for after having seen Naples; you may condemn London as a mere mercantile station—albeit in that I can by no means agree with you—a fair-place, a multitudinous bazaar of brick and mortar; you may abhor all modern places of strength like gaols, all *locales* of bureautocracy like counting-houses; you may express these thoughts and feelings after the most downright English fashion that you please: but nobody save a fool ever yet spoke irreverently of Rome, Venice, Paris.

They are things of themselves. They are not capitals of nations or of a people—not the creations and nurslings of commerce—not the triumphal

* Every body must remember the Italian proverbs about these cities.—M. R.

erections of conquerors — not capitals of literature and art, like Athens, now living only in a fond dream; a broken fountain, in which the waters of beauty did once play and sparkle, but are now spread abroad over the earth, made glad with their scantiest presence — not mere gigantesque ruins, like Balbec, whose oracular voice is dumb; but they are especial cities, having no true communion with any spot of the world excepting only that they covered, or with any thing physical, moral, or imaginative, beyond their own inscrutable precincts. They are cities sole — cities with no congenial territory. They never have been the hearts of empires, through which, and by which, and with which, receiving and returning the vital current, they lived and had their being. No! they were each a thing gifted with its own peculiar vitality, existing apart from all other living things; and they were monster-cities, existing for themselves alone. Thus Rome was not Italian, Venice was not Italian, Paris was not French. They were pre-eminently the cities of the stranger, the sanctuaries of the outcast — of the *subaquata* of society — of the despised and rejected of men, paying back from generation to generation, in scorn and tyranny, the contempt and hatred of those who drove them forth from civil life, in which there was the touch of gentleness and human feeling. They were covers for castes of men — for the Hagars of a fortress — for the wolves of Italy — for the wolves of the sea — for the bandits of the old Gallic borders. And yet withal they *have been* capitals, though not of nations or people: they have been the capitals of the great buried ages of the world, and are now, and ever will be, their monuments. The Eternal City, auspicated in its creation, like the universe itself, by the frailty of woman, by the wickedness of man, by frailty desperate of all consequences, by murder in its most appalling form — the city-magical, whose tutelar deity and true title never were, upon pain of lingering death, to be whispered to the

ear profane. Outwardly Rome! the Roman name! how strange is the tale! how self-chastening to human pride! how degrading to human kind! What is it? It is the romance of a band of robbers! — and yet it forms the dark thread in the woof of the world's story. The shadow of the seven-hilled keep is not alone upon every country, but upon every homestead. Moreover, working contrariwise, it was peculiarly, and apart from the two other cognate cities, the very *ULCER OF THE EARTH*. It is the grand representation or exemplar, on the grandest scale of the principle, of absorption. All the old world has in sooth passed away, and melted into Rome; it is the only true, enduring monument of all that the sages, bards, philosophers, and heroes of the ancient world have done. Every thing was drawn towards it, as towards an inevitable whirlpool; yet how succinctly may its own personal history, so to speak, in its great days of conquest and aggrandisement, during its first phasis, even up to the moment of its assuming a new phasis, be narrated. Tacitus, their greatest writer, has disposed of it in a few lines:

“*Urbe** *Romam a principio reges habuere. Libertatem et consulatum L. Brutus instituit. Dictature ad tempus sumebantur: neque decemviralis potestas ultra biennium, neque tribunorum militum consulare jus diu valuit. Non Cinna, non Sulla, longa dominatio: et Pompeii Crassique potentia cito in Caesarem: Lepidi atque Antonii arma in Augustum cessere, qui, cuncta discordiis civilibus fessa, nomine principis sub, imperium accepit.*”

And this is all; and of the personal history of the Romans, apart from other men, it is all that deserves to be told. But take them in relation with other men, and then comes the matter marvellous. Wherefore was it, and how was it, that they contrived to subdue the whole of the civilised world; comprising as it did nations as brave, and warlike, and well-disciplined, and well-commanded, as themselves — nations that were, in all other respects,

* Rome was first governed by kings; liberty and the consulship were established by L. Brutus; the dictatorship was only occasionally resorted to. The consular rights of the military tribunes endured not long; the power of the decemvirs not beyond two years; of Cinna and of Sylla the domination was brief. The sway of Crassus and of Pompey was quickly transferred to Cæsar. Of Lepidus and Antony, the military authority became centered in Augustus; who, under the title of prince, assumed the government of an empire utterly exhausted by civil strife.

their superiors? The Romans, up to the moment when they had attained, under Julius Cæsar, the crowning glory of their conquests, were nothing more nor better than a band of robbers. They retained to the last the characteristics of their origin; and these were the anxious restlessness, the indiscriminating superstition, the austere ferocity of the outlaw, whose life was always in peril, whose hand was against every body, and every body's hand against him. To us, in the progress of their story, as told, at the close of their labours of aggrandisement and victory, by their kindred historians, they appear moving over the world, in their march of destruction, like the fabled genii of the East—creatures with higher powers of will and endurance than the ordinary tenants of the earth, but of a nature more wicked than any of which humanity seems capable. We see them cold, impassible, passionless, relentless, blood-thirsty, insatiable of plunder and of rule—the most politic of conquerors, because the most thorough-going and decided—the haughtiest,* the most unmitigated and terrific of despots, because to the capricious and brutal tyranny of an ignorant and savage-hearted individual there was added a cold searching tyranny, which, like a machine of torture, was inexorable—incapable of the sense of shame, the touch of pity, the feeling of remorse; and that was the inevitable tyranny of the Many symbolised forth by the appalling characters S. P. Q. R. We find them still living as strangers in the civilised countries they had subdued—as strangers amidst the luxuries

and refinements, the arts and learning, by which they were surrounded. In accordance with the qualities proper to their origin, and which they from first to last displayed, they heaped around them the spoils, adopted the superstitions, and^b bedizened their persons with the finery of the conquered nations. In truth, no knot of buccaneers were ever more blindly superstitious, more ridiculously fond of show, than were the wolfish conquerors; or, in their own self-gratulatory language,

“Romanos rerum dominos, gentemque togatam.”

But this was all: not until they were drawing nigh the close of their career was it, and that the eagle was about to fold its wings, that a single man of true genius in any art or science appeared among them. They had not even a native ballad-writer to sing of their exploits. It was only when all was well-nigh done and won that the Romans began to write; and even then the only man of pure Roman descent, and born of Rome, who distinguished himself as an orator and author, was Julius Cæsar—a man whom even his contemporaries regarded in some sort as a demigod. Cæsar proved fully how very idle was the excuse which Sallust offered for the older Romans, since nobody was wiser or more actively employed than he, who yet found time to write. It may be remarked, too, that with, perhaps, the exception of Lucullus, and of Caius Gracchus, who is only to be remembered as a civilian, Cæsar was the only gentleman—that is, the only man of gentle blood, and gentle man-

* The Romans carried their haughtiness even into the tones of their voice, when they condescended to use the language of a conquered nation. This fact is curiously illustrated by a passage quoted by Bentley, in his essay *Of the Terrentian Metres*, from the work of an old grammarian. I quote, for its singularity and quaintness, the passage entire:—“Tonus acutus, cum in Græcis dictionibus tria loca tenat, ultimum, penultimum, et antepenultimum; ultimum nunquam.”—*Maximus Victorinus*, p. 1942. “Acutus, cum apud Græcos tria loca teniat, apud nos duobus tantum poni potest; aut in penultima, ut prolegistis; aut ea quæ a fine est tertia, ut prolegimus.”—*Olympiodorus in Aristotelis Metiora*, p. 27. Τοῦτο δὲ το ὄνομα αἱ μὲν Ῥωμαῖοι παρ᾽ἑξῆς οὖσι, Ῥωμαῖοι λαγόντες· ἡ δὲ κοινὴ διαλεκτὸς ὄρνει. Καθόλου δὲ οἱ Ῥωμαῖοι πᾶν ὄνομα παρ᾽ἑξῆς οὖσι διὰ τὸν καμπεύον ὄντι Ῥωμηνιόντες ἐκλήθησαν ὑπὸ τῶν πτωχῶν. Hoc est, qui olim Ῥωμαῖοι dicti, nunc appellantur Ἕλληνας. Illius autem verbi penultimam Romani acunt, dicentes Ῥωῖκοι; sed communis sermo acuit ultimam, Ῥωμαῖοι. Et universum Romani in quacunque voce penultimam vel antepenultimam acunt, propter fastum et grandiloquentiam: unde a poetis dicuntur Ῥωμηνιόντες, feroces et superbi.” Now in this word, Ῥωῖκοι, the Romans accent the penultimate, pronouncing it Ῥωῖκοι; whereas the accent is usually placed upon the last syllable: in fact, the Romans invariably place the accent on the penultimate, or antepenultimate, from pridefulness and haughtiness of speech; whence poets have styled them Ῥωμηνιόντες, that is, overweeningly arrogant and overbearing.

ness, and gentle bearing, and gentle tastes, and gentle feelings, who appears in the long list of "Roman braves." Lucullus was magnificent, high-minded, and learned. And the strangely long and singularly patient preparation of Caius Gracchus to avenge his brother, and the mode, at once noble and sweeping, in which he attempted to do it—attacking the whole despotic order, and not the individual assassins—are scarcely surpassed in moral grandeur by any thing recorded in the page of history. The whole scene of his death, too, is intensely picturesque, romantic, and affecting. The ungrateful craven plebeians, mute and horror-stricken—the ruthless patrician band, hot in pursuit of their long-devoted victim, now unsanctified—the bridge, defended against all Rome by the two gentlemen, his friends, his only remaining friends of thousands, until their last gasp, that he might yet gain time to fly—the weary, soul-sick man, yesterday the idol of the imperial populace, now abandoned of all excepting one poor slave—the awful covert into which he betakes himself to die,

if, haply, it may be uninsulted, unobserved—the very wood itself of the eternal, the implacable Furies—the libation he pours forth to these avenging deities of hell, when, in the presence of his stern pursuers, he flings a handful of his heart's blood into the air, and devotes the mob of Remus to destruction: all this has cast an interest round the name of Caius Gracchus,* which makes us remember him with pity and affection, as we always do Sylla, with a sort of awful admiration. But Cæsar was the first, and well-nigh the only one of the Romans, who had at once the heart both soft and bold. He took five hundred cities by storm, he slew a million of men; yet, all-imperial man-slayer as he was, no individual of all antiquity—not even Alexander, the true king of kings—has left behind him so high a reputation for courtesy, kindness, gentleness, and clemency. Cicero spoke in the words of truth, though using the language of flattery, when preferring Cæsar's generosity and clemency, as peculiarly his own, to all his great martial achievements and other triumphs of his genius, he de-

* The person of a tribune of the people was sacred. Caius Gracchus failed in his election to a third tribunate: it is believed he had a majority of votes, but that his colleagues, with whom he had quarrelled, made a false return. His life was no longer protected by the sanction of law and religion. The bitter enemy of his family, Opimius, the consul, was invested with extraordinary powers: it was known by all that on the following day, when his tribunate expired, that he would assuredly be attacked by the aristocrats. An immense multitude accordingly bivouacked all night around his house. The closing passages of his brilliant and hapless career are thus narrated in Sir Thomas North's translation of Plutarch: they are delivered something differently by other writers.—"When the day brake, they, with Fulvius, did awake him, who slept yet soundly for the wine he drank over-night: and they armed themselves with the spoils of the Gauls that hung round about his house, whom he had overcome in battle the same year he was consul: and with great cries and thundering threats they went to take the Mount Aventine. But Caius would not arm himself, but went out of his house in a long gown, as if he would have gone simply into the Market Place, according to his wonted manner; saving that he carried a short dagger at his girdle, under his gown. So as he was going out of his house, his wife stayed him at the door, and holding him by the one hand, and a little child of his in the other hand, she said thus unto him: 'Alas, Caius! thou dost not now go as thou wert wont, a tribune into the Market Place to speak to the people; neither to prefer any new laws; neither dost thou go unto an honest war, that if unfortunately that should happen to thee which is common to all men, I might yet at the least mourn for thy death with honour. But thou goest to put thyself into bloody butchers' hands, who most cruelly have slain thy brother Tiberius; and yet thou goest a naked man, unarmed, intending rather to suffer than to do hurt. Besides, thy death can bring no benefit to the commonwealth; for the worse part hath now the upper hand, considering that sentence passeth by force of sword. Had thy brother been slain by his enemies before the city of Numantia, yet had they given us his body to have buried him. But such may be my misfortune, that I may presently go to pray the river or sea to give me thy body, when, as thy brother's, it shall likewise be thrown into the same. Alas! what hope or trust is left us now in laws or gods, since they have slain Tiberius?' As Licinia was making this pitiful moan unto him, Caius fair and softly pulled his hand from her, and left her, giving her never a word, but went on with his friends. But she, reaching after him, to pull him by the

clared, that these godlike attributes it was that raised him highest to the Divinity.

It was only on the breaking up of the old atrocious republic that they began to feel at home in their palaces, and to be conscious that it was not only possible but right they should be the owners. It would appear, that it was impossible for the bandits to rest, or assume the attributes, feelings, security, of ordinary men and members of civilised society, until the world was all their own; and in the result, this mingling with the world, and becoming of it, was fatal to themselves and to their empire.

How came it, then, and by what means was it, that the old Roman republic conquered the world? Cicero would fain explain it thus:

"Quam* volumus, licet, patres conscripti, nos amemus; tamen, nec numero Hispanos, nec robore Gallos, nec calliditate Pænos, nec artibus Græcos, nec denique hoc ipso hujus gentis et terræ domestico nativæque sensu Italos ipsos et Latinos; sed pietate ac religione, atque hæc unâ sapientiâ quâ deorum

immortalium nupine, omania regi gubernarique perspeximus, omnes gentes nationesque superavimus."

And wherefore is it that our Bacon, in his *Essay upon Atheism*, permits himself seriously to quote this passage? But yet it helps his argument, which is good and true; and the authority of the all-conquering city, where Victory had dropped its wings, is very specious, and the more so as coming from the orator and philosophic essayist; and was, no doubt, striking to the far greater man that quoted it. "Therefore," quoth Bacon, "as atheism is in all respects hateful, so in this, that it depriveth human nature of the means to exalt itself above human frailty. As it is in particular persons, so is it in nations. Never was there such a state for magnanimity as Rome! Of this state, hear what Cicero saith." And then comes the passage. Yet, surely, the magnanimity which Rome undoubtedly and so often did display, is very distinct indeed from any possible connexion whatsoever with piety and religion. But setting this aside,

gown, fell to the ground, and lay flatling there a great while, speaking never a word; until at length her servants took her up in a swoon, and carried her to her brother Crassus."

Fulvius offered some resistance to the consul and his following, and was slain, together with his eldest son. But "Now for Caius. He fought not at all, but being mad with himself, and grieved to see such a bloodshed, he got him into the temple of Diana; where he would have killed himself, had not his very good friends, Pomponius and Licinius, saved him: for both they being with him at that time took his sword from him, and counselled him to fly. It is reported that he fell down on his knees, and, holding up both his hands unto the goddess, he besought her that the people might never come out of bondage, to be revenged of this their ingratitude and treason. For the common people plainly turned their coats, when they heard proclamation made that all men had pardon granted them that would return. So Caius fled upon it, and his enemies followed him so near, that they overtook him upon the wooden bridge; where two of his friends that were with him staid to defend him against his pursuers, and bade him in the mean time make shift for himself, whilst they fought with them upon the bridge. And so they did, that not a man got the bridge of them until they were both slain. Now there was none that fled with Caius but one of his men, called Philocrates; notwithstanding, every man did still encourage and counsel him, as they do men to win a game: but no man would help him, nor offer him any horse, though he often required it, because he saw his enemies so near unto him. This notwithstanding, by their defence that were slain upon the bridge, he got ground on them so, that he had leisure to creep into a little grove of wood which was consecrated to the Furies. There his servant Philocrates slew him, and then slew himself also, and fell dead upon him. Others write, notwithstanding, that both the master and servant were overtaken, and taken alive; and that his servant did so straight embrace his master that none of the enemies could strike him, for all the blows they gave, before he was slain himself. So one of the murderers strake off Caius Græchus's head, to carry to the consul."

* "Partial as we may feel to ourselves, conscript fathers, we surpassed not the Spaniard in numbers, the Gaul in strength, the Carthaginian in craft, the Greek in arts, nor yet the Italians themselves, and Latins, in the domestic and inborn feelings of the soil; but every nation and every tribe we have exceeded in piety, in worship of the gods, and in that all-sufficing wisdom by which, under the providence of Heaven, we behold all things governed and directed."

what possibly could Cicero have meant? Did he write in ignorance, blind superstition, the desire to deceive, or the collusion of deceit with the conscript fathers he addressed? How could he, with a grave face, describe the Romans as a pious and religious people? Or did he simply wish to extol the Romans for their extreme religious toleration, which decidedly did most materially aid them in subduing the nations of the earth? for fanaticism, that most dangerous and potent of all national weapons, was never, through their admirable management, turned against them, except in the single instance of the Jews; who, from the very nature of their faith, could not be propitiated. True it is, the Romans were in all conscience superstitious enough, but they were not in the least fanatical; nor, as I shall shew by and by, from the dark peculiarity of their special mysteries and worship, was it possible that they could be so. They patronised and adopted successively every human superstition which presented itself to them in the progress of their victorious intercourse with foreign nations, and the more extravagant the superstition, the more fashionable and the more acceptable it became. Most of these, as has always been the case with religious mysteries, were connected with some species—frequently with all species—of debauchery; and with respect to these, one and all the Quinthes had perfect freedom, until the performance of the rites proceeded to the extent of the most glaring and dangerous licentiousness. Rome was at all times, even in the vaunted days of the republic, the most infamous sink of all iniquity. In later days, wealth might have added pomp and gorgeous circumstance to the indulgence of their vices—might have multiplied the forms, and rendered more fastidious or more refined (which shall I call it? let it be both!) the phases of their execution; but the staple commodity was still the same. There was only the savage heart and the five senses to be satisfied; the multiplication of the shapes was nothing; the substance of atrocity was always the same.

Yet, strangely silly as it is, the fancy does too often and generally prevail, that we are ever and ever sinking into worse and less moral times. Surely it is as idle as the notion of the degeneracy of the human race! Well has

Seneca, at a period which great historians have induced us to believe was notorious for its abominable profligacy—well has he said:

“*Hoc majores nostri questi sunt, hoc nos querimus, hoc posterì nostri querentur, eversos esse mores, regnare nequitiam, in deterius res humanas, et omne fas labi. At ista stant loco eodem, stabuntque; paululum dumtaxat ultro aut citro mota, ut fluctus.*”

The evil passions of our nature are in all times the same. In a state of barbarism they are characterised by excessive obscenity and cruelty; and a race more obscene and more cruel than the men of Rome there did never yet exist. Historians and satirists generally, however, are fond in the extreme of lauding things ancient and gone by, that they may be the better enabled by the force of contrast to rail against things actual and present. They are like old men in this respect, *laudatores temporis acti*; and, undoubtedly, they do stand to their earlier progenitors in the relation of the old to the young. But, certainly, never were there writers so absurdly laudatory of their ancestors, and the happiness and wisdom of former times, as the Romans whose works have descended to us—works composed by individuals utterly dissatisfied and disgusted with existing governments and the existing state of politics. The praises heaped upon the piety and morality of the Roman mob in the very early times, when they were unmitigated and most blood-thirsty barbarians, dealers in human sacrifices and such like, are obviously absurd and fabulous. But let us look at these Romans at a time when they were something civilised by their intercourse with enlightened nations which had a literature, and by whom the arts were cultivated, and we shall find some passages in one of the most complimentary of their historians, which will serve to give us a fair notion of the state of piety and morality which prevailed in the seven-hilled city.

I will not dwell upon occurrences in their earlier story, further than to say, that the satirist spoke in the teeth of truth, when, referring to the bygone days of the unluxurious republic, he declared,

“*Nulla acronita bibuntur Fictilibus* —.”

In sooth; poisoning had been carried on on a grand scale, long before Mummius plundered Corinth; and having been in common use for centuries in the dominant state, was transmitted in full force to its successor, Venice, and for long flourished in Paris. Hear the following tale, narrated by Livy:

"While the principal persons of the state died by disorders of the same kind, and which were generally attended with the same issue in every case, a certain maid-servant undertook, before Quintus Fabius Maximus, curule ædile, to discover the cause of the public malady, provided security were given her, on the public faith, that she should not be a sufferer in consequence. Fabius immediately reported the affair to the consuls, and the consuls to the senate; and, by order of that body, the public faith was pledged to the informer. She then stated to them, that the calamity which afflicted the state was caused by the wicked contrivances of the women; that some matrons were, at that time, preparing the drugs for the purpose; and that, if they would be pleased to go along with her without delay, they would detect them in the fact. Accordingly they followed the informant, and found several women preparing drugs, and also quantities of the same laid up; which being brought into the forum, and the matrons, in whose custody they were found, to the number of twenty, being summoned by a beadle, two of them, Cornelia and Sergia, both of patrician families, asserted that those drugs were wholesome: while the informant maintained the contrary, and insisted on their drinking them, in order to convict her of having invented a falsehood. On which, having taken time to confer together, and in the open view of all, a space being cleared for them, having consulted the rest, who on their part did not refuse the draught, they drank off the preparation, and all perished by means of their own wicked device. Their attendants, being instantly seized, gave information against a great number of matrons; of whom no less than one hundred and seventy were condemned."

But, turning from this specimen of morality in ancient day, let me approach the times which I before intimated. It was in palmy days of Rome that period to which I allude. It was after the discomfiture of Hannibal and the triumphs of Scipio Africanus, and before the Achæan dregs and the Orontes had quite flowed into the Tiber, as they were alleged to have done at his time by Juvenal. In the

thirty-ninth book of Livy there are two passages to which I shall advert: one, an incident in the private life of a consul, for which he was deprived of his seat in the senate by the grim censor Cato, with whom he was at feud; the other, a report of a series of fashionable entertainments, which were for a long time given in the city.

"He (Valerius Antius) writes that, at Placentia, the consul invited to an entertainment a woman of ill-fame, with whom he was desperately enamoured. There, displaying his importance to this courtesan, he told her, among other matters, with what severity he had conducted the inquisition, and how many he had then in prison under sentence of death, whom he intended to behead. Then she, being next him on the couch, said, that having never seen any one beheaded, she was very desirous of seeing an execution; on which the indulgent lover ordered one of those wretches to be dragged to the spot, and there cut off his head. The deed, whether committed as the censor charged, or as Valerius reports it, was barbarous and inhuman; that, in the midst of feasting and cups, when it is customary to offer libations to the gods, and to pray for happiness, a human victim should be butchered, and the table stained with his blood; and this for the entertainment of a wanton paramour, lying in the consul's bosom."

Cato the Censor's account of the matter, in his speech to the senate, was much worse; but the above will answer my purpose.

Livy is eloquent against the consul; but he must have been well aware that in his own day acts as cruel were constantly performed. He spoke his own feelings, and those which, as a scholar and a gentleman, he wished should prevail; but which it is notorious never did, to the last, obtain in heathen Rome. It is well known that Pollio, a great friend of Augustus, was in the habit of casting slaves, who had offended, into a pond, to feed his fish; and that on one occasion, when the emperor was at his table, a slave, having let fall a costly crystal vessel, threw himself at Cæsar's feet, begging, not for life—he had no hope of that—but that he might not be consigned to the lampreys. Augustus, being in gracious and jocose mood, ordered all his host's crystal vessels to be broken and thrown into the pond; and they proceeded with the entertainment. The Roman value of human life, it will be thus seen,

was not very differently estimated at the different periods.

But now for the Bacchanalian rites, as they were performed in the moral, republican, ancient Rome. Livy, acting on the very false assumption which the Roman writers always make, that the Greeks were their masters and instructors in debauchery, as they were truly in arts, literature, philosophy, and all the refinements of civilisation, lays the blame of all on an unfortunate Greek—"a Greek of mean condition, a low operator in sacrifices, and a sooth-sayer." He was "a teacher of secret mysteries." Livy goes on to state:

"These mysterious rites were at first imparted to a few, and afterwards communicated to great numbers, both men and women. To their religious performances were added the pleasures of wine and feasting, to allure the greater number of proselytes. When wine, lascivious discourse, the night, and the mixture of men with women—of young persons with elder ones, had extinguished every sentiment of modesty, then debaucheries of every kind began to be practised; as every person found at hand that sort of enjoyment to which he was disposed by the passion most prevalent in his nature. Nor was their wickedness confined to one species of vice, the promiscuous pollutions of free-born men and of women; but from the same storehouse of villany proceeded false witnesses, counterfeit seals, false evidences, and pretended discoveries. From the same place were produced poisonings and secret murders; so that, in some cases, the bodies could not be found for burial. Many of their audacious deeds were perpetrated by treachery, but most of them by force; and this force was concealed from detection by loud shouting, and the noise of drums and cymbals, so that none of the cries uttered by the persons suffering violation or murder could be heard abroad."

There were upwards of seven thousand persons initiated into these mysteries, which were not such as they had been learned from the Greek; for, as he taught them, they were performed by women only, and no man used to be admitted.*

"And they had three stated days of the year, on which persons were initiated

amongst the Bacchanalians in the day-time. The matrons used to be appointed priestesses successively in their turn. Paculla Minia, a Campanian, when priestess, made alterations in every particular, under pretence of having been so directed by the gods. For she first initiated men who were her own sons, Minucius and Herennius, both surnamed Cerennius; changed the time of celebration from day to night; and, instead of three days in the year, appointed five days of initiation in each month. Since the time when the rites were thus made common there, and men were intermixed with women, the night encouraging licentious freedom, there was nothing wicked, nothing flagitious, that had not been practised among them."

The mode in which this association was discovered is extremely strange, and withal romantic; and, indeed, the whole story is admirably told by Livy.† A stepfather wanted to possess himself of his son-in-law's property; and to this end, and in order to have him murdered, induced his mother to urge him to become initiated. The youth consented, the mother having informed him that she, when he was ill, had vowed, should he recover, he would assist in the rites. He, as an apology for not visiting his mistress as usual, informed her of his intention to be initiated; on which she expressed the utmost grief and horror, and finally disclosed to him the nature of the rites. She had been initiated in company with her mistress, whilst she was yet a slave: she had since been manumitted. Her lover revealed the horrible secret to the consul, who sent for Hispulla to his mother's house, and there compelled her to disclose all she knew, under promise of protection and reward, and the present dread of punishment. Amongst the rest she deposed, "That if any shewed an uncommon degree of reluctance in submitting to dishonour, or of disinclination to the commission of vice, they were slain as victims and sacrificed. To think nothing unlawful was the grand maxim of their religion. The men, as if bereft of reason, uttered predictions with frantic contortions of their bodies; the women, in the habit of Bacchanals,

* Vide Evidence of Hispulla, b. xxxix, p. 331, Baker's Livy.

† The first work which I ever possessed was Baker's translation of Livy. It was sent to me, when quite a child, by the son of the translator, who was my kinsman, and as a child I loved to read it: and I still think it the most delightful of all story-books.—M. R.

with their hair dishevelled and carrying blazing torches, ran down to the Tiber, and, after dipping their torches in the water, drew them up again with the flame unextinguished, because they were composed of native sulphur and charcoal. They said that men were carried off by the gods, when, after being tied to a machine, they were dragged out of sight into secret caves. These were such as refused to take the oath of the society, or to associate in their crimes, or to submit to defilement. Their number was exceedingly great, enough almost to compose a state in themselves; and among them were many men and women of noble families. During the two last years it had been a rule, that no person above the age of twenty should be initiated; for they sought for persons of such age as made them more liable to deception and to personal abuse."

The high-priests of this association were two Catinii, Marcius and Lucius, citizens of Rome; Lucius Opturnius, a Faliscian; and Minus Cerrinius, a Campanian. They were brought before the consuls, and (quoth Livy), "confessing their guilt, saved them any long trial of their cause." As for the rest, those who were proved to have been immediately and directly concerned in forcible defilements, murders, or false evidence, or forgery of seals or wills, were punished with death. "There were more put to death than thrown into prison, and the multitude of men and women punished in both ways was very great." The affair was brought to a conclusion with a decree of the senate, "prohibiting the performance of the Bacchanalian rites in Rome or Italy;" and ordering "that, in case any person should believe some such kind of worship incumbent on him and necessary, and that he could not, without offence to religion and incurring guilt, omit it, he should represent this to the city-prætor, and the prætor should lay the business before the senate when not less than one hundred members were present; then those rites might be performed: provided that no more than five persons should be present at the sacrifice, and that they should have no common stock of money, nor any president of the ceremonies, nor priest." Now, from the tenor and object of this decree, the speech of the consul, and the peculiar circumstances of the times

(to which I shall by and by advert), it doth appear to me, that the matter was considered by the government altogether as a question of politics, and not as one of morality; and my impression is, that the conscript fathers dealt with foreign rites always rather as a matter of police than a matter of religion. The consul Postumius delivered an able and right manly address from the rostrum to the assembled people, from which it will suffice to cite the following passages:

"That the Bacchanalian rites have subsisted for some time past in every country in Italy, and are at present performed in many parts of this city also, I am sure you must have been informed, not only by report, but by the nightly noises and horrid yells that resound all over the city; but still you are ignorant of the nature of that business. Part of you think it is some kind of worship of the gods; others some allowable sport or amusement; and that, whatever it may be, it concerns but a few. As to what regards the number concerned, if I tell you they are many thousands, you must necessarily be terrified at once to excess, unless I further acquaint you who and what sort of persons they are."

He then goes on to describe, in solemn and measured language, the abominable practices of the initiated, and proceeds to say:

"The conspiracy, as yet, has no strength; but it has also abundant means of acquiring strength, for its numbers increase daily. *Your ancestors would not allow that even you should assemble without some good reason, either when the standard was erected on the Janiculum, and the army led on the occasion of the assembly of election; or when the tribunes proclaimed a meeting of the commons; or some of the magistrates summoned you to an assembly. And they judged it necessary that, wherever a multitude was, there should be a lawful governor of that multitude present.*"

After once more inveighing against the profligacy of the Bacchanals, he adds:

"But the mischief were less, if they were only effeminated by their flagitious practices; of that the disgrace would chiefly affect themselves, if they refrained their hands from outrage and their thoughts from fraud. But never was there in the state an evil of so great a magnitude, or one that extended to so many persons, and comprehended so many acts of wickedness. Whatever

deeds of villany have of late been committed through lust, whatever through fraud, whatever through violence, they have all, be assured, proceeded from that association alone. They have not yet perpetrated all the crimes for which they associated. Their impious conspiracy at present confines itself to outrages upon private citizens, because it has not yet acquired strength sufficient to crush the commonwealth; but the evil increases, and spreads daily: it is already too great to find employment amongst the private ranks of life, and aims its views at the body of the state. Unless you take timely precautions, Romans, their nightly assembly may become as large as this held in open day, and legally assembled by a consul. At this present moment, they dread the collected body of you met in assembly; but in a short time hence, when you shall have separated and retired to your several dwellings and country-houses, they will come together: they will hold a consultation on the means of their own safety, and, at the same time, of your destruction."*

Now from these, the most important passages in the consul's harangue, and from the provisions of the decree itself, I conceive it to be sufficiently plain, that the motives which operated upon the government were mundane and political, and not in the least moral or religious. The worship is allowed to be continued, the abominable rites to be still practised, but, by arrangements of police, the state is secured from the dangers of conspiracy under the guise of religious assemblages. It is true that there was a law against the introduction of strange gods into Rome—a law often alluded to by superficial students of Roman history—but never enforced except to cover some political purpose, and practically neutralised by a clause which declares, that all peculiar religions and private worships are to be respected and protected.

Of the real, true Roman worship, I shall speak hereafter—of the Roman divinities, and the fashion after which they were propitiated; but each man, citizen or stranger, patrician or plebeian, might have his own peculiar divinity to adore, as the Papist of these days may have his patron-saint: both alike acknowledging a superior power. And herein the worship was one of affection towards an embodied symbol—some god, or goddess, or demigod,

that the votary traced in his line, or from whom, in the visions of his own or his ancestors' fancy, he had received some signal favour. Thus the Cæsars bowed before the beautiful image of their benign ancestress, Venus the victorious—Venus of the myrtle-branch, the gentle purifier—and worshipped her in all love and pridefulness. Thus, in the funeral oration over the body of his aunt, Julius Cæsar could vaunt his own illustrious race and his sweet patroness, to whom he must have been peculiarly a care: "*Amitæ meæ Juliæ maternum genus ab regibus ortum, paternum cum Diis immortalibus conjunctum est. Nam ab Anco Marcio sunt Marci reges, quo nomine fuit mater; a Venere Julii, cujus gentis familia est nostra. Est ergo in genere et sanctitas regum, qui plurimum inter homines pollent: et ceremonia deorum, quorum ipsi in potestate sunt reges.*" These patron-deities, too, might be changed at will or at caprice. Suetonius tells us, that Nero (who, in spite of all the slanders of men of genius, was a princely gentleman) despised all religious worships, except that of the Syrian goddess; but that afterwards he treated her with the most signal contumely, having been caught by another superstition, to which alone ever after he adhered with the utmost pertinacity. For having been presented by some unknown and plebeian person with a little image of a Virgin, as a spell against conspiracies, and a conspiracy happening to be immediately afterwards detected, always after that he held that image for the most supreme deity, and constantly sacrificed to it three times a-day; and endeavoured to have it believed among the people, that, by her discovery, all things to come were revealed to him.

And, moreover, there was nothing in these rites themselves, execrable as they were, so peculiar—nothing with which the Romans were so unacquainted, so unfamiliar, as to justify the consul in stigmatising the individuals engaged in them by terms so strong as those which he applied to them. Circumstances political and personal to free-born men and women, really made the difference between the orgies of the Bacchanals and the ancient and recognised orgies of the Romans. The meeting at night—the

numbers enrolled — the spreading abroad of the society throughout all Italy, and the intercommunication between all the branches and the parent association at the imperial city — the effect produced by the proceedings of an organised secret society on all the relations, social and political, of the state; these it was that excited the alarm and drew down the vengeance of the consul, and the party that he led. As for the reclamations about the debauchery and the blood-guiltiness, they were merely put forth as a pretence. At the sacrifices, public and private, of Arma Perenna, and at the Floral Games, blood flowed and lust ran riot freely; nor was there a lack of solemn human sacrifices. On the first day of March — that is to say, the first day of the ancient Roman year — Macrobius says, on this day a new fire is kindled on the altar of Vesta, fresh laurels placed at the houses of the Flamines, and the various other places where they were hung, “Et publice et privatim ad Annam Perennam sacrificatum itur; ut annare perennare commode liceat.”* And Ovid, too, in the third book of the *Fæsti*, states:

“Laurea flaminibus, quæ toto perstitit anno.

Tollitur: et frondes sunt in honore novæ.
Janua nunc regis positâ viret arbore
Phœbi:

Ante tuas fit idem, Curia Priaca, fores.
Vesta quoque ut folio niteat velata recenti,

Cedit ab Illicis laurea cuna focis.
Adde quod arcanâ fieri novus ignis in æde
Dicitur; et vires flamma relecta capit.”

And here was the style of the public entertainment:

“Idibus est Annæ festum geniale Perenna;†

Haud procul à ripis advena Thybri tuis,
Plebs venit, ac virides passim disiecta
per herbas

Potat, et accumbit cum pare quisque, suâ.
Sub Jove pars durat: pauci tentoria ponunt:

Sunt, quibus è ramo frondea fracta case est:

Pars ibi pro rigidis calamos statuere columnis:

Desuper extentas imposuere togas.

Sole tamen vinoque calent: annosque precantur,

Quot sumant cyathos, ad numerumque bibunt.

Invenies illic, qui Nestoris ebibat annos:
Quæ sit per calices facta Sibylla suos.
Illic et cantant, quicquid didicere theatris;
Et jactant faciles ad sua verba manus;
Et ducunt posito duras crateres choreas,
Multaque diffusis saltat amica comis.

Cùm redeunt, titubant, et sunt spectacula vulgo:

Et fortunatos obvia turba vocant,
Occurri nuper. Visa est mihi digna relatu

Pompa; senum potem pota trahebat anus.”

At the private sacrifices of this genial festival, doubtless the more atrocious rites were performed; perhaps, also, at the public, though Ovid touched not on them. But Martial, in speaking of the view from his gardens, says:

“Hinc septem dominos videre montes,
Et totam licet æstimare Romam
Albanos quoque, Tusculosque colles,
Et quodcunque jacet sub urbe frigus,
Fidenas veteres, brevesque Rubras,
Et quod virgineo cruore gaudet,
Annæ pomiferum nemus Perennæ.”‡

These rites, however, were celebrated in honour, at the very worst, of the powerful demon of a cycle, to propitiate whom virgin blood was shed. But the Floral games were in memory of a prostitute named Flora, who had made the Roman people heir to the fortune she acquired by her occupation. Now listen to Lactantius's account of these amusements:

“Celebrantur ergo illi ludi cum omni lascivia convenientes memoriæ meretricis. Nam præter verborum licentiam quibus obscenitas omnis effunditur, exuntur etiam vestibibus populo flagitante meretrices, quæ nunc mimorum funguntur officio et in conspectu populi usque ad satietatem impudicorum luminum cum pudendis motibus detinentur.”§

That, therefore, the Roman people of any class should be in the least squeamish about any species of obscenity or debauchery, or, as I shall shew by and by, the shedding of human blood, is abundantly ridiculous. If, however, we consider the circumstances of the period, we shall not be slow to discover the reasons which induced the government so rigorously to prosecute, and so severely to punish

* A. Macrobi. *Sat.*, lib. i. c. xii. p. 169.

† Martialis *Epigr.*, lib. iv. epigr. 60.

§ L. C. Lactantii *De Falsa Religione*, lib. i. p. 84. Ed. Oxon.

† Fastorum, lib. iii.

the Bacchanals, as conspirators against the commonweal. The story of these times is but vaguely told, and a species of melancholy and dread silence appears to have been observed by the historians about many of its most interesting passages; as though they related to matters of religion and politics which should be buried in oblivion. It is clear, however, upon the whole, that the attempt to subvert the ancient form of the republic, which succeeded under the auspices of Julius Cæsar, failed, and did but fail, under those of Scipio Africanus. He, too, was most ambitious from his youth upward, and even from that period rendered high service to his country. From the first, too, he affected a divine origin, encouraging the belief that he was the offspring of Jove, who was discovered in his mother's bed under the guise of a huge serpent—the earthly symbol of divinity—and pretending to hold direct communication with the Supreme, frequenting his temple in the dead of night, and before the dawn of day, and receiving for his directions the voice of pregnant oracles from the shrine. His kinsman, P. Scipio Nasica, had the hardihood to say of him, in a solemn harangue, that he was not of human kind, but sprung from a divine stock. He was also, like Cæsar, a great general, and a man* accomplished and learned beyond his time; and, like him, little scrupulous about laws when they interfered with his projects, and he had power to overbear them. He, too, forcibly took money from the treasury, and upheld his followers, however profligate, against justice. He even stood forth more pre-eminently the leading man of Rome than Cæsar, until the close of his life: Scipio had no Pompey or Crassus to compete withal. That he was supported by a great and devoted party in his designs is perfectly evident, and that he availed himself of superstition (he it was who had the Idæan Mother conveyed to Rome), and engaged, like Cæsar, in conspiracies to further his ends, is to my mind intimated clearly. His close connexion with L. Pleminius, who united in his own person all the vices attributed to Catiline, Clodius, and Mamurra, is calculated in itself to

raise suspicion as to his objects; and, certainly, it is quite as likely that he was privy to the association of Bacchanals, and proposed to use it as an engine to promote his own purposes, as that Cæsar was concerned in the Catiline conspiracy. Scipio failed in his designs, and left Rome a disgraced and banished man. I accordingly look upon the discovery of the Bacchanalian orgies, not as a first disclosure of monstrous debauchery in Rome, but as the effect of the first throes of personal ambition in the state; and I can easily understand, that the political party which had succeeded against Scipio would make religion and morality a pretext for crushing their opponents. Indeed, this affair of the Bacchanals would seem to be a sort of rehearsal for the grand drama of the Catiline conspiracy. With the exception of the sombre part of Catiline himself, the characters are all the same; the names alone are different. There is the great conqueror and ambitious citizen shadowed forth in the distance; in the foreground the conspirators, wallowing in every filth of profligacy—perpetrating every species of atrocity as members of society and human beings—a peculiar and superstitious worship—horrid rites—human sacrifices; behind, the courtesan and her weak lover—a vigilant consul, manly as an orator, bold as a civilian, and for the rest, a stern republican, Cato. First, Scipio Africanus, the Bacchanals, Hispanilla, Æbutius, Postumius, Cato the Censor; secondly, Julius Cæsar, the Catiline conspirators, Fulvia, Curius, Cicero, Cato the Utican. The performance, too, and the development of the plot, are well nigh the same, except that Sallust grandly wrote, and Catiline fell right nobly in his harness.

In fact, as I have already observed, the Romans were from first to last a most atrociously cruel people—cruel in private, in public, in their households, in their military discipline, in their laws, their punishments, their amusements. Blood—ay, and human blood—was constantly spinning out before the eyes of her populace. The cry of torture and despair was never out of their ears; the nature of their government—the despotic authority

* Like Cæsar, too, he was something of an exquisite. He it was that, importing barbers from Sicily, first introduced that most troublesome fashion of shaving among the Romans.—M. R.

allowed the father over his wife, children, and family—the infamous law of debtor and creditor—the existence of slavery to such an extent, that the Roman citizens were only a small caste of tyrants ruling an abject multitude: all these, conferring on them power in so many forms, familiarised them with, and induced them to revel in, acts of the most dire cruelty.

Power, and irresponsible power, in the possession of men reared into savageness of heart, must have made them incarnate demons. The system of slavery always furnished the individual with victims, and, notwithstanding Livy's reclamations about shedding blood at banquets, it is too well known that gladiators were constantly called in to enliven an entertainment by mortal combats. It is quaintly said by an old writer, quoted by Pignorius, in his treatise of slaves: "In arenam vertitur domus, mensa migrat in caveam, fiunt de pransoribus spectatores; furore mutatur convivium, fit cibus cædes, vinum transit in sanguinem." If, too, amidst the universal laxity of morals, a vestal were discovered in an intrigue, her whole household were put to the rack because of her frailty.

Now, having said so much of the Roman cruelty, I may go on to remark that, in men and nations, desperate cruelty and brutal lust are always found together. Milton, with a deep knowledge, has placed the temple of Lust hard by that of Moloch the Homicide. The Carthaginians are remembered as at once the most cruel and the most profligate of nations. There were peculiar reasons, too, for rendering the Romans less moral, less happy, and, consequently, more completely dependent upon violent excitement for the absence of pain or depression of spirits, than the inhabitants of any other city. It is told by Thucydides, that, during the great plague at Athens, the morals of the people, in the constant presence of death and utter insecurity of life, were quite undone. They determined to crowd every sensual enjoyment—the only enjoyments for which they then had leisure or appetite—into the briefest span. Chastity was altogether flung aside, by all persons of all classes; the gods, determined to destroy, or unable to defend their votaries, were despised, and their temples polluted to add a

zest to lawless joy. Now, the republican Romans, during the whole course of their history, were much in the same state as the gentler and more refined Athenians during the plague. Their real superstition and rites were dark and terrible to the last degree. The insecurity of life, from war, pestilence, famine, inundations, earthquake, popular violence, the axe and rods of the lictor, the dagger of the assassin, the poisoned cup, and, last and worst, "malice domestic," was such that no man could feel a strong confidence that he would outlive the passing hour.

A thread of superstition, the darkest and most dread, ran through the whole woof of the religious feelings and practices of the Romans. This did, of course, peculiarly affect their moral character, of which I have said enough.

[I had intended to write of their religion, respecting which I have a theory, which I firmly believe to be correct. I have read very much, and thought more upon the subject, and fancy I have plucked out the heart of the mystery; but harassed as I lately have been—occupied, and hurried, and vexed as I am at present—I shrink from dealing with a pet-subject, which should be dilated upon calmly and affectionately, in the laborious idleness of kindly research, in the luxurious labour of self-gratulatory speculation. I have the materials strewed around me—all the books embodying all the learning well read, well considered, well marked—heaps of notes, retaining in a degree, and so indicating, the vivid thoughts that flashed on my own mind as I intently studied. Yet I have not the heart to attempt to scribble the two or three pages which would fill up the gap I have left in this article, and help forth my arguments, and tend to explain my views. I am deeply impressed, both as to myself and the work, to use the words of Cicero, that the work is one "quem non recusarem, si mihi ullum tributur vacuum tempus et liberum, neque enim occupata opera, neque impedito animo restanta suscipi potest, utrumque opus est et cura vacare et negotio." Let me only hope, that before long I may be enabled to pour forth my opinion on the subject.]

But, seeing that it was not either by their piety or morality that the Romans prospered, let us now examine to what

causes may we truly attribute their conquest of the civilised world. And to me, these causes appear to be sufficiently obvious. Their peculiar government, their character, their education, the whole discipline of their lives, admirably qualified them to play the part of conquerors. Their government, with all its faults, was the best that ever yet was, with the exception only of our own. And between the two, moreover, it would be idle to institute a comparison. For the Roman republic could not have continued to exist for any time—in sooth, never could have existed with a free population; and the British constitution is, in its very essence, utterly abhorrent of slavery. Let me then rather say, that the best government coexistent with slavery that was ever known, both for acquiring and enduringly retaining dominion, was the Roman. It had in it the two great elements of power in a state, permanency and progression. It will be easily understood, that there must be permanency to ensure anything like stability, and nothing can last unless it be instinct with a principle of progression; which is inter-fused into the natural world—into the microcosm man—and furnishes forth the capability of transition, of mutation of form (not formation) and substance, without the loss or suspension of identity. Permanency Rome derived from being gradually formed; and thus, if the image be allowed, resting on a broad foundation, whereon, however shaken she might be, she could again settle. Besides, the Romans entered on existence as the inhabitants of a city—a place of refuge, which afforded them protection, and was quite apart from the rest of the world. It was the only spot of earth that they could regard as their own; and this feeling lasted in full force until the extinction of the Julian Cæsars: and that is saying, in other words, until the destruction of all the ancient men of Rome, which was, from various causes, accomplished much about the same time. The Romans never became Italians. Now this closest and exclusive connexion between the Romans and their city necessarily gave them, from the first, a principle of concentration in their government which was never seen before, and has since found no parallel, except in Venice fully, and to a certain extent in Paris. This tended much to

insure permanency, and, therefore, to admit of progression. Attendant, too, on this principle of concentration, there was an uniformity in the system of government, which provided for its working equally well in all quarters and all countries; and which, as nations were conquered and territories added to the empire, prevented the machine of state from becoming more complicated. No new motion, requiring to be acted upon by a new power, was created; an additional wheel, so to speak, was put on, but it was similar to all the rest, and was set to work by the same power.

I have already compared a politic state to the human body, and I now feel that the analogy between them is greater than it at first appeared to me. In every state, destined to command and to endure, there must be an aristocracy, answering to the bones of the skeleton—there must be a circulating current of democracy, which is to a government what the life's blood is to the human frame. Without an aristocracy—and, taking it at the worst, that is a body of men, cold, haughty, impassible, and unchanging; apart, if not exempt, from the ordinary feelings and sympathies of the multitude amongst which they live, and move, and have their being—there can be no permanency; without the constant gush of honest popular feeling, when need may be, through every conduit, there can be no health: the dry bones of an aristocracy would blanch and corrode and crumble to pieces without it. Taking, then, the skeleton and the blood, which is the life, the state is supplied with the two great elements of endurance; and every thing else about it, like every thing in the mortal frame, should be susceptible of that degree of continual change which may admit of progression. All the institutions of Rome, like the muscles, and fibres, and sinews, and limbs of men, were capable of increase and expansion, without an alteration of their cunning formation, without destruction of their happy and subtle proportions. The republic started with the elements of permanency and greatness—her aristocracy, and the democratic spirit to whose healthful influence that aristocracy was continually liable; and the republic never quite ceased to exist—that is, it never was hopelessly destroyed, until the aristocracy were

no more, until their own adverse swords, the axe of the executioner, and the fearful jealousy of the first emperors, had done their work on them. The republic, too, was from the very first a government of progression; and being so, it had necessarily, for that very reason, the recuperative power in a stronger degree than any other state. Wounds in the human body—destruction of integuments, muscles, nerves, vessels, structure—wounds in the human body, which is constantly suffering change, are healed. Nature repairs, the body accommodates itself to, the injury; and other and strange vessels and ministering agents are called into use, to discharge the functions of those which have been destroyed. So was it, and so even must it be, with a state like Rome, which was essentially one of progression. The character of the population and their government were congenital, and proceeded together to the last. Reader, begin with the authentic history of Rome—pass over all the idle fables about the kings, and you will be sensible of this. Commence with the republic: observe its policy—remark its progress. You will see that in the patricians there was a permanent body furnishing forth a grand executive, and an assemblage of sage grave men for calm consideration and debate. You will find that popular passion and popular feeling, which is oftentimes unwise, but always sincere and hearty, bold, uncompromising, and unselfish, had at all times considerable sway in Rome. This compelled all men who wished to rise in the state to mix with the people in public—to frequent and to address their assemblies—to cultivate popular acts and activity in peace or war—to discharge the duties of a citizen. There is scarcely any instance of pure popular passion or violence proceeding to such a mischievous extent as to put the state in danger. The aggrandisement of individuals was more fraught with evil; but for that there was the Tarpeian—a host of rivals of indomitable courage—the tribunes of the people—an adverse dictator. A demigod at last succeeded in overthrowing the republic; but its mission of conquest was well nigh accomplished. The iron men of Rome were under the spell of the twelfth and last vulture. Besides, from the constitu-

tion of the Roman government, there was for every Roman citizen, of whatsoever caste, equal law—justice administered in the front of the sun; and, above all, there was free hope at home, and the engrained assertion, till it became a feeling, of superiority over all men of other nations abroad. Those very vices which render the Romans odious as individuals to a gentleman's mind, made them most formidable as enemies, and tended to exalt their character as a belligerent people—as a state the condition of whose existence was warfare. Overweening pride, treachery, cruelty, blood-thirstiness, recklessness of life, incapability of gentle, nay, almost human feelings, did but render them more fit to be the world's conquerors. Born amidst the turmoil of domestic factions, nurtured in the strifes of the forum, familiar with the sight of human blood and with the perpetual cry of human suffering, educated in an atrocious camp, a tyrant over slaves, a slave to those in authority over him, the Roman, when, after having long served, he at length attained command, went forth against a devoted people with all the diabolic qualities and dispositions of his fabled progenitor and patron,—Fear, Flight, Slaughter, Rape, Murder, before him, and the Fiend of War flourishing her bloody whip in the rear—

“ Et scias gaudens vadit Discordia
pallâ,
Quam cum sanguineo sequitur Bellona
flagello.”

The gradual rise of the men, too, through the several classes of employment, civil and military, qualified them, when they should have attained to power, to do great things; and their short tenure of office compelled them not to lose one moment in endeavouring to win an immortal name. Thus it came to pass, from their domestic policy, that the Romans can boast a larger number of great captains than all the other nations of the earth put together. They perfectly understood the advantage, and always acted upon the principle, of a division of labour; and certainly the fortunes of the republic never rested on the shoulders of an individual. Moreover, the strongest prejudice of the Roman's education, and the most unsordid and warmest aspiration of his soul, was to extend

the empire: the state, and each individual belonging to it, was willing to make every sacrifice to promote the accomplishment of this great end of the republic's policy and of its child-

ren's lives. The most familiar, if not the most forcible instance, of this Roman passion, was displayed by Sylla, whom Byron thus grandly apostrophises in allusion to the fact :

Oh thou, whose chariot rolled on Fortune's wheel,
Triumphant Sylla! THOU WHO DIDST SUBDUCE
THY COUNTRY'S FOES, ERE THOU WOULDST PAUSE TO FEEL
THE WRATH OF THINE OWN WRONGS, OR REAP THE DUE
OF HOARDED VENGEANCE, TILL THINE EAGLES FLEW
O'er PROSTRATE ASIA."

But, in addition to this, and the self-sacrifice of the Decii, the return and report of Regulus, there are a vast number of instances of sublime devotedness to the cause of the contending city. But the names of many of the great men of Rome have sunk into oblivion; history preserves no memorial of them. It is only when they began to fight among themselves that we begin to know the Romans well, and then mark what demon-men start forth in clusters before us. Why, the very least of them is greater than any man we really and truly know, excepting only those works of the world's throes—Hannibal, Philip of Macedon, and god-like Alexander! Consider the list, that closes with Julius Cæsar, Cinna, Carbo, Marius, Sylla, Pompeius, Sertorius, Cato, Domitius, young Marius, the sons of Pompey, D. Brutus, M. Brutus, C. Cassius, Catiline, Crassus, and Antony the triumvir,—every man of these had the will and power to wield the universe! With such men fighting as orderly and loyal citizens, the city must have been safe and victorious; and Rome always had such men, though they be not remembered. The superabundance of great men in Rome may be imagined from the fact, that the dictator, Junius Pera, who performed the right wonderful feat of raising within the walls of the wo-struck city, after the terrible disaster of Cannæ, an army of forty or fifty thousand fighting men, and this in three days, is dispatched by Livy in a single paragraph, and his name is never mentioned more. Yet, remember the praises which have been lavished on Wallenstein and Napoleon for reconstructing an army. It cost the emperor three months to levy the army that fell at Waterloo, from amongst a population of thirty millions, undepressed by recent defeat, and men marvelled at his doing so. But Junius Pera, just after a defeat, which never

was forgotten to the last hour of imperial Rome—of which the Roman satirist Juvenal, centuries after, cannot think without a feeling of utter bitterness, while alluding to the *Cannarum annulus vindæ*—within the precincts of a city wherein there was direst grief in every heart, though he forbade all outward signs of mourning, in three days raises, as if by art-magical, an army ready and able to fight the victorious Carthaginian, if need be, under the walls which he had approached, and Rome again is free! Yet the historian has not one word of wonder—a single comment of praise for so mighty an achievement. Now, this constant presence and succession within the city of a number of excellent and experienced officers, and in all respects of policy, military or civil, able men,—the perfect division of labour,—the short tenures of authority allowed to each individual, rendering him for the greatest portion of his life a mere atom of the mass that was ever rolling forward,—the national character, which was not in the least factitious, or affected, or adopted after the instructions of some demigod, who while on earth in the flesh had contrived to infuse a portion of his own spirit into his countrymen, and whose stirring memory, and the ghost of whose divine intellect still kept them famous for a season, but which was the interfused, and intercommunicated, and common, and essential character of a multitude of men,—made Rome invincible except from within. Hannibal committed the one great mistake of his ever-glorious life, as it must continually shew, even as told by enemies, in not advancing upon Rome after the astounding victory of Cannæ. The policy of his conduct has always been a *verata questio* for the learned since his time—always a theme for school-boy declamation; but, for myself, I agree with Mahébal, his general of cavalry; I think he was

dead wrong. Pontius Telesinus judged in a wiser spirit when, having worked his way onwards to fight—the crowning fight—further than the Carthaginian approached, he declared that the wolves of Italy never were to be overcome, much less exterminated, until their covert was utterly destroyed. The Samnite failed, but, as we know from Paterculus, failed nobly—failed against the auspices of Sylla, at the close, perhaps, of the grandest stand-up battle that was ever known, in which he displayed all the qualities of a most chivalrous soldier and a consummate general; and certainly the struggle must have been the most perilous upon which the fortunes of Rome were adventured. But we have lost *Sylla's Memoirs*, and that is the greatest literary and psychological loss that the modern intellectual world has yet experienced. Individual character, I maintain, is nothing in a state,—national character is every thing; and, as I have intimated, national character created by the genius and inspiration of an individual is little worth. To ensure permanency, the work must be, like all the works of Mother Nature, gradual, and almost insensible in its progress—multitudinous in its agents and influences. A national character and national greatness should not be made together,—they never endure. The peculiarity of Rome is that its state cannot be alleged to have been constructed by any thing except the lie of Romulus and the dream of Numa. Great empires have been made by one man; but they have always been either destroyed by another man, or else withered when he died, like a body destitute of soul,—or tumbled to pieces like a vast arch exposed to violence, from which the massive and unreplaceable key-stone had been removed. Pericles called into existence at once the character and the empire of the Athenians,—their dominion, their arts, their eloquence, their philosophy. Epaminondas rendered Thebes for a season greatest and most glorious. Lycurgus modelled Sparta. Philip, as his son declared, in the most touching and kingly speech that ever passed from mortal lips, made the Macedonians conquerors, and rulers, and gentlemen, from skin-clad barbarians; created the phalanx, and reared the men worthy to follow Jove's foster-child in the conquest of the world. Alexander

won the fairest portion of the civilised earth. But each and every one of the empires they had achieved virtually perished with themselves. Things constituted by the will and power of an individual can only live by his inspiration; they may continue for a brief space to exist by his memory; they are always liable to be ruined utterly by a day like Cannæ. Rome rose resplendent from that unparalleled disaster. The characteristics of the city were fully and clearly displayed on that occasion, which would have been fatal to any other state,—the desperate, uncompromising, unmitigated, calm, calculating, concentrated pluck, and the highest and coldest, too—gentlemanly feeling for a collective body withal. They would not ransom the prisoners—8000 Roman citizens, if I remember rightly—whose absence must have been lamented at every hearth, and who had acted in nowise unworthily, because it would supply Hannibal with that which he most needed—money; but they raised and equipped slaves to the amount. They had their wonderful conscription in the city; and, this done, they went forth to meet the consul. The haughty senate, albeit in each member's bosom shame and rage unspeakable was burning, and rankling, and private grief, moreover,—for every one of them must have lost somebody—child, or brother, or kinsman, or client, or friend, or guest, whom he cherished in his heart of hearts; yet they went forth to meet the cause of all their woes—the plebeian, forced by an access of popular frenzy into office—a man not merely of mean but of cordid birth—a butcher-fellow; and they went in most solemn guise to thank him, because he had not despaired of the fortunes of the republic. Here was the exemplar of their feeling at home; abroad the wars they waged were invariably the most terrible which could be entered upon in this complicated world of ours,—for they were always *wars of opinion*. The Romans, declaring themselves free, professed to be the universal redressers of wrongs, the relievers of all grievances. Their motto was,

“To spare the humble and pull down the proud.”

They never entered on a conflict without a favourable party in the adverse state. They went forth to overthrow thrones, authorities, principalities, and

the existing order of things. To the multitude there was in their victory the delightful certainty of change; and as governments were constituted, their success and supremacy was advantageous to the many. Besides, they never interfered with the prejudices, religious, moral, social, or personal, of conquered nations; and they had the rare and lost art of amalgamating and identifying them with their dominant city. They rigorously established one form of government and of police; and they never failed to Romanise any province in which they had once fairly established themselves. By the art of the engineer in military roads and useful works, and the stern power of the republic through its succession of delegated rulers, they quite made every country they occupied their own. And how different is this from the proceedings of modern times. France never had the show of nationality until the days of Richelieu, the master minister, and Louis XIV., the adept in kingcraft—never was a state, properly so to speak, until the Revolution had destroyed all the peculiar rights and privileges of the several provinces, and flung all into the experimental crucible, with the hope of fusing them into a solid empire. Napoleon turned them forth; but there was an element of destruction in the mass, and after a time it fell to pieces—and how is it now? For ourselves, we have held by conquest a province called Ireland for the last six hundred years—we have not civilised it—and we only hold it through a colony of our countrymen therein established, whom in

our wisdom we do but churlishly support.

So much of the politic dealings of Rome with foreign nations. In their adverse intercourse with her they were like gamblers playing against a bank, struggling against a cold, impassible, passionless machine, over which now one consul now another presided; putting into action a sure, irrevocable, unalterable system; being in his own person calm, and stern, and inaccessible to the touch of pity, remorse, fear, or, in a word, every human feeling, as a croupier at French hazard or rouge et noir. In the end, the antagonists of this system, however flattered by the semblance of success, must be ruined. The consul well knew that the honours of a triumph would not be awarded to him for a mere victory, unless he destroyed his enemy; and for that destruction he played with a fearful success. With Venice, and Paris too, there was much of this; but they admitted in their days more of the display of violent passion internally, for the which more violent remedies were of course provided.

And Rome, as nearly as may be, saw out the centenary flight of the twelve vultures*—Venice fulfilled the ancient prophecy—and Paris is now on the road to the twelve hundredth year.

Venice, the Ocean-Queen, once so proudly seated on her hundred Isles, was also in her origin an asylum, amidst her forlorn lagoons, for the outcast and the outlaw—for the persecuted, who flung aside the soft

* Every body has heard of the Roman vultures and the prophecy. The vaticination about Venice may not be quite so familiar, although it is quoted by Lord Byron. There was one very singular prophecy concerning Venice: "If thou dost not change," it says to that proud republic, "thy liberty, which is already on the wing, will not reckon a century more than the thousandth year."

If we carry back the epocha of Venetian freedom to the establishment of the government under which the republic flourished, we shall find that the election of the first doge is 697; and if we add one century to a thousand, that is, eleven hundred years, we shall find the sense of the prediction to be literally this: "Thy liberty will not last till 1797!"

Recollect, that Venice ceased to be free in the year 1796, the fifth year of the French republic; and you will perceive that there never was prediction more pointed, or more exactly followed by the event. You will therefore note, as very remarkable, the three lines of Almanni addressed to Venice; which, however, no one has pointed out:

"Se non cangi pensier, l'un secol solo
Non conterà sopra 'l millesimo anno
Tua libertà, che va fuggendo a volo."

Many prophecies have passed for such; and many have passed for prophets for much less.

humanities in present destitution and desire of future vengeance—and the proscribed and banished of social life, who was but too glad to join any banner which was raised against the existing powers, and authorities, and system of the world. Venice is the younger sister of Rome; a creation more finely and delicately wrought, but less robust—necessarily less enduring: at least, without the vitality for a secondary existence. Rome is the especial city of austere history—in every thing that breathes of Venice there is the flutter of romance. It looks like a mirage of the Ocean; like one of those pageant cities which the Deep, at the termination of certain magic cycles, is fabled to give forth, when the genii of the world beneath the waves, leaving for the time between the flux and reflux of the tide their cold dull caves and valueless treasures, their sad coral forests and murky fountains—in a word, all the impassible horrors indicated by the funereal light of their own sunless regions, are allowed to visit this upper air, and conjure up a faëry city, visible to every eye, as the theatre for their wild and high solemnity.* Here, in the show of this Venice, such a fabric would seem, by a power mightier than their own, to be enforced to stay, and rendered real and substantial. Yet still the while you gaze upon it in the distance, you do feel as though its appropriate inhabitants should be dwarfs and giant-blacks, and genii kings and enchanted ladies of surpassing beauty; and that, sooth to say, it should in all things wear the aspect of the East—of the portal-city to the land of monstrous and gorgeous fable. Its wild story, too, accords with its appearance. How much of astounding crime and most glorious achievement is there not recorded for its nobles! They were more constitutionally luxurious, more refined, of

nicer tastes, and, perhaps, generally of subtler powers of intellect than the Romans; but this only made them the more wicked, for they were quite as stern, as haughty, as blood-thirsty, and as implacable as the old patricians. They, too, bore about them all the tokens of their origin from men insecure of life, the enemies of all other men. They, too, were utterly regardless of human suffering—careless of human life—setting not the slightest store by it in others, because they recklessly perilled their own; and because, from the nature of their government, they never knew how many moments it might be their own to throw away. For the rest, in like wise they were grave, debauched, superstitious, false, treacherous; every man in Venice had his dagger, every woman in Venice her gallant. But the sea-wolves were quite as brave as the wolves of Italy; and the state was, in its palmy days, almost as chivalrous, even under terrible disasters. Certainly, when the winged lion spread his wings abroad, their shadow fell widely and darkly over land and sea: they overshadowed even the capital of the great Eastern Empire. Constantinople cannot for an instant compete in interest with Venice the victorious. Venice was, in truth, the city of the Crusades; she was inspired, too, and supported in her career by a Spirit and a Will like those which belonged to the Crusades themselves—wild and headstrong, and therefore sure to wear utterly away far sooner than the more calm, and deep, and concentrated Will of Rome. But within the city, the oppression of the many was more terrific than any thing that had ever been before known; for it proceeded from the tyranny of a government, not alone irresponsible but invisible. There were a few men free, because they were inaccessible—if, indeed, men who are the tyrants of others can be themselves deemed free

* This superstition about faëry cities springing up from the sea is, I believe, common to most maritime countries. I myself know one faëry city—the city of Kiatafeen—which is in the mouth of Liscamor Bay, on the Atlantic; and its site is marked by a white wave which hangs over it every day in the year, whatever way the wind may blow, and whatever may be the state of the weather. Once in seven years it makes its appearance, and has been seen by several credible witnesses. It even lies open to the adventurous, for a paved causeway leads into it directly from the land. It was visited by one individual a long time ago; and his report was highly favourable to the quaint magnificence of the buildings and riches of the inhabitants; who, however, one and all (I mean the males, who were very little men, but “mortal stout”) pursued the avocations of smiths. The ladies were singularly handsome, and all alike dressed in red petticoats.—M. R.

—but all the rest of the population, noble or plebeian, native or stranger, were mere slaves.

In his last drama, Victor Hugo, though in an exaggerated tone, has described the state of the mysterious city admirably—a *magnifico* of Venice, Podesta of Padua, is the speaker :

“ Venise c'est l'ingénierie d'état—c'est le conseil des Dix. Des hommes qui ne sont visible en aucune cérémonie, et qui sont visibles dans tous les échafauds. Des hommes qui ont dans leur mains toutes les têtes, la votre, la mienne, celle du Doge ; et qui n'ont ni simarre, ni étole, ni couronne, rien qui les désigne aux yeux, rien qui puisse vous faire dire : Celui-ci en est ! Un signe mystérieux sous leurs robes tout au plus ; des agens partout, des sbires partout, des bourreaux partout. Des hommes qui ne montrent jamais au peuple de Venise d'autres visages que ces mornes bouches de bronze toujours ouvertes sous les porches de St. Marc, bouches fatales que la foule croit muettes, et qui parlent cependant d'une façon bien haute et bien terrible, car elles disent à tout passant : Dénoncez ! Une fois dénoncé, on est pris : une fois pris, tout est dit. A Venise tout se fait secrètement, mystérieusement, sûrement. Condamné, exécuté ; rien à voir, rien à dire ; pas un cri possible, pas un regard utile ; le patient a un bâillon, le bourreau un masque. Que vous parlais-je d'échafauds tout à l'heure ? Je me trompais. A Venise on ne meurt pas sur l'échafaud, on disparaît. Il manque tout à coup un homme dans une famille. Qu'est il devenu ?—les plombs, les puits, le canal Orfano le savent. Quelquefois on entend quelque chose tomber dans l'eau la nuit. Passez vite alors ! Du reste, bals, festins, flambeaux, musiques, gondoles, théâtres—carnaval de cinq mois.”

Thus much of Venice.

Now turn we to Paris. I have already remarked, that amongst almost all the Eastern nations a tradition of old prevailed of fortunate isles lying to the West, in which all that the Imagination could paint, of exquisite in soil, and climate, and natural productions, was to be found. I may now observe, that in all the countries of Western Europe there has been an opposite yet cognate feeling ; there has been, instead of the fancy that men had a mission to people some blessed isles of rest further westward, a passion

for deducing their origin from the resplendent regions of the rising Sun—the noblest of auguries, the grandest, and, of all created things, the most worthy symbol of that Divinity, with the consciousness of whose presence as the world's soul even the heart of the savage is instinct. The tradition of the Trojan war, and the heroes whose fame, under one form or style or other, had from a far remote period been bruited abroad over the whole civilised Earth, furnish forth the subject-matter of those legends to which nations and cities cling most fondly. We have heard the claim of Rome to have its origin from a descendant of Æneas, the son of the golden Aphrodite—the *alma Venus Genitrix* ! Our London would fain be indebted for its foundation to another descendant of this same Æneas. In a city record, pleaded by the mayor and aldermen before Hen. VI., and still preserved in the Tower, it is set down to prove the dignity and antiquity of their city, that “ according to the credit of Chronicles it (London) is considerably older than Rome, having been founded by Brute *after the form of great Troy, before Rome was built by Romulus and Remus.*”*

Lutetia Parisiorum also puts forward its claim to a singular descent from goddesses and godlike heroes. For Paris is declared to have been founded by Francus, a son of Hector, who escaped from the sack of Troy, became King of Gaul, and having first built Troy in Champagne, afterwards erected Paris, which he named after his uncle, the ravisher of Helen and the cause of all the Trojan woes. The fact, however, is demonstrated to be, that Paris, like Rome and Venice, was a covert for strangers in the land—an asylum for thieves and robbers, outlaws, murderers, and all other such like wretches as “ their diseased country vomits forth.” The nucleus of the horde that sheltered themselves in the islands of the winding Seine was in all probability supplied by Belgium. These Belgians must have been driven forth from their own country ; and the Senones, a great and warlike nation of the Gauls, granted them (a common occurrence in those days) a settlement on their borders, of course under certain conditions of vassalage. They

* Maitland's *Hist. of Lond.*, fol. vol. i. p. 4. Geoffrey of Monmouth gives the metropolis the same origin.

were surrounded on all sides by powerful and valiant nations. They sheltered themselves in the islands of the Seine; the largest of them, now *l'Isle de la Cité*, served them for a fortress, after the same fashion that in the rivers and lakes of other countries the marine camps, as they may be well styled, of the Danish invaders used to serve them, and that is as a depository for their booty, and a refuge in time of danger for their cattle and themselves. There were five islands; the largest was styled Lutece,* and is said to have signified, in the Celtic language, a dwelling-place in the midst of the waters: the tortuous waters of the Seine, however, were its only protection. Dulaure, in his grand work on Paris, thus traces the origin of the name Parisii:—

“In Great Britain, as well as in Gaul, there were formerly several geographical positions called *Parisii* or *Barisii*. The etymons *Par* and *Bar* are synonymous, the letters *P* and *B* being often used the one for the other. The inhabitants of Barrois are called *Barisiences*, as those of Paris, *Parisiences*. Now Barrois was the frontier which divided Lorraine from Champagne; the territory of the Parisians was also a frontier, which separated the Senones and the Carnutes from the Silvanectes—that is, Celtic Gaul from Belgic Gaul. It is certain, moreover, that all geographical positions, whose names are composed of the etymons *Bar* or *Par*, are situated upon frontiers. The natural conclusion therefore is, that *Parisii* and *Barisii* signify dwellers on frontiers, and that the tribe allowed by the Senones to settle near them derived their name of *Parisii* from their establishment upon the frontier of that nation.”

The Parisii for a length of time continued to be regarded as a subordinate and despicable caste. They were never acknowledged by the Gauls as a free nation; nor were they regarded by the Romans either as a free nation or treated as allies. Lutece, from the first, had, like Rome, its asylum and its sacred grove, which lay on the north bank of the Seine. The Montagne St. Geneviève (the Mons Locutitius of the Romans), Montmatre, and Mont Valerien, were sacred to religious

worship; and monuments of the ancient religious symbols—*pierres sacrées*, *pierres sacrées*, &c.—have been discovered in abundance. The God of Battles and Slaughter was worshipped, doubtless, after the fashion he loved best, in the grove of Montmatre, before (as it was on the advent of the Romans) a temple was there erected to him.† The Great Roman Divinity, too, Pluto or Mercury (for with the Gauls the same god was designated by either title), was propitiated by solemn rites on the “*Mons Locutitius*.”

In the first stage of its authentic History, Paris, moreover, was, like Rome, scourged dreadfully by an invasion of Barbarians, who ravaged Gaul for five consecutive years: they came from beyond the Rhine. Julian at length raised Lutetia Parisiorum into the rank of a municipal town, honoured it for four or five winters with his residence, and, with the aid of his learned physician Oribase, and other men of science whom he attracted around him, introduced arts and literature among the inhabitants. They had at that time the characteristics we have already attributed to the Romans and Venetians, of that gravity and austerity of manner proper to men whose life is one long scene of peril and struggle. “I love the Parisians,” said the Imperial Stoic, “because their character is serious and austere, like my own.” Paris thenceforth became occasionally a residence for the emperors, when they wintered in Gaul, until the Romans were defeated utterly by the Franks, when well-nigh all traces of the acquired civilisation was speedily swept away, and the more modern Parisii were, in all the vices of barbarism not a whit inferior to their original progenitors. Under the Carlovignian dynasty the city was abandoned by the kings, and was looked upon as one of the least considerable of Gaul: still it went on perseveringly, and in the event successfully, struggling for independence under its Counts, whose office was at first delegated and terminable at pleasure, conferring no high rank on the holder, but which was at length reared into a sovereignty. Towards the close of the ninth century Paris

* It is curious to remark, that the only coin or medal extant of the Gens Lutatis (the Lutatian family) bears a head on one side, and on the obverse a galley, the cognisance of the city Lutetia Parisiorum.

† No temple was built in Gaul until it fell under the Roman sway.

had become capital of Media Francia, and its rulers Counts of Paris and Dukes of France; when it soon supplies a most prominent feature in our history, and the fulfilment of its destinies becomes interwoven with those of England.

Having spoken of Paris as it was and has been, I now at length come to speak of it as it in the reality met my eyes; to which it had been so frequently prefigured in my dreams, so made familiar to my heart by glowing descriptions from beloved lips. My father had lived there much in his warm youth, and to Paris his fondest recollections of gaiety and pleasure,

"And freaks of graceful folly,"

which men love more to remember even than past toils, were wont to turn; and Paris was known to me as a household world, a beloved, a familiar name, from my veriest childhood. Its palaces, and halls, and monuments, and various places of varied amusement, were made in my mind things living, and peculiar, and localised, whose features and character it was impossible I could mistake. I had, accordingly, towards it feelings of personal interest and regard, gentler and warmer, if not so deep as those which must needs have affected me in gazing for the first time on the City of Chivalry. My heart, my senses, and my mind, were all alike engaged when I first looked upon it. I said, This is the Paris of which my father, now old, and so many hundred miles away, spoke so fondly! This was my first thought, and my eyes dimmed for a moment, and Paris melted from before them; and they wandered over mountain, and river, and the expanse of the ocean-floods, to the far paternal hearth. The fine feelings of the doomed hero, so exquisitely expressed, and which touched me even in my blithe boyhood, gushed into my mind, and I was stricken with a boding sadness as I repeated, half-aloud, the son's remembrance of the lonely, melancholy father. First came the sense of the distance, as early explained in the quarrel by the most beautiful, the bravest, the most generous, and the most high-hearted of all mortal men—

Ἐστὴν μάλα πολλὰ μεταβῆ

Ὀφείατι τοῖσι τέκνοις θάλασσα καὶ ἄχρηστα.*

And then the state of Peleus:

Ἄλλ' ἵνα παῖδα τίνας παναώριον εὐδὶ νυ
τεῖν γῆ

Γηράσκοντα νομίζω, ἵνα μάλα τέλει πάτρης
ἦμαι.†

Dismissing this oppressive feeling, I saw that Paris was very beautiful to behold, and felt the soft excitement of a purer air, as

"It fanned my cheek, and raised my hair,
And seemed like to a welooming."

I then regarded all that was present as mirrors of the past, and I seemed to say to myself, Yes, Paris is indeed the city of chivalry! From the legend of "Our Ladye of the Broken Lances," to the present hour—from time immemorial it has been a place of tumult, strife, combat, siege, and warfare! Certainly, for the last eleven hundred years its history has been one long romance. Let the eye wander in Paris where it will, it must rest upon a battle-field; let the foot fall where it may, it still tramples on a hero's dust. Could the stones be rendered vocal, they might each shout aloud in solemn truth the epitaph of Lautrec—

"Siste, viator, heros calcas."

Every monument, every spot of earth, is storied: all around the shades of the forgotten dead are springing up to the visionary eye from places hallowed with their blood. Look adown that sullen stream, flowing murkily and more murkily between its resplendent quays! How many conflicts have shaken its banks! How often have its dusky waters blushed with blood! Ten thousand such days of horror has it known as that inflicted on the fair-flowing Xanthus, when, as the poet grandly tells,

Ἦν' Ἀχιλλῆος Πάριον βαλόντιοντος

Πλῆθος ῥέος πολλόν ἰσχυρῶς ἵκωνται καὶ ἀνδρῶν.

Here, under Labienus, did the Roman name and the fortunes of Cæsar prevail against the Gallic myriads and desperate valour of Camulogene; here for thirteen months fought the Normans, "the bravest of the brave" in the world's long story; here it was that Lothaire turned the triumphant

* For betwixt us many a dark mountain stood, and the hoarse resounding sea.

† His only child foredoomed to an untimely grave; yet I cheer not his declining age, for far, far I wander from my native land.

hallelujah of Otho* and his Germans into the wildering cry of flight and fear; here, also, in these latter days, did our own "astonishing infantry," to borrow a phrase from Napier's great book, display their serried ranks; and here, too, fought many and many a very valiant rebel with his following from the days of Etienne Marcel† to those when Napoleon sprung to fame and power over the heaped carcasses of the sections—ay, even down to those when Louis Philippe clambered to a tyrant's throne over the bodies of his betrayed countrymen; here fought, in unbroken succession up to yesterday, gallant men of all nations for some European quarrel; and here, likewise, have fought continually the gallant men of Paris for their own good city, lured by some wild dream—Armagnacs, Bourguignons, Ligueurs, Huguenots, Frondeurs, Republicans, Royalists. And to what purpose? This a cynic might ask in all bitterness, for no good end has been attained. Paris has not yet been identified with France—it is less independent at this moment than at any former period of its history. It would seem to be a doomed city, a city of barricades and battle-fields—a most turbulent and disloyal city, if you will—always at war, actively or (so to style it) passively, with the King of France. Still, however, it has always been a most chivalrous city. In its struggles there has always been a fine sense of strength and desire of independence—a noble aspiration after liberty. Its nobles, its magistrates, its lawyers, its clergy, its population, have ever been stout of heart and strong of hand; but, alas, alas, for mankind! Liberty is a carnage-loving, blood-polluted goddess. Her burnt-offerings are innocent and happy hearths; her

sacrifices, the brave, the true, the noble-hearted. Alas, alas, for mankind! her face is bright and beautiful, shining afar off in the distant heavens; but her form is shadowy and undefined, and she has no resting-place upon the earth.

In vain have sages written and poets sung—in vain have heroes died! The steaming blood of millions is caught up to the skies, and there for a moment forms a rainbow, which the nations gaze upon in the depth of rapture; but in the next moment it has melted away, leaving the horizon once more in sullen darkness.

Thus has it been with Paris. Again and again have her hopes blazed high; again and again have they been quenched in the waters of bitterness: the stench of the ashes and mouldering embers alone remains. Alas for France! alas for my beloved Paris! she is much altered since I then first gazed upon her. Joy and Pleasure have departed; Care and Fear have settled in their room. Who could recognise the three quarters—the aristocratic, the financial, the commercial? Silence now reigns in the famous salons of the Fauxbourg de St. Germain; Poverty has made her slimy way into the Chaussée d'Aulin; and wolf-eyed Famine stalks through the empty warehouses of the Rue St. Denis. The wealthy are ruined, the poor are starving; and yet it is only a brief space of time Plenty and Prosperity were there, and all looked joyful, if they felt not happy.

But why dwell upon sad themes? why linger on the worse time? Let me rather return to Paris in its most palmy state—to the Paris of Charles X.—to the Paris of my own bright boyhood. I stood upon the bridge oppo-

* "In 978, in the reign of Lothaire, Paris was attacked by the emperor Otho II., at the head of an army of 60,000 men. He advanced as far as the gates of Paris, set fire to a fauxbourg, sustained an action in the vicinity, in which he lost a great number of troops, and struck one of the city gates with his lance. Satisfied with these exploits, he ascended the heights of Montmartre, and commanded hallelujah to be sung; but his triumph was interrupted by the arrival of Lothaire, who, with the combined forces of Count Hughes Capet, and Henry, Duc de Bourgogne, attacked and put him to flight, and then pursued him to Soissons and captured all his baggage."—*History of Paris*.

† Marcel was prévôt des marchands in 1356-7. On the 22d of February in the latter year he "entered the dauphin's chamber, and in the presence of the prince assassinated Robert de Clermont, marshal of Normandy, and Jean de Confians, marshal of Champagne. The dauphin, in alarm, inquired of Marcel if he intended to put him to death. 'Fear nothing, sir,' said he; 'but, for greater safety, take my hood.' The dauphin put on the party-sign of his enemies, and Marcel, taking the mantle of the prince, wore it all day as a trophy of his victory."—*Ibid*.

site the Tuileries, on the morning after my arrival. I got into the "darkness visible" of the city late in the evening; so that night I saw nothing except the Café de Paris, sundry bottles of Champagne and Burgundy (which I discussed joyously in company with my fellow-travellers), and a 'Pythoiness, who unwillingly conducted me to Frescati, and who, seized with divine fury, like Cassandra when entering the palace of Agamemnon, exclaimed as she looked me in the face, "Ah, pauvre garçon, tu vas perdre ton argent!" The prophecy was fulfilled. But not a whit daunted, or grieved, or wearied—for then I could do without every thing but excitement—I stood, in the fresh morning, on the bridge I mentioned. It was a fair scene: the real Paris wrought no shame upon its vision, which had so long been in my mind. It was a fair scene: I had never before seen an ancient city in a pure, clear atmosphere; and as I thus saw Paris with my eye, I felt its spirit in my heart. And the visible embodiment of that spirit appeared to me to be the cathedral of Our Lady, as, swelling forth from the primal Parisian island, it leaned, with its antique towers, against the deep blue sky. It was the symbol of the Gothic city. Victor Hugo has since compared it to a double-headed sphinx, presiding mutely and mystically from on high over the destinies of all things around. This was the fancy of a poet; but every body, even the dullest, must perceive, when looking on Paris in the mass, that the grandest, and noblest, and most characteristic feature, is the church of Notre Dame. For me, too, it had most peculiar interest, personally as well as historically. There was no part of the town I knew so well of old as the precinct of that cathedral, its *parvis*, the Hôtel Dieu, and all the adjoining places and buildings. My first pilgrimage was there. I turned away from the sweet and quaint gardens of the Tuileries, and wandered into the *parvis*; I passed several hours in the time-honoured church, explored it in every hole and corner, heard its services, scrutinised the aspects of its priests and officials, and, with a determination to return thither next day, retired, after a curious and anxious *reconnaissance*, to dine at a restaurant's, bearing

the same sign it had done some thirty years before, when my father and his companions were wont to make it ring with their festivities. There was such an antique settled look about it, that it must have been the same—the same room, the same furniture. The Revolution had not touched it—it had suffered no change; nay, the very grey-haired *garçon* of seventy, or thereabouts, who waited on me, might have been the identical black-haired Pierre, who had skipped about in attendance on my father. I was even silly enough to ask him if he remembered to have seen a young gentleman, very, very like me, a great number of years ago. But he had no such remembrance: he had even forgotten the Revolution; at least, so far as having no tale of personal adventure or recollection to record might denote oblivion. He was pretty much like any other piece of furniture, except that he was still animated, still locomotive. I visited him frequently, however, for I often and often returned to Notre Dame; and gratefully acknowledge myself indebted to that venerable and mystic edifice for many an hour of innocent pleasure, as well as of forlorn speculation. I was very enthusiastic about it then. This feeling in the world's wear, though not effaced, had been strewn over, and covered with others more worldly and less worthy. The publication of Victor Hugo's romance, *Notre Dame de Paris*, has swept away all the superincumbent rubbish, and restored the feeling fresh and early that lay hid beneath.

I have resolved, accordingly, to write of his book; and that is, in other words, to put forth, with some comments of my own, his ideas, and recollections, and observations about Notre Dame, which are beautiful and grand, well worthy of the subject on which they are bestowed. I have considered the place and time opportune for this. I have now finished an introduction—a fanciful and strange one, doubtless; perhaps a wild and rambling introduction—for a series of papers about Paris; to which any of my friends are free to contribute who have been there, and care to record their reminiscences. For my own part, I do not believe I can auspicate the series better than by now reviewing *NOTRE DAME DE PARIS*.

MORGAN RATTLER.

AMERICA AND CHURCH ESTABLISHMENTS.*

PART II.

IN resuming our judicial probation of these congregational worthies, the public tribunal will bear in mind that our former handling of them had an exclusive reference, not to the direct evidence they have plotted up and imported from America, with the ill-concealed design of doing their *possible* towards Church-destruction,—but to certain important preliminary points, which appeared to us to affect very fatally their competency and credibility as witnesses. How far our searching precognition of them, as to habit and repute, may have excited the apprehensions or moderated the hopes of the party by whom they have been subpoenaed, it is impossible for us to say. Were the case an ordinary one of civil jurisprudence, we are quite sure that any able counsel conducting it against the Church—unless he had better evidence than theirs to proceed upon—would indignantly throw up his brief. Nor can there be a doubt that, after what we have incontrovertibly established, not only against these conspirators conjunctly, on the score of private and party interests, but chiefly against the witness Reed, on the ground of moral disqualification,—every judicious leader at the bar would feel that their testimony is not of the precise odour and credit which could survive even a common scrutiny; and hence being certain that, with such suborned and suspicious support, his case would inevitably be broken to fragments upon the wheel of cross-examination,—so his prompt and prudent policy would be to recommend their withdrawal at once, and to slip them out of court as quietly and decently as possible, with such plausible apologies as his legal ingenuity might furnish. This, while much the wiser course on the part of the anti-establishment plaintiffs, would have been infinitely the more agreeable one as it respects ourselves. In such circumstances, the matter would have ended just where we left it in October: a simple nonsuit would have been en-

tered on the record, and our ungrateful task would have been done.

But the cause of the Voluntary party *versus* the Church is not to be so easily disposed of. Balancing their chances of success against the probabilities of failure, their cupidity overcomes their discretion—the pool is too rich to be surrendered without throwing the last die. Like desperate gamblers gloating over a stake of immense magnitude, they seem to think that the most hazardous experiments are excusable in their present agonies to win it. And, accordingly, since all the retained pleaders and periodicals on the Voluntary side seem recklessly determined to abide by an examination of Messrs. Reed and Matheson's testimony, whatever the consequences may be; and since our opponents on this question, with all the hardihood and pertinacity of the lowest *nisi prius* practitioners, have neither betrayed the slightest misgivings, nor made any sign of a want of confidence in these Congregational deputies,—in such circumstances, instead of our readers and ourselves being mutually relieved, the one from the labour of conducting the examination, and the other from the irksomeness of hearing it,—of course we have no other alternative left than to proceed forthwith to expiscate these poor men's evidence. Wherefore, so let it be. Our only concern, we can truly say, is for the character and credit of the unfortunate persons now set up for exposure. And as for our venerable church-establishment, against whose existence their abettors have so cruelly empannelled them, we have no more apprehension on her account than for the Rock on which she is based. Sure we are that this American flood will roll back from her, just as the cliffs of Britain repel the Atlantic wave; and, with this conviction, we commit her calmly to her covenant God and the country.

What, then, is the evidence of the principal deputy from the Independ-

* A Narrative of the Visit to the American Churches, by the Deputation from the Congregational Union of England and Wales. By Andrew Reed, D.D., and James Matheson, D.D. 2 vols. 8vo. Jackson and Walford, London.

ents, who gave himself out in the United States as THE REPRESENTATIVE of all the churches in Great Britain? Why, this unhappy witness, suborned as he is by the *Congregational Union* to give testimony in favour of the Voluntary system—possessing, as we have already shewn, a direct personal and party interest in giving that testimony a particular complexion—and having previously put upon record his solemn declaration that AMERICA, “without any endowment for the purposes of religious worship, is provided with MORE CHURCHES, with a MORE EFFICIENT MINISTRY, and with A BETTER AVERAGE REWARD for ministration, than we have in our own country”—a declaration, of course, which he will neither cancel nor modify, for fear of destroying what character he has among his employers—this witness, we say, commonly called the Rev. Andw. Reed, *alias* the immaculate Mr. Douglas, being duly purged of malice and partial counsel, unkeeth oath and deponeth as follows:—

“The voluntary principle is the only one now for the support of these churches. It has been tried in some states to the exclusion of every other; it has been tried in other states for different periods of time, where every other has failed; and what is the result? Deliberately, but without hesitation, I say, the result is, in every thing and every where, most favourable to the voluntary, and against the compulsory principle. Let us look at this, both as a matter of testimony and as a matter of fact. * * * TESTIMONY is universally in its favour. * * * After having invited the most candid opinion on the subject—after having sincerely sought for the truth, whether favourable or unfavourable to the voluntary system—and after having sought this in every quarter, and chiefly where state provisions had been enjoyed,—I certainly did not find half a dozen men who would give their suffrages for the old method! The ministers, as a body, who might be supposed professionally to have strong preferences to a fixed and compulsory stipend, were united in their attachment to the voluntary principle. The brethren in Massachusetts, where the change had been so recently completed, rejoiced in it, and anticipated from it a decided ad-

vance in pure religion. Those of New Hampshire, Vermont, and Maine * * * the brethren of Connecticut * * * the Episcopalian of Virginia, and the Congregationalist of New England, who had been indulged and protected to the utmost * * * men of every denomination * * * and men of every region, who are most deeply concerned for the interests of religion, agree in coming to the same conclusion. Indeed, such unanimity of opinion on a practical question, involving the interests of so many parties, and to be determined mostly by those whose habits and thoughts had been associated only with the old system, is what I never expected to find. It assured me of at least two things: 1. That the evil of this system must have been great indeed, and visible to all; and, 2. That these devoted men had wisdom enough and piety enough at once to resolve, that what was INJURIOUS TO RELIGION could not be beneficial to them.” (Vol. ii. pp. 137, 138, 139.) “Then, FACT is unanimously in its favour. New England has undergone a most felicitous improvement since the alterations. * * * The standing order could not have stood its ground as a state establishment. * * * The dissenting community on the one hand, and infidelity on the other, were prevailing against it. * * * It is now placed on a level with its rivals. The ministry has been supplied with better men—the men have been better maintained. Churches have been revived where they languished, and they have been created in abundance where they did not exist. The ‘desolations’ of New England, which have been triumphantly cited from reports MANY YEARS OLD, are rapidly disappearing under the voluntary principle; and never were the prospects on the future for that favoured land so bright and hopeful as they are at the present time.” (Vol. ii. p. 141.) “I must now bring the means possessed by other states into comparison with those she is admitted to enjoy. Massachusetts, then, the principal state of New England, and the longest settled, has (vol. ii. p. 143):

Population.....	610,014
Ministers	704
Churches	600
Communicants	73,264

New York, which is the principal middle state, has:

Population	1,913,508
Ministers	1,750

* The “desolations” here alluded to by the Deputy, are those which have been proved to exist by the Rev. Mr. Lorimer of Glasgow, and by the author of *Essays on the Church*, who have collected their evidence almost entirely from the published reports of American religious societies. These reports, which Reed says are “many years old,” refer chiefly to 1832 and 1833!!!

Churches	1,800
Communicants	184,583

Pennsylvania, the next middle state of consideration, has :

Population	1,347,672
Ministers	1,133
Churches	1,829
Communicants	180,205

Is this a sign of desolation? If it is, what are we to say of the most favoured divisions of our own country? Scotland is universally thought to be highly privileged in her religious means; but Scotland stands thus :

Population	2,365,807
Ministers	1,765
Churches	1,804
Communicants	(uncertain)."

After admitting "that these States are not to be accepted in evidence on the wants of the more distant regions," he goes on to say, respecting the less privileged provinces, that

"Tennessee has :

Population	684,000
Ministers	458
Churches	630
Communicants	60,000

Ohio, a western state, with a population scattered over a surface of 40,000 square miles, stands thus :

Population	937,000
Ministers	841
Churches	410
Communicants	34,826

Indiana, which is further west, provides itself as follows :

Population	541,000
Ministers	340
Churches	440
Communicants	34,826

Is this, then, the desolation of the West? If so, what a moral desolation must Scotland be! * * * In fact, the West is not New England. But meantime, if its present means are fewer than those of New England, *they are decidedly more than those of Scotland.*" (Vol. ii. pp. 144—146.) "The severest trial that can by possibility be made on this subject, is to take the ten states on which we have any safe returns, which have been *last added* to the commonwealth,—Kentucky, Tennessee, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Alabama, Mississippi, Missouri, Louisiana, and Florida. These will give a return of persons, spread over a surface about nine times the size of England and Wales, as follows :

Population	3,641,000
Ministers	2,690

Churches	3,701
Communicants	286,560

Need I say how greatly this again exceeds Scotland!" (Vol. ii. pp. 146, 147.)

Now we earnestly entreat our readers not to be impatient under this formidable array of figures,—to omit them would be an immense injustice both to the witness and to our future argument. Let us be indulged, then, with only one quotation more, relating to a comparison he draws between the principal towns in America and the larger cities in this country. After which we shall allow the deponent to retire for a little, while we proceed with our commentary on his evidence. For instance :

"Liverpool," he says, "has :

Population	210,000
Ministers	57
Churches	57
Communicants	18,000

But New York, which is its counterpart, has :

Population	220,000
Ministers	142
Churches	132
Communicants	31,337

Edinburgh has :

Population	150,000
Ministers	70
Churches	65
Communicants	(uncertain)

But Philadelphia has :

Population	200,000
Ministers	137
Churches	83
Communicants	(uncertain)

Glasgow has :

Population	220,000
Ministers	76
Churches	74
Communicants	(uncertain)

But Boston has :

Population	60,000
Ministers	57
Churches	55
Communicants	(uncertain)

Nottingham has :

Population	50,000
Ministers	23
Churches	23
Communicants	4,864

But Cincinnati, a city only forty years old, has :

Population	80,000
Ministers	22
Churches	21
Communicants	8,555

The general supply of the whole country is :

Population	13,000,000	
Ministers	11,450	} *
Churches	12,580	
Communicants	1,550,890	

This yields about one clergyman and one church to every thousand persons ; while it gives about one in nine of the whole population as in a state of communion. * * * And with such results before us, shall we still, with blindness and prejudice, refuse the lessons they imperatively convey ? While such evidence is developing itself in favour of the voluntary principle, where alone it has found an open and fair field of probation, should not the Dissenter be confirmed in his assurance of its power and efficiency ; and should not the pious Churchman, who regards an establishment only as it promotes the interests of religion, be inclined, whatever may have been his original disinclination, to weigh such testimony with calm and dispassionate attention ? At least, he should know that he need not be withheld from the subject by apprehension and alarm." (Vol. ii. pp. 147, 148, 151.)

Relieving our readers from the tedium of these details, we now come to grapple with them as we best may. Whether the pious Dissenter whom we have just let down may be disposed to assign us a place among " the pious Churchmen " he alludes to, we really cannot guess. But of this we can assure him, that so far from being " disinclined to weigh such testimony with calm and dispassionate attention," we welcome it, amidst severer labours, as a very pretty recreation, which we spring to with energy and delight. Which of us has the best reason for " *apprehension and alarm* " will appear when the trial is over. Meanwhile, let us proceed.

When this person affirms, in the very first sentence of the extended evidence he has just given, that " the voluntary principle is the only one now for the support of the American churches," he either states what he knows to be untrue, or he is a very partial inquirer, and wilfully ignorant of the matter on which he treats. The

fact is that the Episcopal churches throughout the state of New York are all wealthily endowed ; and more than this, we can inform Deputy Reed that they are *compelled by law* to pay out of their funds 200 dollars a-year into the pocket of his *voluntary* friend, Dr. Spring, as minister of the oldest Presbyterian congregation in that city. Neither is it true that the voluntary principle, even *now*, exists among American Presbyterians and Congregationalists in that pure, palmy, and unsecular condition, in which our witness so trippingly represents it. No doubt we have a great deal of other ground to travel over before concluding this article ; but what we have just stated appears to be so important to the right understanding of the whole question, that we must pause for a little to elucidate it.

Any person moderately acquainted with the early history of the United States must know that the voluntary principle has not had a fair trial there, any more than in Great Britain ; or, in other words, the voluntary *system* being distinguished from the voluntary *principle*, as practice is from theory, has been assisted to maintain itself partially in both countries, by reason of certain extraneous and accidental advantages, without which it would inevitably have dwindled and died. The *principle*, we know, not only demurs to any particular church receiving countenance from the state, but it repudiates all state interference for the encouragement of religion, in any form, in any sect, or in any circumstances whatever. " *Let reelegion alone*," was the northern war-cry of a certain Andrew at Kirkintilloch, whereby, some four years ago, he well nigh bawled himself hoarse. " *Let religion alone*," is the " ready chorus " re-echoed by our more oily Andrew from the other side of the Atlantic —

" In notes, by distance made more sweet."

While such, however, is the *principle*, the *system* is somewhat different. Its virtue, unfortunately, is of that frail kind that won't keep. It has a venial

* Here we must prevent our readers from being deceived by Deputy Reed's artfulness. More than two-thirds of what he calls " *ministers*," are no more entitled to that appellation than Mr. Saunders, the *woollen-draper* in Leadenhall Street, whom the London dissenting preachers lately *ordained* to the pastoral office. For the most part, like that *learned woollen-draper*, the American " *ministers* " are just pious handicraftsmen. Of their twelve thousand " *churches*," by far the larger proportion consists of some *twenty people* assembling in a *log-hut*, 12 feet by 15.

little foible about it, that sometimes brings its abstract purity into suspicion. Quietly between ourselves, it has a sneaking fondness for the magistrate, and, as often as opportunity serves, will court and coquet with him with a lewdness that ought to make it ashamed of itself. When, about eighteen years since, a formal union took place between the two larger sects of Dissenters in Scotland,—there you saw the little, bustling magistrates of Portsburgh,* in all the pride of powder and pumps, breeches and buckles, gold chains and crimson tunics, not only walking in the public procession, preceded by their mace of office, but gracing with their worshipful presence the dinner that subsequently followed. “*The mayor*,” says Deputy Reed, with *αὐτοφροσύνη* complacency, “sought an introduction to me after the service.” Judge this, and the Hon. John that, are constantly figuring with him in his transatlantic waltz; and we could wager a full half year of his pew-rents that few things in his trip gave him more indescribable satisfaction than that, having duped President Jackson into a belief that this deputy was the representative of all the churches in England, he succeeded in extorting from his namesake of Tennessee the usual invitation to dinner, which busy people are often obliged to give in order to rid themselves in a civil way of a bowing and obsequious visitor. Magistracy, though professedly loathed by the voluntary principle in matters of religion, is not without its attractions to the voluntary system in some other ways. Let the voluntary minister of a voluntary congregation be first paid off with a quarter’s salary extra, and then refused admission into his pulpit by those who are no longer willing to have him,—off he goes, like Mr. Campbell of the Tabernacle, whom we greatly honour for the spirited sketch which he lately gave of the system,—off he goes to the vice-chancellor, and; seeking protection on the compulsory principle, forces them to have him, whether they will or not. Precisely analogous to this, is the state of matters in America. Voluntaryism there, indeed, possesses in some respects the features of a state establishment; only not having its name, uni-

formity, learning, efficiency, dignity, or universality. We now tell the Congregational Dissenters in this country, whose credulity Deputy Reed has so largely practised on, that among the Presbyterian body, which is by far the most numerous and most respectable in the United States (inasmuch as the “Baptist churches” are merely Baptist prayer-meetings, led by the most gifted tailors and shoemakers they can find), the demanding and giving of legal bonds for the compulsory exaction of ministers’ salary (as their degrading phrase is), prevails to a great extent. We tell them, on the authority of a most upright and talented minister of the American Presbyterian church, that, in the body of the written calls to preachers or pastors, inviting them to take the charge of churches in America there is inserted a clause, to the intent and legal effect that, in case the minister’s stipulated salary should not be paid in a reasonable time, he is empowered by law to pay himself, by selling whatever property the congregation may possess, or, if they have no property, by selling the very church itself. We tell them, further, notwithstanding their deputy’s craftiness in having quoted in his appendix only so much of “*the law on religion*” in some states as may seem to suit his purpose, that the said law in various provinces of the republic prescribes a charter for the legal constitution and trust-management of Christian churches; that this charter is necessary to confer upon them parochial functions and powers; that it embodies by-laws for the administration of the trust, not in the way the people may voluntarily choose, but in the way the GOVERNMENT thinks best; and that, without such legal charters, the churches there can have no recognised existence, can acquire no corporate character, can hold no property, and can neither sue nor be sued. We tell them, further, on Reed’s own shewing, that the American government does not “let religion alone;” inasmuch as “by the law of the state,” he says, “no coloured persons are permitted to assemble for worship, unless a white person be present and preside.” (Vol. i. p. 218.)

But even if there were no such

* Portsburgh is a potty suburban barony in St. Cuthbert’s parish, Edinburgh. Of course, the respectable metropolitan magistrates of that day had nothing to do with the pompous raree-show got up by the Scotch Seceders on that occasion.

sturdy facts to put to shame the misrepresentations of this witness, and to prove that the voluntary *principle* is an unreal abstraction, which can exist no where but in the party pretences of those who are doomed daily to see it demolished by the practical working of the *system*—still, as far as the larger towns of America and Great Britain are concerned, where alone it can with any decency be appealed to, we are prepared to shew that that boasted *principle* has not had a fair trial in either. In such towns, in both countries, it has enjoyed certain accidental advantages which do not properly belong to it, and which it professes to repudiate. The only field in which the principle can *fairly* be tried, is in those regions where it is left entirely to its native resources, and where it has not had the previous advantage of a church establishment to generate among the people those tastes and habits which are afterwards made available for the partial maintenance of the *system*. On this point we might justly refer to the fields of missionary encampment which had not enjoyed the previous pioneering of a national church; and we might ask what sort of a commissariat have the people *voluntarily provided* for the maintenance of their spiritual privileges? In the islands of the Southern Pacific, twenty years have now elapsed since the inhabitants were reported to have given their idols to the moles and to the bats. The voluntary principle had manifest advantages even there. For twenty years before such a change took place, its apostles were well supported from England by those habits of liberality and zeal which had originally been planted and nursed by the home establishment. The heathen to whom they went had a manifest worldly inducement to entertain them; though it took twenty years to convince these heathen of the advantage they would derive from guns, and spades, and saws, and hammers, and the other implements of civilised life, which the missionaries liberally provided. The movement, too, towards Christianity was headed by Pomarre, one of their most influential kings. Town settlements were made, churches were built, nay, even missionary societies were formed, to send home *voluntarily* such articles of produce as might help to reimburse the London Society for its outlay in maintaining their missionaries.

Well, then, are these missionaries *now* relieved from being a burden to that society's funds? Is the voluntary principle supporting them, without the necessity of drawing upon Austin Friars? Do not these friars, both clerical and secular, constitute a board of directors, who *enact laws* for religion in the Southern Pacific, who provide a home-endowment for its support, and who are yearly funding property to a large amount for the *permanent maintenance* of those missions, which they feel they cannot entrust to the voluntary principle, and which practically hold it up, in fact, to ineffable derision and scorn?

Passing, however, from this instance (which, nevertheless, we cannot admit to be an extreme one, inasmuch as its leading features are universally the same in all parallel circumstances), let us come a little nearer home. Surely it may be expected, that the people in Scotland will have some taste for religion; and that they will make some effort to obtain it. Where they are gathered together in towns, or in populous rural districts, this is generally the case. But what has the voluntary principle done for the larger parishes of the Highlands, some of which are sixty miles long, and from eight to fifteen broad? More than a hundred and fifty years have elapsed since the Presbyterian Church was established by law in that country, with a pastor and a schoolmaster attached to each parish; yet, with all this advantage (notwithstanding the evils resulting from the want of church-accommodation in that land, which government must provide, otherwise religion and morality must suffer), an advantage that has at least generated *a desire* for Divine ordinances among the remote and secluded Highlanders,—what have they *voluntarily* done—or what are they able to do—or what have the partisans of the voluntary system done for them, to provide a regular and sufficient supply of suitable religious instruction? Literally nothing! So poor are the Highlanders themselves, so far removed from their parish-church, so miserably inefficient the voluntary principle, and so urgent the wants of vast tracts of country, that, besides the parochial Highland missionaries supported by the *regium donum*, and those *voluntarily* maintained by the Established Church Society for propagating Christian Know-

ledge, thirty new churches were obliged to be built by government a few years ago, to supply the deficiencies of the voluntary principle, and to arrest in some degree the fearful moral devastations that were going on; and still the evil is not half-remedied: nor can it ever be remedied, unless it be done by the wise liberality of the state. But if, with every advantage on its side, the more than fair trial of the voluntary principle for better than a century, both in the Highlands and Lowlands of Scotland, has proved a fair failure, as regards its power of meeting the wants of the increasing and scattered population,—surely no person but this witness will pretend, that whatever of sound religion may exist in America has been achieved by the principle in question; and, least of all, by a *fair* trial of it, on its own native resources. For all that is bad there, the voluntary principle is distinctly responsible, as we shall presently shew; but for all that is really good, of which we cheerfully hope there is not a little, credit must undoubtedly be given to the religious habits and sentiments which the elder emigrants took out with them from the establishments of their fatherland. In truth, as it was by the establishment-system alone that the Gospel was originally planted and propagated in America, so it is by the lingering attachments which that organisation created that the Gospel is now, in any degree, respected or maintained.

Knowing, then, that the ancient New England pilgrims gave a legal establishment to Cromwell's Congregationalism, or "the standing order"—that the earlier Episcopalian settlers founded their church in Virginia with the sanctions and supports of law—and that the first Presbyterians from Scotland took with them, like the celebrated Dr. Witherspoon of Paisley, both the polity and the associations of their national Zion, which, though certainly not improved, have been handed down to their successors in the present American Presbyterian Church;—knowing, we say, that these establishment agencies, distinct and diffused in operation, but all bearing to the one great end of maintaining and extending a respect for religion among the people, have actually continued working as legal state institutions, some of them till within these ten years, and one of them, in Massachusetts, down to June

1833;—knowing, to use Deputy Reed's own words (vol. ii. pp. 136, 137), that "*the last fragments of its compulsory and endowed system were demolished only two years since*,"—is there a man in England, removed above the degradation of an Old Bailey witness purchaseable at half-a-crown an oath, who would say, with this unhappy person, that in such circumstances the voluntary system has been fairly tried in America; and that, whatever of good exists there, is attributable to that system, which, with many antecedent and present advantages extraneous to itself, has been in general operation only for the last few years? The voluntary principle *tried* in America, indeed! He may tell us that, if he will, some fifty years hence. In point of fact it is, even now, only entering upon its trial; from which we pray God to give it a good deliverance. Meanwhile, though much good has been done, and many mischiefs retarded, by the partial operation of the early civil endowments for religion in the United States,—it is nevertheless undeniable, that the want of a regularly organised and thoroughly diffused church establishment, pervading the whole republic, has been productive of evils of the most alarming kind to the interests of sound religion and the general improvement of American society. Proof of this we shall presently extort out of the mouth of Deputy Reed himself. But let us hear what he says in the interim:

"Deliberately, but without hesitation, I say, *the result is, in every thing and every where, most favourable to the voluntary, and against the compulsory principle. Let us look at this*," he adds, "both as a matter of testimony and as a matter of fact."—Vol. ii. p. 137.

Now, before examining the "matter of testimony" with the "calm and dispassionate attention" he justly claims for it, we must have a word or two about this *deliberate and unhesitating* say of his, which is much too curious to be passed entirely without notice. In a market-town on the Yorkshire coast, a pushing young fishmonger began business a few years ago, by opening shop just next door to an old-established tradesman in the same line. Anxious to obtain custom, and knowing how much his success depended on his being able to injure the credit

of his neighbour, and to poison the minds of the people who dealt with him, he took all manner of expedients in order to effect his purpose. He inserted puffing advertisements in the newspapers, headed, "*No monopoly.*" He used to take passengers by the button as they were going by, and say to them, "You know I can always manage to get a little good fish, when there is not a great deal to be had." (*Reed*, vol. i. p. 93.) If they would only stand a minute he would declare, that on one occasion, when he was recommending his *white-bait* to some judicious amateurs, his "closing appeals fell with such advancing power upon their consciences," that the bait was taken to an extent he had never seen before—"so deep, so overpowering, so universal." (*Reed*, vol. i. pp. 283, 285.) People, however, were not always such gudgeons as he took them to be; and, finding at last that he was not getting on to his wish, he adopted the singular measure of standing at his neighbour's door, and, pointing to his own stall, exclaimed, with a blustering Bilingsgate brag, "*I say my fish is better than his!*" "Your fish!" said a passer-by, who was fainting with the stench of it; "bah, you nuisance! 'tis yourself that says so."

How far this little anecdote serves to illustrate the respect due to Deputy Reed's "deliberate and unhesitating say" in favour of his voluntary fish, our readers will be at no loss to perceive. But since he has offered testimony upon the subject, that testimony we shall now proceed to look at.

According to the common-sense canons of evidence, testimony may be either general or particular, strong or weak, deserving of belief, or wholly unworthy of credit. As, on the one hand, when testimony is general and indefinite, it is usually held in little esteem, because of its failing to establish any special point; so, on the other, its strength and credibility, whether it be general or particular, materially depend on the number and good character of the witnesses. So indispensable is character to the value of testimony, that the practice of giving the names and residences of witnesses, or other particulars whereby they may be identified, inquired about, and made responsible for their evidence, has become universal in every important case, except at the secret tribunals of

the Inquisition. Thus, the testimony of only two persons, whose names, residence, or occupation, are so distinctly stated as may enable us to search them out, and inquire whether they actually said what is ascribed to them or not; this testimony, we say, though limited in point of extent, is of far more real value to the cause of truth than the evidence of any number you please, whose names are carefully withheld. Anonymous testimony, in short, is just good for nothing; and the more that any man will presume to retail such testimony, and ask you to depend upon it as evidence, the greater is the demand he is making on your credulity. No matter what may be his specious pretences respecting the number and harmony of his witnesses; as long as he withholds their names, the testimony which he fathers upon them is, in reality, no other than his own. It rests simply and solely upon his mere personal credit.

Now precisely such is the American testimony which this reckless asseverator has the temerity to adduce, as *universally in favour of the Voluntary System.* From beginning to end, the testimony he expects us to be gulled with, is vague, indefinite, and anonymous. Not one special point does it speak to; not one precise opinion does it quote; nor is there attached to it one single name, known or unknown, respectable or otherwise. The general purport of it is, "I deliberately say that my fish is better than yours, and every man I have seen says the same." If he had had no other interests to serve than those of truth, why did he not procure and publish the signed and dated testimony of the most eminent ministers of the various denominations in the United States? Why has he not produced the special opinions of such men as Dr. Cox, Dr. Beecher, Dr. Spring, Bishop White, and Bishop McIlvaine? Nay, further, seeing that this congregational envoy had been sent out by a sectarian coterie, "to witness the progress of that experiment in which (say they) we feel so deeply interested, and to bring us home a full and fair report;" and since, moreover, he was present, and permitted to take a place and a part, not only in the anniversaries of various religious societies, but in the meeting of the General Assembly of the American Presbyterian Church, as well as

in several county associations of the Congregationalists, in certain provinces of the republic; why has he not brought home formal attestations from these respective bodies, certifying, under the hand of their officials, those "*universal*" opinions in favour of the voluntary system which he has found it more convenient to set down for them in the gross? It will not do to say, that he had no opportunity to obtain such official and formal deliverances on the question; for, independently of the valedictory meeting at New York, where various resolutions were passed which might just as easily have embraced the voluntary system as the other organisations for the spread of Divine truth therein alluded to,—the deputy, having carried a fraternal letter from his beloved Union to the American Presbyterian Assembly, received a formal reply to that letter, drawn up and presented by his poor dupe, Dr. Ely, "as the official organ of that body during its recess." (Vol. i. p. 486.) A fairer opportunity for giving a distinct declaration in favour of voluntarism never could have presented itself than in this same official letter of Dr. Ely's. Yet, so far is the worthy doctor from saying one word in its favour, that he actually introduces a cautionary sentence, anticipating that its evils might be *overstated*, and reminding Deputy Reed to "*tell the truth without exaggeration and bitterness.*"

"You have seen us," says Dr. Ely, "at a time of greater political and religious commotion than we have ever before experienced since we became an independent nation; and you will have to tell of noisy elections, mobs, and ecclesiastical controversies: but you will tell the truth, without exaggeration and bitterness. You will be able to judge of the stability of our republican government, and of our voluntary religious associations, more accurately, from THE SHAKING THEY HAVE EXPERIENCED FROM THESE EVILS which you have been providentially ordered to see in our country, than had your visit occurred at some more favourable period in our history. For our own sake, we could have wished that you might have witnessed nothing but ORDER, PEACE, BROTHERLY LOVE, and success in every good enterprise." —Vol. i. p. 487.

Here, then, we have it, upon better testimony than Deputy Reed's, that he had witnessed in America some-

thing very different from order, peace, brotherly love, and success in voluntary religious associations; that the voluntary system had sustained *shaking* from noisy elections, mobs, and ecclesiastical controversies; and that the Americans, for their own sake, could have wished it had been otherwise. Is this the testimony that is "universally" in its favour? Well, we shall give him a little more of it; only, instead of dealing in convenient generalities, like this supple Andrew, we shall proceed throughout to name the persons or documents we quote from, and with such precision of date, or other circumstances, as may enable this witness to detect and expose us if we are wrong, just as we are endeavouring to detect and expose him. Turning, then, from Dr. Ely's testimony, as to "the shaking which the voluntary religious associations experienced" in America, at the very time of Reed's visit,—we might now demand of our congregational deputy whether he is quite sure that this shaking is over, and that the full amount of its injurious consequences is even now ascertained? But, as we could no more trust to his answer on this point than on any other, we prefer quoting the written testimony of the Reverend Dr. Beecher, of Boston, in America; given, also, at the time of Reed's excursion, or else very shortly afterwards. Speaking of what are called religious revivals, so common to American voluntarism, the candid and intelligent doctor says, in reference to the more extravagant sort:

"Another thing to be feared [and why feared, if not likely to occur?] is, that meeting in their career with the most determined opposition from educated ministers, and colleges, and seminaries, all these in succession would be denounced and held up as objects of popular odium, and a host of ardent, inexperienced, impudent young men, be poured out, as from the hives of the north, to obliterate civilisation and roll back the wheels of time to semi-barbarism." —*Narrative*, vol. ii. p. 47.

A little further on, Dr. Beecher adds:

"One overflowing of a violent, un-governed revival, would snatch the victory from truth, and throw revivals back at least fifty years. It would be the greatest calamity that could befall this young empire. The perversion of the popular taste, and the extinction of the

popular prejudice against learning and a learned ministry, where an enlightened public sentiment coupled with enlightened piety is our all, would be to us nearly what the incursions of the northern barbarians were to the Roman empire. It would stop all our improvements, and throw us back in civilisation, science, and religion, at least a whole century. It would constitute an era of calamity never to be forgotten, and be referred to by future historians as the dark age of our republic. There are parts of our nation, to which I might refer you, which were burnt over by such a revival some twenty years ago, where THE ABIDING EVILS MAY STILL BE SEEN in the state of society which has followed. O my brother! if a victorious army should overflow and lay us waste, or if a fire should pass over and lay every dwelling in our land in ashes, it would be a blessing to be coveted with thanksgiving, in comparison to the moral desolation of one ungoverned revival of religion; for physical evils can be speedily remedied, but the desolation of moral causes is deep and abiding."—Vol. ii. pp. 48, 49.

The revivals of Jonathan Edwards in old America, and the revivals of Cambuslang in steady Scotland, which, blessed with the influences of the Holy Spirit, were achieved by the active zeal and sober restraints of church establishments, are entitled to the respect and thanksgivings of every devout mind; but a revival in the modern trans-Atlantic voluntary church-shops, where their trustees are often under pecuniary engagements which they find a great difficulty in getting the wherewithal to meet, is, in most cases, neither more nor less than a desperate pushing for spiritual customers. And the various expedients of "the anxious seat" and "protracted meetings," which are just on a par with the "new measures" of our pushing young fishmonger before alluded to,—are, in fact, as inseparable from the voluntary system, where it is unsobered and uncontrolled by the influence of a church establishment, as the despicable puffings of young beginners in business are inseparable from the race of rivalry, where all start on a perfect footing of equality. But even were extravagant revivals not essential to the voluntary system, as they are evidently incidental to it, according to Dr. Beecher's testimony,—what possible security can there be against their frequent occurrence and calamitous effects, where people

are left without the influences of a well-regulated state church—where religious caprice is permitted to gain a rampant ascendancy—where all is voluntary, and where nothing is established? As Homer sometimes nods, so it is accidentally let out by Deputy Reed, that what Dr. Beecher cautiously represents as having occurred twenty years ago, is literally taking place at the present day.

"Churches," he says, "have become the sport of division, distraction, and disorder. Pastors have been made unhappy in their dearest connexions; they have stayed to mourn over diminished influence and affection, or they have been driven away to find in calmer regions a field of renewed labour. So extensive has been this evil, that, in one presbytery of nineteen churches, there were only three that had settled pastors; and in one synod, in 1832, of a hundred and three churches, only fifty-two had pastors: the rest had stated supplies. THE GENERAL EFFECT has been to discourage revivals in their best form; to cast down the weak, to confound the sober-minded, to confirm the formalist, and to dispose the censorious world to 'speak evil of the good way.'"—Vol. ii. pp. 42, 43.

Is this the testimony which he tells us is "universally in favour" of the voluntary system? Then, by all means, we shall give him his heart's content of it. To shew the utter insufficiency of voluntarism to meet the religious wants of the United States, when their population a few years back amounted to only eight millions, we now subjoin the "testimony" of Mr. Warden, the American consul at Paris, as given in his work upon America:

"An American population of eight millions would, of course, require 8000 ministers; but the whole number of regular well-educated ministers does not exceed 3000: consequently five millions of persons are destitute of competent religious instruction."

Whatever benefit Deputy Reed can derive from alleging that Warden's testimony is several years old, he is perfectly welcome to. But our object in quoting it is to shew, that as such was the miserable inefficiency of voluntarism at that time,—so we find, from other evidence of a later date, that that boasted system is just as powerless for good even at the present day. Take, then, the testimony of the

Rev. Mr. Peters, which he gave so lately as May 1833, in a speech of his at the anniversary meeting of the American Presbyterian Education Society :

Mr. Peters said, "He stood up to plead the wants of *five millions* of our citizens. In this nation are found only 8000 educated, or *partially educated*, ministers; which, at one minister to a thousand people, leaves five millions of our population unsupplied. And what can the Missionary [Voluntary] Society do towards supplying these? It can only transfer ministers from one section of the country to another. And when we go to the different theological seminaries, and call upon them for help to go to our new and frontier settlements, we receive the reply, that all, and five times their number, are actually wanted in their own states; and so we are compelled to sit down and weep over the *FIVE MILLIONS* who are perishing for the bread of life."

Or, in other words, the number of preachers, as given by Mr. Peters, including the incompetent and "*partially educated*," whom Warden had made no account of, is apparently increased; while the number of the population "*unsupplied*" with religious instruction—namely, five millions—remains precisely the same!

Is this the testimony which the Congregational deputy tells us is "*universally* in favour of the voluntary system?" Let him have more still. To the same purpose as the preceding declaration by Mr. Peters, is the following extract from the *Report* of the American Baptist Home Missionary Society, given to the public the very summer before our deputy's visit, namely, in May 1833 :

"In entering on an enterprise so momentous as that of home-missions in this country, the executive committee felt it their duty to survey the field to be cultivated, the instruments for doing the work, and the pecuniary means necessary for its accomplishment. They have occupied a high moral eminence, from which they have described the land in its length and breadth. This survey has evinced a wide and fearful moral destitution in the country, calling loudly on all members of the Christian community to aid immediately and liberally in efforts for its supply. To supply a population of 13,000,000 with religious instruction, there are about 9000 ministers. Now, if it be admitted that one able and faithful minister, devoted exclusively to

the spiritual interests of 1000 souls, is no more than a common supply; and on the supposition, too, *which we by no means admit*, that all who *profess to be Christian teachers* are competent ministers of the gospel, there *would be a deficiency* of 4000 ministers to meet the present wants of the country.

"But a large deduction from this must be made for Catholics, and such sects of professed Protestants as are *propagating error*; for those who, though labouring with the best intentions, are *too ignorant of Christianity* to teach *is* doctrines with advantage to others; for those who are employed as teachers in theological institutions, colleges, and academies, &c., those who are necessarily so *engaged in secular occupations* as to prohibit their devoting time to the preparation for much usefulness in the ministry. These and others amount, in the aggregate, to *several thousands*. These facts evince a great and alarming destitution of Christian instruction."

Again, quoting from the same *Report*, for May 1833, we have the following statement, given on the authority of Allen's *Baptist Register* :

"In New England the number of ministers, compared with the churches, is 5 to 8; New York, 2 to 3; the other middle States, 1 to 3; the south, 7 to 13; and the western, as 9 to 19 (that is, ten out of every nineteen churches are vacant, or more than *one-half*). These numerical calculations fail to exhibit the whole truth. For, among 1896 Baptist churches in the great valley, including near 100,000 members, the utmost effective supply is not more than equal to 200 pastors in the eastern States. This destitution of ministers, then, in the south, and especially the west, is alarming."

Yet the Reverend Deputy Reed finds no scruple in declaring, that, with the exception of perhaps some half-dozen persons whom he met with, the American "*testimony in favour of the efficiency of the voluntary system is UNIVERSAL*!" How far his declaration is true, as illustrated by the state of matters in Virginia, will be made sufficiently apparent by the following extract (August 10th, 1833) from a circular issued, by the Winchester presbytery :

"Within the limits of our presbytery there are *nineteen* counties, and a population of about 250,000. We are not able to state the exact number of ministers, including all denominations, who labour in the gospel amongst this popu-

lation, but suppose that it is less than one hundred; and of these a *very large* proportion are not devoted exclusively to the work of the ministry, but are engaged in various secular pursuits.

"With a population as sparse as ours is generally, it is supposed that 1000 is quite enough for the pastoral charge of one minister. This will leave *one hundred and forty-five thousand* destitute of the regular ministrations of the gospel. But the number on each Sabbath-day who do not hear the gospel is far greater. *We may assume five hundred* as the average size of the congregations within our bounds on the Sabbath-day. Giving to each minister this number of hearers, will make *fifty thousand* who hear the gospel on the Sabbath-day, and leave *two hundred thousand* who do not."

Take the following appeal, too, on behalf of Eastern Virginia, dated 7th September 1833, and issued by the executive missionary committee of East Hanover Presbytery:

"Our field of labour is Eastern Virginia, commencing at the upper line of the tier of counties next above the head of Tidewater, and extending to the bay and the ocean. There are within these limits nearly forty counties, containing a population of about 400,000, one-half coloured, and all the principal towns in the state.

"In this region there are twelve settled Presbyterian ministers, or about one to each 35,000 inhabitants. The number of Episcopal ministers is about as large; and of other evangelical denominations there may be, perhaps, as many more who are educated men. This statement may aid you in judging of the destitution of this region of country."

Testimony to the same effect, which this poor blinded partisan has had the hardihood to affirm "is universally in favour of the voluntary system," might be accumulated almost without end. But, though we have no doubt he now begins to feel, if he can feel, that the "apprehension and alarm"

which he affected to think might deter Church people from examining this question, are only the fitting tenants of his own veracious breast; and though most of our readers will doubtless be disposed to acknowledge that, as far as testimony is concerned, we have amply redeemed our October promise, "to confront and discredit this Congregational witness with an overwhelming mass of counter-depositions of the most authentic kind,"—still, as we are informed by the *Eclectic Review* that Deputy Reed was the bearer of a letter from the Religious Tract Society in this country, introducing him to the Religious Tract Society in America (a circumstance against which every English Episcopal member of that professedly Catholic institution should protest in the most effective way, by instantly withdrawing and forming a new society*), so the correct intelligence which he might have received from the American Tract Committee, respecting the total failure of the voluntary system in providing the republic with religious instruction, presents his concealments and denials in so flagitious a light, that we cannot refrain from quoting certain statements by the agents of that committee, as given in their Report for 1833:

"One agent says of his district: 'The churches are few and feeble. Of one denomination there are but two churches, I am informed, within 100 miles of——, one of the largest towns in my field, and neither of them are able to support a stated ministry. Some thousands of families have not an individual in them who can read, and *probably not more than one-fifth of the population hear the gospel preached.*'

"Another says: 'My field embraces twenty-five counties and 386,784 inhabitants, about two-thirds of whom have evangelical preaching, and from about one-half of these to two-thirds neglect it.'

"Another agent says: 'My field

* The Religious Tract Society was not the only body of that description that was applied to to accredit the deputation. The British and Foreign Bible Society was solicited for a similar letter; which letter, however, was refused.

These different results arose from the different administration of the two societies. Both profess to be catholic in their constitution, and to be free from sectarian bias. But, in the one case, this is the fact; in the other, it is a mere pretence. In the Bible Society there is not only a dissenting secretary, but also a clerical one, active, intelligent, and taking his rightful share in its management. With the Tract Society the case is otherwise. The crafty Dissenters who conduct its affairs, always select a popular and respected clergyman for its secretary; but they take care that he shall not be a London one. Formerly, they had the Rev. Leigh Richmond; at present, the Rev. R. W. Sibthorp.

embraces ten counties and 110,000 inhabitants. From sources to be relied on, I have evidence that *less than one-third* of this population stately enjoy gospel privileges, and that a *large majority* of the remaining two-thirds rarely hear a gospel sermon for many years."

"Another agent says: 'The field assigned me is about 180 miles long by 100 wide, embracing twenty-seven counties. Probably one half of the population either have not the stated means of grace within their reach, or wilfully absent themselves.'

"Another says: 'My field comprises twenty-six counties, and about 250,000 inhabitants; one-third of whom, perhaps, have evangelical preaching within their reach, either on every Sabbath, or one Sabbath in every two or three.'

"Another says: 'My field embraces thirty-three counties and 13,000 square miles. In the heart of the territory where I reside, I suppose that *not more than one-eighth* of the adult population hear evangelical preaching on any given Sabbath. The fact is, *this field is about as much missionary ground as Burmah*; and if any thing efficient is done here, it must be done for some time by foreign aid.'

"Another, occupying a new and destitute field, 200 miles by 175, containing about 130,000 inhabitants, says: 'Not more than *one-sixth part* of the population is supplied with evangelical preaching, and in some instances it is almost wholly neglected.'

This testimony to the efficiency of the voluntary system refers to 1833; but let us come down a year later. In the Report of the American Baptist Home Missionary Committee for 1834 (the very year of Reed's visit), we are presented with the following facts and appeal:

"This committee are of opinion, that only a very inadequate idea exists among the churches of the *vast* amount of the destitution of the preaching of the gospel within the limits of the denomination, and throughout the country; and they are desirous that the facts of the case should be before them. It is, then, a fact, that the number of our ministers is but little more than *one half* of the number of our churches; that only about *one half* these ministers devote themselves exclusively to the work of the ministry; that a great proportion of these ministers would gladly preach the gospel all the time, if they could be relieved from the necessity of labouring in some secular employment for the support of their families; that around these churches are *multitudes* of souls

almost totally destitute of preaching, to whom these ministers would be able and disposed to publish salvation, if they were assisted in doing so. While there is so much destitution of the saving knowledge of the truth, *INFIDELITY is becoming rife and unblushing* in various sections of the country. Error, in its multiform character, is propagated. Others rely on a sound creed and cold orthodoxy, the weightier matters of the moral law being neglected; and worse than all, perhaps, popery is rapidly on the increase. It already includes a *tenth* part of our free population."

With such testimony as this, not enveloped after the manner of Deputy Reed, in the swelling words of vanity and vagueness, but teeming with special details; adduced from the most recent, varied, and trustworthy sources; uttering one articulate though melancholy note; and duly attested by such an array of names and dates as must at once challenge and defy contradiction;—with such testimony, we say, so copious, concurrent, and official, our readers will now be able to judge, both of the veracity of this dissenting tourist, and of the *universal* evidence in favour of the voluntary system which he was purposely sent out to bring home! But really, as far as regards the great question, Whether it be the duty and wisdom of a government to improve social order, by thoroughly pervading the community with a permanent administration of moral and intellectual influences, of a determinate amount and quality; or whether it were better to leave the national manners to be developed and displayed, either with or without education of any kind, or of all kinds, just according to the whim, or choice, or power, or penury of individuals?—as far as regards this great question, it would be to us a matter of perfect indifference, even though the American testimony had been as universally in favour of the voluntary system as we have now shewn it to be universally and conclusively *against* it. And our reasons for saying so are briefly these.

1. In the first place, supposing such a testimony to have been given by Americans, it would have stood broadly contradicted by their existing practice. Throughout the greater part, if not the whole of the United States, the moral and intellectual influences we have just alluded to are wisely *established*

and supported by the authority of LAW; or, in other words, they have a legislative and not a voluntary system of national education (*Reed*, vol. ii. p. 202, *et seq.*). It is a provision of the federal legislature, enforced under suitable penalties, that every township of a certain size shall contribute an adequate sum annually, "TO SECURE"—(mark the wise words, which we quote from a correspondent of *Reed's*, vol. ii. p. 205) —"to secure, in every district and village of the commonwealth, the means of regular instruction to children."

Now be it carefully noted, that Deputy Reed approves of this—just as Joseph Hume and Daniel O'Connell, backed by the English Dissenters and Scotch Voluntaries, approve of the national system of Irish education; which compels the application of our Protestant funds for the inculcation of Popish commentaries in the Catholic schools. "Whatever may have been the variations," (says the Deputy, vol. ii. p. 213), "it is unquestionable that the system has operated most delightfully for New England." And he speaks of it (p. 218) as a "*wise arrangement for infusing and sustaining vigour throughout the whole economy.*" What, then, is the real intent and actual character of this American anti-voluntary system for securing a permanent administration of moral and intellectual influences among the trans-Atlantic youth? Assuming that the Rev. Calvin Colton, in his *Church and State in America*, speaks correctly when he says, "that the United States as a nation, and all the several States, recognise, in one form or another, Christianity as the true religion, and so far have established it,"—then the inference from this is not an unfair one, that morality of some kind must be taught in these American schools supported by state-enactment. It is even so,—inasmuch as by a law of the commonwealth, passed in 1789 (*Reed*, vol. ii. p. 204), it is required that the schoolmasters shall be "*of good morals,*" and that, among other things, they shall teach the children "*decent behaviour.*" Advancing onwards in this simple induction we may further infer, that in a land where Christianity is recognised as the true religion, the "morals" required on the part of teachers, and the "*behaviour*" to be inculcated on the pupils, must be only such as are founded on Christian principles. Indeed we

have positive proof of this. As we learn with much gratification, from Deputy Reed's correspondent (vol. ii. p. 205), that the state-supported schools of America have been "*eminently successful,*" he says, "in diffusing knowledge, and the principles of piety and virtue, among the people." Pray, will Deputy Reed be good enough to inform us, in what respects all this differs in principle from the system established throughout the parishes of this country, whereby an accredited administration of moral, intellectual, and spiritual influences, is located and supported in every district for the Christian education of our adult community? If he will favour us with an answer, we will attend to it; meanwhile, as long as the Americans are committed to the principle of a state-system of Christian education for children,—any testimony which they might presume to give against the principle of a state-system of Christian education for adults, we should be disposed very quietly, through very civilly, to decline. The question between America and Britain is, not whether there should be a state-provision to secure Christian education—for on that, as a general principle, they are agreed—but the question between them is, How far should that education be carried? America says that it shall stop when a youth leaves school; or, in other words, just when his passions are springing into energy, and he is leaving the restraints of a paternal home. The decree of Britain is, that an opportunity shall be secured to him for receiving it till the end of his life.

2. A second reason why we should attach little importance to any testimony from the United States in favour of the voluntary system, arises from the existing position of their preachers and people. The sectaries that were non-established in America having succeeded in getting rid of a state-assessment for religion, will, of course, say nothing, either to condemn their former impatience under that assessment, or to prove the necessity of having it reimposed; while the preachers again (who, unless endowed, are just so many humble dependents upon their people) dare not say any thing that might run counter to their sordid habits and wills: otherwise the pastors, as Reed says, would either "*stay to mourn over diminished influence and affection,*"

or they would be "driven away" to find another place and a new master. Now, that the American ministers whom Deputy Reed met with had a shrewd guess that he was likely to write a book, we have no doubt whatever. Suppose, then, he had come home, and in the exercise of that candour and ingenuousness which he is so miserably deficient in, had honestly declared that Professor Such-a-one, Dr. this, and Mr. So-and-so, with a long catalogue of other American pastors, gave their decided testimony that they were poorly and irregularly paid by their people—that the voluntary system would not do—that ministers' salary was generally paid in bread, butcher-meat, groceries, and apparel, by the tradespeople in their congregations—that in the country-places they can hardly get a few dollars a-year to pay tolls—that "*when they become aged and infirm they are turned out, like old horses, to feed upon stubble*;" which remarkable words were actually made use of to ourselves, by a respectable American gentleman;—and suppose that special cases had been assigned in illustration of this degrading but faithful description,—what would have become of the said professors, doctors, and pastors, if they had had the indiscretion to commit themselves to Deputy Reed on points of such delicacy and soreness? A very pretty broil in their livings they would have made of it! Ay, and in addition to the "presbyteries of nineteen churches that have only three settled pastors," there would have been a little more *unsettling*; and chairs as well as churches would have become, even more than Reed now acknowledges them to be, "*the sport of division, distraction, and disorder*" (vol. ii. p. 42). But no, the American pastors knew better. They cannot be expected to speak in direct terms against the voluntary system, because their subsistence, already miserable, is known to depend upon their avowed contentment with it. They have only the Irishman's choice, that or nothing. Some few of them, like Dr. Codman, may be able to afford to be voluntaries; but for the most part, knowing that they dare not give their spoken or written suffrages against a system which withal they cannot conscientiously approve, they therefore prefer letting their sentiments

be *inferred* from such *statements of facts* as their people can neither blame them for, nor deny. By speeches at public meetings, by printed circulars, and by the reports of religious committees, they conclusively shew such an amount of spiritual destitution in America as leaves the *inference* inevitable, that, under the exposed inefficiency of the voluntary system, nothing but the establishment principle can possibly meet the case. Hence, if Deputy Reed were able to give the names of the whole three thousand educated pastors in America, as being in favour of an out-and-out voluntary system (and he does not adduce one), we should just say, that such evidence had been extorted under the coercion of their circumstances—that their testimony would be quite on a parallel with that of poor Reynard, who, while depreciating the grapes he had failed to reach, felicitated himself on having lost the bushy appendage which he would fondly have kept; and that, in spite of the laudations lavished upon their alleged disinterestedness by our congregational commissioner, they would still prefer in their hearts, the solid establishment-pudding to the voluntaries' empty praise.

3. We have to state, moreover, in the third place, that any testimony by Americans against the establishment principle, supposing it to be given, would be rendered wholly worthless by a reference to the circumstances under which a legal assessment for religion was put an end to in the United States. In consequence of that assessment having been confined only to particular provinces—such as New England and Virginia—and its proceeds applied, not exclusively to one accredited state church pervading the whole territory, but to two Christian denominations in limited localities, differing widely in principles and polity from the Presbyterians, Methodists, and Baptists, who constitute by far the largest bodies in that country,—it is easy to see the irritations, jealousies, and heart-burnings, which such caricatures of church establishments would inevitably generate. Besides being a small minority in the hands of the unestablished Philistines, the disagreement subsisting between these two denominations themselves, was an immutable element of feebleness and insecurity to both. No man in his senses

could dream that such a state of things could last. "Infidelity," says Reed, "united with the tolerated religious bodies in demanding changes. * * *

The dissenting community on the one hand, and infidelity on the other, were prevailing against 'it. * * *

The conflict was strong, and frequently connected with demonstrations of irreligious violence." (Vol. ii. pp. 140-1.)

Accordingly, the tolerated American Dissenters, being bent on attaining ~~that~~ equality with the *two* favoured denominations, which they knew could never be achieved except by contending for the voluntary principle throughout, were only too glad to gratify their envy at all hazards; while the episcopal and congregational objects of state favour, possessing neither uniformity of polity nor universality of diffusion, and presenting only the more objectionable features of church establishments, without any of their higher indemnifying properties, were obliged (though with great reluctance, as is evident from the testimony of Dwight and others) to surrender as gracefully as possible, the doubtful superiority which they felt they could no longer maintain. As, therefore, those large "religious bodies," that used only to be tolerated in America, are irrevocably committed to the voluntary principle, from the very fact of their having made it at once the useful hunter and the worrying beagle, whereby they separated the feeble *Church-twins* of America from their lawful dam, and coursed them into that *venison* condition which, being peculiarly agreeable to Deputy Reed's gusto (vol. i. p. 153), accounts for the circumstance of his considering this "alteration as a most felicitous improvement" (vol. ii. pp. 134-141); so we could attach no manner of value to the testimony of these bodies in favour of the voluntary system, even had it been produced, because they must know that any other testimony of a formal, direct, and different kind, would indelibly brand them with inconsistency: whereas, admitting, for the sake of argument, what we cannot admit for the sake of truth, that the American Episcopalians and Congregationalists have so far apostatised from their original establishment principles, as now to concur with their old enemies in lauding the voluntary system which they recently despised,—every person must see that these bodies

having never, at any period, been so thoroughly and extensively established as to carry with them the character and influence of *one national church*, and having now bid final farewell to the prospect of ever regaining the very poor and partial state-favour they once enjoyed, might be tempted—not unnaturally in such circumstances—to make a virtue of necessity, by chiming in with the popular hosannas in favour of voluntaryism, rather than continue to assert an abstract principle, which, besides yielding them no practical benefit, would inevitably cover them with public odium, as it formerly exposed them to "irreligious violence."

Having thus disposed of the alleged *testimony* in support of the voluntary system, we now proceed to examine the remaining part of Reed's evidence, namely, that "*Fact is unanimously in its favour.*"

Now this averment of his, we are quite in a condition to disprove, by a variety of counter-details given by other writers; but because this supple witness has, to suit his own purpose, claimed the benefit of the common concession, that "testimony obtained from reluctant witnesses always receives weight in a court of justice" (vol. ii. p. 141); therefore, to please him, we shall content ourselves with eliciting a thorough refutation of his preceding averment, from the mouth of a reluctant witness: and, to please him still more, that witness shall be himself! Little did this vain and vapouring *claqueur* imagine, that when he was twaddling about sights and sects, suppers and sermons, manners and mint-julep, he was all the while laying in pickle a rod of retribution for his own especial exposure and chastisement; and never, certainly, did the Latin proverb, *Quem Deus vult*, &c., receive a more signal confirmation than in the present case. Even if the facts inadvertently let out by this witness had indicated a sound and salutary state of religion and morals—these facts, we submit, could not fairly have been placed to the credit of the voluntary system, inasmuch as the Americans, notwithstanding their destitutions, have always been reaping important benefits from the establishment principles, habits, and associations, carried of old by their ancestors from the mother-land; and just as little could

their existing ignorance, barbarism, and immorality, be fairly set down to the discredit of the legislative system, inasmuch as that system was but very partially tried among them, within certain indulged localities, and that, too, in the most feeble, divided, and obnoxious forms. With these explanations, the voluntary principle, though possessing many extraneous and accidental advantages in America, may justly be held responsible, upon the whole, for the extent to which the establishment-system has only partially succeeded in that country: and as the tests employed to ascertain the practical value of either, should only be such as are widest and most extensive in operation, we shall confine ourselves as much as possible to tests of this comprehensive kind, while we now examine the FACTS illustrative of the voluntary system, as these are presented to us in Deputy Reed's own account of American religion and morality.

What we strenuously maintain as a leading position is, that the present state of RELIGION, both among pastors and people, in the trans-Atlantic republic, so far from testifying in favour of the voluntary system, is *decidedly against it*. Let us look at this, as regards THE PEOPLE.

1. The first *fact*, which we shall adduce to shew how far voluntary effort has failed to imbue the community with sound religious principle is, *the general character of their political representatives*. Surely, in a country like America, where the right of voting for members of congress amounts almost to universal suffrage, the manner in which the elective franchise is exercised must furnish one of the most comprehensive and accurate tests imaginable, as to the piety and intelligence of the great bulk of the people. The sort of men returned to congress, is a pretty safe illustration of the sort of men who sent them there. Now, making due allowance for certain eminent exceptions, the general character of the American senators is just as low as it can well be. At the elections,—finding that, if they were known to belong to a particular sect, they would lose the votes of the rival sects, who are jealous of each other,—and that if they acknowledged themselves favourable to religion, the myriads of republican infidels would be in arms against them,—it is their common practice to

profess that *they belong to no Christian denomination in particular*, which just means that they are men of no religion at all. For the most part, indeed, they are a set of ignorant, prating, unprincipled, needy adventurers; and so strongly do they stand in contrast with those ideas of senatorial independence, dignity, virtue, and accomplishment which Reed himself had formed from our British representatives (of whom it is difficult to say whether their own average worth or the general character of their constituents, reflects the greater credit on that *establishment-system* under which they have alike been educated), that even this reluctant witness shall give his corroboration, cheap as we hold it to be, to the truth and accuracy of the preceding statements. After telling us that the American congress “is now *unusually* rich in distinguished men,” he goes on to say,—

“Yet I must candidly admit that it fell somewhat below my expectations; nor do I think, on the whole, that the representation is worthy of the people. It has less of a *religious* character than you would expect from so religious a people; and it has also less of an *independent* character than should belong to so thriving a people. But, as matters stand, it is now only a sacrifice for the thriving man to be a member of congress; while, to the *needy man*, it is a strong temptation. In this state of things it is not wonderful that the less worthy person should labour hard to gain an election; or that, when it is gained, he should consider his own interests rather than those of his constituents. The good Americans must look to this, and not suffer themselves to be absorbed in the farm and merchandise; lest on an emergency they should be surprised to find their fine country and all its fine prospects in the hands of a few *ambitious and ill-principled demagogues*.” (Vol. i. pp. 30, 31.)

Here the purposely subdued terms in which this witness acknowledges that the congress “*has less of a religious character than you would expect*” are deserving of especial notice. “Expect!” Why, a political assembly is *not expected* to be of a religious character,—no, not even though it be elected by a religious people. All that one usually *expects* of such an assembly, as far as concerns religion, is that, when occasionally introduced, it shall be treated and spoken of with becoming decorum and respect. It is quite

clear, then, that had religion received no particular treatment when our Deputy was present in congress, the mere omission of it could neither have excited surprise, nor called for remark. Equally clear is it that, had religion been treated with common decorum and respect, he would either have passed over such an occurrence as an ordinary thing, or he would have bestowed upon it a tribute of commendation. And, consequently, his sly and muffled statement ~~that~~ the congress has "*less of a religious character*" than comports with the very moderate expectations which men form of a political assembly, is just equivalent to an admission that religion was not treated by its members with the common decorum "*you would expect*;" but that, what with jeering and cheering, they endeavoured, as we know their manner is, to empty out upon it, the filth of their insolent contempt. Now, for this state of things the voluntary system is distinctly responsible,—because, subdivided into innumerable absurd sectaries, neither possessing the education, nor furnishing the sober and sound instruction, nor exercising the diffused moral influence which alone, under God's blessing, can give a correct tone to public sentiment—these voluntary sectaries have not the intelligence, or the mutual confidence, or the union of interest and of purpose—without which, better representatives, even if they could get them, will never be returned there. Jealous of each other's honour and aggrandisement, the Baptists will not elect an Episcopalian, and the Presbyterians will not vote for a Methodist. They must, therefore, have representatives *without* religion. Nor are the vices of the voluntary *cheval de bataille* very different among ourselves, curbed and bridled though it be. As far as its power goes, it has done what it can to tramp into dung the character of the British legislature. It has staled upon the floor of parliament such unseemly ordure as Mr. Wakley of the *Lancet* and Dr. Bowring of the *Westminster*, Mr. John Wilkes and Mr. Whittle Harvey, Gully the prize-fighter, and Bish the lottery-man, Mr. Thomas Duncombe and Mr. Down Giffon, Buckingham the unfortunate, and Roebuck the penny pamphleteer. Nevertheless, "*FACT*," says Deputy Reed, "*is unanimously in its favour*."

2. A second fact, illustrative of the

voluntary system as affecting religion in America, is, *the indifference of the people to supply themselves with competent religious instructors*.

What we have to say upon this point, in addition to the proofs of it we have already extracted from several of the American reports, shall be given chiefly in the words of our Congregational witness, who evidently did not see the bearing of his own admissions. By far the largest sects in the United States are those of the Baptists and Methodists, the greater proportion of whose *pretended* pastors are lay-labourers wholly destitute of education. As Reed tells us (vol. ii. p. 98) that the American Methodists "*are beginning to take decided measures to secure an educated ministry*," it is plain from this, that they have hitherto put up with an *uneducated* ministry. He further says, in the same page, that among this body "*there is a considerable measure of ignorance and extravagance*"—"they depend here, as every where, rather on their method, than the talent of their ministry." On the state of education among the Baptist preachers, he distinctly acknowledges (vol. i. p. 87) that, "*next to the Methodists, the Baptists perhaps, were wanting on this subject*." Again he lets out, at page 89, that "*out of 4500 Baptist churches, there were 2000, not only void of educated pastors, but void of pastors of any kind*." But as he advances,—his evidence on the incompetency of the Baptist pastors becomes still more explicit.

"It is (he says) exceedingly difficult to ascertain their strength; and it is yet more so to determine on the number of their pastors; for the office of minister, elder, and deacon are made to run into each other, so as to confound distinction. Their educated teachers are very few; their uneducated and self-constituted teachers are surprisingly numerous. In this disorganised state [of voluntarism] Mr. Campbell came amongst them with his new light; and now nothing is heard of but Camelism, as it is called. Campbell has succeeded to an alarming extent. He denounces every body; he unsettles every thing, and settles nothing; and there is great present distraction and scandal." (Reed, vol. i. p. 196.)

Nay, even among the Presbyterian and Congregational pastors, who are thought to possess what passes for education in America, matters, if Deputy Reed is to be believed, are not

much better; at least their style of preaching, as often as he has occasion to notice it, is invariably spoken of in a tone of dissatisfaction, which indicates his sense of their pastoral incompetency. Take the following specimens. Of Mr. Stearns, a Congregationalist, he says (vol. i. p. 86) his sermon "did not carry the auditors sufficiently *from the preacher to the subject*." Lower down, in the same page, "the sermon (at the Congregational convention) was plain and orthodox; but it was orthodoxy with effort, and orthodoxy *fearing to offend*." While we remark, in passing, that this acknowledged "*fearing to offend*" is an evil inseparable from the voluntary system, inasmuch as its ministers are needy dependents on their people—we find Deputy Reed blaming the next sermon he heard, in the following terms:

"It did not awaken much attention. There was too much of Jove, and Minerva, and Penelope in it; and too little of pointed appeal and Christian obligation." (Vol. i. p. 188.)

Further on (at page 322, vol. i.), speaking of another occasion—

"The preacher was certainly out of his place in the pulpit. His subject was man's mortality. It should have told in some degree; yet it interested no one. He abounded in exclamations, and ended in an apostrophe, which issued as from marble lips, and froze as they fell."

Again, alluding to the great camp meeting near the Rappahannock, he says—

"The preacher was without education, and he had small regard either to logic or grammar. His high-sounding terms and sentiments stood in strange opposition to the general poverty and incorrectness of his expressions" (vol. i. p. 272). "It was evident the previous services had produced no deep or controlling impression. The afternoon service was very similar in effect. The preacher made a feeble use of a powerful passage." (Vol. i. pp. 273, 274.)

Endless, indeed, are such remarks as these—

"The preacher was feeble and noisy, with good intentions" (vol. i. p. 304). Dr. Wheeler's sermon, at Burlington College, "wanted harmony. There was a frequent effort to be fine, which ended in being turgid and abstruse." (Vol. i. p. 428.)

More curious still, however, is the

deliberate preference which our deputy gives to the preaching of the American NEGROES. After quoting the concluding part of one of their sermons, he actually adds (vol. i. p. 222) that

"In sense and in feeling, both in prayer and address, they were *equal* to the whites; and in free and pointed expression *much superior*. Indeed, I know not that while I was in America I listened to a peroration of an address that was superior to the one I have *briefly* noted to you."

Now all this, we take it, is pretty well for a specimen of the voluntary system, as regards the incompetency of its preachers in the United States. Yet "FACT," says Deputy Reed, "*is unanimously in its favour!*"

3. A third *fact*, which must condemn American voluntarism to the rooted disgust of every judicious Christian, and every enlightened patriot, is, *the real character of its pretended religious revivals*.

Between that spiritual "refreshing from the presence of the Lord," which every Christian should be taught to seek in becoming privacy, and the working up of a great public stir about the matter at certain seasons, there is a wide and important distinction. As it is a main requisite in the Christian life that grace in the believer's heart should be characterised by a *steady progression*; or, in the words of Dr. Beecher, that the believer should pursue an "*even and luminous course*;" or, in the words of Scripture, that "*the inward man should be renewed day by day*;" so the very prevalence of that spiritual *deadness* among the Americans, which seems to furnish such urgent occasion for their revivals, is not only an unwholesome state of things that ought not to be; but furnishes one of the severest satires upon the inefficiency of the voluntary system that a reflecting mind can think of. That this prevalent moral deadness, so decisive of the utter powerlessness of the voluntary principle, either to maintain spiritual vitality, or to check the tendency to degenerate, is invariably the proximate cause which calls into action the contemptible expedients made use of to bring about your public revivals, appears evident, not only from the whole phenomena of these modern monstrosities, but especially from the following quotations. Thus, speaking of a revival which took place at Lex-

ington about six years ago, Reed tells us (vol. i. p. 185) that "at that time vital religion was in a *very low state*, and *infidelity and unitarianism* were becoming *fearfully predominant* amongst the people." To the same purpose we are told, respecting a recent revival at Northampton, in Massachusetts (vol. i. p. 376), that "at the close of the year (1833) the *state of religion was low*; religious meetings (mark this) were *thinly attended*; and *great apathy prevailed*." More copious still is the subjoined evidence, incorporated in Reed's *Narrative* (vol. i. p. 393), touching another revival which took place in Amherst College, in 1827. The person who writes it had been a student there.

"For a considerable time previous, the subject of religion in college had fallen into great neglect; even the outward forms were very faintly observed. I had never heard the subject mentioned among the students, except as matter of *reproach and ridicule*. A majority of the students were *avowedly destitute of piety*; and of these a large portion were *open or secret infidels*; and many went to every length they could reach of *levity, profaneness, and dissipation*."

But to prove that these extraordinary revivals are universally preceded by *extraordinary ungodliness and immorality*, we shall only add the testimony of Reed himself, who tells us (vol. ii. p. 3) that "usually there is a previous state of *spiritual depression* amongst the religious people, and of *irreligion and increasing wickedness* in the neighbourhood." Of course, then, as long as such a melancholy state of things continues, the places of worship will be "*thinly attended*," the pew-rents will be poorly paid, the chapel-trustees will not have funds to meet current expenses, and the ministers will be nearly starving. Some *extraordinary* expedients, therefore, must at length be resorted to, for drawing hearers and payers to the congregation; just like the extraordinary expedients made use of to gain customers by the pushing young fishmonger who was not thriving in business. Accordingly, the irreligious are beset in their houses—they are implored to come to church—they are subjected to a high-steam-pressure of religious appliances and excitements—they are worked up into fanatics or fashioned into formalists—the pews, for a time, are better filled and better

paid for, till the *unfailing reaction* succeeds—after which, another revival must just be tried again, to bring more grist to the mill.

Now, what is the *real character* of all this? Why, it is just a condition of the most *vicious extremes* imaginable. It is a condition of gross and aggravated guilt in the first instance, followed by an apparent depth of contrition too extravagant to last; and which, again, is almost always succeeded by a relapse into still more appalling wickedness. We learn, accordingly (vol. i. p. 187), that "*not a few, who had thus professed religion, afterwards fell away*; and that since—neither revivals, nor cholera, *nor any thing had touched them*." Your modern American revival, therefore, is what we freely make a present of to voluntaryism. It has nothing of the progression, and quietness, and steadiness of true religion about it. It is the temporary abasement and remorse of the jaded profligate, who, being curbed but not changed, is only waiting for a recruitment of resources to dash, as formerly, into recklessness and ruin. It is the short interval of honesty practised by the newly liberated convict, until his appetite and idleness hurry him once more into his furtiveness and fetters. It is the morning abstinence of the beastly and bloated drunkard, whose tears and tremblings continue only till he besots himself again with his vile pernicious indulgences. Nay, as far as religion is concerned in the character of the American people, we have the reluctant testimony of Reed himself to shew, that it is all in the *vicious extremes of frigidity* on the one hand, or of *fanaticism* on the other. Thus, comparing their character to their climate, he says, "It may be hot, it may be cold; but when it is cold it *freezes*, and when it is hot it *burns*" (vol. ii. p. 281). In short, the very existence of REVIVALS in America, with their EXTRAORDINARY accompaniments of "*protracted meetings*," and "*new measures*," and "*anxious seats*," (vols. i. and ii. *passim*), plainly shews that the ORDINARY means of religious instruction, furnished by the voluntary system, with its inseparable appendages of defective education, sectarian controversies, incompetent, nee'y, and dependent preachers, little towns overcrowded with meeting-houses, and immense districts left destitute of any, have

proved *utterly inefficacious* upon the habits and principles of the people. That system, indeed, is the fruitful parent of the said revivals and "new measures," which (besides their despicable character as a mere pushing for customers, like the puffings of our pushing young fishmonger, who could not succeed in the ordinary way) must ever be revolting to every pious and intelligent mind, from their injurious influence on the interests of true religion and the sobrieties of social life. American voluntarism, not being able by its ordinary resources to secure a public respect for religion, has been driven to the expedient of practising those mountebank exhibitions denominated revivals. Resorting to without the authority of Scripture, and fitted only to awaken the just contempt of every reflecting man, their ignorant and interested abettors (for whom we can find no better apology than that their "poverty, and not their will, consents") little dream of the sneers and scoffings they are giving rise to, in the natural scepticism of the unrenewed mind. For twenty terrified profligates, whom they may succeed in getting to pay seat-rents for half a year in their meeting-houses,—they are making, by the poverty-urged indiscretions of their zeal, more than a hundred irreclaimable infidels. So much for the triumphs of the voluntary system! Nevertheless, "FACT," says Deputy Reed, "is *unanimously in its favour*."

4. But, lastly, what does "FACT" say for the voluntary system in America, as affecting the *morals* of the people?

Of the extent to which their "*Temperance*" societies are indicative of prevailing habits of intoxication, just as their revivals and relapses are proof of existing irreligion, very little need be said—nor must any mighty wise person remind us that the vice of drinking is only too common in our own country, or that temperance societies are both needed and multiplying among ourselves. Between voluntary-America and establishment-Britain, there is an important difference in this matter: and the difference is, that, in the former, the excessive use of spirituous liquors, till lately universal, obtains very generally even yet throughout all classes of the community; while, in the latter, such an excess is neither common nor tolerated in the respectable ranks

of British society, among whom our Church Establishments maintain a wholesome moral influence—but is confined almost entirely to those poor and worthless objects who, from ignorance and profligacy, combined with that destitution of decent clothing which profligacy produces, refuse to avail themselves of the church instruction which our country so wisely provides. Temperance societies were resorted to in the United States as an *extraordinary* expedient for the reformation of the community, whom the *ordinary* resources of a feeble, divided, fanatical, ignorant, poverty-struck and uninfluential *voluntarism* had failed to discipline into sober habits; whereas, in Great Britain, they have been called into existence by a few amiable enthusiasts, as much for the purpose of *preventing* the formation of intemperate propensities, as for checking the evil where it prevails among that degraded portion of our population, whom neither churchism, nor voluntarism, nor any other *ism* in the world, apart from the Divine influence, will bring within the hearing and appliances of the gospel. Drinking, though somewhat abated of late years in America, is still its prevailing vice. Step up, Deputy Reed, and bear witness to this.

"Towards *daybreak* we drew near to Owensville. It was a market-day. We paused at the inn, and I alighted for the sake of seeing the persons assembled. The day was hot, and it was an excuse for drinking; and *most of them* were availing themselves of this excuse, by the use of some of the many mixtures which are prepared at these bars. Here, as I *VERY* *WHERE*, mint julep [a mixture of brandy with the juice of mint leaves] was the favourite draught; and two of them had certainly *drank too freely*."—(Vol. i. p. 190.)

Now, we are not going to make more of this edifying spectacle than fairly appears upon the face of it. That a number of country people should take a glass together on a market-day is common enough, we admit. But our readers will please to observe, from the preceding extract, that this drinking took place a little after *daybreak*—that the drinking was *general*—that it did not consist of beer, or of some simple dilutions which might have quenched thirst without inducing intoxication, but that the drinking party about daybreak were availing them-

selves of an excuse for indulging their prevailing love of ardent spirits; and that, instead of this having been a selected scene in some peculiarly drunken neighbourhood, which Deputy Reed might have visited to acquaint himself with the more local and limited defects in American morality, it was one which occurred incidentally in the course of his journey, and which, as we shall soon shew, was found to be but too prevalent throughout the whole line of pilgrimage. But what we entreat our readers to attend to more particularly is the deputy's confession, that "EVERY WHERE mint julep was the favourite draught," without excepting one province, or one denomination of voluntaries, or one condition of society. Denomination of voluntaries, indeed! Why, at the great religious camp-meeting which took place near the Rappahannock, he actually informs us that

"There was a man, about half a mile distant, who had made a venture with a couple of barrels of distilled liquor."—(Vol. i. p. 296.)

What Deputy Reed means by prefixing to this remark a declaration that he did not "*see either wine or spirits on the ground*;" and what he means by adding that the said liquor-seller must have had "*a bad speculation, for I never observed a single person near him*," is made pretty plain, not only by his acknowledgment that he saw one person drunk, who (as we learn from page 274) rudely interrupted the service, but also from the facts, that even far-sighted deputies don't usually see what is going on *half a mile off*, and that liquor-sellers seldom toil themselves to carry their barrels into the woods, without the certainty of a tolerably fair demand. The man, no doubt, had a shrewd guess from experience, that the throats, which must have been pretty thirsty from "*singing without ceasing*," (vol. i. p. 274), would not object to a little customary wetting—voluntary throats though they were. No; nor does our gossiping deputy exempt from this scandal any condition of American society. The persons whom he saw drinking mint-brandy, shortly after daybreak, in the inn at Owensville, were neither market-gardeners, nor drovers, nor dog-fanciers, nor travelling tinkers. Among them there was a *Captain Gray*;—and lest

any one should suppose that such habits are not common among American gentlemen of his station, we find from Reed that, in the same group, there was a "*Colonel Ball, and Colonel—*"; his name has slipped me" (vol. i. p. 191). Are we to be told that though this might have been the case with a few vulgar militia officers, neither their number nor their station were such as to justify us in imputing a similar habit to the mass of respectable transatlantic society? Well, then, while simply protesting that we impute nothing which the witness Reed does not force upon us,—let us take a short peep at the state of temperance among that class of genteel people who are in circumstances to take a pleasure excursion to see Weyer's Cave. Our deputy is describing the crowded inn, after the party had enjoyed the spectacle.

"The two upper rooms were crowded with females, who were waiting in succession to enjoy the use of a single looking-glass, that they might arrange their dresses, and put themselves above ridicule. Below, the two rooms were equally thronged with men, who were making way to the bar for their portion of mint-julep, and other favourite mixtures. Many preferred to rely on the pure spirit, than on mixtures of any kind. All, perhaps, thought that the occasion, which is one of much fatigue, and of exposure to great differences of temperature, would justify the use of some portion; but many were not contented with a little. I never saw at any other time so many persons the worse for the use of spirituous liquors." (Vol. i. p. 236.)

On another occasion, speaking of "a delegation composed of the *successful and superior manufacturers of New York*," who had sat down to their wine after dining in a steam-boat, he says:

"They used it *inordinately*. The tumbler was in some cases preferred to the glass. As the wine entered, the wit, such as it was, got out; it was witless and vile enough. But I took warning, and went above." (Vol. i. p. 330.)

Or, in other words, such was the state of moral propriety among these "*successful and superior manufacturers of New York*," where voluntary ministers and meeting-houses are more numerous than in any other town of the republic, that besides brutalising themselves with wine, their conversation was so disgusting for its blasphemy or obscenity, that the deputy was forced

to retire. And then, illustrative of the sobriety of that still higher class of Americans who frequent the transatlantic Cheltenham and Harrowgates, we are presented with the following sketch of the state of matters at the White Sulphur springs :

"There were about *SIXTY MEN* under the verandas, picking their teeth, crossing their legs, scratching their heads, yawning, spitting; *deep in the blues*, if appearances did not wholly deceive one. There is a good deal of gambling and dissipation here." (Vol. i. p. 207.)

If there be any thing very wicked in conduct, or very irreligious in principle, among young men in this country, they are generally not very forward to proclaim it, and least of all to strangers in a stage-coach. But in America, that paradise of voluntarism, it is different.

"We took up three passengers here," says the deputy, "and did not improve by the exchange; they were young men, and all of them, I fear, *deeply versed in sin*. One, a disappointed lover, and seeking his cure in *dissipation*; the others, of good connexions and better taught, but *flippant in infidelity*, disrespectful of others, and *shameless* for themselves. All were pursuing pleasure in the gratification of their passions." (Vol. i. p. 208.)

Of the state of public moral sentiment, under the feeble counteractives of voluntarism at Baltimore, we are led to form a very melancholy judgment, from the astounding fact that an *indecent* picture was permitted to be exhibited there, as a show to be paid for; of which picture Deputy Reed says, "*I can only hope it was quickly starved out*" (vol. i. p. 302); but which, in the prevailing tone of morality in Great Britain, would have been instantly put down by magisterial authority.

At Sandusky, where, with the small population of 700, there are *two* places of worship, one for the Presbyterians, and the other for the Episcopal Methodists, the deputy says :

"The state of religion was evidently very low here. I overheard obscene conversation; and I heard more *swearing*, and saw more *Sabbath breaking*, than I had before witnessed. There were many *groceries*, as they call themselves, here—*grogeries*, as their enemies call them—and *they were all full*." [This was on a Sabbath day.] "Manners," he adds, "which are consequent on religion and morality, were proportionably affected." (Vol. i. p. 139.)

Three gentlemen ("but," says he, "if just terms are to be applied to them, they must be the *opposite* of this") joined him in the stage-coach to Marion :

"One was a cologel, another a lawyer and magistrate, and the third a considerable farmer. To me they were always civil; but amongst themselves they were *evidently* accustomed to *blasphemous and corrupt* conversation. I was much grieved and disappointed, for I had met with *nothing so bad*." (Vol. i. p. 148.)

How Deputy Reed can say that these persons were *civil*, who were all the while offending his ears with *blasphemy* and *obscenity*, we are not able to conjecture. But that the varied evidence which we have now extracted from his book, abounding with much more to the same purpose, and relating to all ranks of men in America, is proof conclusive of such *gross and general immorality*, as is wholly unknown to, and never could be tolerated by, the analogous circles in this country, must be admitted, we think, by every unprejudiced observer. If the *general* tone of moral sentiment throughout the republic were in a sound state, such people, instead of getting drunk by daybreak; or requiring barrels of distilled liquor at revival meetings; or besotting themselves at pleasure excursions with ladies; or shewing that they were "superior manufacturers" of blackguardism; or drinking *deep* of mint-julep at Sulphur Springs; or sporting infidelity, blasphemy, and obscenity, in stage-coaches and steam-boats, would be *compelled* to mend their manners. As to the foul and pervading immorality of their slave-system, we shall notice that under a subsequent head. Meanwhile, the voluntary system has certainly very little to be proud of in such a state of things. But no matter, "FACT, (says Deputy Reed) is *unanimously* in its favour."

Turning, then, from these *facts* illustrative of the powerlessness of voluntarism for maintaining a general and commanding moral influence among the lay community, let us recur for a little to the voluntary system, as affecting the *character* and *condition* of their *PASTORS*; and on this we shall be very brief indeed.

Reed tells us, that the entire body

of American pastors constitute "A REGENERATED MINISTRY." We should suppose he means the *orthodox* alone, though he does not say so. Nay, since the poor Episcopalians are the only exceptions he makes, one might naturally conclude that he deems all the others unobjectionable. But let us attend to his details, as illustrative of their regeneration.

1. Many of them are guilty of practising the most *extravagant* indiscretions.

"In fact, a number of young and raw men, previously unknown to the ministry, and without pastoral experience, instead of giving themselves 'to reading, meditation, and prayer,' have chosen this shorter method to ministerial efficiency; and the effect, wherever it has reached, has been exceedingly calamitous. They have announced themselves as the revival preachers; and have chosen to itinerate over the church; unsettling every thing, and settling nothing. They have denounced pastors, with whom they could not compare; men of tried and approved piety, as hypocrites, formalists, 'dumb dogs,' and as 'leading their people to hell.' They have denounced the Christians who listened to them; and have made submission to their mechanism the test of their conversion. They have addressed the sinner, under the name of fidelity, in harsh, severe, and bitter terms; and have been covetous either of submission or opposition. The endearments and ties of relative life have been sacrificed to the bitter zeal which has taught the child to disrespect the parent, and the parent to cast off the child. They have made, as many have recently in our own land, great, if not full pretensions, to inspiration; and have taught people to rely on impulse and impression in offering what has been called the prayer of faith. They have encouraged females to lead in prayer in promiscuous and public assemblies; and, in fact, have revived all the irregularities of the Corinthian church, as though they had been placed on record, to be copied, and not avoided." (Vol. ii. pp. 41, 42.)

2. As another specimen of the American *regenerated* ministry, we may quote the following examples of their *want of principle*:

"It is no uncommon thing," he says, to find the man who was a Congregational pastor to-day, a Presbyterian to-morrow. What is much more important to observe is, that the great numbers of Congregationalists, both ministers and people, who have passed into the Pres-

byterian church, have not forgotten their predilection for a more simple and less restricted form of government. This has operated silently, but with power; and the effects begin to be seen and felt. It has contributed, certainly, in its measure, to that conflict of opinion and conduct which I have already noticed." (Vol. ii. p. 80.)

More unprincipled still is the conduct of many of the Presbyterian *regenerated* pastors, who, having *sworn* to the Calvinistic creed of the *Westminster Confession of Faith*, are in the habit of teaching certain heterodox doctrines specified by our Deputy,—concerning which he remarks,—

"These statements are indeed of a startling character, especially as found in fellowship with the Westminster Confession. I have good reason to know that they faithfully represent the opinions of many." (Vol. ii. p. 67.) "These speculations have carried many, who saw none of the difficulties, into the wildest opinions of moral power and human perfectibility which the wildest Pelagianism ever produced. *The evil has certainly been great.* The seeds of division and animosity have been widely sown."—(Vol. ii. p. 68.)

3. But the prime evil of American voluntarism is the *unfaithfulness* and *time-serving* which it generates in the pastors. Look at their conduct on the subject of SLAVERY. Acknowledging, as they privately do, that slave-holding is both inhuman and unscriptural, they are, nevertheless, destitute alike of the high principle and moral courage that should boldly and unceasingly denounce it. They dare not speak out against this monstrous evil, just because they are *dependent* upon the *voluntary* contributions of a slave-trafficking people. Even Deputy Reed (with all his sound theory and flash opposition to it) not only permitted himself to accept the hospitality of the hoary slave-master, Deacon Norris, without either reproving the old flesh-monger, or in any way evincing his disapprobation, but even endeavours to hold him up in an engaging light, and speaks of him with a tenderness which is truly disgraceful. (Vol. i. p. 288.) What respect is due to the unhallowed truckling and time-serving of these American *voluntary* pastors, who have more regard for their bread than their duty, may be inferred from the subjoined reproof by one of their fastest friends:

"O ye ministers of the cross, in the land of the pilgrim fathers! why have ye been so gentle and forbearing in your denunciations of one of the greatest curses that ever scourged humanity, or that ever blighted the fair fame of your noble and enterprising country? Cense, we beseech you, your advocacy of the colonisation deception, and stand up, as men of God ought to do, for the equality of the black man with the white; and you may then hope to become the deliverers of your country in that day of desperate sorrow, which must soon overtake every slave-holding nation!" (*Evang. Mag. for July*, p. 279.)

4. Much might we here adduce as to the private moral deportment, the vile tobacco-chewing, the tipping habits, and the serious practical inconsistencies of many of these *regenerated* pastors; but our limits compel us to draw to a close. A few sentences, however, we must add, respecting the *temporal provision* which American voluntarism supplies for the stated support of ministers. In Deputy Reed's *Case of the Dissenters*, he states that these ministers have "*a better average reward for ministration than in our own country.*" If he mean the *average reward* which the voluntary system provides for its starving apostles in Great Britain, we shall not dispute it. But if he wishes to have it believed that the voluntary pastors in America are better supported than our established clergy, we can only admire the Deputy's talent for "*making much of a little good scenery when there is not a great deal to be had.*" (Vol. i. p. 93.) The eleven thousand American "*ministers*" (as he facetiously calls them, including the Methodist and Baptist lay-labourers) do not receive an average income of 80*l.* per annum! Hence the fact so fully established by the quotations we have given from several of the annual reports of their religious societies, that the greater portion of their pastors are obliged, from necessity, to follow various worldly occupations. Nor is it possible that the matter should be otherwise under the caprices and divisions of the voluntary system. In many of their towns, with only a small and struggling population, where they have a voluntary minister not only for

every hundred people, but for every dissatisfied score that hives off from existing meeting-houses, the provision cannot, in the nature of things, be such as may enable the pastor to give himself wholly to his ministry, or to be respected abroad, or to be hospitable at home. The splits and divisions inseparable from voluntary liberty produce an increase of log-hut churches, with a corresponding diminution of pastoral comfort and influence. Where formerly there was an utter deadness to religion,—any reviving attention to its forms has too often been checked by party animosities and polemical feuds. Confirmatory of this, we have the testimony of the *Eclectic Review*, by far the most enlightened organ of English Dissent.

"The town (Charlottesville), comprising a population of about 1000 persons, now contains four places of worship, Presbyterian, Episcopalian, Baptist, and Methodist. One only regrets that *sectarianism* should have succeeded to *infidelity*. Assuredly, for such a population, a single place of worship might have been amply sufficient." (*Ecl. Review*, June, p. 432.)

The provision made for ministers at Washington was, as Warden tells us, "*inadequate for the support of a family*; and," he adds, "it is probably owing to this circumstance that two clergymen—the one a Presbyterian and the other a Baptist—have *clerkships in the Treasury department.*"—(*Warden's United States.*) On the provision which the voluntary system makes for ministers under the infirmities and inefficiency of old age, Deputy Reed maintains a profound silence. But we challenge him to deny that when the pecuniary or spiritual interests of a congregation render a younger pastor necessary, the aged incumbent is turned out from his poor field of clover to a rougher and scantier bite. A pauper-dependent clergy will always be contemptible, and without influence.

Hurrying to a close, we have only time to observe that Deputy Reed's averments about the supply of pastors in America being superior in quantity and quality to that of Scotland is one of the most gross and deliberate frauds hitherto practised upon men. "O,"

• Well, but are not our curates equally ill paid? Yes, they are. But observe, they are paid on the *voluntary principle*; which never can be trusted, either to the church or out of it.

says he, "*this yields about one clergyman (so the Baptist tailors, and the Methodist shoemakers, are *clergymen*, are they?) and one church to every thousand persons.*" Now the impudent effrontery of such a declaration appears at a single glance. Suppose a province to contain 10,000 inhabitants, with ten ministers and ten churches. This would be a minister and a church to every thousand. But if all these ministers and churches were set down in one single town, comprising only 3000 people, while the rest of the population being scattered over an immense tract of country were deprived, by distance, of any access to religious ordinances — could this, in common sense or common honesty, be said to be one minister to every thousand people? The 3000 in the town would have a minister to every 300; but the 7000 in the country would have none at all. Just so is it, in the United States. Owing to the disputes and divisions which the voluntary principle engenders,* the petty congregations that spring up like mushrooms, in towns and villages, are more than supplied, after a sort, with incompetent voluntary preachers; while the inhabitants of the remote sparsely-peopled woodland provinces are left destitute, to the number of about 7,000,000. Is this better than Scotland, with a regularly-educated clergy of 1200 parochial ministers *diffused over* a population of 2,365,000, besides about 1000 unbeneficed licentiates, some stately employed in parochial missions, and others labouring occasionally? Deputy Reed, you may go down.

• Having thus put this witness out of court, we have now only to sum up,

in a word or two, and we are done. Never were our convictions of the futility of voluntarism, and of the necessity of a state clergy, so deeply rooted, as since finishing the perusal of Reed's work. The voluntary system assumes that men are already so moral and religious, that they will spontaneously provide themselves with that spiritual education which the said assumption implies they may do *without*. The establishment principle, proceeding on the opposite assumption, refuses to commit the important interests of society and of souls to such a desperate hazard, but provides them with that spiritual education, which cannot safely be left to spontaneous efforts as long as the human heart is enmity against God, and will not be subject to his law. What the voluntary system takes for granted, involves, to say the least of it, a very perilous uncertainty. What the establishment principle refuses to assume, involves nothing that is not warranted by the whole moral history of man. The one or the other must be wrong. But which of the two is best adapted for SECURING and DIFFUSING throughout the empire an INTELLIGENT, SOBER-MINDED, HONEST, UNCOMPROMISING, RESPONSIBLE, and INFLUENTIAL administration, of sound moral and religious instruction, may safely be left to the arbitrement of any one who can understand the following simple syllogism:

It is desirable that all men should statelyly hear the gospel; but all men by nature hate the gospel, and many men from poverty are unable to support it: therefore, their inclinations and means are such, that they will voluntarily provide it for themselves!!!

* One of the many evils of voluntarism is, that where there are two or more voluntary ministers competing with each other in the same town, they inflict great injury upon religion by their petty jealousies and quarrels. Why are the two Scotch dissenting ministers in Liverpool members of different presbyteries? Why do they not sit together, as brethren, in the secession presbytery of Lancashire? Why are the two Voluntary ministers of Lealie in the same predicament? Why do two of the voluntary associate ministers in Dundee belong to the presbytery of Cupar, while the third is connected with that of Forfar? All this appears in the *Edinburgh Almanack* for 1835. The Independents among ourselves are no better; as might be proved by the case of the late Mr. Cooke, of Maidenhead, and multitudes of the same kind. Where there are two congregations in a town, if a family leave one and go to the other, the ministers are by the ears immediately.

NATIONAL HYMNS.

BY JOHN A. HERAUD.

I.

HYMN ON THE SHORE.

2.

THE Sea is glorious — praise its
Maker!

The Author of this Air,
Whereof I am serene partaker;
— He breathes his Spirit here!

Of Heaven and wedded Earth, our
Mother,
God! Father! Thou to me
Art also Father,—yet a Brother —
My Spirit praises Thee!

II.

STONEHENGE, AND THE LINE OF BRUTUS.

1.

Who weaves on Amber's plain the
Runic rhyme,
Fit for rude spot? Let him whose
thoughts are rude . . .

But, though of old times, mine
Are gentle as the airs,
The airs that o'er this infinite heath
now range,
Yet have been breathing since the birth
of Time.

Thought is eternal, . . knows •
No change of new or old.

2.

By Druids built; or borne, through
Merlin's skill,
From Seythia by Pendragon, to entomb
His Britons slain by guile;
Or reared by Danish chiefs
To Victory, Shrine unhewn; or, haply,
here
Sleep Kings of Brutus' lineage; . . Pile
uncouth,

Thou shapeless Ruin — how
Unlike the Pyramids!
The mists from the great Deluge over-
hang
The Origin of Nations, and of thee,
Thou Wonder of the West,
Choir Gaur, or hanging Stone!

3.

Yet in fair region never Silence dwelt,
Through all the tract of Time—a record
old,
In old Armorica,
Of Britain lay concealed.
Brutus, by sacred Oracle induced,
To Albion came, and quelled its giant
brood,

Uncivil, void of grace,
Of goodness ignorant!
By him a fair Metropolis was built,
And Troja Nova glassed itself in Thames,
And Learning had its dome,
Where Isis wreathes her sedge.

4.

How Loocrine by his Captive was en-
thralled,
And for her beauty Guendolen divorced,
Whence War, and Sabra's death,
A moral lesson reads.
Mempricius, Malim slew—a tyrant he,
The juster Wolves the fratricide de-
voured —
But Ebranc cities built,
Hence blest with progeny;
Whereof one Son retrieved his sire's
repulse; —
Let Scaldia, Hania, Esthamburges, tell,
What hue the waters wore,
With blood of Illemaois!

5.

Leir gave his crown for Love; ingrate-
ful spurned,
Th' old Heavens the old Man heard,
and well-avenged —
Sad yet Cordelia died —
Heaven's ways are intricate!
O! that 'twixt brothers strife should
intervene!
Ferrex died in denaturalising war,
And Porrex, in his bed, . .
Maternal fury slew!
Hence civil Strife—(as from such bitter
Fount
What else could issue?)—till at length
subdued
By that victorious King,
Who first wore crown of gold.*

6.

Enough of brotherly discord. Now of
Love

Fraternal sing — of pious Elidure,
Who gave to Artegal

The crown himself had worn.

Much might have keen of just Gorbo-
nian told,

And much might be of Lud, who clipt
with walls

Fair London's capitol,

And of Cassibelan :

But, lo, the Muse of History demands
Her right, that Fancy seize not her
domain ;

Enough has yielded been
Of themes that Poets love.

7.

Oh, rather, on an Autumn evening,
stand,

And, from some elevated brow, behold
The sun behind the hills

In mellowed glory set !

Fountain of Light ! prime Origin of All !

Thus only may the loftier destinies

Of this loved Land subside,

Wherein my birth I drew.

III.

THE SUSSEX COAST.

The noise of thronging Steeds and Chariots without end -

Still the wroth Foam breaks on the constant beach,

By the strong Wind compelled. The Gods impeach

Each other in these Voices ; .. Earth and Sea,

And the undying Spirit of the Air,

Voices no mortal sense may comprehend,

The Voices of Eternity,

Call out together in the Strife of Prayer.

Evermore — evermore —

Tow'rd the everlasting Shore,

The wheels of Neptune's Car

Roll, and the tramp

Of his Cavalcade thunders,

Near and afar ;

And, with angry champ,

At the bit and the yoke,

And the spur and the stroke,

That bound their fiery course beneath the wave,

They rave — they rave — they rave :

Hence, the froth of their chafing smokes upward alway,

And the surges are seething with their dismay.

2.

Let me call to thee, sacred Ocean ! with a voice

Loud as thy own. The daring Swimmer name,

Who braved thy billows first. " He hath no fame ;

He died, and I live on ! " Who first with keel

Divided thine indignant heaving breast ?

And didst thou toss him from thee, and rejoice,

Free from all sign and seal,

That impious Courage had its down imprint ?

" Wherefore should I reply

To thine idle scrutiny ?

What is it unto thee,

Whether strong Air

Whirled the wretched One swiftly

To the shore he,

Mayhap in despair,

Yet reluctantly, left ?

Or him sunk, in the cleft

By his rash skiff made in my even flow,
The waters smooth below ?
Or permitted the Hero triumphant to ride,
Through glad Air to glad Earth, o'er my bounding tide ?"

3.

The unintelligent blank Sea hath no response ;
Air hath no Oracle — Earth no record —
My Soul but hears the echo of her own word.
Story is mute, and Knowledge hath her fount
In the Unknown — a vaster flood than this,
Which rolls for ever where Old Silence wonnes —
Therefore of Ararat make small account,
Who duly meditatest that Abyss !
Let none from Babel, then,
Discord sow 'mong tongues of men —
Nor Peleg now divide
The Earth, again.
Waves of Peoples from Asia !
On storms ye ride,
Over land and main,
Gaelic, Kimbri^c, and Goth !
Have ye speed like the froth
Of the wild billows ? Yet the Billows roll,
Immortal as the Soul.
Still the Foam streams like hair from the mane of wild steed ;
And the Children their Fathers for aye succeed.

4.

Child of the ancient Gaul ! proud Roman ! art thou here ?
Thy bark is on the sea, thy foot on shore :
What then ? the Race of Troy is evermore !
Hail, Son of Silvius ! Britain, hail, all hail !
Brother of Rome ; — a Roman soon wert thou,
And the She-Wolf couched with thee in thy lair —
Loved — taught thee law — and clad thy limbs with mail,
And with a helmet crowned thy manly brow.*
Legends strange yon Hills suggest,
By the Barrows on their crest,
And in the Names they keep —
Those thousand Hills,
Where, in manifold figures,
The silent Sheep,
Beside springs and rills,

* " Occasional exactions might vex the Britons, but, on the whole, the government or protection which they received from Rome was not disadvantageous or oppressive. * * * Even the traditions concerning the Trojan origin of the Britons are indications of this reciprocal cordiality. It is indifferent whether these tales existed before the arrival of the Romans, or whether the adventures of Brito, or Brutus, the son of Silvius, were invented or improved by the bards for the purpose of propitiating the favour of those who also prided themselves in being the progeny of Æneas ; since, in either case, they would be either the means of conciliation or the consequences of mutual good-will. Adorned by the pen of romance, these legends are presented in a questionable shape ; but they are not to be neglected as recent or arbitrary fictions. Taliesin addressed his countrymen as the ' remnants of Troy.' Nennius repeats the tradition in the eighth century ; and if the Gauls gloried in their descent from the fugitives of Ilium, the same genealogy could scarcely be strange or unknown to their island brethren." — *PALGRAVE'S Rise and Progress of the English Commonwealth*. The primeval savages of Italy, who occupied the interior prior to the intrusion of the Greek colonists, were probably Galatai.

Group in peaceful repose : —
 Unlike *them*, the Herd lows,
 Into whose forms, while wandering on the shore,
 Proteus, by magic lore,
 Neptune's Steeds of the Morning hath changed with wild glee ;
 Such his love for new Shapes, and such spells hath he !

5.

I stand upon the Shore, and see the Sun decline
 On the far Downs — my shoulder tow'rd the flood,
 My sentient ear soothed with its ebbing mood.
 He sets in clouds — of his keen glory shorn —
 And yet their skirts he loves to thread with light,
 Light of all colours — colours all divine.
 Nor undeserving : — they adorn,
 In love, yon slopes by day with shadowy might.
 The Shadow on the Hill
 With the Cloud in Heaven moves still ;
 Morn, noon, and eve, are they avowed ;
 Come — vanish — both ;
 Anon, other Twins follow,
 Shadow and Cloud —
 Loving — nothing loth —
 Equally beautiful,
 Sometimes dark, never dull,
 Though black yet comely, . . Sister they and Brother,
 Aye chasing one another,
 Up the side, o'er the summit, now dim and now bright,
 Weaving hues ever changing for Vale and Height.

IV.

HILLS AND RIVERS.

1.

The Race of Men is like the Race of Leaves ;
 But for their fall naught cognate grieves —
 They die, and are forgot —
 Man lives in memory, when his dust is not.

2.

Wherever Man hath ranged ;—
 In permanence serene,
 The Hills, the Lakes, the Streams unchanged,
 That have for ever been,
 Remember still whose steps were there,
 In those ancestral Names they bear.
 Thereon — thereby — the Gaul once trod,
 The Kelt adored the Unknown God !

THE STATE OF PARTIES.

WHO are "the People?" This is a question which presses itself with irresistible force upon our minds, on rising from the perusal of the last number of the *Edinburgh Review*.

There is an article in that number which the current gossip ascribes, as it is often wont to do, to the pen of a noble (and, "by courtesy," *learned*) lord, who has been for many years the reputed Atlas of the Whig quarterly. We had become so tired of this perpetual fathering of articles in this review on his lordship, that we had more than half determined not to believe a syllable of the kind; but we could not lay down this number without being compelled to surrender our determination. That the paper in question was written by a member of the English bar was obvious from many allusions, of which we need only produce a single example:

"They are most injudicious in their attacks on the House of Lords, who have charged them with throwing out bills which it was utterly impossible for them to pass without sitting all through the long vacation."

As if the Lords either knew any thing of, or cared any thing for, "the long vacation!"

That it was written by one well acquainted with all the private arrangements in the Lords, on various matters not generally public, was also obvious from the details given in page 196. That it was written by one rather more than "half-seas over" at the time of writing, was equally clear from the fourth line of p. 186—"the speakership carried by *eleven* votes, the amendment to the address by *sixteen*:" in which the two chief divisions of the session are minutely described, and each of them *inaccurately*! And, that it was written by a person in that peculiar state of mind which can only belong to one who is at once an *ex-chancellor* and a chancellor in *expectancy*, is abundantly clear from the whole tenor of the essay; than which there assuredly was never any thing that spoke more clearly,—"*There is much to be said on both sides; I could make out a good case for either; and if I am to be on your side of the*

question, I must have a tangible and sufficient *reason* for it."

By the weight of all this internal evidence, then, we have, we must confess, been fully convinced. We believe the article in question to have been written by his lordship, and as such, we may feel it of just so much importance as to make it a peg whereon to hang certain remarks, which we have long been desirous of making.

Who are "the people?" This is a question we are often longing to put to those wisacres of the Whig-Radical press who are unceasingly pestering us with, "the *people* will not allow this," and "the *people* demand that;" while it frequently happens that, on the very next occasion that offers, "the *people*," or, at least, *the electors*, shew very distinctly that they demand or require no such thing!

But we have never been afforded a better opportunity of putting the question than his tipsy lordship here affords us. In fact, he himself suggests the question; or, rather, he *forces* it upon every reader who is accustomed to reflect upon what he is reading. For, first, he is most liberal in his use of the phrase. He is perpetually repeating, "the government is the government of *the people*;" "its existence depends on *the people's* support alone;" and he talks of "the discomfiture sustained by *the people* in their conflict with the House of Lords." And then, on the other hand, he is most distinct and clear in his confessions, that while that anomalous body which he chooses to call "the *people*," is on one side; the great mass of the property and education of the country is on the other!

That the fact was so—that it was useless folly to think of denying it—had been long sufficiently clear; but it has not often been so distinctly and fully admitted in a Whig or Radical journal, as it is in the article in question. In one place, the writer speaks of "the unhappy but *undeniable fact*, that a large majority, not only of the peers, but of *the property of the country*, is alarmed at, if not positively averse to, reform." And on the same page he adds, adverting to the various schemes

for "a reform of the House of Lords,"

"Suppose, then, that only persons of 500*l.* a-year, or upwards, were to elect the peers, what would be the result? We are by no means certain that a better chamber than the present House of Lords would not be found, but *we are very sure that it would be quite as hostile to liberal principles*; indeed, it would probably be *more hostile*: for the wealthier classes would by no means return as many liberal peers as now sit by right in the upper house."

Thus, then, while it is *assumed* that "the people" at large are in favour of what is called "reform," i. e. of Whig-Radical or Destructive government, it is fully and explicitly admitted that *the property* of the country is against such a system. The "people," then, who are thus represented as altogether of another feeling from the owners of property, must obviously be the mass or multitude of those who have no property. The question, then, is, Which of these two bodies ought to have the chief voice in determining the course of the government? And upon this question, nice and minute as it may seem, turns, in effect, the fate of the country.

If we would arrive at a satisfactory reply to it, we must endeavour first to gain a correct view of the facts. The reviewer admits at once, that persons of 500*l.* a-year are, in the mass, even more Conservative than the House of Lords itself. Were he questioned, we doubt not that he would confess that the same judgment applies equally to those of 400*l.* a-year, to those of 300*l.*, and even to those of 200*l.* In fact, we need only refer to the debates in parliament on the Corporation-bill, and there we see at once, that the limiting the seats in borough-councils to men worth 1000*l.* (or 50*l.* a-year) was held to be highly aristocratic and conservative. The simple truth is, therefore—and it is as well that it should be thoroughly understood by all parties—that the Destructives are thoroughly aware, and do not scruple to confess it, that the *property* of the country, throughout all its gradations, is, in the mass—or, as the Edinburgh Reviewer has it, by "*a large majority*"—decidedly opposed to their schemes.

Still, however, it will be alleged, "the people" are on their side. The question, then, returns, Who are "the

people," and what is the title of the body so called to claim the chief voice in the government of the country? This question we will now endeavour to answer, by analysing, in some measure, certain masses or bodies of the people, in order to arrive at a clear understanding of this question.

Take the city of London, then, as a fit and appropriate point at which to commence the inquiry. You there find a tolerably equal division, as far as mere numbers are concerned; the balance swaying on the one side or the other, as peculiar circumstances or superior organization may give the advantage. In 1833 a Conservative candidate had the best committee, and he polled 5500 votes against 4500 given to a Whig. In 1835 the Whig-Radicals succeeded in gaining the best organized body of supporters, and they polled 5900 to the 4600 votes gained by the Conservative candidates. Thus the majority, either way, amounted to a mere turn of the scale—a ten per cent on the whole constituency.

So far, then, as mere *numbers* may be referred to, it is untrue that "the people" of the city of London have given a decided verdict either way. But if we go beyond mere numbers, and look to the *composition* of these masses, we shall find how true it is that the property of the country is altogether Conservative, and shall also see some reasons why that property should be allowed some little sway in determining the policy of the government.

The citizens of London, as far as mere numbers are concerned, are divided (5000 against 5000) between the two parties. But the least scrutiny into the classes of which these aggregates are made up, shews at once a striking difference. "The merchants of London," said Mr. Grote, at his election-dinner in 1833, "are for the most part Conservatives." Accordingly, if the poll-books are consulted for the votes of Mark Lane or Broad Street, we find at once where the strength of the Conservatives of London is found. Or if we turn to the Temple, the seat of education, if not of commerce, we find a result exactly similar. And the like throughout London. Wherever either wealth or intelligence can be traced, there Conservative principles are sure to be found also. But, on the other hand,

traverse Grub Street, Shoe Lane, Bell Alley, or the precincts of Cripple-gate, or Bishopsgate Without, you find yourself at once among the strongholds of Radicalism. So marked is the distinction, that there shall frequently be found in a single parish two streets, one of houses rented at 150*l.* a-year, and the other of houses rented at 30*l.* a-year, in which the inhabitants of the first shall be, in the proportion of three to one, Conservatives, and the inhabitants of the other, at the rate of four to one Radicals.

Exactly similar is the case of the neighbouring borough of Finsbury. Here we have Bloomsbury and Russell Squares combined with Field Lane and Saffron Hill, and Highbury Terrace neutralised by St. Giles's and St. Luke's. In the opulence of Bloomsbury, or in the education of Lincoln's Inn, the Conservatives find three supporters out of every four voters; while in Clerkenwell and Old Street they may traverse long lanes and alleys without gaining a single vote.

It is important that these things should be understood, for it is only by a correct appreciation of them that we can rightly understand how it is that "the people" are supposed to be on one side of the question, while the property of the country is mainly on the other.

But now comes the main stress of the argument. Granting, it may be said, that *that* bare majority which the Destructives can thus contrive to gain, is a majority of those who have no property, arrayed against those who have some, be it little or much; still, as it is a majority after all, ought it not to bear sway, and ought not the minority to yield a quiet submission to "the public will" thus declared, rather than further agitate the country by persevering in the contest?

In replying to this demand, we shall first ask another question; and that is: *By what right does this assumed majority, calling itself "THE PEOPLE," claim the mute submission of that large body of its fellows who wholly dissent from its views?*

We pause in vain for a reply. We ask, Who and what are these persons thus called "the people," that our necks are to be laid in the dust before them? On what is their title founded? Where is the charter by which the

supremacy, in virtue or in wisdom, is vested in them?

Let this point be seriously investigated. Are "the people" to be looked for solely and entirely among the registered voters of the kingdom? If this be the position taken, then has England already declared on the side of Sir Robert Peel. For, even including all the *ten-pounders* of Finsbury, Tower Hamlets, Manchester, Edinburgh, and Marylebone, the 300,000 votes actually polled throughout England in January last gave a clear majority to the Conservative candidates!

But do those who are so fond of invoking "the people," really mean to confine themselves to the registered electors? We greatly desire an answer to this question; and that for this very reason, that we know that the Whigs cannot conveniently give it!

If they tell us, that by "the people" they intend the whole aggregate of the male population, then we beg first to ask, Why, when they framed their new constitution, the Reform-bill, they limited the franchise to less than one-tenth of "the people"—to about 300,000 or 400,000 out of the three or four millions of male adults that England contains? They must not tell us that they *dared not* propose a more extended franchise, for the same threats of "physical force," and of the march of the Birmingham Union, which carried the bill as it was, would have carried one ten times as democratical. They must not tell us, that prudence and moderation were their chief motives for thus restricting the franchise; for their own speeches are on record, to witness that it was their declared judgment and belief, that a *ten-pound* franchise was the lowest that could be adopted *consistently with the safety and the well-being of the country*. The simple truth may as well be confessed—for shifts and pretences will no longer avail them—that they were, and still are, abundantly conscious, that an Universal-Suffrage Parliament would, in all probability, insist on making Mr. Wakley prime-minister, and Mr. O'Connell irresponsible lord-lieutenant of Ireland!

Not discerning the beauty or desirableness of this arrangement, they protested, and are still of opinion, that an equal vote for every adult male would be a suffrage too extended—that it would be an unsafe experiment.

to try—and that it would be more expedient to place the electoral power in the hands of those only who inhabited houses of ten pounds a-year and upwards. By this decision, as we have just said, they condemned to a political non-existence nine-tenths of the people of England.

What we are anxious, however, to draw forth into light, is the *principle* upon which these politicians acted. That principle is this, that the mere impression or fancy of the great mass or multitude of the people was an unsafe basis on which to frame a government; that the general welfare required rather that political power should be deposited with a select class; and that this class might best be denoted by its elevation, in point of property, above the general body of the people.

We admit this principle, or these principles; and now we ask, Why, if this be the position taken by the Whigs and Liberals—and that it is so taken there is the Reform-bill itself to testify—why is it that these very principles are now so continually and perseveringly kept out of sight? We are perfectly ready to grant and to advocate all these data; we know, that to repose the sway of the empire and the destinies of the nation upon the chance of the mere whim of the multitude would be perfect madness; we know that it is altogether reasonable, and for the public weal indispensable, that political power should be reposed only, or chiefly, in those who have some fitness for the exercise of it: but we want to know how it is, that, with all these truths firmly fixed in their minds, and worked into that very constitution which they themselves have framed, the Whigs are ever and anon, when occasion answers, and it seems likely to serve a turn, falling back upon that very fallacy which they themselves have repudiated, and talking and writing as though mere numbers alone, and the fancy of the multitude, ought to be decisive of every question?

They have said, in this their most solemn and well-considered act, that they consider a certain rank and station in life to be essential to qualify the possessor to exercise political power. The justification of this exclusion of all below that rank evidently rests here, that a certain degree of knowledge—of acquaintance with political facts and political principles—

is desirable, and, in fact, necessary, to enable any one to use political power with advantage; and that it is unreasonable to look for this degree of information and knowledge among those classes who have the least education, the least leisure, and the least means of acquiring knowledge.

Now all this being true, and fair, and just, we only want to know why, in newspapers, and magazines, and Edinburgh Reviews, "*the people*," to whom every thing is referred, and to whose judgment it is assumed and declared that every other power must bow, are just those classes, and those only, who had thus been declared, by the Whigs themselves, to be unfit to enjoy or to exercise political power?

For so it is. Let any one closely analyse and examine the drift and bearing of these continual references made, in Whig-Radical journals and reviews, to "*the people*," and he will always find, that the classes referred to under that phrase are *solely* the very lowest of those enfranchised by the Reform-bill, *in conjunction with those whom that bill adjudged to be unfit to possess political power*. These are "*the people*," and all the other classes of the community are passed over in the most contemptuous silence and the most entire disregard.

Let Devonshire reject Lord John Russell by a majority of six or seven hundred votes, we are coolly told, nevertheless, that his lordship was "*the popular candidate*"—that "*the people*" were with him—and that "*none but the squirearchy and the parsons*" took any part against him. Or let the city of London bring to the poll 5500 votes on one occasion, or 4600 on another, on behalf of a Conservative candidate—it is said, with the same coolness, that none but "*a few Tories*" were to be found on that side of the question. In fact, these gentlemen can calmly look in the face the broad and decisive fact of a majority of all the electors of England voting, in January last, for Sir Robert Peel's ministry; and still tell you, with the same unblushing assurance, that "*the people*" are with the O'Connell administration!

But it is time there was an end of this falsehood and folly. Gentlemen Whigs! please to take one side of the argument or the other. If by "*the people*," whose behest is to be done,—

whose decision is to be implicitly submitted to,—you really and sincerely mean *all the men of the empire*, then stand forth at once as the advocates of universal suffrage; knowing, as you do, that if you establish that form of government, you for ever abolish Whigs and Whiggism, and consign England at once to the rule of the Whalleys, and Murphys, and Roebucks, and Wakleys, and Whittle Harveys. But if you do not mean this—if you choose still to maintain the principle of the Reform-bill, that political power ought to be deposited chiefly or exclusively with those who have some apparent fitness for its exercise, then, for honesty and consistency's sake, have done with your perpetual appeals to "the people," and rather submit to the clear and decided verdict of those qualified classes, whose judgment you have yourselves invoked, and whose judgment is already heard in your condemnation.

The truth is, that the principle of a certain fitness for political power—a fitness ascertained by a fixed rank and standing in the community, is already sufficiently settled. And the point to which we wish to draw the public attention is this, that whereas the constitution itself recognises certain points as marking this fitness for the exercise of political power, it is already distinctly seen, even in the confessions of our opponents themselves, that of those classes which possess the greatest degree of that fitness, a large majority has decided in favour of Conservative principles.

The fact is broadly admitted in the Review to which we have just adverted, that of the men possessing 500*l.* a-year, a large majority are *more Conservative than the House of Lords!* That the same allegation would hold equally true of those of 300*l.* or of 100*l.* a-year, is sufficiently clear from the great aversion of the Whigs in parliament to allow the new corporations to be composed of men possessed of 1000*l.* which proposition was stigmatised as "aristocratic," and as "a Tory trick." In truth, the distinction is not between the rich and the poor (for who would call a man of 500*l.* a-year *rich*, in England in 1835? and still less can a tradesman possessed of a thousand pounds' worth of goods be so denominated), but it is, in fact, between those who have, some education, some intel-

ligence, and some property, and those who have little or none of either! Never would we wish to place political power either solely or chiefly in the hands of the rich; but we confess that we should have liked—without imagining for a moment any such intrenchment on the Reform-bill to be either expedient or just at the present moment, it having now become law—we should have liked the Reform-bill to have passed in its original form, with a 20*l.* franchise in place of a 10*l.* It was not so passed, though it was so constructed in the first instance, as we well know, because the Whigs received assurances from every quarter, that, with such a franchise, there would not be ten of their party returned from all the boroughs in England. But that it would have been a better measure with such a limitation, we believe, not merely because there would have been no chance for the Whigs, but because we are sufficiently certain that the inhabitants of houses worth 20*l.* a-year are a more intelligent, a better informed, and a more independent class of men, than those who live in houses of 10*l.*

Do the Whigs really mean to argue, that a man living in a 20*l.* house, or one worth 1000*l.*, is one of the *aristocracy*? Are not such most truly and really of the middle class, and, in fact, almost at the bottom of that class? Why, then, do our modern Reformers turn from these with dislike and scorn, and appeal to the *ten-pounders*, and *those below the ten-pounders*, as alone worthy of being denominated "the people?"

Scrutinize for a moment these gradations among the people; return for a moment to the borough of Finsbury, and look at the several ranks and classes into which its constituency is divided. Take the opulent: is there a house in Russell Square without some sort, at least, of a library? Can there be among the inhabitants of that neighbourhood any who do not sometimes read? or can there be many who have not read the ordinary writers on the English constitution? Go next to the Inns of Court: are they not filled with men who, of necessity, have enjoyed some education, and whose very business and occupation it is to consider the origin, the nature, and the sanctions of law? Turn, then, to the leading thorough-

fares of trade, and how few decent houses will you find without some books, or in which the occupants have not made themselves acquainted with the leading features in their country's history? And thus throughout. If we say that these classes of the community are more fit than those beneath them to form an opinion in political matters, it is not merely because they happen to have *more money*; but because, being raised above the necessity of daily and incessant labour, they have alike the means of acquiring information, and the leisure, both to acquire it, and properly to digest it when acquired.

On the other hand, go to Field Lane or Grub Street. You shall search fifty houses before you find any other book than Joe Miller's *Jest-Book*, or the *Jovial Companion*, or, perhaps, a Popish missal, or a Bible, left by some district visitor, and now employed to stop up a broken window. Nor, if books were there, have the occupants any leisure to read them; save, perhaps, some Monday, while confined at home from the effects of Sunday's surfeit. Politics, such as they have, are gleaned from the *Weekly Dispatch*, or the *Satirist*, or some similar weekly receptacle of sedition and filth. Yet these are all "electors of Finsbury;" and as there are more hovels worth 10*l.* or 15*l.* a-year than there are houses of 100*l.* or 150*l.*, it follows that Saffron Hill far outvotes Russell Square, and St. Luke's reduces Bloomsbury to a mere nullity. Ay, and the acute and learned Edinburgh Reviewer blushes not to turn to Saffron Hill and Field Lane, as uttering the voice of the English people, while he passes over in forgetfulness the opulence of Bedford Square and the intelligence of Lincoln's Inn; because, forsooth, men of 500*l.* are generally more Conservative than even the House of Lords itself!

What, then, are "the people?" On this point let there be heard the sentiments of some vehement Tory or excited partisan of Sir Robert Peel, but of "a Liberal," a philosopher, a reformer—even the guide and instructor of Sir Francis Burdett.

In the year 1782 a letter was published, addressed by John Horne Tooke to Lord Ashburton. The subject of this letter was *Popular Representation*, or what the House of Commons ought to be made. It is well known, that

Horne Tooke was "something more than a Whig;" we are therefore in no danger of meeting in his writings with any manœuvring schemes, any far-sighted moderation. He was a constitution-maker of the most pure and unadulterated school; drawing all his notions from first principles, and working them out without the least concern for their suitability to party-purposes.

But hear what such a man as this gives forth, as the result of his own deliberations, with reference to modern schemes of *general* and *equal* representation. He is proposing to Lord Ashburton (Dunning) a large and conclusive scheme of national representation; and he begins by rectifying what he considers to be some excesses committed by the friends of reform. He says:

"My virtuous and inestimable friend, Major Cartwright, is a zealous and an able advocate for *equal* and *universal* representation; that is, for an *equal* and *universal* share of every man in the government. My lord, I conceive his argument to be this: every man has an equal right to freedom and security. No man can be free who has not a voice in the framing of those laws by which he is to be governed. He who is not represented has not this voice; therefore, every man has an equal right to representation, or to a share in the government. His final conclusion is, that every man has a right to an equal share in representation.

"Now, my lord, I conceive the error to lie chiefly in the conclusion. For there is very great difference between having an *equal right* to a share, and a right to an *equal share*. An estate may be devised by will amongst many persons in different proportions; to one five pounds, to another five hundred, &c. Each person will have an equal right to his share, but not a right to an equal share.

"This principle is further attempted to be enforced by an assertion, that 'the all of one man is as dear to him as the all of another man is to that other.' But, my lord, this maxim will not hold by any means; for a small all is not, for very good reasons, so dear as a great all. A small all may be lost, and easily regained; it may very often, and with great wisdom, be risked for the chance of a greater; it may be so small, as to be little or not at all worth defending or caring for. *Ibi eo qui zonam perdidit*. But a large all can never be recovered: it has been amassing and accumulating, perhaps, from father to son, for many

generations; or it has been the product of a long life of industry and talents; or the consequence of some circumstance which will never return. But I am sure I need not dwell upon this, without placing the extremes of fortune in array against each other: every man whose all has varied at different periods of his life can speak for himself, and say whether the dearthness in which he held these different alls was equal. The lowest order of men consume their all daily, as fast as they acquire it.

"My lord, justice and policy require that benefit and burden, that the share of power and the share of contribution to that power, should be as nearly proportioned as possible. If aristocracy will have all power, they are tyrants and unjust to the people; because aristocracy alone does not bear the whole burden. If the smallest individual of the people contends to be equal in power to the greatest individual, he too is in his turn unjust in his demands; for his burden and contribution are not equal.

"Hitherto, my lord, I have only argued against the *equality*; I shall now venture to speak against the *universality* of representation, or of a share in the government: for the terms amount to the same.

"Freedom and security ought surely to be equal and universal. But, my lord, I am not at all backward to contend that some of the members of a society may be *free* and *secure*, without having a share in the government. The happiness, and freedom, and security of the whole, may even be advanced by the exclusion of some, not from freedom and security, but from a share in the government.

"My lord, extreme misery, extreme dependence, extreme ignorance, extreme selfishness (I mean that mistaken selfishness which excludes all public sense), all these are just and proper causes of exclusion from a share in the government, as well as extreme criminality, which is admitted to exclude; for thither they all tend, and there they frequently finish.

"My lord, I know I shall receive no answer to this, but—the difficulty of drawing the line of exclusion on these accounts; and the possibility or danger of abuse, by a pretence of these extremities. The bare *possibility* of abuse I hold to be no argument; the danger and the difficulty I will shew to be easily removable."

Such were the views of a man who, at least, cannot be charged with Toryism, or with the slightest leaning that way. That they are less "radical"

than the Radicals of the present day are likely to stomach, is easily accounted for on this ground—that a man who frames a political plan in his closet, removed from the noise and the influences of party politics, is almost certain to produce one less favourable to any existing political scheme or intrigue, than those who are engaged in that scheme or intrigue would have wished or anticipated at his hands.

But now we beg to ask, having thus laid Mr. Horne Tooke's theory before the public, and his reasons with it, Who is it can gainsay these reasons? Who can deny the propriety or the justice of giving him who has a large stake in the country, and who is a large contributor to her burdens, a superior voice than he who has naught to lose, and who yields to his country's necessities only the tax which he is compelled to pay on his gin or his tobacco? And yet, if this doctrine be not altogether heterodox, what are we to say to those who, like this Edinburgh Reviewer, are not backward to confess that all the property of the country is on one side of the question, and yet assume that "*the people*" are on the other; and insist that the said "*people*" both ought to, and must, dictate the national policy.

It is time that our stand was taken, and on this very point. Grant that the will of the sovereign ought not to be absolute, the wishes of the people being at variance with it; grant that even the concurrence of four-fifths of the peers would not be sufficient to justify a line of policy, in direct opposition to the declared bias and preference of the people; still, may we not plead with boldness, and with perfect confidence in the truth of our case, that in estimating the sense of the people, in taking into account the public will, it is but right and reasonable that the property and education of the middle classes should have some weight in the calculation? "Justice and policy," says Horne Tooke, "require that the benefit and burden, the share of power, and the share of contribution, should be as nearly proportioned as possible." The *justice* and *policy* of the modern Radicals lead them rather to say, that thirty hovel-keepers in Field Lane, paying among them all, in direct taxes, less than 50*l.* a-year, should have *more votes, more political power*, than twenty house-

keepers in Russell Square, who contribute to the same taxes above 1000*l.* per annum! We, however, must persist in a very opposite opinion. We prefer the judgment of twenty men, of decent education and intelligence, to that of a thousand journeymen tailors or shoemakers; not because the former are possessed of *more wealth*, but because they are necessarily in a situation to form a sounder judgment on political matters. And this is the one main difference between us, and this Edinburgh Reviewer, and his fellow-labourers of the *Globe* and *Chronicle*.

It may, then, be taken to be a point as fully decided as any point possibly can be, and that by the best sort of evidence, the confessions of the opponents themselves,—that not only the sovereign, the aristocracy, and the church, but also the great mass of the *property* of the country, and, by necessary consequence, the greatest proportion of the education and intelligence of the country, is opposed to the present anomalous half-Whig-half-Radical system, and is decidedly in favour of Conservative principles and a Conservative government. And this brings us to the consideration of the *State of Parties* in England at the present moment.

That state, in its basis, in its main and substantial points, is already described in the sentences we have just penned. Something, however, remains to be said on the circumstances of the present moment; for when parties are so nearly balanced as they have lately been seen in the House of Commons, a few otherwise trivial occurrences may prove of vast and momentous importance.

Our report, then, of the actual position of the two contending powers must be as favourable to the Conservative cause, as it is possible for any report to be which leaves the actual sway of the government in the hands of the adverse party. In fact, it is difficult for any expressions of ours, framed with moderation, to convey half the impression of the growing strength of the Conservative forces which would be made by a perusal of the ministerial journals. It would be difficult to say which most vividly paints their alarm and apprehension—their vaunts, or their confessions. Of the two, we rather prefer the former. We can hardly

take up a Whig journal without falling upon some paragraph which forcibly reminds us of the benighted schoolboy, “Whistling aloud, to keep his courage up;”

so constantly do they vow and declare to each other that the Tories are “*finally* defeated,” that they “will not be in a hurry to repeat the experiment of November last,” that “the people have shewn that they will *never* submit to Tory domination,” and the like. Nothing can more clearly or more amusingly exhibit the nervous irritation, the gnawing apprehensions which haunt their minds, than this perpetual endeavour to “lay the flattering unction to their souls,” of the “final defeat” of those foes, whom they know in their inmost souls are only panting for another opportunity to join battle, and who never can be *finally* defeated while any two particles of the framework of society remain together.

Turn we, however, to the *confessions* of these gentry. Here the picture is indeed marvellously reversed. Any one accustomed to the daily vauntings of the *Chronicle* or *Globe*, will hardly know how to believe his eyes, when, in the more authoritative organ of the party, in the *Edinburgh Review* itself, he finds the following vivid sketches of the critical and all but hopeless predicament of his leaders and their administration. In that article—the same to which we have already referred—the government is described as “in the lower house *just strong enough not to be beaten*, and too feeble in the upper house to command a vote on any contested question.” Nay, the writer is not content even with this “picture, deplorable as it is, but goes on to say:

“The court, we fear, is against them; the church is against them, and regards them * * as the source of all its perils. * * The aristocracy, whether in parliament or in the country, is their implacable enemy. * * Last of all, the House of Commons is but by a narrow majority for them; and of that small majority, there are many unfriendly both to their persons and their policy, who *only support them through fear*,” &c.

Admitting all this to be true—and true it must be, as coming from one who cannot be suspected of a disposition to overstate the difficulties of his own party—may we not ask, whether such a sight was ever presented to the

view of the English nation before, as a ministry persisting in the attempt to govern the country in opposition to the known repugnance of the whole of the three estates of the realm ;—for we have it here plainly confessed that the sovereign and the House of Lords are openly opposed to their system, and that the House of Commons is as really opposed to them in heart, and only yields them a reluctant and the *smallest possible majority*, through the basest of all motives, *fear*!

But are not the people with them,—*the people*, now more powerful and of more consequence than king, lords, and commons all united? If this were really the case, should we not have long since heard the doom of the present House of Commons, supporting ministers with a majority of seventeen or seven-and-twenty, and that only “through *fear*,”—and would not the din of preparation for another general election be even now sounding? But nothing of the sort is contemplated, even by those ministers who are perpetually bewailing their “narrow majority.” And why not? Simply because they know that *the people are not with them*!

This reviewer, however, is not backward in asserting, and that again and again, that the people *are* with the ministry. But when you look a little closer, you discover, even in his most confident assertions, that it is only a select *portion* of the people of which he is speaking. The *property* of the country, he confesses, and that not once, but again and again, to be decidedly opposed to them. It is, therefore, only that section of the people who have *no property*, whose support he expects and invokes for the government. But those classes of the community who have little or no property, are also, of necessity, as every one knows, those classes which have little or no education—at least of that sort of education which fits a man for judging on political questions. Thus we come at last to the conclusion, that the present ministry, disapproved by the sovereign, the peers, and the commons; disliked by the aristocracy, the church, and the great mass of property and education among the people, rests for its support solely on that class of the community—numerous, indeed, in amount, but unregarded, as to their opinions, by a reflecting statesman—

who have neither property, nor education, nor fixed principles of any kind!

But we must proceed with the reviewer's sketch of the predicament of his friends the ministers. He tells us, that in the House of Commons,

“On lukewarm, unwilling friends, or concealed enemies, depends even the scanty majority which the government now has.”

Touching the upper house, he says:

“They (the ministers) feel that if the Lords *they can do nothing*—a majority of three to one against them is their fate in that house; in the place, too, where their principal members sit. This is not a very agreeable state of existence for any men—for any men of spirit it is not even very bearable.”

Of the sovereign he has this remarkable confession:

“If the people relax in their support of the ministry, the court will assuredly turn upon them, and welcome its *natural allies*, the Tory faction.”

How the truth will sometimes break out! Just rectify the phraseology of this passage, cut away the “pamphleteering slang,” and then how reads it? The Tories have assuredly as just a claim to the appellation of a *party* as the Whigs; for, take away the Radicals, and in what county or borough in England would they not out-vote those Whigs? For “*faction*,” therefore, read “*party*,” and for “the court,” read “the monarch;” and the passage then stands thus: “The monarch will welcome his *natural allies*, the Tory party.” Than which implied confession nothing can be more true. The *natural allies* of the sovereign, the natural supporters of the monarchy, are the Tories; and when, by any circumstances, they are forced from his side, and their opponents wield the powers and the influence of the crown, things are indeed in an *unnatural* position!

But let us turn to the Reviewer once more. The misery of this painful predicament of the ministry—a predicament which he has himself so well described, is thus further explained:

“A state of things in which the ministers may, any day, be left in a minority of the Commons, is pregnant with mischief to the country, yet greater than its annoyance and inconvenience to them—

selves and their parliamentary supporters. It is a predicament in which the unfettered exercise of judgment is not left to those whose duty is to consult for the good of the commonwealth. It is a crisis in which they are not masters of their own movements, but must be at the mercy of others. Nay, it is a state of things in which *this very worst of mischiefs must oftentimes befall us, that small knots of men, or even single individuals, rising into an unnatural and most inauspicious importance, are enabled to dictate to the government what line shall be pursued*; and thus to become the arbiters upon measures of the greatest moment."

This "*very worst of mischiefs*," of which the Reviewer here speaks, is just that which, as all the world well knows, *has* already befallen us. A "small knot of men" *has* "dictated to the government the line to be pursued," and that line is one which is diametrically opposed to the votes of the people of England and of their representatives. Thus, so nearly are weakness and wickedness often allied, that that very ministry which the Reviewer had already shewn to be the weakest that ever existed, is here seen to be strong enough—or, rather, weak enough—to bring upon the country "*the very worst of mischiefs*"—the arbitrary sway of a demagogue and his gang of followers.

Once more. The obvious weakness of the present deplorable cabal by which we are governed, has set all its supporters and allies on the alert, for months past, to discover how strength might be gained. Having achieved a bare majority in the House of Commons through "fear," as the Reviewer tells us, they yet found, that all the doings of that craven majority were nullified by the firmness of the Lords. How to bear down the Lords, therefore, has been the great problem with the O'Connell journals for these two months past. This seemed to be their only hope. Now hear how the Reviewer crushes and annihilates this, their last reliance:

"But we cannot leave this important topic of the Lords, without adverting to the great dangers which an encouragement and extension of the prevailing sentiments upon the subject must bring upon the present liberal and reforming government. If the cry becomes very loud, and somewhat general, nothing will satisfy those who raise it but the

ministers of the crown beginning next session with some bill to reform the House of Lords. That any minister in his senses should propound such a measure to the present House of Commons is quite impossible. The cry, therefore, means dissolution, or it means nothing. Now, suppose the ministers were to propose that measure, and the court to refuse, as infallibly it would, only just consider the consequences! The ministry retires of course, to the no small contentment of the court and the peers; because to the inevitable strengthening of the Tory interest in the House of Commons. We have not the shadow of a doubt, that the Tory ministry would then have a majority in the lower house; for its existence, that is, its continuing to exist for five years, would be bound up with the existence of the Tory government. Whoever voted to turn them out, would know that he voted to send himself back to his constituents. Let any one consider this with reference to the construction of the present House of Commons, such as we have described it, and he will be at once convinced how steady a majority the Tories would have. We throw out the suggestion as one of the most practical kind which can, at the present moment, be presented to the minds of honest and sincere Reformers."

The suggestion is undoubtedly "one of the most practical kind;" and it is also one of great importance: but it is doing injustice to the subject thus to take it up piecemeal. It is clearly true, as the Reviewer shews us in a variety of ways, that *to exist at all* is as much as the present ministry can possibly hope to achieve; and that to expect them *to do any thing* is altogether absurd. But then it must be borne in mind at the same time, that the very terms of their existence compel them to be doing something—to *be doing mischief*! They live by the will and pleasure of O'Connell; his support is the breath of their nostrils; he is the "single individual" pointed at by the Reviewer, as having "*risen to a most unnatural and inauspicious importance*"—as being "*enabled to dictate to the government*"—and as being "*the arbiter on measures of the greatest moment*." Now does the Reviewer himself imagine, that O'Connell will ever allow a ministry of his creatures to exist, without compelling them to make some effort to do his will? That will, as we well know, is *always* mischief. For two years past, his chief object has been the dismemberment of

the empire by the repeal of the Union ; which measure, as was obvious to every one, would make *him* the virtual dictator of Ireland. Now, however, his ambition takes a higher flight, and he is willing to allow the Union to continue, in the new-born hope that, in the present equal balance of parties in parliament, his six-and-thirty Irish votes will suffice to give him the virtual rule over, not Ireland only, but Great Britain also ! But his restless spirit will never brook the firm control exercised by the Lords, and their determination to frustrate all his schemes as they may successively raise their heads. War — open, unrelenting war against the Peers, is therefore declared by him ; and it is hardly conceivable that he will allow the next session to terminate without some assault on this branch of the legislature.

Here, then, arises another practical difficulty to the ministry. To venture on a decided assault on the Lords is ruin — instant, irretrievable ruin. Yet to refuse to adopt this course, is almost an open rebellion against the O'Connell authority — against *his* authority, who has only to lift his little finger and they are gone ! What a dilemma ! Yet how natural a result of so profligate a coalition ; and how just the retribution which thus threatens their very existence !

At the present moment, the immediate retainers of the ministry are vibrating from horn to horn of this dilemma, in a most amusing perplexity. A month or two back all was unanimity, resolution, and a fixed determination that the House of Lords was to be "reformed," *alias*, *annihilated* ; for the very end and object of the said "reform" was the abolition of their hereditary rights as legislators — an abolition which would have left the peers their titles, ribands, and coronets, but nothing more ! *Globe*, *Chronicle*, and all the minor fry of the press, and O'Connell as the ministerial itinerant orator, all declared this to be indispensably necessary — to be of the most urgent and pressing importance. But within the last fortnight the cry has been altogether changed, and "*hark back !*" is the only sound heard. The greatest efforts are making to undo all that had been done, and to persuade "the public" — that is, the Radical public — that this said new "reform" was really too large an undertaking to

be adopted in haste ; and that it was better to wait a few years, and to "try the effect of public opinion" on that very obstinate and troublesome assembly.

We cannot but regret this alteration of tone, for we had already begun to anticipate the sport of seeing the combined body of Whigs and Radicals rush against the impregnable walls of the House of Lords, and fall, shattered to atoms, beneath those bulwarks. However, though we must apparently submit to the disappointment of this hope, the end of the game is not less certain. If the movement-party succeed in urging their tools, the ministry, into a bold attack on any of our institutions, they perish in that attack. If, on the other hand, the ministers are too sluggish, or too fearful, to venture upon this course, an alienation must take place between them and the revolutionists ; for the latter will never be content to see even a single session pass over without some progress made in the work of destruction.

Such, then, is the deplorable predicament of this miserable administration. That they are now in the very last stage of their wretched existence is clear from this, — that nothing can keep their unnatural confederacy united by immediate, constant, and destroying activity ; while the conservative and defensive power of the House of Lords renders all such action impossible. Their force consists, as the Edinburgh Reviewer tells us, "of at least three great parties, and several lesser knots of individuals ; and *the tie which knits them all together is but a feeble one.*" Now the permanency of such a state of things is clearly impossible, *under any circumstances* ; and yet the least separation — the secession even of one of these "lesser knots" — places the whole array at once within the jaws of inevitable defeat.

Such is the desperate predicament of the ministerial conspirators. Meanwhile, the Conservative array is ever growing and augmenting, and that in a perpetually accelerating degree. We doubt if the vast and mighty change that is gradually working in the public mind is yet properly understood. In the suburban village in which these lines are penned, we could point out more than a dozen men of education, property, and influence, who were decided Whigs in 1830, and who sup-

ported Lord Grey's government nearly to its close, and who are now declared Conservatives. And this is but a specimen of what is every where going on.

The operation of this change is partly felt in the registration which is just now concluding. The English counties, by tens and twenties, have secured their seats for Conservatives at the next election. Middlesex will eject her present members, *by a majority of above a thousand*. Kent throws off Mr. Hodges; Surrey returns Major Beauclerk into private life; Staffordshire remits Mr. Gisborne to the dog-kennel; and Devonshire spurns the further yoke of Lord Ebrington. A dissolution, therefore—towards which, in May last, the Whigs looked, as their last resource—is now out of the question. It would be a dissolution of something else beside the parliament! This hope, then, is quite torn from them.

And what remains for the Conservatives to attempt, or to desire? What, but a patient waiting, till it is their turn to play! There can hardly be a change, even of the slightest circumstance, which will not tell in their favour. To the Whigs, barely strong enough to keep their position at present, the slightest secession is ruin. Eight or ten vacancies in the House of Commons, filled (as they generally will be) by Conservatives, might melt down their whole majority. In these desperate circumstances, they will doubtless manœuvre for the wind, as the only game that is left to them.

There is, however, one point to which we must ever look with the greatest solicitude. Our main human reliance is now reposed,—the government being in the hands of the enemy,—in the House of Lords. This illustrious assembly is placed in new and momentous circumstances, and it scarcely seems to be fully aware of its own power, or of the great and important duty which the country expects it to perform. So far from being an assembly of "blind and bigotted old Tories, besotted in ultra and antiquated notions," as it is often represented in such journals as the *Chronicle* and *Examiner*, it is, in fact, hardly Conservative enough for the country. The danger is not in its doing *too much*, but in its doing *too little*. We have here, in this *Edinburgh Review*, the highest possible testimony to the fact

—the testimony of one who sits among them, and watches their movements with no friendly eye, that they are, as a body, *less Conservative than the great mass of the middle and upper classes of the English people*. He tells us plainly, and without the least hesitation, that if it were left to the men of 500*l.* a-year throughout England to elect a House of Lords, they would elect one more decidedly Conservative than the present house. Let their lordships lay this admission to heart; it is worth their consideration.

As an instance of this almost unsafe moderation in the Lords, we may adduce their conduct on the Corporation-bill. They did their duty on that occasion, in the main, nobly; but they did it with some degree of doubt and hesitation: at least, it was so thought by many. Now we are as certain of this as we can be of any thing, that by the assertion of their rights, and the performance of a public duty, on that urgent occasion, they lost not one single friend or advocate throughout the land; while, on the other hand, they greatly encouraged their supporters among the people. If fault could be found, it was not, assuredly, with the length to which their amendments were carried, but rather with the point at which they stopped. One alteration, in particular, was looked for at their hands, and great dismay was produced in many quarters when it was not even proposed;—an alteration, the insertion of which would have made the bill a decidedly Conservative measure, and the want of which leaves it one of doubtful tendency.

That alteration was the raising the burgess-qualification to a 10*l.* rental, as it now stands in the parliamentary franchise. Nothing could be more natural or more easily justifiable than this alteration, for this very proviso existed in the Scotch Corporation-bill,—in the English Corporation-bill proposed by Lord Brougham in 1833,—and in the Irish Corporation-bill, then on the table of the house. And, from the trial the country has already had of the ten-pounders, there could be little reason to doubt that they would be quite "liberal" enough, in their political views, to satisfy every thing short of a decided revolutionist.

This amendment to the bill was generally looked for out of doors, as among the very first and most obvious

of the needed improvements: but it was never even started in the House of Lords; and it has been said, that the reason why such a proposition was never made was, that the burgess-clause as it stood had been unanimously adopted in the lower house.

But we cannot help thinking this an insufficient reason. There might be good grounds on which the Conservative leaders in the Commons might wish to decline urging an unpopular amendment—unpopular, merely as involving a limitation of the franchise—which they could not hope to carry in that house; which grounds had no bearing upon, and ought to have had no influence over, the House of Lords. We fear, however, that some leading members of their lordships' house had a further reason for adopting the clause as it stood; to wit, that they really *preferred* it to a 10*l.* qualification. We find, in the speech of one noble member of the Conservative party, that

"He thought the government had acted wisely in not adopting the same constituency for the municipal boroughs as had been given to the parliamentary boroughs; for, in his opinion, the election of corporate officers ought to be free from all political considerations. He thought it, therefore, wise to have a poorer class of constituents in these cases, for it created a sort of mutual dependence between the poor and the rich."

Now, all that we have to complain of here is the preference of *theory* to *practice*. "The election of corporate officers," says his lordship, "ought to be free from all political considerations." Doubtless it ought; but will it, *can it* be so? On the contrary, we already find, in every borough in England, a Conservative and a Radical list of candidates already prepared, and openly published in the newspapers! So entirely at variance, then, are the *fancies*, of what *ought to be done*, and the *facts*, of what *is done*. So, in like manner, the enfranchisement of a poorer class of voters is hailed by his lordship as "creating a sort of mutual dependence between the poor and the rich."

Again we may remark that the *theory* is pretty, but that the *facts* are by no means so pleasant to the contemplation. We happened to light, a few days since, on a Macclesfield paper, containing a schedule of the houses

in that borough; by which we found that in that town there were houses rated

At from 10*l.* upwards, 417
from 5*l.* to 10*l.* ... 422
At 5*l.* and under, 4385!

Now we can understand the reasonableness of mingling the first two classes in one constituency, on the noble lord's own principle, and seeing that we thereby incur no risk of throwing a monopoly of political power into the hands of any one class. But when you bring into the field the whole mass of *four thousand three hundred voters*, inhabiting houses rated at 5*l.* and under, where is your "mutual dependence" between the poor and the rich? Is not the whole power thrown into the hands of the multitude; and does not any sort of "mutual dependence" become a mere dream?

Now in this case we should have prayed the house of lords to take into their most serious consideration the argument of Horne Tooke—an argument which has never received a shadow of a reply, and which we may be very certain never will. He urges, with obvious justice, that

"If aristocracy will have all power, they are tyrants, and unjust to the people; because aristocracy alone does not bear the whole burden. If the smallest individual of the people contends to be equal in power to the greatest individual, he, too, is in his turn unjust in his demands; for his burden and contribution are not equal."

But if this reasoning be true and just—and who will say that it is not—then what are we to say to the principle adopted in the Corporation-bill?

Horne Tooke's theory, however, is so far from being peculiar to himself, that it is constantly adopted, even by Ultra-Liberals themselves, whenever mob-popularity is not the immediate object in view. The case of the Bloomsbury Vestry Bill is now well known. In that instance the main point with Lord John Russell was, to secure a safe and good local government for a parish in which his father had much property. Not willing to throw the affairs of that parish into the hands of the mob, he restricted, and firmly persevered in restricting, the voting at parish vestries to those rated at 30*l.* and upwards. But he was not alone in this notion. Mr. Wilks,

M. P. for Boston, the dissenting attorney, of the *most liberal* cast of politics, when drawing a bill for the government of his own parish of St. Luke's, very coolly took the very same minimum, and limited the vote to those rated at this same 30*l.* a-year.

How is it, then, that we have so far advanced in the march of liberality that not even a limitation to a rating of 10*l.* is so much as proposed in the Corporation-bill? We have already said that we can understand the ground of the unwillingness felt by the Conservative leaders in the Commons to propose an amendment of this kind in that assembly, without a hope of carrying it; but we are wholly ignorant of any just ground for the like backwardness in the House of Lords,—whose very office and duty it seems now to be, to watch against and to repress all overweening democratic encroachment.

The House of Lords, then, if it well and truly work out its part, must become rather *more* Conservative—not less so. And this it may do without the least particle of apprehension for the result, so far as its own power and prerogative are concerned. Of all the foolish bluster and threatening which

succeeded the late stand made by the Peers against the mischiefs meditated in the Corporation-bill, three-fourths had no other drift than intimidation. The cue given to the *Globe* and *Chronicle* was to talk big about the “inevitable reform of the House of Lords,” in the hope that some few of that body might be alarmed, and might even run into the arms of ministers for safety. But this nonsense was persevered in far too long. O’Connell and the Radicals were fast proceeding to get the government committed to an attack on the House of Peers; and there is not a member of the cabinet who would not rather “eat his boots” than venture on such a folly. Every thing, therefore, has been utterly done that was possible to pacify the yelping curs, and to lay the devil, Radicalism, in his usual dreaming, restless half-slumber. As to the final result, it matters little. Either the confederacy will attempt some mischief, and will be crushed in the attempt; or it will try to rest for a while in a state of fretful inactivity, and will fall to pieces, like similar unprincipled coalitions, through the mere deficiency of any honest principle of cohesion.

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MONOLOGUES OF THE LATE SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE, ESQ.

No. II.

THE SCIENCE AND SYSTEM OF LOGIC.

THE Essay on Life, published in our preceding Number, was, as we stated, a digression from an abstruser subject—an *excursus* in a discourse upon Logic. May we venture to present our readers with a specimen of the series of lectures on that difficult argument, which gave occasion to the popular fragment already printed? Before entering on the perusal of the following monologue, however, we would detain them awhile with some remarks, by the importance of which we are forcibly impressed.

Mr. Coleridge was in the habit of mentioning works, on many subjects, as in a state of forward or complete preparation, which his friends have been unable to find among his MSS. His large work on the Christian Religion, under its threefold aspect, in its truly catholic form, and his Treatise on Logic—both so anxiously desired by every philosophical student—are in this predicament. Now, the supposition of the existence of these works has been alleged to be a delusion, under which Mr. Coleridge from time to time laboured; and, no doubt, he frequently spoke of works in design, in the execution of which he never proceeded a step. Many title-pages he also only traced in the air, “talking with his finger thus;” but when he spoke of having actually written something, we are inclined to believe it was more than a day-dream. It is just possible, that a man whose influence on the public was of so subtle a character, and directed into such channels, that its reaction was not felt on himself in the loud gale of popular applause, and in the substantial acknowledgment of pecuniary returns, should esteem his printed works in the light of dreams, and doubt of their having existence out of himself; and, sometimes, the feeling thus induced might tempt him to place on a level with them, what was so far from being printed that it was not even written. This we admit; but it is not necessary to accept this far-fetched and superfine apology as the only explanation of which the matter is capable. A better one is suggested by the existence of the following essay.

We have already described the way in which it was produced. In the habit, as Mr. Coleridge was, of dictating essays like these on all subjects, an impression might well abide in his mind, that dissertations on the specific arguments composed by him had somewhere existence. They were, indeed, “Sybilline Leaves,” which he had suffered the winds to waft to every quarter under heaven.

Such a leaf is the following, though somewhat a large one. It may be considered either as a discourse or a treatise; for, though pronounced *vivâ voce*, it

is, as the reader will perceive, given in the form of an Introduction to a Volume on Logic. It was, in fact, Mr. Coleridge's design to put his pupils in possession of such a volume, though in manuscript, and taken down from his own lips. He could speak books more easily than write them; but, whether spoken or written, would not a treatise so thoroughly delivered be entitled to the name of a composition? Might he not, for instance, have honestly referred to the existence of this present Introduction to a Treatise on Logic, as being more than an "airy nothing," and as having a "local habitation and a name?" Yet no word would have been found of it among his papers, except such few paragraphs as he has here borrowed from the *Friend*, the *First Lay-Sermon*, &c., in accordance with his usual custom to use up again, in every fresh labour, what suited his purpose in former works. In this particular he exercised, to the full extent, the privilege that a man may do what he likes with his own. It is our opinion, that many chapters of both the great works that we have mentioned are scattered about in private quarters, little suspected of concealing such treasures. It would be well if they could be unearthed.

• The form of the present fragment is that of an Introductory Chapter.

SCIENCE, in the strict and proper sense of the term, signifies a chain of truths, having its first link, or common staple, in principles of Reason; that is, truths which contain their own evidence. A total, whether of things or thoughts, comprehending its own centre or common copula, and the integral parts or members of which are interdependent and reducible to one and the same law, is a System.

Thus, on the assumption that all bodies gravitate, and that all gravitating bodies follow the same law of gravitation, we speak of the Solar System, and of the material universe, as a System of Systems.

It is not necessary, indeed, that all the members of any given whole should be known by us, in order to entitle it to the name of a system. It is sufficient to know, that should such be discovered, they will be found governed by the same law and reducible to the same principles; for, should the contrary be found true, such bodies would not be component parts of that system, as a system, but co-parts of some greater system comprehending the former. An example would be furnished in the cometary bodies, supposing their paths not elliptical, or not having our sun as their focus; at all events, in the proper use of the term, we presume a Totality. The conception of a whole is necessarily present to the mind at the time, though, in the moment following, we may think of this whole as a component part of some greater system. Hence, of the primary sciences—those, I mean, that are not comprehended in other sciences as particular branches—few can with propriety be denominated systems.

The presumption being that indefinite progression, by continuous evolution of truth, is like certain animals that are said to grow as long as they live, and find due nourishment by successive articulations.

Among the few exceptions, Logic may be mentioned as the least doubtful; for we have already excluded particular branches from the remark: so far, at least, that the treatises in which these branches are taught may be entitled systems, with no greater deviation from rigorous propriety than is amply compensated by its convenience. Thus we cannot, without confounding terms, say the System of Metaphysics, the System of Mathematics, or the System of Geometry, if we mean the sciences in their full extent; but we may speak of a System of Trigonometry, or of a System of the Metaphysics of Nature; that is, of the metaphysical truths presumed in the Science of pure Physics. In like manner, when any science, or any number of positions scientifically demonstrated, has been applied to any existing system, and brought into coincidence with its various phenomena, whereby we are enabled to understand the same and to know that it is a system, and under what laws it is systematised, the work itself is entitled with propriety a system. Thus we have systems of astronomy, of anatomy, theology, &c. &c.

To logic we have conceded the right of being named both a science and a system—a privilege which it owes to the simplicity, the paucity, and the predeterminability of its processes, and of the principles on which these are grounded; and as the present work professes to contain a system of logical

science, I need offer no apology for having commenced with an explanation of these terms. Neither in a treatise, the main aim of which respects appropriateness and significance in words, and the arrangement of words, will any excuse be required for carrying on the same object with regard to the use of words generally, and of thus pressing its importance as early as possible.

Even in the ordinary intercourse of social life an exact propriety of language is impressive;* and where it is free from the appearance of effort and conscious intention, it is at the same time ornamental and prepossessing. But in the communication of scientific knowledge, the employment of terms strictly defined and appropriated becomes a primary and indispensable duty. By parity of reason, the first aim of the pupil, and his most watchful effort, must be to emancipate his memory and imagination from the confused associations established by the lax and shifting use of words in ordinary life, and from the disturbing effects on the process of close thinking that cannot but have been produced, more or less, by the previous habit of attaching, and hearing others attach, different meanings, at different times, to the same words;—now relying on the known context and purpose of the discourse, aided, perhaps, by the mute language of gesture, for its being taken in the sense intended; and now on the indifference of the result, in which of its several meanings, or shades of meaning, the phrase might chance to be understood, where either would answer the end. Whether this practice originates in carelessness or ignorance, or the authority of custom and the practice of popular writers, is of no importance: the impediment is the same, and the discipline requisite for its removal is the first exercise prescribed in the ascetic or preparatory training of the intellect; the first purification to which the aspirant must submit, while yet he stands on the threshold of science. The first, I say, in especial relation to the acquisition of knowledge (the purification of the will and the affections, even to the due cultivation of the understanding, being

pre-supposed), in the present instance, as of equal necessity and the same obligation; whether we are content to remain in the outer court with the chaffers and money-changers, or look forwards to minister at the high altar, and to pierce into the sacred recesses of the temple.

Even in our best dictionaries and lexicons—our Ainsworths and Scapulas—the frequent occurrence of a long series of figures numbering the various senses—senses more often belonging to the whole sentence than to the word itself, is a relic from the infancy of philology, the removal of which would facilitate the acquisition of the learned languages, and conduce to a habit of accurate thinking generally, to a degree of which it would not be easy to ascertain the limits.† But in the vocabularies of science (and each science has, or should have, its own vocabulary), to each term there must be affixed its own single definition or interpretation. This, at least, is the rule; exceptions there are, though even of these the greater part are apparent only: as when in metaphysical, ethical, and logical works, the author, previous to fixing his own future sense of the term, has given the history of the word, its origin, transfer, extension or narrowing of its signification; in short, its secondary and improper or metaphorical uses. But where the exception is real, the concurrence must be considered as a defeat; though the great inconveniences of innovation in technical terms (familiarised by long and general usage, and consecrated by the authority of writers deemed classical in the particular science) may render the defect irremediable, otherwise than by the substitution of a greater evil. An instance of such an exception will form the contents of the concluding paragraphs of this chapter, in two correlative terms; the various and varying applications of which, with the causes and occasions of the same, the student will, I dare assure him, find it of great comparative utility to master and familiarise to himself, before he sits down systematically to the work itself.

Among the most effectual means of securing significancy and appropriate-

* See *Friend*, vol. iii. pp. 133-139.

† In the folio edition of Dr. Johnson's *Dictionary* there are, if I recollect aright, thirty different senses to the monosyllable "from."

ness of language, we may rank the subdivision of the great provinces of human knowledge into as many several sciences as a cautious adherence to the canons of classification will permit. The most important of these canons is the following:—In order to the legitimate formation of a class, it is required that there should be a number of particulars united in relation to themselves, and yet distinguishable from all others by some one or more common characters of sufficient importance, permanence, and obviousness. Wherever these conditions exist, the classification is legitimate; but the expediency of the subdivision must be determined by the known or probable extent of the new science, and its capabilities of independence and comparative insulation. For the main purpose of thus favouring the creation of new states in the great commonwealth of science, is that of drawing so distinct a boundary-line round each department as may enable its surveyors to give their attention, undistracted and entire, to the area included, its contents and its capabilities; not rejecting the aids obtainable from other departments, but using them as partisans, not as principals, or commanders-in-chief. But the magnitude of the advantage resulting is proved directly by the fact, that the number of new denominations of art and science has increased, and continues to increase, with the progress of knowledge; and is at once an effect, a cause, and a symptom of its extension and solidity. And, indirectly, it is proved by the grievous inconveniences which the history of the middle ages presents to us, from the neglect in the formation of distinct limits, and the consequent usurpations exercised by whatever science chanced to be most in fashion at the time.

The result of these *transgressions*, of this intellectual bounds-breaking, may not inaptly be likened to the inroads

of a barbarous enemy, who, having over-run a country, misuses or tramples under foot the natural growth; and keeping military possession of the land just long enough to prevent the sowing, as well as to lay waste the harvest, retires at length empty-handed, and with no other spoils or trophies but a set of strange titles and unprofitable names.

It is a wonderful property of the human mind, that when once a momentum has been given to it in a fresh direction, it pursues the new path with obstinate perseverance, in all conceivable bearings, to its utmost extremes. And by the startling consequences of this blind confidence it is first awakened to a sense of its error, and then it either falls back on its former position or receives some new impulse, which it follows with the same eagerness, and admits to the same monopoly.

Thus, in the middle ages, the first pursuit that roused the intellect from the torpor of barbarism was supplied by the science of logic and metaphysics, inextricably interwoven, and in immediate relation to theology and the pre-established doctrines of the church.

We first seek what can be found at home; and what wonder if a science that promised, and even appeared to reveal the secret depths of our own souls, their history and their destination, should take possession of the whole mind; or that all truths should seem trivial which could not either be evolved out of the same or similar principles by the same process, or, at least, be brought under the same forms of thought by perceived or imagined analogies? And so it was. For more than a century men continued to invoke the oracle of their own spirits, not only concerning its own forms* and modes of being, but likewise concerning the laws and agency of external nature.

* Whatever the point in disquisition might be, the matter-of-fact questions, What it was? or even, Whether it was at all? were superseded by pretended demonstrations of why, and what it *must be*; and why it must be *that* and no other. The *negative* possibility of a thing in relation to the inquirer's own mind, that is, the possibility of the *conception* of the thing was confounded with, passed off for the necessity of the thing itself; and its reality, i. e. actual existence, formed the conclusion or inference—a proceeding that had already furnished materials to the rich humour and keen sense of Lucian for his logical annalist, who, out of passionate attachment to the four figures, with their modes, in Aristotle's *Analytics*, wrote a history all in syllogisms. A co-inherence, or mutual penetration of fact and reason, must doubtless have produced a superfluity of conviction in the mind of his readers.

All attempts at philosophical explanation, commenced in an effort of abstraction, aided by another function of the mind, for which I know no better name than substantiation; the identity of the thinker's own consciousness, or, to speak still more precisely, the unity of the understanding itself, which (as, indeed, the word "understanding" expresses) is the proper *substans* of the thought, was confounded with, and substituted for, the real substance of the thing, and honoured with the title of its substantial form.

The attempts in natural philosophy, the pretended explanations of the facts and phenomena of the world without, were all commenced by acts of *abstraction*, followed and seconded by another function of the discursive faculty,* which† I have elsewhere named logical substantiation; by the perversion of which the identity of the thinker's own consciousness, or, more precisely, the unity of the understanding itself, which in very truth is the *SUBSTANCE*‡ of the thought, was confounded with, and substituted for, the proper substance of the thing, and honoured with the

title of its *SUBSTANTIAL FORM*. To complete this phantom, nothing was now wanted but an act of the imagination; by virtue of which the qualities, properties, and powers of the human soul, implied in the privilege of self-consciousness, or inferred from the notions of the inner sense, were attributed, and, as it were, transferred to the objects outwardly existing. The product, of course, corresponded to the process — a compound of notions and fancies. By the power of abstraction, the most obvious appearances of an object, the impressions on the senses and sensations oftenest made by it, and so far, therefore, the effects of the object, were clustered in some general term, made to supply the place of their own causes under the name of occult qualities. For instance, the properties peculiar to gold were abstracted from those it possessed in common with other metals (in other words, exclusively attended to and reflected on); they were then generalised in the term *aureity*, and the disciples and nurslings of the school were instructed that the essence of gold, or the ground and

* In elementary treatises, where a reference to the history of the art or science is to form part of the preface, or introductory chapters, it would require no small ingenuity to avoid using terms, the explanation of which must (by the commencing student at least) be sought for in the work itself. In the introduction to a system of the logical sciences it is little less than impossible. But if the difficulty be greater than in most other sciences, the inconvenience is less; as there will, probably, be few readers to whom the terms will not of themselves, or may not by the context be made to convey a meaning, which, however deficient it may be in logical precision, is sufficiently clear for the purpose intended. Besides, in a work of this sort, the reader who means to *hunt only at full view*, without doubling, or occasional loss of the scent—who (to drop the metaphor) expects to master the contents of such a work with the same speed that he can read the pages, *either does not want it all, or wants it too much*. Those, however, who occupy the mean between the two extremes—those for whom the task here offered is neither superfluous nor hopeless, who, if they read at all, would fain read to some purpose, and, prepared to undergo their share of the trouble, will not charge the difficulties inherent in the subject, or rising out of the previous state of their own minds, on the faulty obscurity of the particular writer, will find in the glossary, with its alphabetical index, a means of economising their time and abridging their labour in their future studies, as well as in the present work.

† *Nota bene*, this function here spoken of is one of highest rank among the original powers, or constituent attributes, of the understanding, and no less of high and unqualified utility in all the processes of conceiving and discursive reasoning, as long as we know it to be a part of the process, and that its *products* (the so-called *entra logica seu rationalia*) are not mistaken for the realities, or real (*entra realia*), which by means of this process we seek to arrive at.

‡ This is, in fact, the literal rendering of the word *understanding*; in Latin, *unicuique substans conceptui* — standing under and supporting the successive conceptions, as the wax may be said to be the substance of the several and successive impressions, or signatures.

§ This solemn juggle often reminds me of a scene in an operatic farce, at which I was present on the Continent; where a son, making his exit between one of the side scenes with a rapidity never surpassed by our own Mathews, and while yet the audience believed themselves to see the skirt of his coat, re-appears at another entrance, completely metamorphosed as his own father.

constituent cause of the peculiar modification of matter so called, was its *aureity*, or *vis aureitatis*. The cloudy Juno was now bodily complete

("If bodily may be called that body had none")*

and ready for the embraces of our metaphysical Ixions; but she was still blind and lifeless. Besides, a dowry ought not to be wanting, especially when there was a friend nigh at hand whose treasures were inexhaustible; a second Midas, and not more rich than liberal—the Imagination! but of whose magic stores, placed unreservedly at the disposal of her neighbour Faculty, Thought and Will were, by a species of transfusion, superinduced on the occult quality; and henceforward each form of nature had its appropriate spirit, to be controlled or conciliated by an appropriate ceremonial. For the alchemists and astrologers followed up the scheme and *recipe* of the scholastic logicians, and, improving on their masters, blended the substantial forms with the traditional superstitions of theurgy and demonology, the confused echoes of the pseudo-Platonism of the Lower Empire, or in part, perhaps, the rude and soiled relics of the long-suppressed, yet in various disguises, far-wandering and long-lingering mysteries of Egypt and of Samothrace.* In this manner, the forms of thought proceeding to act in their own emptiness, with no attempt to fill and realise them by the information of the senses, and nature decreed to be this and that, cast and sentenced (as it were) in her absence, without question put or answer received, all the branches of natural philosophy (*va tripi θύρας*); nay, the very facts of revealed religion and

inspired doctrines, susceptible only of historical proof, formed so many sections of logic—"and metaphysics," I was about to add: but, in truth, both physics and metaphysics differed from logic only by personifications and imaginary entities, suffictions rather than suppositions, and became more than formal logic by becoming a sort of dull poetry,

So it continued, with slight and ineffectual opposition, even after the era considered as the new dawn or restoration of literature, coincident with the final extinction of the Greek empire and the arrival of the learned fugitives in Italy—even to the time that the Reformation sounded the trumpet, and the authority of the schools sank with that of the hierarchy under the intellectual courage and activity which this great revolution had inspired. Power once awakened, cannot rest in one object. The whole tree of real knowledge felt the reviving influence; the confining straw-bands of the Aristotelean physics were untwisted, or cut asunder; and the old branches, so long the mere supporters of climbing and stifling parasites, put forth buds of their own, and soon began to shoot out in new boughs. The idea of a true natural philosophy, by the convergence of the speculative and the practical to a common apex, was evolved by the genius of our BRITISH PLATO;† the principles of observation and the means and conditions of legitimate experience unfolded; with the true nature and necessity of experiment as an organ of reason, not less distinguished from the blind or dreaming industry of the alchemists, than successfully opposed to the barren subtleties of the schoolmen.

* The corruption and debasement of the Eleusinian, and, in a somewhat less degree, of the Cabirio mysteries, must have followed with rapid steps on the loss of liberty in Greece, and probably commenced with its abuse, and with the consequent licentiousness in principles and practice that ended in the destruction of its forms and safeguards. Making due allowances for the misconceptions and exaggerations incident to all accounts received at second-hand, and by a hostile reporter, I see no reason to doubt the general accuracy of the statements given by the fathers of the first four centuries, respecting the mysteries as they existed in their times. Varro had already endeavoured to check the degeneracy of the more independent and cosmopolite Græco-Phœnician mysteries of Samothrace, and to decipher for its priests the original principles of their theology, or rather cosmogony.

† In what sense Lord Bacon is thus called, as the reviver and completer of the genuine scheme of Plato, and the proofs of the assertion contained in this title, may be found in the *Friend*, vol. iii. pp. 205–213. The following sentence contains the result of the whole passage:—"The difference, or rather the distinction, between Plato and Lord Bacon, is simply this, that philosophy being necessarily bipolar, Plato treats principally of the truth as it manifests itself at the ideal pole, and con-

But scarcely was the impulse given, ere the same propensity was betrayed; that of reducing all to the one that chanced to exercise a predominant attraction. Thus Gilbert, a richly gifted contemporary of Bacon, had no sooner investigated and multiplied the facts and phenomena of the magnet, but all things in "heaven and earth, and waters under the earth," were resolved into magnetic influences. Shortly after, a new light was struck by Harriott, followed up by Des Cartes and others; and the restoration of ancient geometry to its lawful rank and dignity, aided by the modern invention of algebra, transferred the ascendancy to the science of mechanics, which ended in placing the mechanical, or atomic philosophy, on the philosophic throne.

How widely the domination spread, and how long it continued (if, indeed, it can be said even now to have abdicated its pretensions), who needs be told, who is superficially acquainted with the history of philosophy during the last two centuries? The sublime discoveries of Kepler, perfected by Newton, with the no less fruitful than wonderful application of the higher mathesis to the movement of the celestial bodies, and to the laws of light, by the English philosopher, gave almost a religious sanction to the corpuscular system and mechanical theory. It became synonymous with philosophy itself—it was the sole portal at which truth was permitted to enter. The living body was considered as a hydraulic machine, the subjects of the medical art were explained, and its antidotes and operations justified, and too often directed by the laws of gravity and motion. Or, if chemistry

was admitted to a share in the solution of the phenomena, and the suggestion of the remedies, it was a chemistry which, as far as its theory is concerned, was itself but a branch of mechanics, working exclusively by imaginary wedges, angles, and globes. In a book on "the Principles of Philosophy," by La Forge, an immediate disciple of Des Cartes (which, with other works* of the same era, and no dissimilar contents, I happen to possess), the reader may see the phenomena of sleep at once solved and exhibited in a copper-plate engraving, with all the figures which the blood-globules assume, squeezed or expanding, during their passage through tubes of varying diameter; and the results obtained by mathematical calculus, or demonstrated intuitively, *more geometrico*, by diagrams. In short, from the age of Des Cartes to that of Hartley and Le Sage, not only all external nature, but the subtlest mysteries of organisation, life—nay, of the intellect and moral being, were conjured within the magic circle of mechanical forces, and controlled by mathematical formula. By this time a new light had been struck, a new object of pursuit disclosed, by the discoveries in electricity; and it would be no very gross exaggeration to say, that the whole frame of natural philosophy was soon adjusted to electrical theories and electrical hypotheses. That these did not long retain the undivided attention of the age, was owing to the momentous discoveries that immediately followed: of the principal gases by Priestley and Scheele, the composition of water by Cavendish, and the doctrine of latent heat by Black. The scientific world was pre-

stitutes the science of intellect (*de mundo intelligibili*); while Bacon's inquiries, in the more important and characteristic parts of his writings, are directed to the same truth, as it is manifested at the opposite or material pole, grounding the science of nature (*de mundo sensibili*), or physiology in the more comprehensive sense of the term.—P. 211, l. 2.

P.S.—Notwithstanding the inexpediency of startling the reader on a point that forms no part of my immediate subject, I feel it a debt of justice to a persecuted and now almost forgotten man of genius to add, that in many, and most interesting points, Giordano Bruno had anticipated the ideas, not only of Lord Bacon, but of much later naturalists.

* Collected five or six and twenty years ago, toward the close of those blessed days when a poor philobiblist, who would cultivate the good graces of druggists and chandlers in cities and large provincial towns, or, by claim of kinship, courtship, or family intimacy, had free entrance to their dark garrets (), lumber-rooms, and such like keeps and condemned cells of the muses, might, by luck, industry, and "gifts of learning," pick up no contemptible library at a possible expense; or, to carry on the metaphor, have the privilege of reprieving, pardoning, and liberating the prisoners *ad libitum*, on the mere repayment of the money advanced on them as future subjects of dissection.

pared for a new dynasty, though without avowedly withdrawing its allegiance from the former, i. e. the mechanic philosophy. Accordingly, as soon as Lavoisier had excited the expectation of reducing the infinite variety of chemical phenomena to the actions, re-agencies, and interchanges of a few elementary substances, the hope shot up almost instantly, and full of faith, that this had been effected. Henceforward, chemistry became the common road to all departments of knowledge.

It would betray either gross ignorance, or bigotry aggravated into ingratitude, to pretend that the new path so brilliantly opened had not been followed up with increasing splendour; or, to borrow the language of our Verulam, that its fructifying influence has not been in full proportion to its illuminating radiance. Least of all can a Briton, and a contemporary, forget for a moment what the glory of his country owes to the names of Davy, Wollaston, and Hatchett. But neither can he, as a faithful historian, fail to observe that the most momentous, the most truly philosophical discoveries and principles, have not been derived from the school of Lavoisier; nor can they be regarded as continuations of the mechanic system, or of a chemistry grounded on the corpuscular philosophy. And of this alone is it our purpose to speak. As little, too, can its exclusive tendency escape notice; the natural consequence of the enthusiasm with which it has been cultivated, and which, scarcely less than our political revolutions, characterise the spirit of the age.

Many and important are the improvements in all the provinces of physics, and the arts and sciences properly physical. But many likewise, and inauspicious, have been the inroads of the new conquerors into alien territories; and strange alterations have been attempted in homage to an art unsettled, in the very ferment of imperfect discoveries, and without a theory, or with a theory maintained only by toleration and compromise. Can a more striking proof be required than the fact, that men of strong minds and undoubted talents have hoped, and repeatedly attempted to penetrate by the clue of chemical experiment, the secret recesses, the sacred adyta of organic life, without being aware that

chemistry must needs be at its extreme limit when it has reached the threshold of a higher power.

In this rapid outline, the intellectual history of our own country has been principally in view; but I am more particularly anxious that the application of the concluding paragraph should not be extended beyond the commencement of the present century. I should prefer, indeed, that the sketch should be understood as breaking off with the wane, or last decennium of the preceding; not only as being the period of my own early manhood and the formation of my own mind, as far as the impressions received from others are concerned, but likewise and chiefly, because about this time a new era was commencing, and a new influence began to be felt, though more felt than acknowledged. The star rose behind clouds, and in clouds it continued to ascend; but the light that gleamed through them did not shine altogether in vain, even for the numerous class that were ignorant of its source. There were not a few who derided or denounced it as a vapour, or *ignis futurus*, and yet availed themselves of the light to strike into paths which it alone had rendered visible. But this is a subject on which I have delivered my convictions elsewhere; and the third and concluding section of the present volume, on constructive logic, or logic as an organ of discovery, is grounded thereon. As a preface or preparation, however, I venture to recommend the perusal of the essays on Method, especially the pages 164-192 in the third volume of the *Friend*, and pp. 47-82 of my second *Lay-Sermon*.

I am now, therefore, to state the inference which it was my object to draw from the facts above given. To the spirit of exclusive pursuit, and the tendency to contemplate all knowledge through the medium of some predominant form, we may attribute the gradual decline of the sciences which by the ancients, and down to the close of the fifteenth century by our own forefathers, were eminently, and only not exclusively, honoured with the name of *philosophic*, as to its main and continuous cause. It was at the Restoration, however, that the effect became more strikingly manifest, and its operation enforced and accelerated by concurrent causes. In describing the errors and injurious results of the scho-

lastic system, I have precluded, I trust, the suspicion of a wish to detract from the well-merited honours, or the high and, in very deed, indispensable importance of experimental philosophy, in the sense in which it was understood and explained by Bacon in his *Novum Organum*. It is not even my purpose to blame that eagerness in collecting single and detached facts, so noticeable in the earlier transactions of the Royal Society, then newly established. "It might or it might not be a necessary preliminary of a true reformation, but neither, on the other hand, can it be denied that this devotion to the fractional materials of knowledge, as so many independent and integral truths—the opposition which then first became fashionable of facts to theory, the former name being confined to things cognisable by the sense—and, lastly, the exaltation of this knowledge as the ground and substance of all truth, did, to use the words of a profound thinker, by engrossing men's thoughts and fixing their minds so much on corporeal objects, not a little indispose them, however undesignedly, for moral and intellectual matters."—BERKELEY'S *Siris*. The illustrious bishop pursues the subject into its moral results; for my purpose it is sufficient to remark, that this diversion of the mind from objects purely intellectual (the attention to which implies an effort of the soul) to objects of sense, could not but—and actually did—weakens the connective powers of the understanding, and insensibly induce a habit both of thinking and of writing unconnectedly. The conjunctions, in the largest sense of the term, are the true *λογος*, the *verba viventia* of languages. How, indeed, can it be otherwise, seeing that all connexion is of necessity given by the mind itself? It is well known, that the gradual deterioration of Greek literature may be traced through the successive writers by the increasing omission of the particles, which schoolboys are, or were, taught to call expletives. The collation of a few pages in Plato or Xenophon, with an equal number of Achilles, Tatius, or even of Herodian, will sufficiently explain and exemplify the position. I have said, that many causes concurred to a common effect. The pursuits of the *virtuosi*, as the naturalists of Charles the Second's time were entitled, and the diffusion of

Materialism and the Epicurean philosophy, in a more decorous shape, by the followers of Gassendi, and without disguise by our own Hobbes, fought in close alliance with the French taste, introduced at the same time alike into life and literature. The philosophers and theologians—we might say, the prose-writers generally—from the reign of Henry VIII. to the Restoration, were faulty in the other extreme; too abundant in Latinisms, too artificial in the structure of their periods, and in the logical cement by which they bound together. The prevailing foible was to be stately, methodical, and connected in excess; and the fashion was longest retained and most affected by the parliamentary party, the Puritan divines, and adherents of systematic theology. Hence it happened, after the return of the Stuarts, wit, point, and an imitation of colloquial ease, and the desultory character and successive flashes of genial, or rather jovial conversation, were not only objects of admiration and the criterion of genius, but marks of loyalty. Thus, by the too common transition *in contraria*, a style was introduced, of which, in its final consummation, it has been not untruly observed, that an ancient critic would have deemed it purposely invented for persons troubled with the asthma to read. It cannot but be injurious to the human mind never to be called into effort; the habit of receiving pleasure without any exertion of thought, by the mere excitement of curiosity and sensibility, may be justly ranked among the worst effects of habitual novel-reading. It is true, that these short and unconnected sentences are easily and instantly understood; but it is equally true that, wanting all the cement of thought as well as of style, all the connexions, and (if you will forgive so trivial a metaphor) all the *hooks-and-eyes* of the memory, they are as easily forgotten: or, rather, it is scarcely possible that they should be remembered.

Nor is it less true, that those who confine their reading to such books dwarf their own faculties, and finally reduce their understandings to a deplorable imbecility: many facts might be mentioned, as furnishing fair instances and striking illustrations. Like idle morning visitors, the brisk and breathless periods hurry in and hurry off in quick and profitless succession;

each, indeed, for the moments of its stay, prevents the pain of vacancy, while it indulges the love of sloth: but, altogether, they leave the mistress of the house (the soul, I mean) flat and exhausted, incapable of attending to her own concerns, and unfitted for the conversation of more rational guests.

Hitherto we have spoken of agencies belonging to the world of letters; it must not, however, be concealed, that the ascendancy of the commercial spirit in the period that immediately followed, good for all things as it has been in the main, has yet acted its part in alienating the mind of the country from the knowledge that is to be sought for in the soul itself; and in the sacrifice of the *understanding*, as the *minister of faith and reason*, to the *understanding*, as the *servant of the senses*, and worldly interest. But whether or not I have been deceived in the assignment of the causes, no reflecting man, who has observed and meditated on the events and characteristics of the last thirty years with an English heart and Christian principles, will quarrel with the following delineation of the effect. Flattered and dazzled by the real or supposed discoveries which it had made, the more the understanding was enriched, the more did it become debased, till science itself put on a selfish and sensual character; and *immediate utility*, in exclusive reference to the gratification of the wants and appetites of the animal, the varieties and caprices of the social, and the ambition of the political man, was imposed, as the test of all intellectual powers and pursuits. *Worth* was degraded into a lazy synonyme of *value*; and value was exclusively attached to the interest of the senses. But though the growing alienation and self-sufficiency of the understanding was perceptible at an earlier period, yet it seems to have been about the middle of the last century, under the influence of Voltaire, D'Alembert, Diderot—say, generally, of the so-called encyclopædists, and, alas! of their crowned proselytes and disciples, Frederick, Joseph, and Catherine—that the human understanding, and this, too, in its narrowest form, was tempted to throw off all show of reverence to the spiritual and even to the moral powers and impulses of the soul, and usurping the name of reason,

openly joined the banners of Anti-christ, at once the pander and the prostitute of sensuality; and whether in the cabinet, laboratory, the dissecting-room, or the brothel, alike busy in the schemes of vice and irreligion. Well and truly might it, thus personified in our fancy, have been addressed in the words of the evangelical prophet, which I have once before quoted. "Thou hast said, none is my overseer; thy wisdom and thy knowledge it hath perverted thee: and thou hast said in thy heart, I am, and there is none beside me."—*Isaiah*, xlvii. 10.

Prurient, bustling, revolutionary, this French wisdom has never more than grazed the surfaces of knowledge. As political economy, in its zeal for the increase of food it habitually overlooked the qualities, and even the sensations, of those that were to feed on it;—as ethical philosophy, it recognised no duties which it could not reduce into debtor and creditor accounts on the ledgers of self-love, where no coin was sterling which could not be rendered into *agreeable sensations*;—and even in its height of self-complacency, as chemical art, greatly am I deceived if it have not, from the very beginning, mistaken the products of destruction (*cadavera rerum*) for the elements of composition: and, most assuredly, it has dearly purchased a few brilliant inventions at the loss of all communion with life and the spirit of nature. As the process, such the result! A heartless frivolity, alternating with a sentimentality as heartless—an ignorant contempt of antiquity—a neglect of moral self-discipline—a deadening of the religious sense, even in the less reflecting forms of natural piety—a scornful reprobation of all consolations and secret refreshings from above—and as the *caput mortuum* of human nature evaporated, a French nature of rapacity, levity, ferocity, and presumption. The *conditio sine qua non* of these aberrations, if not the direct cause, is to be found in the fact to which we have been leading the reader from the commencement of this brief history of the scientific world from the middle ages to our own times. Thus commenced our sketch with a state in which logic was all, and we end with a state in which logic is only not nothing: in both instances meaning, by logic, a formal science, a distinct and separate discipline of the understand-

ing. Is this a true assertion? I appeal to the almost entire abandonment of the science at one university, and (till of late, at least) its virtual nothingness at the other; to the contempt into which the very name has fallen with the majority of the so-called reading public; and to the full assent, that even the more highly educated portion have given to the dictum of Locke, itself grounded on a misconception or misapplication of a passage in Lord Bacon, that the mathematics are a complete substitute for logical exercises, and that the *Elements* of Euclid may advantageously supersede the *Organum* of Aristotle and the *Compendia* of Wolff and Baumgarten. But if my assertion be tenable—if logic, as a distinct formal science, has ceased to make an effective part of a liberal education, another question presents itself: Is this an evil? In offering the following work as the remedy, I have sufficiently declared my own conviction in the affirmative; and to the work itself, but still more to the state in which the reader finds his own mind during and after its perusal, I must refer for the proof. I know of no better way of explaining myself in-

telligibly on this point, than by the avowal that, as far as the reader is concerned, I regard that alone as genuine *knowledge* which, sooner or later, will reappear as *power*. Improvement of faculty is the true criterion, the only sure evidence of increased attainment. In addition to this, however, and to the various materials for reflection contained in the work, the philological, psychological, and historical information interwoven with the direct instruction, I have made it my especial aim in the second and third divisions, and still more at large in the logical exercises which will accompany or follow this volume, so to choose the greater number of my illustrations and examples from modern works, the productions of the last fifty years, and those of highest name and authority, as to put the student in possession of abundant proofs (such, at least, as I deem proofs), both of the reality and the consequences of the general neglect of the science of logic; or the grounds and rules of appropriateness and significance in the choice, connexion, and arrangement of words, for the purposes of distinct and conclusive reasoning.

THE BARON OF COURTSTOWN.

BY THE DOMINIE.

CHAPTER I.

OF the more ancient baronial houses of this empire but a small number, from political revolution, the changes of time, and the swallowing up or extinction of the elder branches, remain at this day in the existing peerage; and few, perhaps, can trace their paternal line further back, or shew a fairer array of noble, and, what is still better, of virtuous and honourable ancestors, than that of Grace, formerly barons of Courtstown, and lords of Grace's country, in the county of Kilkenny, in Ireland. Branches of this once powerful house held, likewise, in olden time, hospitable sway in their castles of Inchmore, Gaulstown, Killylaghy, Tubrid, Ballylinck, Legan, Kilkenny, Grace's Court, Aghaviller, Rose-town, Grace's Castle, in the city of Kilkenny, and others in that county; of Carney, Gracetown, Castlegrace, Clogpriory, Brittas, Kilboy, Uskane, Tyone, in Tipperary; of Leixfort and Grace-Castle, in Queen's County; of

Moyelly, in King's County; of Castle Grace, in Carlow, &c. The ruins of most of these castellated structures, and of others elsewhere, as well as of several monastic and ecclesiastical edifices, help to perpetuate among the peasantry the tradition and metrical record of many foray, border exploit, and daring outrage, or deed of pious penitence, achieved in feudal days by their restless lords. In our more peaceful times the mansions of Gracefield, of Boley, and of Mantua, designate the only three surviving branches of this once wide-spreading name—a name unstained, indeed, by dishonour, but now enshrined in far less brilliant mouldings than it had appeared in for a period exceeding five hundred years.

"Descended from the ancient lords of Tuscany," says its learned historian, "the early ancestors of this baronial house passed, through Otho, or Other, a contemporary with our Alfred, into Normandy, and from thence into England; where, in the days of Edward

the Confessor, and in the person more particularly of Baron Walter Fitz-Other de Windsor, they figure in chartulary history, by bearing the title of castellans of Windsor, and wardens of the royal forests in Berkshire." But the genealogical tree of this long-existing family, particularly after its head went to Ireland with Strongbow, spreads too wide for our tracing its various branches; and we take up the tale in the latter days of Queen Anne, and in the person of the last lord of the fertile cantred of Grace's country, in the county of Kilkenny—namely, the handsome and accomplished, but the last, and strangely unfortunate, baron of Courtstown.

Ireland, with a few brief and fostering pauses, has always been an unhappy country; and virtue, and worth, and warm feeling, and humanity, seem there to have suffered the bitterest discouragements that great qualities are doomed to bear in an ill-regulated world. Attached, like many of our oldest families, to the faith of their fathers, the barons of Courtstown felt strongly for the Stuarts, when immolated on the scaffold, or driven from the uneasy throne of England. But their high character and moderation, amidst all the trials of the times, influenced, as we are told, even the hard-mouthed Cromwell to personally interest himself in their favour; and they were repeatedly restored to the estates of their ancestors.

At the period of the revolution, these patriarchal domains were possessed by John Grace, baron of Courtstown, who, though far advanced in years, felt such ardent enthusiasm for the exiled king that he raised and equipped for his service a regiment of foot and a troop of horse, at his own expense, and also assisted him with plate and money, to the amount, it is said, of 14,000*l*. But, honourable as all sacrifices to principle must be deemed, this high-minded man evinced his true nobleness of character still more conspicuously, and on the impulse of the moment. Sanctioned by his royal master, the Duke of Schomberg sent a confidential friend to him with the unqualified promise of any favour the crown could bestow, if he would follow the example of his illustrious kinsman the Duke of Ormonde, in joining their party. Without, however, even pausing on so tempting a proposal, he in-

stantly seized a card accidentally lying near him, and wrote upon it this indignant answer: "Go, tell your master I despise his offer; tell him that honour and conscience are dearer to a gentleman than all the wealth and titles a prince can bestow." This card, which he sent uncovered by the bearer of the rejected offer, happening to be the six of hearts, is to this day known by the name of "Grace's card," in the city of Kilkenny. Thus the nine of diamonds is called the "curse of Scotland," from the Duke of Cumberland writing on the back of that card his sanguinary orders for military execution after the battle of Culloden.

The death of this baron, in 1690, enabled his short-lived successor, Baron Robert Grace, to manifest the identity of their sentiments; for the noble enthusiasm of "Grace's regiment," commanded by him at the battle of Aughrim, in 1691, evinced a patriotic devotion that might dignify a Spartan band. Of this fine body, selected from the flower of the youth of Grace's country, not fifty returned to their homes, where they were received with scorn and reproaches, till their chieftain's testimony confirmed their claim to the same heroic intrepidity which had distinguished their fallen comrades. The plaintive strains excited by this event were the aspirations of a whole people. They are still preserved, and still elevate the peasant's breast with sentiments of hereditary pride and national feeling. The Baron of Courtstown did not long survive this disaster; the wounds he received on the field of Aughrim terminated, after a short interval, his existence, while yet in the vigour of life.

This warlike baron had now been dead ten years; and, the events of the revolution having passed away, all was again still and baronial as formerly in the noble old castle of Courtstown. The liberal and politic treaty of Limerick having guaranteed to all who acknowledged the new government security for their persons, and the restitution of their properties, and a full indemnity for former acts, John, the new baron, had, upon the death of his eldest brother, Oliver, which occurred in France, taken quiet possession of his father's estates; and by his conduct since had made himself as much beloved as ever before had been a member of this family.

That this baron was a favourite was nothing surprising,—for a handsome exterior like his father's pleased the eyes of the women, and a generous spirit like the best of his countrymen raised the admiration of the men; and, courted by all, while looked up to by hundreds, none could wish any thing to complete the baron's happiness, but that he would somewhere meet with a lady as loveable as himself. But from the time, a period now indeed very remote, that he was suddenly bereft of his youthful and beauteous bride, the almost unconscious mother of an only son, Baron John Grace shewed a marked disrelish for female society; and the age of thirty began to approach upon him without his appearing to think of bringing home a second lady to Courtstown Castle.

It was known to some, however, but in a private way, that private matters which none could understand had raised up trouble of a peculiar nature between him and a lady with whom the family was unfortunately connected. His late uncle, Sheffield Grace, who died in 1684, had married Elizabeth Bourke, the widow of Thomas, fifth Viscount Dillon, and eldest sister of the then Countess of Antrim. Bold of nature and extravagant in habits, Lady Dillon, finding herself in circumstances of embarrassment, began to cast eyes of greedy envy upon the broad lands and fair pastures belonging to the Baron of Courtstown. Whether, presuming upon circumstances unknown at the time, she had, even as many said, regardless of the consanguinity that subsisted between them, aimed her arts at the baron for a third husband, was never authentically known; but certain it was, that, either from good-natured anxiety to relieve her embarrassment, or a distaste, mixed with almost a dread of her character, she seemed to possess a strange and inexplicable power to disturb his mind. Though a female, yet, like most people of an evil disposition, Lady Dillon was a lawyer; and, harassing the baron for pecuniary obligations which it was not always convenient to grant, she had from time to time thrown out hints of a dark and menacing nature, which he only treated with careless disdain.

The summer of 1701 had come round in all its glory, and nature once more shed her annual riches upon the fa-

voured yet unfortunate Emerald Isle; when, returning one day from the oaks of Tullaroan, the baron contemplated with ancestral pride his venerable old castle of Courtstown.

Surrounded by a ballium-wall, studied with high round towers at the gates and angles, inclosing several acres of rich green court-yard, the castle itself rose in the centre of the area, hoary and noble even in its frowning aspect: including the usual bold but inconvenient adjuncts of feudal defence and baronial state, rising above and mixing with each other in the most picturesque forms of Gothic irregularity. *There*, there was then, and still remains in part, mouldering in dilapidated and monumental ruin, the high square keep, or general lodge, within whose stone halls and narrow dormitories lords and ladies could in those days live; and the banquetting-hall below, with its heavy benches of oak, where, in spite of carpetless floors and primitive inconveniences, they could dine and dance; and the embattled towers, rising round and heavy at the exterior angles, that in less peaceable times served as redoubts of security to guard the inner defences of the castle. *There*, also, the baron's eye followed the long thick walls that connected the whole, with their small loopholes and grotesque appendages, and dwelt, as it went round, upon the square dungeon behind, where, perhaps, deeds of darkness had at some time been wrought, whose tale would hang unpleasant associations upon his present contemplations. But the most pleasant of the objects which relieved and lightened the effect of the whole were two or three tall toppling turrets, of the usual form, where the warder had stood, no doubt, in times of alarm, and which now rose like quaint minarets against the summer sky.

Of all this assemblage of dissimilar architecture, the general effect was grand, if not romantic, and such as to fill the baron with pride, as well as with pleasing and interesting associations of the past; but, as he stood to contemplate it, there came over his heart one of those strange pulsations which have in all ages defied the inquiries of philosophy. What it was that smote him he could not then tell; but an indefinable apprehension crept over his anticipations regarding the lordship of these rich domains,—an

irresistible melancholy overshadowed his fancy, and the castle and its appendages seemed to vanish into dimness and confusion from before his eyes, as if from some occult warning of nature.

The baron was not a man, however, to allow such impressions to remain on his mind; and, setting spurs to his horse, he soon passed over the old portcullis that still defended the entrance, and rode gaily up towards the door of the castle. He had not, however been long seated in his library when he heard the trampling of horses without, and a name was soon announced to him the very sound of which came upon his ear like a harsh omen of evil. He was not suffered long time to deliberate,—for immediately the door was opened with a hasty swing, and there stepped in, with a bold look and excited bearing, the bulky figure of Dowager Lady Dillon.

She dashed into a seat, and both sat for a moment looking at each other in silence, as if in individual preparation for an expected encounter. What she might have to say to him that affected himself the baron could not divine; but an air of defiance, if not of triumph, sat upon her restless Hibernian countenance, mixed with an evident expression of that semi-barbarous ferocity which is so observable in her countrymen when meditating evil. Her sallow brow was gathered up as if big with some terrible storm; and the great powdered curls, which, according to the fashion of the time, were plaited in high and intricate folds round her thick cushions of hair, seemed to him like the wreathed serpents of Medusa.

"You do not bid me welcome, baron," she said, looking across to him with a dry and sarcastic expression.

"The unexpected honour of this visit," he said, "hath somewhat hindered me in my courtesy; but no friend is ever unwelcome at the halls of Courtstown, especially such as the Lady Dillon;" and, rising and bowing, he took her by the thickly ringed fingers with that equivocal expression which sometimes attends the civil greeting of relations.

"Enough, enough, baron," said the lady, withdrawing her hand hastily; "I am well convinced of your cordial love to me; but in truth my time is brief, and my business somewhat peccatory. In short, I have a demand

to make upon you, which cannot well be softened by a preface of words. You will find its amount, if not the reasons for it, legibly expressed on this paper."

"Lady Dillon, this is more than unreasonable," he said, with animated dignity, after glancing hastily over the paper. "The requests of my fair friends I am most happy to grant, but *demand* is not a word lightly to be used to the barons of Courtstown."

"Request let it be, then, if you like it better," said the lady, with a reckless air; "but since your expression is so, it is my part to tell you, baron, that Elizabeth Dillon will neither whine nor sue for what she has the power to *command*!"

"Command, madam! 'Sdeath! what do you mean?" and the baron, now kindling, rose from his seat as he spoke. "Think you to make me the tool of your extravagance, upon the weak pretence of some pretended power?"

"For your own sake, sir, I say, refuse me not."

"Folly! lady," he said, haughtily, and resuming his seat. "Think not, madam, to play your woman's pranks on me."

"Listen to me, baron," she said, solemnly; "listen for the sake of your own interests. There have such things happened as broad and fair lands as you now consider yours having vanished like a dream from the possession of the fancied owner; who, after a vain struggle with his fate, has ended his days in poverty and repentance. Bethink you in time; your family stands in strange circumstances."

"These, madam, are only the desperate suggestions of envy and disappointment," said the baron, firmly. "The treaty of Limerick is plain and applicable, and its liberal provisions not to be set aside so easily, to shake his title to lands whose ancestors have held them for twenty generations. No, Lady Dillon! force me not to any expression to you unworthy my name and my respect for your house. But this interview must terminate. You have my answer."

"Then you refuse my demand, and take the consequences?"

"I refuse all *demands* backed by menaces."

"Then, John Grace," she added, standing up and looking on him

sternly, like a prophetic sibyl on her tripod, "you shall see whether my menaces are to be sown to the winds, and whether my *power* is not worth more than I demand. Come and look through this casement. Take a mental farewell of these green lands around us,—for I tell you you are no longer Baron of Courtstown."

"Are you mad, Lady Dillon," he exclaimed, "to talk to me this language, and insult me under my own roof?"

"No, sir; but *you* are mad, thus to disregard my warning, and rush blindly upon your own fate. I tell you you shall rue, bitterly rue, the day you defied me! *Now* you shall know the long and heavy reckoning of a woman's resentment;" and, as she spoke, the demon held her clenched hand threateningly up to his face.

Without further speech, she receded slowly towards the door, her eyes fixed on his as she stepped measuredly backwards; while he stood gazing upon her, involuntarily thunderstruck at all he had heard; but while her reluctance to go had something in it suspicious, yet ominous, the indignant contempt of his proud smile hardly agreed with a strange but resistless sinking of his spirits. Hesitating where he stood, as if the spell of evil was already upon him, with an effort at haughty defiance to which his nature prompted, he yet turned away from her last disappointed and demoniac look; and when he again threw a glance at the door the prophet of misfortune had disappeared.

CHAPTER II.

The tenure of human possessions is so proverbially uncertain, and riches

have been so often known to make to themselves wings and flee from their owners, that, after the strange scene which had just passed, in spite of his confidence in his own rights, the mind of the baron was unusually troubled. A hundred times he reproached himself with his weakness, in thus regarding the threats of a disappointed woman, yet he continued to pace to and fro in debating restlessness, and could not dismiss the matter from his thoughts.

At length his mind inclined to dilute its anxieties by the soothing associations of music; and summoning Rudagh Quinlan, the professional bard, or harper, of the family,—a functionary not then entirely dispensed with in the houses of the old gentry in Ireland, no more than the piper was from those of the Highland chiefs,—he commanded a few strains from the neglected instrument of the ancient retainer of his house.

Proud of being thus honoured, the old man, as soon as he appeared, drew a vigorous hand over the speaking strings of his harp, and, in one of the wildest and most fantastic strains of the truly original melodies of his country, melted the feelings and stirred up the deep nationality of his lord. But not all the touching lays of the olden time, nor even the popular songs that were sung in praise of his father and grandfather, after the Boyne Water and Aughrim, brought such pride and consolation to the baron's mind as his old family war-song of "*Grasagh Aboe*," which Rudagh, with the tremulous emotion of an old man, but with the genuine enthusiasm of a devoted vassal, sang with all the fervour of feudal attachment.

O Courtstown! thy walls rise in beauty and pride;
From thy watch-tower's summits the bold foe is descried;
Though the hearts of thy children with courage o'erflow,
Still their strength is the war-shout of "*Grasagh aboe*!"

O Courtstown! thy chieftains in kindness delight;
As dauntless their valour, their glory is bright.
In prowess unequalled they rush on the foe,—
While the hills and the vales ring with "*Grasagh aboe*!"

O Courtstown! can fate in its wrath e'er ordain
That thy chief be forgotten, thy bards cease their strain,—
Their harps all be mute, and in sorrow forego
The praise of thy heroes and "*Grasagh aboe*!"*

* War-song of the family; Mr. Sheffield Grace's translation.

As the old bard made the stone-hall ring with this strain of his patron's house, the baron at every line paced the apartment with a prouder step; the spirit of his fathers seemed to rise up around in confirmation of his right, while melody and minstrel-song banished the evil spirit of apprehension from his bosom. Looking again from the casement upon his green meadows, he felt returning security in his loved possessions, with the returning pride of his ancestors. A night's rest completed the pleasing associations of the song of his house; and, though occasional phantoms of doubtful terror hovered round and flitted before his disturbed fancy, yet he rose in the morning considerably refreshed, and went forth from the castle in comparative tranquillity.

On the second or third day after this, however, a question put to him in a careless way by a gentleman whom he met in the streets of Kilkenny again alarmed his apprehensions, and disturbed his thoughts. Other circumstances afterwards contributed further to the same effects; and before the week had ended a messenger arrived at the castle-gate, bearing a formal summons requiring John Grace, commonly called Baron of Courtstown, to appear before the court of claims at Chichester House, in the College Green of the city of Dublin, to exhibit his "claym" to the lands and inheritance attached to the barony of Courtstown.

The summons was soon answered, and the trial prepared for; and the grounds upon which Baron Grace was attempted to be despoiled of his lands, when they came to be known, excited the astonishment and moved in his favour the feelings of the whole gentry of the country. It appeared that his elder brother, Oliver Grace, having gone for the recovery of his health to the south of France, where he died *nine days only* after the decease in Ireland of his father, the late Baron Robert, from the wounds received at the battle of Aughrim; and having, in consequence, never made his appearance respecting his late father's affairs, nor, in fact, known perhaps of the event, was entirely overlooked in the subsequent act, reversing the attainders of all those who had taken up arms for James II.; and his name never having been mentioned, the estates devolved quietly upon their present owners.

But now it came to be shewn by the acute lawyers of the Court of Claims that the attainder never having been taken off in favour of the *eldest son* of the late baron, he had died an outlaw, and consequently the lands and heritages formerly held by the barons of Courtstown, of which this Oliver was the nominal owner for *nine days*, now belonged, in fact, to the crown alone.

The facts upon which these opinions were founded had been communicated to the court by the treacherous Lady Dillon; and a bill of discovery having been filed at her instance, the trial soon came round. The baron appeared in Dublin, surrounded by friends. The pleadings were opened, and the lawyers argued; the deeds were exhibited of five hundred years standing; but all was of no avail,—judgment was pronounced against him from his brother's outlawry; and the baron returned to his inn a bankrupt and a beggar.

When the news of this event came to be spread throughout the country, the indignation against the unnatural informant was only equalled by deep sympathy for the unfortunate baron. Meetings of noble lords and powerful relatives were held concerning his affairs; many discussions took place on the singularity of the case; and the generous feelings of his countrymen were roused at the unfortunate fate of the ancient house of Courtstown. Carrying his cause through every cognisant court, he at last appealed to the Irish house of peers; and here, upon point of law, it was given against him.

Involved in the meshes of the law, and at length compelled to quit the castle of his ancestors, the baron would have been driven to utter despair, had he not been upheld by the generous sympathy, wise counsels, and pecuniary support of Oliver Grace, of Gracefield, the father of his long-lost bride, and the protector from that time of his only son. He left his paternal domains with feelings of bitter anguish, and was frequently to be seen, with a fine manly figure and a proud heart, stalking night and morning, like the solitary round towers of his ill-fated country, defying equally time and misfortune, about the purlieus of the law-courts of Dublin.

CHAPTER III.

It is the way of the world to leave misfortune to "wither alone," and to

turn as soon as possible to some more agreeable object. We hasten, therefore, to change the scene to the drawing-room of a noble and a prosperous man in London—namely, no less a personage than the celebrated John Sheffield, duke of Buckingham and Normanby, lord privy seal, and at this moment one of the most influential ministers in the cabinet councils of his royal mistress.

Buckingham House, which, as every one knows, has just been removed to raise on its foundations the present new palace of Pimlico, was then in all its glory, and was in its time, indeed, a mansion of first-rate celebrity. In an apartment looking to the rear, over those pretty wildernesses and Dutch parterres which the duke himself has so luxuriantly described, we find him seated on a settee, earnestly occupied in the perusal of a long and closely written letter. Around the room various small articles of dress and embroidery lying scattered among the tables, or hung upon pegs by the cabinets, shewed that the present apartment was usually in the occupation of a lady; and a comely demure female, busily engaged at her needle, and seated respectfully behind the duke, shewed by whom the boudoir might most naturally be claimed. In short, the duke, as was his wont, had chosen to idle a careless half-hour in the apartment of his fair and favourite natural child, whose mother, Mrs. Herbert, having recently died, her grief became so intense that the duchess consented to her residing at Buckingham House.

"A stranger may soon be expected here, and that for some weeks' sojourn, Hebe," said his grace, looking round to the female whom he thus playfully designated; "and when he comes, if I can judge from his letters, he will afford good scope for your talent at observation."

"Comes he from the north or the south?" said the lady, glad to be permitted to speak; "and is the stranger likely to speak a Christian tongue?"

"He is my kinsman, and a brave warm-hearted man," said the duke. "Fortune has played him a strange trick, through the wicked treachery of a wild woman. I think I have already told you the particulars of the tale. The singular cause comes soon before our English house of lords; and if

my purse and influence can avail to get the baron back his own, these I can promise him shall not be wanting."

The eyes of the young lady sparkled with pleasure on hearing her father utter this generous resolution; and, laying her hand on his, she pronounced a warm blessing off him for his noble intentions.

"All this is only my duty, Hebe," he said, kindly; "for it would be monstrous in me to allow such fair estates as belong by right to the Graces of Courtstown to be divided away, if I can prevent it, into the possession of strangers. But you speak with a concern for the stranger that is hardly fitting. Beware, my child, of this handsome baron. Remember he has already been ruined by a woman."

"A woman!" exclaimed Hebe, with generous indignation—"O, now I remember; I am ashamed even to belong to the same sex with such a demon as this Lady Dillon doubtless must be. How the treacherous woman can lay her head upon her pillow after this foul deed is more than I can yet make out, from any little knowledge that I have of that strange compound called human nature."

"Very likely, simple heart," said the experienced duke; "but human nature is a broad page that it is difficult to read; it is a deep pool that can ill be seen to the bottom; it is a great school where there is much to be taught; a wide stream that has many turnings; or it is a blatant beast, constantly deceiving itself, that constantly begets upon change and circumstance the very sin it bitterly denounces in others. 'Tis well the baron has in his nature a good defensive widowed peculiarity—that is, a sort of distaste, or distance—to the generality of your sex, which will be likely to incline him to a prudent repulsion of your female curiosity, else, truly, I should fear the effects of this sudden interest you take concerning him."

"A distaste at our sex? Is that really the case, your grace?" said Hebe, with animation; for the duke, with the usual thoughtlessness of the world, did not perceive that he himself was taking the most effectual means of exciting that interest.

"And he reported to be so handsome?" continued the lady. "Strange, if true! But, perhaps," she added,

playfully, "the baron has never yet been put fairly to the trial."

"I hope he shall never be put to it in my house," said the duke, bending his brows frowningly at this freedom. "When the baron comes, Hebe, you'll do him the civilities due to a kinsman of mine; but do them discreetly, and at a nun-like distance,—at least until we see how fortune shapes his affairs,—else my strong displeasure may be looked for. To his prudence and honour, however, I am glad I can commit more trust than to the thoughtless curiosity and contradictory waywardness of a woman, which ever breedeth mischief in families."

Saying this, the duke rose, and giving his daughter his finger, with his usual stateliness, left the apartment.

CHAPTER IV.

It was on a dull and gusty morning, lowering and uncertain, like his own prospects, that the Baron of Courtstown put his foot in a boat that tossed and tumbled in the bay of Dublin, to proceed to the proud city of London, in England. He felt that it was like setting forth to a new world, where all he had or hoped was at stake, and where he, as the last representative of his house and name, was to be made or unmade for ever. As he sailed away from the shores of his beloved Ireland, the very bay around him he thought looked weeping and sentimental; but though the sky had in general a wild and gloomy expression, there occasionally broke through it such gleams of sunshine as changed the whole face of the earth and the heavens. Of this complexion was his own thoughts during the uncomfortable tossings of his voyage to England.

Arrived in London, after many discomforts, he sought with eagerness the far-famed palace of his great relation. When he first got a view of it from the eastern end of James's Park, though far less imposing on the whole than Courtstown Castle, he thought it had such an air of English grandeur about it, that, depressed as he was from unexpected misfortunes, he almost hesitated to approach its portals. He entered, however, and was soon introduced to the duke, who, struck with his appearance, and compassionating his situation, seemed to be proud of the opportunity of receiving and aiding the representative of so old and vener-

ated a branch of his family. He was instantly domiciled in the palace of Buckingham; and every preparation was made for the approaching trial, certain views having occurred to the English lawyers giving great hopes that, with the duke's assistance in some disputed particulars, a reversal of the Irish sentences would soon be obtained in favour of the unfortunate appellant.

Weeks passed away in the midst of these preparations, and no one remarked any thing peculiar in the baron except the high improvement of his spirits and appearance, and the cordial intimacy that seemed to subsist between himself and the duke. Still a hundred delays served as usual to postpone the trial, and at times the baron was observed to wear a countenance of deep and impatient anxiety.

It is a strange peculiarity in human nature that at no time is a man so apt to think with longing of the blessings of marriage and female sympathy than at the very moment when he is ruined, and destitute of the means of supporting even himself. Dispute this who may, the baron never had felt the true value and need of a woman's society, until one evening, in his own country, after he had been driven from the well-known walls of Courtstown Castle. Then his utter loneliness came fully upon him; then he first felt himself an unregarded atom, floating on the troubled waters of existence; and he carried this feeling, deepening within his bosom, and growing into an aching of the heart, through the flaunting streets of the metropolis of his country, and now amongst the more formal crowds of Westminster Hall.

It was in this mood that he entered Buckingham House, and first set eyes upon the fascinating Hebe. He had not been a few hours in her company until he found her presence affect him as he never had before been affected by woman; and he longed to exchange in words with her a sympathy that from the first moment of their meeting both seemed to have felt.

This was, for a time, far from easily effected in the midst of the stately formalities of a family like that of the Duke of Buckingham's, particularly from the peculiar position in that great house of the silent and humble natural child of its lord. It seems to be the nature of generosity to settle itself

down with most strength, or at least to be most indulged and coveted, in bosoms permitted the least ability to perform its high deeds, or enjoy its luxuries. From the moment the baron understood the position of Hebe—living there by the suffrage of the haughty duchess, and looked upon as an alien intruder by her and her ladies,—forgetting his own accumulated cares, he sought every opportunity of testifying for her a generous respect. Sympathy begets gratitude, and their respective situations peculiarly called it forth; and gratitude in such circumstances is not far from love: and thus, when unexpected difficulties beset his proceedings, and the “law’s delay” harassed his spirit, he found no one to whom he could impart his anxieties, who took so pure an interest in them as Hebe of the palace; and his fears found a new solace, and his hopes a new vigour, from being entrusted to her friendly bosom.

But the opportunities for these confidential communications were obtained with difficulty, and had to be managed with stealth,—for both knew exceedingly well the temper of the duke; but this only made the interviews more precious, until, with the usual self-deception of lovers, they imagined they could not exist without them; and, in short, they believed that now it was impossible for them to live separate. Every day and every hour fanned these secret sentiments. So new a thing was real love to the baron’s heart that it obtained over him now the most entire, the most uncontrolled, mastery, until law, and its dry logic, and hard words, and long pleadings, were forgotten in the pretty intoxications of woman’s regard, and banished voluntarily from his harassed thoughts for the soft smile and secret whisper of Hebe Herbert.

As the baron’s heart was lightened by the pleasures of affection his spirits began to rise at his own prospects, and already he saw himself in fancy living again in opulence at Courtstown Castle, and walking the pleasant groves of Tullaroan with his beloved Hebe as his happy companion. But the process of his law-suit was tedious, and the trial long in coming on, while love was impatient, and would take every thing

for granted. A priest of their common faith became the depository of their secret; and Hebe and the baron were privately married.

It was little now that the baron cared for the Duke of Buckingham’s grand dinners, and the stately formalities of aristocratic society. Love, secret, precious, and heartfelt love revelled in his heart, and intoxicated his fancy, like a new joy of which he before had no conception. Even his legal friend Phipps,* who had hitherto shared much of his time, and who was deep in the confidence of the duke, his patron, began in some degree to be avoided; and Hebe occupied all his thoughts,—for her society was his only enjoyment.

The trial now drew on, and all things in his case seemed highly promising. The day arrived for its first agitation in court, and the arguments of lawyers in a short time disposed of the preliminary points of the case. But a strange man from Ireland began now to be noticed about Buckingham Palace by the waiting baron, or, rather, by the anxious eyes of his Hebe; and both, as the case approached to a termination, became infected with an involuntary and ominous nervousness.

There was one strong point in the baron’s cause involving, in fact, the marrow of its pith and value, and appealing upon principles of pure equity to the highest court in the land, which was wholly to be made by the duke in person. The morning arrived, and the baron, now a married man, and with all a husband’s cares pressing on his mind, entered the House of Lords with a beating heart. He had not yet taken his seat, when he found, to his terror and alarm, the duke had not arrived; nor had he, as he now learned, been at Buckingham House the preceding night. Their lordships waited for some time; but the trial must proceed. It did proceed; but the baron sat in intense agony, counting the moments and watching the entrance; for the duke, with all that had been concocted in his favour, never, to the last, made his appearance. The lawyers looked at each other, and then at him, while large drops of cold perspiration clustered upon his brow, and a leadening weight of something inde-

* This is not a name likely to please the lovers of romance; but, as it is historically the true one, we choose to retain it.

scribable began to gather upon his heart. The trial was soon finished; and what the judgment would be was easily anticipated. The baron rushed out of Westminster Hall in a state of despair, and ran, without knowing whither, in the direction towards Buckingham House. In the middle of James's Park he was stopped by an individual, who, catching him in his speed, held him forcibly. The two stood for a moment and stared at each other: it was his friend Phipps, who gazed at him without speaking, as if his breast was full of some terrible communication.

"What is this you have done, baron?" he at length said. "What ruin is this you have brought upon yourself—upon *more* than yourself! upon many more than I need at present name. Baron, prepare now for the unhappy future; make your confessions, and gather your resolves,—for now you are a ruined man."

"Tell me what it is," gasped the unhappy baron; "tell me, for Heaven's sake, what is the worst."

"Your own conscience will tell you, Mr. Grace," said Phipps, coolly. "Have you not violated the hospitality of the Duke of Buckingham's house, and destroyed the confidence of your best friend? Have you not broken your own honour and tarnished his, by carrying on a clandestine and disgraceful amour under his own roof, and contrary to his express will and intentions? Have you not inveigled the affections of an inexperienced girl, while your own prospects were in a state of the greatest uncertainty? And thought you to have concealed all this with the paltry art of an erring school-boy? Think you that you dwell in the world without its eyes being upon you? And have you lived till this time of day without knowing that you have enemies, as most men have—treacherous enemies, who live upon and rejoice at human folly, and calculate to a nicety the ruinous chances of human infirmity? Have you not, Baron of Courtstown, had spies around you,—spies from Ireland, and from Lady Dillon herself, who watched you from the backstairs of Buckingham Palace to your privatest walks in the Queen's Park,—who heard, by watchful cunning, your most secret whisper, and were privy almost to your dearest embrace with the unthinking and ro-

mantic Lady Herbert? Thus, waiting the moment when their tale would take surest effect against you,—reserving it even until last night, when the duke was preparing his papers for the advocacy of your cause, they sought an interview with his grace; they found him on the instant, with all the readiness that men find the means of working instant evil; and, with a face of horror at the deed, and in language garnished with eloquent provocation, disclosed all to him regarding you and Miss Hebe, giving every circumstance with studied aggravation; and, to make the matter quite intolerable, withholding even the palliation of your private marriage, of which only I have been privately informed, and representing you as a crafty and gloating libertine, abusing his house to a purpose I shall not name, and seducing his daughter to infamy and ruin. The moment his grace heard these things, ordering his carriage, he set off for Richmond, abandoning you, as he said, to your deserved fate; and he vows he will never see you or his daughter more."

The baron was a brave man, and proud of spirit; but this misfortune came upon him with such a shock that his strength left him,—his knees smote against each other, and he was obliged to support himself against a tree in the beaten walks of the park.

"Mr. Phipps," he said, at length, "can even the partiality of friendship find no excuse for me in this dilemma? Have you lived till this time without ever knowing the power of —?"

"Of what?" said the other, almost fiercely. "Would you name to me the silly word love! as a reason for the actions of a man, or as suffered to interfere with the great business of life? Would you, a man of thirty, plead for a moment the excuse of a romantic miss? Love, indeed! Can you dare to name to me such a thing?—the plaything of fools, the babbling theme of crazy poets, the rankness of the fancy; yet the constant destroyer of man's peace and virtue, and the wide disseminator of every variety of misery. Isn't the whole world full of the sorrows of which this foolish passion and its adjuncts are the cause? Is there one thrill of joy begotten of dangerous passion but becomes the sure mother of a thousand pang, nameless as they are endless, and poisoning the very sources of a bitter life? And you, baron, must

give way to it, too, like a sickly girl, at the moment when the world set its expectations upon you, and your own family looked up to you as the conservator of its rights and the upholder of its honours! And you must be swimming in the intoxication of a delusion, and dandling on the Delilah-lap of effeminacy at the moment when your worldly affairs required a cool head and a clear intellect to baffle the machinations of your crafty enemies! Like the great millions of the world's wretched, who begin life in providence and end it in the parish coffin, you could not wait until you knew the result of the fickle shapings of fortune, but must make sure of misery for trackless years to come, by eagerly snatching at a single pulsation of joy; and, not contented with taking on the risk of sorrow for yourself, you must involve with you a young and inexperienced heart to increase your cares, until you shall be unable to support them, and add a thousand bitternesses to your misery. No wonder you are a ruined man! no wonder the world has deserted you, and will desert you. Your own offspring, begotten in recklessness, born in poverty, and brought up in want, shall curse the infatuated author of their being! Go, Mr. Grace; but you need not go to Buckingham House; you will find it closed against you, and your wife, turned out of doors by order of an indignant parent, will be found already in an obscure lodging in Westminster."

"And will you leave me that way, Mr. Phipps?" said the baron,—"deserting me in my hour of wrack and of trouble?"

"I may as well do that same," said his friend, carelessly, "as there's nothing remains that I can do for you now. Besides, it is quite proper that you should have a foretaste of what the world will do with you; for it conspires, as you know, unanimously conspires, as it ought, against every one who is not his own friend. Nay, you need not speak; for if I saw any good in edging in a word for you with the duke, I would. But, although it were not too late, you know the nicety with which his grace has ever stood upon his honour, and the high sense he has of every sort of propriety; and you cannot expect me to risk his patronage to myself for the sake of one who has displeased him so grievously?"

"Well, sir; what I have done *I have done*," said the baron, proudly; "and I will stand by it in weal or woe, whatever may come."

The two *ci-devant* friends wrung each other by the hand; and parting, with silent meanings in their looks, the baron took the road to the street he had been directed to, among the mean buildings in Westminster.

The scene that occurred there we need not describe. It was one of those wherein the human heart exhibits its begun resolution in circumstances where resolution is only the forerunner of despair, and where love, in the end, vainly endeavours to bear up against privations which are fatal to its very nature and its existence. A few days more after the sentence of the House of Lords had passed found the baron and his young wife in a small vessel, tossed about in the Irish Channel, sick, and depressed in mind, and longing for the distant harbour of Waterford, in Ireland.

CHAPTER V.

Our story is now nearly at a close, and can have little further to recommend it to the easy-minded and the idle; for, besides that misfortune naturally hides itself in obscurity, there is small pleasure in watching the gradual breaking of the heart.

Years had passed over to the baron and his wife in harassment and struggle,—for it is wonderful what the human strength will bear, and what a strange infatuation the pursuit of love has to add to the fitful delusions of hope. But the mind and the body will at last give way, especially in the fragile person of a woman; and at the time we speak of we find the baron, and what remained of his wife, buried in the seclusion of a humble cottage in the sequestered valley of Glenbrenach, among the Walsh mountains, in the southern extremity of the county of Kilkenny.

It was a sad sight to look within that lonely cottage. On a broken-backed chair beside a low curtainless bed sat the tall ruin of a handsome man,—his one hand covering his eyes, and the other touching the pulse of a thin bleached arm that belonged to the outstretched patient that lay beside him.

"How is it with you now, Hebe?" he said, casting an anxious eye from

under his fingers at the wan and resigned countenance of the sick.

"It's not long for the living I am this moment," she said faintly. "You're silent and sad o'er me, Baron Grace, or you might say a few words to me before I die."

"How can I be but sad at this dismal hour, Hebe," he said, sorrowfully, when the bright lamp that lighted me through all my troubles is going out at my side, and not a child in the house to call me broken-hearted father, and to weep with me for your dear self, when your spirit has gone to beatific rest?"

"'Twas happy for our little ones that the Lord took them to himself," said the dying; "for this world was never made for the unfortunate to live in, and that we have known well for seven weary years. I am now going out of it, tired of its troubles; but what little pleasure I e'er had in this world I have had, Baron Grace, in your company."

"Hebe, you'll break my heart outright, speaking thus," he said; "and you, knowing that I have been your death, by bringing upon you this poverty and ruin."

"You have loved me through every thing, and that's enough for me," said the sick woman, resignedly. "Oh, baron, dear husband! let not your heart break in this manner. Poverty is a sore thing, and the world's blame is sorer. I have borne them both with a good heart, and I would have begged my bread round it with them that lov'd me as you have done; but now we're brought low—low, and the world's life is ended with me, and my sweet children are already in their graves in Tullaroan, and my own hour is just upon me. Baron—husband! weep not so bitterly; you have done your best for me, and more you cannot. Oh, I could like if the priest that married us in those happy days when we lived and loved so in the great house of Buckingham were here to say the prayer over me when I am dead. Draw near me, John Grace, and kiss my poor cheek for the last time. For love we've suffered, and in love we shall die!"

He had scarcely strength left to bend over her, and touch with his lips her pale cheek. The last wringing of the heart was dreadful, as they wept in silence, and he watched the breath going out of her body! No priest was near

them—no neighbour—no friend; and the broken-hearted baron had sat near her a whole day alone in the house of death before any one came to tear him from the corpse of his Hebe.

A great concourse came to attend her funeral; and, strange to say, the priest who married them, unknown, and unsent for, appeared, as they were taking the body to the tomb, and said an affecting prayer over her cold remains.

But there was something strange happened after the funeral; for, though the gentry came forward with many kind invitations and offers of service to the unfortunate baron, he went forth somewhere, disconsolate and alone; but where he betook himself to, or what became of him, was never known,—for no one ever saw or heard of him more.

But though all was over, the impressive circumstance of the baron's fate was by no means forgotten in Grace's country, and the people said that something would be seen to happen to the wicked Lady Dillon before she was suffered to leave the world. How or when this was to be, however, no one who predicted it could pretend to say,—for it remained among the inscrutable mysteries of coming Providence.

* * * *

Some years after this—to follow the history which tradition has preserved—the bell of a monastery in southern France was hastily pulled one evening; and, upon the wicket being opened, a rustic appeared with a message from the neighbouring convent, saying that one of the sisters was in her last agonies; and the immediate attendance of a priest was required to shrive her, and hear her dying confession.

"What sister is it?" inquired the superior; "for we have known all that have lived in the convent for many years, and none, except the stranger, seemed likely soon to be called to their last account."

"It is the stranger lady herself, that came over the sea," said the messenger, "and a sad state she seems to be in. Many years of wickedness she must have lived in the world: hasten, holy brothers, that the uneasy penitent may unburden her soul."

Another foreigner friar, of unusual sanctity, was instantly pitched upon to follow to the convent; and there his

pious feelings received a terrible shock. A woman considerably past the prime of life lay dying indeed; but not as the sisters of St. Bridget used to die,—it was writhing; she was in the agonies of a terrible remorse.

He knelt by her couch, and put his head near to her, to hear her confession. His ear caught sounds that made him start to his feet, and he fixed his eyes upon her worn and haggard countenance. “Heavens, lady!” he exclaimed, “where be you from? These are not the tones of a French-woman, but the accents of my own country of Ireland.”

The woman smiled, faintly, but her brow blackened again into sullen distrust. “Shrive me, holy man,” she said, impatiently,—“shrive me without delay! Hear me quick, while I unburden my wicked bosom. The people of my own country hated me, and drove me from my home. I have foregone my name for many a year; but—nay, start not, holy man, whoever you are,—I am, indeed, the bad Lady Dillon!”

The man stood aghast, as if gazing on a demon. “And are you,” he said, “that vile woman who proved the ruin and annihilation of the barons of Courtstown,—the constant friends of the poor of our beloved country, and the benefactors to our blessed church for hundreds of years? And was it you indeed that was the breaking of the hearts of the fair and happy couple that I married at the holy altar in London? Woman! do you expect to die the death of a penitent, after sins like this? Hold! do not speak! I dare not shrive you,—I cannot pray for you! There are sins that cry for vengeance to the ears of Heaven! Wretch! are not the unhappy Baron of Courtstown and

his broken-hearted wife already in their graves?”

“Priest, do your duty!” gasped the lady. “I have wealth still that I will leave to the church for my sinful soul.”

The church spurns you, and grace is denied you, unhappy mortal!” said the priest; “and the flames of the damned are yawning for you! Ask me not for mercy, murderer, ay, murderer of John Sheffield’s child! The oil of unction would blister my fingers, if I attempted to lay it upon that sinful brow. Perish, wretch! perish in the gnawings of remorse; for sins like these are not to be forgiven in this world or the next! I leave thee, woman, in thy sins; know that mercy and the church equally abandon thee!”

Carried away by his feelings, the priest rushed from her cell, leaving her in the agonies of hopeless despair, and ran to his monastery as if from the presence of a fiend. His tale was heard with consternation; but mercy was not utterly denied to any sinner, and he and another were despatched back to the convent. But it was now too late; when they arrived again Lady Dillon was a corpse.

The body, as directed, was carried back to Ireland, and buried privately in the family vault. But it was well known that she died unconfessed and unforgiven; and while the barony of Courtstown became extinct, and its estates passed to strangers, and its heirs and honours passed away into a moral reflection, the country people, to this day, say that, when the moon rises at night amid unusual storms, the sheeted spectre of the wicked Lady Dillon is heard screaming amidst the ruins of Courtstown Castle, or seen flitting among the tomb-stones of the chapel of Tullaroan.

HEBREW IDYLS.

No. I.

REBEKAH.

A TRAIN of camels, weary with the way,
 To Nahor draws, toward the close of day.
 A venerable man first comes in view,
 Advanced brief space before his retinue.
 There by the well, kept cool with leafy shade,
 Without the town, a sudden halt is made ;
 While men and beast the grateful freshness feel,
 At his command the willing camels kneel.
 A troop of damsels from the town appears,
 And each a pitcher on her shoulder bears ;
 For thus each evening comes the lovely choir
 For water from the fountain-reservoir.
 Such were the manners in that sunny clime,
 In the fresh youth of that new-moulded time,
 When high-born women household duties knew,
 And men lived longer—though their wants were few.

First of them all, a beauty-breathing Grace
 Trips with a free step to the water-place ;
 Modest and unabashed she moves along,
 As one who knows no sorrow—fears no wrong.
 Without remark the maiden fills her urn,
 And then in silence hastens to return ;
 But instant pauses, when the stranger prays her
 To give him drink, and courteously delays her ;
 And from her shoulder, smiling welcome bland,
 Lets down her pitcher on her lily hand.
 “ Drink, sir ; and water for the camels I
 Will also draw ;” nor waits for his reply,
 But runs and draws, and pours it in the trough,
 Till all the thirsty camels drink enough.
 Meanwhile the stranger looks in-silence on,
 Nor speaks until her offered task is done.
 Fair as a lily in the midst of thorns ;
 Sweet as the fruit-tree which the wild adorns ;
 More beautiful than only beauty ; trim
 With all the graces time can never dim ;
 An earth-born loveliness, divinely fair,—
 Is she the God-sent answer to his prayer ?

Her task is done. Well pleased he places now
 A sparkling jewel on her radiant brow ;
 On either hand a costly bracelet lays,
 And to the lovely maid of Nahor says :
 “ Whose child art thou ? and can thy father spare
 Room in his house to give us lodging there ?”
 “ I’m child to Bethuel, whom Milcah bore
 To Nahor ; and my father has good store
 Of straw and provender, and well can spare
 Room in his house to give you lodging there.”
 The hoary honour of his head he bows,
 Worships the Lord, and loud his faith avows :
 “ Blest be the Lord of Abraham, whose will
 With truth and mercy glads my master still ;
 By whom conducted, being in the way,
 My master’s kindred I have found to-day.”

Rebekah runs and tells them all at home,
 How that a man from Abraham has come ;
 Her brother hastens to the happy well,
 To bring him to the house of Bethuel.
 How blest that instinct, mixt of love and wonder,
 Attaching kindred far and long asunder,—
 That joins the souls of those who dwell apart,
 And keeps alive the soft green of the heart !
 " From Abraham ? and why those gifts to her ?
 Come in—come in—thou blessed messenger !"

He comes,—sees lodged his camels,—bathes his feet ;
 But, till he tells his message, will not eat.
 " I'm Abraham's servant, and the Lord hath blest
 My master greatly ; and he is possest—
 Through Him who made him great, and doth uphold—
 Of asses, camels, servants, silver, gold.
 An old-age child my mistress Sarah bare ;
 Of all he hath that son is only heir:
 My master bade me swear by God on high,
 And made me put my hand upon his thigh,
 To take no wife of Canaan for his son
 But of his kindred here. And I, thereon,
 Said to my master,—it may chance to be
 The kindred woman will not follow me.
 ' The Lord with whom I walk,' he then replied,
 ' Will send his angel, and will be thy guide ;
 Take thou my son's wife of my father's line,
 And so be guiltless from this oath of thine.
 But if my kindred will not give her thee,
 Then of this oath thou guiltless art and free.'
 And when I reached the well this very day,
 I said, O Lord ! if thou dost guide my way,
 Behold I stand this water-well beside,
 And it shall come to pass th' appointed bride,
 When she shall come for water, and I say,
 Out of thy pitcher let me drink, I pray,
 Shall answer, ' Drink, and I will also draw
 For all thy camels.' While I spake, I saw
 Thy daughter coming: as I said was done
 By her—the chosen for my master's son.
 And so I put the frontlet on her face,
 And on her hands the token-bracelets place.
 Now, tell me, to my master will ye shew
 Kindness and truth ? Now, tell me—yes or no,
 That I to right or left may turn aside."
 But Bethuel and Laban straight replied,—
 " We answer bad nor good ; the Lord commands
 The matter thus : there our Rebekah stands.
 Go, take her with thee for thy master's son,
 For as the Lord hath spoken it is done."

The old man bows in worship,—then presents
 The bride with spousal robes and ornaments ;
 And for her mother and her brother brings
 Forth from his budget gifts of precious things.
 The contract duly made—his conscience white—
 Seasoned his meal and slumber with delight.

When from the lap of night the bright-checked day
 Through morning's ruby portal took his way,
 And shook the glory of his golden hair
 Upon the soft curls of the dew-dropt air,—
 What time the birds make music in the grove,
 And hymn their matins to the sire of love,

And all the life, shut up in folds and stalls,
For outlet to their green impatient calls,—
Refreshed with happiness and sweet repose,
Up with the household Eleazer rose.

White-armed Rebekah, innocent of guile,
Breathes the pure sweetness of her virgin smile ;
Her parents, grateful for their daughter's weal,
In words and looks express the joy they feel :
E'en Laban, careless of his dream of pelf,
Loves for the time his sister as himself.
How soon the blasts life's budding hopes destroy,—
How soon comes sorrow on the heel of joy !
Them and their comfort flits a film between,
Breathed through the house by that good Damascene.

" Now let me go," he said, " with Isaac's bride,—
His tent is cheerless since his mother died ;
This blessing must be seen as well as told
In Sarah's tent,—and Abraham is old."
They ask a year—a month—ten days' delay ;
But still the old man says, " To-day—to-day !"
Then to herself the question was referred ;
Nor that sweet Nature, so appealed, demurred :
" Wilt thou with this man now depart, or no ?"
At once the maiden answered, " I will go."
High-minded modesty needs no defence,
When truth inspires the words of innocence.
To know, and, knowing it, to do the right
Is ever lovely in the Maker's sight.

To leave for ever Haran's pleasant plain—
The friends she never more might see again—
The birth-place where her happy childhood flew—
The favourite spots familiar to her view—
Father and mother, and the dues that bless
His watchful care, her clinging tenderness—
The concords which an only sister move
To lean upon an only brother's love,—
She felt 'twas pain to leave them, and to roam
From that enchanting holiness of home ;
But for her weeping parents most she felt,
When for their blessing at their feet she knelt.
But faith gave comfort to the constant maid,—
She knew the heavenly Mover, and obeyed.
Nor was their blessing fruitless,—she was blessed ;
Her progeny the promised land possessed ;
And shall again—when to their hopes is given—
Their Prince descending with the pomp of heaven ;
And on their holy hill the tribes shall sing
New songs of rapture to their only King,
And Love's true sun in full effulgence shine
Once more upon the widowed Palestine.

At Hebron now the travellers arrive ;
But who that gentle maiden's thought shall shrive ?
" A little onward," says her joyous guide,
" And I shall see you stand by Isaac's side !"
The camels with a fresher life career,
As knowing well their resting-place is near.
The song of birds—the gentle hum of bees—
The balmy breezes playing with the trees—
The cedars nodding on the wavy hills—
The thousand sweets the flowery slope distils,—
All the soft magic of the tranquil hour
Awakes and fills the sense of local power.

Down from the skies a mellow glory streams
 From the fast-sinking sun's tiar of beams ;
 Long shadows fall from that bold range of hills,
 While the deep west her heart with wonder fills.
 There, 'mid the tissue of his glorious bed,
 The regent of the day declines his head :
 His slanting sheets of light, as lakes, are set
 Mid continents of gold and violet ;
 And purple isles are in the golden sheen,
 And gorgeous curtains over all the scene,
 Diversified with every rainbow hue,
 Up to the roof-work of the quiet blue.
 Now happy-looking herds and flocks are seen
 Returning homeward from their fragrant green ;
 Now thick-set clumps of sylvan wildness—then
 The toils of oxen and the works of men.
 How such a view of Hebron elevates
 Rebekah's soul, and interpenetrates !
 While earth seems melting in the clasp of heaven,
 What radiant visions to her thought are given !

The star of day is gone—the star of love
 Looks on the maid of Haran from above ;
 A holy love pervades the silent vale,
 Too deep for utterance, and too strong to fail.
 She feels the magic trembling o'er her frame,
 And half-unconscious murmurs Isaac's name !
 But, lo ! a man ! he comes to meet his bride :
 Oh, happy meeting ! happy evening-tide !
 From the steep camel with a modest grace
 The maid descends, and veils her lovely face.
 The bridegroom and the bride together stand —
 Together walk, conversing—hand in hand.
 Duty unites them ; love the contract seals ;
 The truth of either either lover feels.
 He leads his God-given to his mother's tent ;
 He fondly asks, nor she withholds consent.
 God is the priest,—their fane the holy night,—
 The stars their witnesses, and love their rite.
 The moral sense on either heart imprest
 Secured their fealty, and they went to rest.
 The maid of Haran thus became a wife—
 The bride of promise—joy of Isaac's life.
 In her the memory of his mother lived,
 And in Rebekah Sarah's worth revived :
 Now without pain he thought upon his dead,
 And by the living was recomfited.

No. II.

The queenly Deborah, with rapture fired,
 And made to utter as the Spirit inspired,
 With power invested by Divine command,
 Beneath her palm-tree sat, and judged the land.
 But Israel from the Lord had fall'n away,
 Who gave them up to Jabin's iron sway ;
 Whose captain, Sisera, crafty, bold, and strong,
 Had with a cruel curb rebuked them long.
 And now these malcontents must owe relief
 From galling slavery to a woman-chief !

Headstrong Jeshurun ! wilt thou never own
That safety cometh from the Lord alone ;
That arm of flesh is feeble as a reed,
And man's devices worthless as a weed ?
Hardhearted outcast ! wilt thou not confess
The beauty and the power of holiness ?

Proud Hazor's lord securely builds his nest,
And in Harosheth Sisera takes his rest.
But what disturbs the king in his delight ?
His vulture scents afar the coming fight.
" To arms ! to arms ! and crush the rebel pride ;
With purple dew let Jezreel's face be died."

At Deborah's command, bold Barak came,
And reverent stood before the queenly dame :
" Has the Lord spoken ? must it not be done ?
Go forth with Naphtali and Zebulun ;
Of these ten thousand chosen warriors take,
And Jabin's multitude and chariots break.
To Kishon's stream shall Sisera draw his band—
The Lord will give him there to Barak's hand ;
Toward Mount Tabor with thy warriors go."
" There will I go with thee—without thee, no !"
" With me, then," said the glowing propheticess :
" But know, mistrusting Barak, nevertheless,
This journey shall not for thine honour tell—
The Lord to woman's hand will Sisera sell."

Nine hundred chariots cast their iron gleam
From far Harosheth e'en to Kishon's stream ;
The host of Canaan sweeps on like a flood,
Or like a fire devouring down a wood.
Impatient Sisera thinks, in very scorn,
To mow down Israel like a field of corn ;
His mighty host he marshals in Jezreel,
And spreads his tents to lordly Tabor's heel.
As long as the war-horse, when the trumpets blow,
To break away and dash against the foe,
So Sisera pants to make his vaunting good,
And quench rebellion in the rebel's blood.
How can those few against his many stand ?
He vows to slaughter the devoted band—
To slay and spare not : Cruelty and Wrath
Inspire his counsels and direct his path ;
Vengeance sits darkling on his clouded brow—
He thinks of carnage, not of battle, now.
The cloud on Tabor bursts, and overbears,
With sudden fury, chariots, warriors, spears !
Where now is Jabin's pride ? His host is gone,
And of his warriors all are slain but one !
Who from his car alights, and, like the prey
Before the swift-foot hunter, flees away ?
Fly, warrior, fly ! devoted Sisera, fly !
Death bays thy heel—a moment's pause, and die !
Like a commissioned Hate sent forth to kill,
Whose fiery execution waits on will,
Barak is on thy trace—flee, Sisera, flee !
Or never more the sun shall shine on thee.

He has escaped : with toil and terror spent,
He gladly hides in Heber's friendly tent.

'Tis Jael's voice that greets him at the door—
 'Tis Jael's hand the chieftain covers o'er;
 More precious now that rug than-broidered silk.
 He asks for water, and she gives him milk.
 Is this that Sisera?—this dishéartened hare,
 That warrior, wise to scheme and prompt to dare?
 How changed from him who pass'd through Habor's gate,
 The prop and ornament of Jabin's state!
 To guard his life a woman's help he prays—
 A woman's hand the chief in covert lays;
 Oblivion's dews his fainting senses steep,
 And heavily he sleeps his perilous sleep.
 No waking up for Sisera—never more
 His step shall cross the Kenite's friendly door!
 A woman's hand, a hammer and a nail,
 O'er Sisera's life and Jabin's crown prevail:
 Through either temple she the tent-nail drives—
 So Sisera died, and Jael's memory lives.

Halt, Barak, for the hunter's zeal is vain,
 And Jael's hand thy hoped-for prey has slain;
 Come and behold where lies the plume of war—
 The strength of Jabin, scourge of Issachar!
 There—dead!—let Zebulon exalt his voice,
 And let exulting Naphtali rejoice:
 In fetters none shall break the foe is bound;
 Behold him safely fastened to the ground!

The land has rest—the tribes are overjoyed,
 For Canaan humbled, Canaan's king destroyed.
 Circled by chiefs, by crowds environed round,
 With Wisdom's amaranthine chaplet crown'd,
 Whom through their bounds the sons of Israel bless—
 Beneath her palm-tree stands the prophetess:
 Her eyes look clearly from their lighted cells,
 And on her brow calm contemplation dwells:
 Holy her mien, yet dove-like soft, and meek;
 A sunny radiance mantles on her cheek;
 Around her lips unspoken breathings move,
 New-born of rapture and divinest love.
 Behold! her bosom heaves! her kindling eye
 Burns, flashes with the informing Deity!
 Her form dilates—an awful splendour now
 Lightens her cheek and her expanded brow;
 While mute Amazement holds the intent throng,
 Labouring she breathes, and now she pours the song.

For the mighty vengeance wrought
 By Israel's sword,
 When the willing people fought—
 O praise the Lord!

Give ear, ye kings! ye princes, hear!
 I to the Lord, to Israel's God,
 Will lift the song, the harp will sound:
 Lord! when thou wentest forth from Seir,
 And thy march on Edom trod,
 Quaked the trembling earth around—
 With water poured the heavens down,
 Poured the clouds—each mountain-crown,
 Even Sinai, in his place,
 Melted before Jehovah's face.

In Shamgar's days, in Jael's days,
Untrodden were the public ways ;
The traveller stole through bypath only ;
The hamlets on the plain lay lonely,—
Till I—I, Deborah—arose,
Whom Israel as a mother knows.

They chose new gods,—then horrid sights
Of war filled all their gates with fear ;
'Mid forty thousand Israelites,
Was buckler ever seen, or spear ?

My soul is yours, ye chieftains tried !
And ye who would have freely died,
The Lord with me as freely praise ;
Who ride white asses, and who judge,
Seated in state, and ye who trudge
Your way afoot, your voices raise.

For the noise of the archers that spoiled at the wells,
How gracious the Lord is each village-troop tells ;
The praise of his righteousness rings on the plains,
And their gates, long deserted, his people regains.

Awake—up ! Deborah, awake and speed
The song's outbursting flame ;
Barak, awake ! thy captives captive lead,
Son of Abinoam !

Against the mighty with a few went he ;
The people of the Lord went down with me.
From Amalek-mount rushed, eager to the fight,
Bold Ephraim first, and next the Benjamite ;
From Machir came the rulers—those who bear
The marshal's staff from Zebulon were there :
With Deborah the valiant met the war,
The strength of Barak, chiefs of Issachar ;
They came—they rushed—they burst upon the foe,
Into the valley where he lay below.

By Reuben's fountains there were counsels various—
Why wert thou, Reuben, 'mid thy herds supine ?
Was it to hear the lowing of thy kine ?
By Reuben's fountains there were plans contrarious ;
The shores of Jordan, Gilead kept along ;
And Dan, why dwelt he then his ships among ?
And Asher tarried, spiritless and craven,
Amid his rifts and in his sea-shore haven.
But Zebulon exposed his life in fight,
And Naphtali, from off the mountain-height.

The kings of Canaan came and fought,
Canaan's king in Taanach's meadow,
By the waters of Megiddo
Fought—nor won the spoil they sought.

From the heavens, in their courses,
Fought the stars 'gainst Sisera's forces ;
The torrent Kishon o'er them rolled ;
That ancient river, Kishon old,
Swept and tore them out of sight—
Trample, my soul, upon their might !

Then clattered the horses' hoofs along,
In the hurry-skurry flight of the strong.

Curse Meroz, saith the Angel of the Lord,
A twofold curse upon her dastard horde;
For they against the mighty never came—
They brought no succour in Jehovah's name.

But blest shall Jael be, the Kenite's wife, ●
O'er women blest in tents that lead their life.
Water he asked—with costly bowl she sped,
And gave him milk, the curded milk, instead.
She to the nail applied her left,
Her right hand to the hammer's hest;
She smote him till his head was cleft—
She smote, she pierced his temples well,
And at her feet he bowed, he fell:
He bowed, he fell, he lay outspread;
And where he bowed, he fell there dead.

From the window the mother of Sisera spied;
She looked through the lattice, and, looking, she cried:
“O! why is his coming so long to descry?
Why tarry the wheels of his chariot? why?”
Her prudent women made reply;
She to herself in answer said,
“Have they not in battle sped?
Have they not shared the spoil they got?
A damsel or two to each captain's lot?
A robe of price for Sisera too,
Brodered with flowers of various hue,
Rarely wrought, and rich to view?”

So perish, Lord, all foes of thine!
But let all those who love thee shine
Forth like the sun—the sun at best,
In all his glory full exprest.

M. J. CHAPMAN.

No. LXVII.

ROBERT MACNISH, ESQUIRE.

ROBERT MACNISH, who, with learned pen, has anatomised Sleep and Drunkenness, and, with something more searching than pen, cut up those bodies which, while alive, were subject to the genial or drowsy influences of Drunkenness and Sleep, is the hero of our present month's gallery. It would be needless to recommend to the favourable notice of the readers of this Magazine the friendly countenance of the Modern Pythagorean. His history is brief—brief enough to be squeezed, without any effort of condensation on our parts, into the customary page. Glasgow, city of St. Mungo and rum-punch, saw his birth, some two-and-thirty years ago. He was initiated into the primal misery of mankind, i. e. education, in the ducal city of Hamilton, not far from the residence of the first and shabbiest Duke of Scotland. Here he pursued his infantile studies with such success, as to be looked upon as the greatest blockhead of his time; the lowest seat in the class being his by such prescriptive title, that if chance dethroned him from it by the substitution of another, the day of so marvellous an event was considered to be one of such wonder and rejoicing as to demand a holiday. Emancipated from this tutelage, he was doomed to be what in the Scottish language is called a writer—a personage who, in more southern latitudes, is designated an attorney; but Macnish shewed symptoms of conscience, and resolutely determining not to lower his character by becoming a lawyer, commenced a most successful career as a body-snatcher.

'Tis better from the grave the dead to draw,
Than clap the living in the tomb of law,

as some poet, whose name has never yet been divulged to the public, remarks in a poem that still remains in MS. *pence nos.*

Acting on the principle laid down in this distich, Macnish set about his medical studies with the zeal of a philosopher and the muscle of a resurrectionist. We sincerely believe that there is no ground for accusing him of being involved, to any considerable extent, in the scientific practices, carried, soon after the commencement of his professional career, to their perfection by Messrs Burke and Hare; at least, it never was brought home to him, or any thing which appeared to us to be of sufficient testimony. That he was sent on a mission of medicine to slay the Caithnessians, close by the neighbourhood of the far-famed house of John O'Groats, cannot be denied. Equally certain is it, that while ravaging the whole of that hospitable—though, according to works on geography, inhospitable—coast, he laid up ample materials for arranging the phenomena afterwards dissertated upon in his *Essay on Drunkenness*. Thence, qualified by the civilisation of the North, he proceeded to Paris; and there he was bitten with an ambition for authorship. He began with *Drunkenness*, and naturally proceeded to *Sleep*. Both are good books; the author, of course, thinks that that which the public least regarded, *Sleep*, is superior to that which met with the larger degree of popular favour. *Blackwood's Magazine* received his first monthly effusion—it was something about a metempsychosis; to which he affixed what was, of course, the most appropriate signature, "A Modern Pythagorean." The *sobriquet* has stuck to him, and a Modern Pythagorean he will be to the end of the chapter; though he should eat as much venison as an alderman, and outlive his modernness as much as George Coleman the Younger has outlived his youth. The *Book of Aphorisms*, the greater part of which originally appeared in our pages, is one of his most popular works, being composed on the model of the most celebrated authors; such as Solomon, Confucius, Aristotle, O'Doherty, Cato the Censor, Theognis, the golden verses of the ancient Pythagoras, Rochefoucauld, and other eminent personages, whose writings are, or should have been, engraved in letters of gold, on pillars of alabaster.

He is now in the prime of life and the full vigour of increasing practice. During the prevalence of cholera in Scotland, his unwearied services were of eminent advantage in quelling or averting the plague; and though we do not wish for its return to afford him a new opportunity of displaying his zeal and ability, we hope that the ordinary fate of mankind will keep him amply at work as an M.D., while more hilarious influences will constantly bring him before the public as the M.P.



R Macnish

AUTHOR OF "THE ANATOMY OF DRUNKENNESS"

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SCOTTISH ECCLESIASTICAL HISTORY.

WHOEVER may sit down to study the ecclesiastical history of Scotland, under the idea that he is approaching a task over which he is likely to fall asleep, will find that his imagination had drawn a picture to which the original bears no resemblance. Generally speaking, we are ready to admit that church history, as it has too often been treated, is not the most inviting subject in the world. Strifes about words, rather than about things—controversies touching points of doctrine, the greater portion of which had better not be dealt with controversially at all,—these, with frequent displays of worldly ambition, cloaking itself under the guise of zeal for gospel-truth, make up, in too many instances, the staple commodity with which the church historian has to deal. Now, though to hunt the Manichean through all his twistings and turnings, and to expose the sophistries of Noceus in the East, and Praxias in the West, be employments well adapted to the atmosphere of a cloister, it were too much to expect that the busy, hustling man of the world will ever draw off his attention from matters that interest his passions and affect his interests, in order to yawn over details as little instructive as they are lively. To be sure, the narrative of the early persecutions is to most people stirring enough. There is a strange propensity among us to take delight in the descriptions, if not in the actual contemplation, of our neighbour's sufferings. Yet even these have been so grievously overcoloured, and drawn out to a length so unconscionable, that few except the student—and even he must be of a peculiar turn of mind—would think of going through with them. We hold, therefore, that ecclesiastical history, properly so called, is not in the eyes of men in general a very inviting subject of study; and the very best proof of the justice of our opinion is to be found in the fact, that not one man in a hundred, even of those who are presumed to be well read, knows any thing at all about the matter.

We shall probably be met at the threshold of our argument by some such objections as these: "Is it pretended that among well-educated men there are any who have not made them-

selves familiar with church history? Who that has read Gibbon—and every scholar reads Gibbon—can be ignorant of the fortunes of Christianity in the outset? Are the crusades strange to us? Do we know nothing of the era of Leo X.? Are not Henry's vices and Mary's cruelties familiar as a household word? And in the downfall of the English monarchy during Charles I.'s time, do we not peruse a remarkable page in the book of the church?" Gently, gently, good reader; you get on a great deal too fast; and, like most persons when they are in a hurry to reach a given point, you are continually stumbling.

We admit that most men have read Gibbon, and that many suppose they have gathered from his narrative a very competent stock of knowledge on the subject of the church during her struggles to power; but we beg to hint to them, with all becoming diffidence, that they are quite mistaken. Gibbon's subject is in no instance the church; neither do his details throw much light upon her proceedings. He is the painter of human nature as it was during long ages of darkness, and effeminacy, and crime; and he is by no means a faithful painter even of that. Gibbon's story is of the rise and fall of empires, into which ecclesiastical affairs are introduced only incidentally, and always in the very worst spirit. Gibbon sneers and ridicules whenever he fancies that an opportunity is given; and takes care to throw upon religion the blame of crimes with which she is no way even remotely connected. For it will be found that, according to his own shewing, not one of the great revolutions which he describes is attributable to a religious feeling, either in ruler or people. In his hands, the church is uniformly the instrument with which the politician works out his own purposes,—now persecuting, in order to sustain his authority, now protecting, with the view of rallying a powerful faction about him. But neither of the operations of the pious men who laboured through good report and through evil to advance the Lord's kingdom, nor yet of the progress which that kingdom made, has he kept any record. We repeat, then, that he who

trusts to Gibbon for even the outline of any portion of ecclesiastical history, leans upon a reed.

Nobody doubts that with the progress of the crusades most persons are familiar;—but, what, then? Where-soever directed, whether against the Saracens, the Waldenses, or the Moors of Spain, they partook in all cases much more of a political than of a religious character, being wielded by princes and prelates for the furtherance of their own secular views—by no means springing out of the religious enthusiasm of the people. We assert this without forgetting that Peter the Hermit preached to the poor as well as to the rich, and that the poor were the most inflamed by his oratory. For, after all, it was to found a new kingdom in Syria, and to acquire titles and possessions in a foreign land, that they by whom the recovery of the Holy Sepulchre was undertaken put on their harness. So likewise in Spain and among the Cottian Alps. It was a struggle for the possession of Grenada that cost the Moors so dear; and it was to win the principality of Beziers that Simon de Montfort led his followers into Languedoc.

Far be it from us to deny that the narrative part of these wars forms an episode, and a remarkable one too, in the great history of the church's fortunes. The same thing may be said of what befel while Leo occupied the papal chair; while Henry's proceedings, and those of his daughter, deserve to be regarded in a precisely similar light. In Henry, to be sure, we find throughout, not the churchman, but the politician. His motive is in no instance a religious one. His worst passions are his guides; and to indulge these he breaks through the restraints of conscience, and order, and usage. His daughter is far more of a religious actor than he. A bigot to the papal communion, Mary lives and dies with one end, and only one before her, namely, to bring back her country, by fair means or by foul, within the pale of the Romish Church. But when we go lower, and examine the acts and the principles of those who played their parts under the first Charles, we find just as little of religious feeling at work among them as exists now among the great body of church reformers. Who can attribute Cromwell's behaviour to any impulses of religious

zeal, or suspect Charles himself of the slightest devotion to the church, except so far as he esteemed it a buttress whereby to uphold the monarchy? It is not, therefore, fair to treat these morsels of general history as if they were parts and parcels of the history of Christ's church. They contain the record of events—great political events—all of which unquestionably affected for good or evil the state of the church at the time; but we entirely err if we treat them as portions of a history, of which the church may be considered as the principal subject.

The only man, as far as we know, that ever made an attempt to write a history of the church, considered as a community entirely distinct from the state, was Dr. Milner, late master of the Grammar School in Kingston-upon-Hull. Dr. Milner brought to his task great piety, great fervour, great devotion to the cause of what he believed to be truth, a very moderate stock of learning at second-hand, much industry, and prejudices of the most inordinate description. The consequence has been, that not only is his book heavy and wearisome to read, but it abounds with most absurd enunciations. Dr. Milner, indeed, undertook to do what no uninspired man can accomplish, and, as a matter of course, failed. Still his plan was so far a good one inasmuch as, more than other labourers in the same vineyard, he aimed at making political occurrences take a place secondary to the progress of religious opinion. But he attempted too much; and partly on that account, partly because he thrust his own views continually before his readers, he has not succeeded. Much less can Mosheim be said to have conquered the difficulties which stand in the way of such as strive to deal with the whole Church of Christ as with one subject. Mosheim is much more frequently a political than an ecclesiastical writer; and his politics being spread over a very wide space, are necessarily confused. Nor is there any other ecclesiastical historian of whom a different character may be predicated. Why should this be? Why are we without treatises which, placing the fortunes of the church in an attractive point of view, shall be read as men read other histories,—for the sake of the information conveyed by them? We answer, because the plan hitherto acted upon by eccle-

siastical writers has been so exceedingly defective, that the accomplishment of it could not fail of rendering a subject, in itself full of interest and attraction, as dull, and confused, and repulsive, to all but the professional student, as it is possible to conceive. It is nonsense to think of writing any one continuous history of the church. The great body of believers lie so wide from one another—they are circumstanced so differently as to privileges, authority, enlightenment, and means of instruction, that any attempt to deal with them as with one people must lead to disappointment. In the era of Constantine, indeed—nay, long before it—the church, though in spirit one community, was broken up into as many separate republics as there were separate civil governments: nor could all the exertions of the papal see, even when papal power was at its height, hinder this state of things from existing, however it might succeed in disguising it.

The notion which we have long formed to ourselves as to the mode of investigating what is called ecclesiastical history is, that it ought to be studied in detail. Of course, this implies that the church's annals ought to be recorded in detail. Let us have, for example, one history of the church in Italy, another of the church in Germany, a third of the church in England, a fourth of the church in Africa; and though it may perhaps require a little more time to get through the whole, still we will engage with each under far more favourable circumstances than surround us when we sit down to the perusal of one mighty, because general, work. And the stock of information which we shall carry away with us, as each portion is concluded, will be far more accurate, and therefore far more deeply impressed on our memories, than any which the universal historian can hope to convey. Nor, by the way, is it at all certain that the amount of matter to be written and read must undergo any fearful multiplication. We live in an age when the art of condensation, at least, seems to be pretty well understood; and for such purposes as this we are apt to imagine that it may be employed both fairly and profitably.

There is, perhaps, no separate portion of church history with which it would be better for the general reader

to commence his researches than that of Scotland. In the first place, the period of time over which the real church history of Scotland extends is very limited. Antiquaries, indeed, find ample ground of controversy in investigating the habits and usages of the Culdees and the disciples of Columba. But he who writes for the benefit of the general student will touch these points very lightly, conscious that the power of elucidating them lies not within his reach; and that, when all is done, the subject in dispute between the Episcopalian and the Presbyterian remains pretty nearly what it was ere the pen of controversy was wielded. In like manner, he deals most wisely with the infant days of the church in Scotland who contents himself with a confession that he is unable to state precisely either the epoch of its erection, or the means by which its foundations were laid. For, till the Anglo-Saxon church was established, under the auspices of prelates who exercised their authority in the name of the pope, our knowledge of the religious condition of the northern parts of Britain is little better than conjecture. We know only that there was a church, that it had its bishops and pastors, its own form of worship, and its peculiar doctrines; but how its machinery was worked, or what effect it produced upon the morals and manners of the people, we cannot tell. A page or two, therefore, devoted to that part of the subject, seems to be all that the ordinary reader would desire; and will be quite as much as the judicious writer can find it worth his while to devote to it.

The era of Romish domination in Scotland, though it extended over a period of nearly a thousand years, is, like the annals of the same church in other lands, little fertile in transactions of which an elaborate account can be required. It would appear, indeed, that the Scots submitted but grudgingly to the papal sway; and that they resisted to the uttermost the attempts of the English branch of the church to establish a delegated ascendancy over them. But, except in recording these disputes, the historian finds few events that demand from him particular notice, Scotland having been wholly exempt from those heavings of the public mind which, more than once, in England, in Italy, and elsewhere, indicated a growing

dissatisfaction with the existing state of things. Yet it would ill become any one who writes, as we suppose our historian to do, in a spirit of perfect fairness and impartiality, to withhold from the Scottish clergy, or the Scottish branch of the Romish church, the praise which is their due. During that extended season of barbarism and cruel oppression elsewhere, it was the church, and the church alone, that kept up the semblance of civilisation, or did aught towards establishing the principles of humanity among the people. For the intercourse which the clergy maintained with foreign nations, especially with France and Italy, opened up a path for the introduction into their rude homes of some portion of the learning, the arts, and the polish, which were never permitted to become extinct in these more favoured regions of Europe; while the use which they made of their superior knowledge, and of the authority with which they were clothed as ministers of religion, was to check the ferocity of the barons, to soften their manners, and not rarely to wrest from their hands the weapons which they were accustomed to use one against the other.

Had the benefits conferred upon Scotland by the Romish church, during her long night of intellectual darkness, been confined within these limits, even these would be sufficient to excite in the impartial and the reflecting a distaste for the language of unmeasured abuse with which it is sometimes the practice to speak of her. But they were not thus confined. To the clergy it was mainly owing that the chain of domestic slavery was broken in Scotland. They emancipated the bondsmen belonging to their estates long before the lay-proprietors thought of doing so; and set an example which the barons, however reluctantly, were compelled to follow. The clergy, moreover, provided with a liberal hand for the necessities of the poor, the orphan, the widow, and the infirm; indeed, the extent of their charities was neither known nor appreciated, till the scenes of misery that ensued upon the suppression of the monasteries forced conviction even upon the most incredulous. Again, the clergy were both the founders and the supporters of schools and colleges. The magnificence of the edifices dedicated by them to learning and piety con-

tinues to attract admiration at this day. Whatever Scotland possesses of cathedrals, of universities, of works of art, applied to their noblest purpose,—the adornment of places set apart for the worship of God, she owes to the zeal of the clergy; to whose patriotism the earliest public roads and bridges are likewise to be traced back. In one word, if the Scottish clergy of the middle ages did possess an undue share of wealth, it is past dispute that they applied it to far better purposes than those kept in view by whom they were succeeded; for, in the eyes of the thanes, riches were desired only as the means of personal indulgence in riotous living, indiscriminate profusion, or the carrying on of mutual hostilities.

Such are a few of the benefits for which, politically speaking, Scotland stands indebted to her Popish clergy. In a religious point of view, it must likewise be remembered that they have been benefactors to their country of the highest order. Through them has descended to modern times the knowledge of Divine truths, together with the Scriptures,—corrupted often enough in practice, but in themselves pure and unadulterated. So far, indeed, the Romish church in general holds a position towards the Reformed churches not dissimilar to that which the Jews of old held in reference to Christians at large. The leading articles of our faith, as well as the warrant on which these are established, were transmitted through a channel which, though occasionally polluted by the adhesion of grosser matter, conveyed entire the doctrines and ritual of the purest ages.

With these facts before him, the candid writer will be very cautious not to adopt, without minute examination, statements touching the morals and belief even of the Romish clergy, which rest on no better grounds than the assertions of their successful opponents. It is well known that, amid the strife of hostile parties, nothing is more common than to attempt the justification of an injury by heaping reproach upon the heads of those who have sustained it; and in this way a double unhappiness has always been reserved for such as survive the ruin of a cause in which their fortunes and good names were embarked. No reputation is less safe than that of him who is oppressed by a faction, which afterwards becomes

dominant.* For these reasons we hold that it is both unsafe and unfair to admit, without considerable qualifications, the enunciations of the more violent Protestant writers, when they attack the conduct of the Romish priesthood; while it is worse than absurd to assume that all the learning, and all the pure religious zeal of the sixteenth century, was to be found on the side of those who separated themselves from the old establishment.

But while all this is felt and acted upon, there will be no breach of candour in drawing from facts, acknowledged on both sides, the conclusions to which they naturally lead. The Church of Rome, by endeavouring to force upon her clergy a species of self-denial no where enjoined in Scripture, gave occasion to many gross practical irregularities, at which she found herself compelled to connive. Towards the close of her dominion in Scotland, indeed, the matter went so far as to shock the less profligate portion of the body themselves; more especially when they found that the reformers made it a handle wherewith powerfully to work upon the minds of the people. Accordingly, we find the dean and chapter of Aberdeen, while counselling their ordinary, "at his lordschipis desyre for reformation to be maid, and stanching of heresies pullelant within the deocie," opening their fire thus: "*Imprimis*, That my Lord of Aberdeene cause the kirkmen within his lordschipis deocie to reform themselves in all their slanderis maner of living, and to remove their opin concubines, as well grete as small, under such pains as is contained in the law and acts provinciall." Nor do these zealous dignitaries stop here; the prelate himself comes in for an admonition: when "that the premissis by the helpe of God may take the better effect, they humble and heartlie pray and exhort my lord, their ordinar, for resting of his own conscience, and weal of his lordschipis deocie, eviting of great slander; and because all they that are contrarious to the religioun Christiane promise faythful obedience to the prelates, so that they will mend their own lives and their inferiors, and conform to the law of God and Holy Kirk; in respect hereof that his lordschip will be so good as to shew good and edificative example, in especial, in removing and discharging himself of the company of the gentlewoman

by whom he is gretlie slandered; without the whilk be done, divers that are pertinax say they cannot accept consail and correctioun of him who will not correct himself."

Upon evidence such as this—the remonstrances, and, of course, the unwilling admissions, of portions of their own body—it is impossible not to believe that the morals of the Popish clergy, just previous to the Reformation, were in Scotland, not less than in England and in Italy, very impure. Of the doctrines of the church it is unnecessary to say much. They were at the dawn of the Reformation what they are still,—so overlaid with falsehood and error, as almost to deserve the most opprobrious of the epithets which Knox and his coadjutors were accustomed to heap upon them. Every lover of truth and piety will therefore feel grateful to those resolute men who hazarded their lives in the attack upon this stronghold of error and corruption. Yet may we, of the Church of England, be permitted, perhaps, to regret that they had determined to view the ecclesiastical edifice against which the assault was directed, not as a structure which, after being purified and repaired, might be usefully employed for the accomplishment of the great object which it was originally meant to serve, but as one of which the defects or excrescences were so numerous as to require total demolition, in order that space might be afforded for the foundation of another on a basis totally different. We are well aware that there exists now the utmost cordiality, though there never can be communion, between the reformed churches of England and of Scotland. Long may this state of things continue; for the slightest estrangement on either side would probably lead to the overthrow of both. But such was not always the case; and it is past dispute, that of their ancient feuds, as well as of the fundamental differences that still and must for ever keep the one from coalescing with the other, the enemies of both make good use. For it is madness to deny that when the clergy of one church are considered only as laymen by another, incapable of administering the sacraments, or otherwise discharging the pastoral office, in the places of worship in which their brethren officiate, the body of Christ has been riven to a degree which all good men will de-

plote. It is, therefore, to be lamented that the Scottish reformers should have placed themselves, through excess of zeal against error, in a position, not of hostility, certainly, but as certainly not of community and brotherhood, towards their fellow-labourers within the realm of England.

How far the general student, who reads as much for amusement as for instruction, will be disposed to go along with us in this our expression of regret, we cannot tell. If, indeed, he be of a temper to be attracted only by stirring passages—if he be apt to grow languid in his researches, as often as these carry him into quiet times,—then we are sure that he will not join in our regret. For in nothing is the ecclesiastical history of Scotland so different from that of other countries, as in the hurry and bustle of its spirit; a state of things which may fairly be traced back to the peculiar form of church government adopted by the leaders of the Scottish reformation. Now Presbyterianism and the monarchical principle agree very well. Of old there was little or no harmony between them; so that the annals of the reformed church introduce us for a while to a succession of contests, all of them referable to the impulses of religious feeling, and all of the most spirit-stirring kind. When these begin to wear away, we have other subjects to succeed them scarcely less interesting. The genius of the reformation in Scotland was of a very inconsistent order. At the outset the right of private judgment was stoutly advocated; by and by all opinions were treated as offences against God's law which fell not in to a nicety with those of Melville and his adherents. Yet Knox and Melville were so far from thinking alike on every point, that they may in some sort be pronounced the leaders of two perfectly opposite schools. Knox was an unflinching enemy of papal usurpation; but he was no leveller. Melville was a scholar in the school of Geneva, and made the Church of Scotland what she is. And thus it has been throughout. In every generation fresh reformers have arisen; so that it may with truth be said, that in Scotland there has been no end of religious controversy.

For a clear and impartial account of the progress of these controversies, from their commencement in the six-

teenth century down to the repeal of the penal laws in 1792, we are happy in being able to refer the curious in these matters to a concise, but able history, which the Rev. Dr. Russell has recently put forth. If, indeed, we have any fault to find with a writer who never writes otherwise than well, it is that he has wasted more space and more ingenuity than were required in what may be termed his preliminary chapters. But we know that it is hardly fair to expect that an author, who has once wielded with effect the pen of a controversialist, will let slip any favourable opportunity that may offer of re-inculcating his own opinions. We know, also, that Dr. Russell has done no more; for his account of the first settlement of Christianity in Scotland, and of the usages of the Culdees, though somewhat more minute than the general reader is likely to relish, may be traced back, not unfairly, to a tilting match which the author had a few years ago with Dr. Jameson. Still we must take the liberty of assuring him that, in spite of the skill and research displayed in every page, his two first chapters have been to us, and will probably be to others, somewhat hard of digestion. Moreover, is our able author quite sure that the Waldenses had an episcopacy at all? We very much doubt the fact; but it is of no consequence, as bearing upon the general argument.

Having given his own views as to the doctrines and discipline of the primitive Scottish church, and sketched with a masterly hand her condition as a province of Rome, Dr. Russell proceeds, at the opening of his fourth chapter, to describe the causes which operated, both in Scotland and elsewhere, to weaken the authority of the Popish hierarchy. In Scotland, the enormous wealth of the church had become a manifest source of weakness. Early in the fifteenth century, more than one half of the territorial property, or of its annual produce, was in the hands of the clergy; and though they did apply a portion of it to the best uses, it was not to be expected that the people would rest satisfied. Intemperance, luxury, selfishness,—these were the charges brought against the clerical order, long before a movement had been made to reform the church; and the greediness with which they were received and propagated boded no good to the establishment, so soon

as its doctrines began to be controverted in earnest.

The early attempts of reformers, north of the Tweed, were few, feeble, and far between. In 1407, an English priest named Risby, having adopted the opinions of Wiclif, ventured to carry them into Scotland. But the field was not yet prepared for the good seed; and the pious labourer reaped only contumely and violence. He was summoned before Lawrence Lindores, the established inquisitor of heretical pravity, pronounced guilty, and committed to the flames. A similar result attended the preaching, in 1432, of Paul Craw, a native of Bohemia, who ventured to promulgate the notions of Huss in the University of St. Andrews. The charge brought against these martyrs is not clearly defined; though in both cases it appears to have been founded on certain dangerous conclusions touching the papal office, the authority of the priesthood, and the nature of the holy sacrament. But the severity with which they were treated, joined to the natural indifference of a rude people to abstract discussions, put a stop for a time to the progress of innovation. Nor when, in 1494, several persons of distinction, known as "the Lollards of Kyle," renewed it, was the attempt more prosperous. The Lollards were cited to appear before the king and the Archbishop of Glasgow, to answer for their opinions; and Knox, in his history, takes care to represent them as bold and insolent protestors against Popery. But by the archbishop, and indeed by the Scottish clergy in general, they were clearly considered as harmless, though mistaken enthusiasts; for the former dismissed them with an admonition to beware of dangerous novelties, and content themselves with the faith of the church.

When the Archbishop of Glasgow considered it safe to make thus light of dangers which had already assumed in Germany a formidable front, Henry VIII. was still a strenuous advocate of arrangements which he was by and by destined to overthrow. The change which took place in his sentiments, however, operated as a powerful stimulus to the zeal of the Scottish priests. They became seriously alarmed, and resolved to protect, with a vigorous hand, the establishment from the fate which had

overtaken that of England. Neither was an occasion for the indulgence of this humour long wanting. Patrick Hamilton, a young man of noble lineage, whose attention had been accidentally drawn to the doctrines of the German divines, repaired to the Continent for the purpose of studying them with greater care. He became a complete convert; and on his return to his native country, in 1528, inveighed against the corruptions of the church with so much zeal and eloquence, as to produce a strong effect upon the public mind. The necessity of crushing him at once was both seen and admitted; yet, as he enjoyed a certain rank in the ecclesiastical body, being titular Abbot of Ferns, his brethren determined to deal subtly with him. A Dominican friar, by name Campbell, under the pretext of wishing to inquire into his doctrines, solicited his conversation at St. Andrews, where he was residing; and having drawn from him a full and unguarded statement of his creed, denounced him as a heretic. Hamilton was forthwith arrested, put upon his trial before the Archbishop of Glasgow and the primate, found guilty, as a matter of course, and condemned. He was hurried to execution with indecent haste, the prelates fearing lest the king might impose his royal prerogative of pardon; but he did not suffer in vain. The calmness of his demeanour at the stake, together with the fate of Campbell, who died raving mad no great while afterwards, produced the usual results. One innovator was removed; but a hundred were ready to walk in his footsteps.

The torch which was applied to the pile that was to consume the mortal body of Patrick Hamilton, may be truly described as lighting up the flame of hostility to the Church of Rome throughout all Scotland. Even among the regular clergy there were multitudes who began to discuss in the pulpit the topics of the day, most of whom were driven to seek a refuge in England from the persecution with which they were threatened. We do not find, however, that any fresh martyrdom occurred till 1533, when one Henry Forrest, a Benedictine monk, died at the stake. But the death of this man was attended by a circumstance which appears to us not undeserving of record. After sentence had been passed upon him, and he was condemned to suffer,

"One John Lindsay, a plain and simple man who attended the bishop, gave his advice to burn him in some hollow cellar; for the smoke, said he, of Mr. Patrick Hamilton hath infected all those on whom it blew."—"It required," says Dr. Russell, "the experience and the increasing knowledge of nearly two centuries to enable mankind to profit by the remark of John Lindsay; the import of which was nothing less than an eloquent and powerful dissuasive against all persecution on the ground of religious faith.

The advice of plain simple Mr. John Lindsay was not followed; and trials, and condemnations, and burnings, went on as before. Among others brought to the bar of the prelates was Katherine Hamilton, sister of the Abbot of Ferns, of whose martyrdom we have spoken; and the question on which she was examined was her belief or disbelief in the doctrine of "justification by works." She denied that such doctrine was scriptural. Upon this "Master John Spence, the lawyer," says Spotswood, "held a long discourse with her about that purpose, telling her that there were divers sorts of works,—*works of congruity and works of condignity*; in the application whereof he consumed a long time. The woman growing thereupon into a chafe, cried out, "*Work here, work there,—what kind of working is all this?*" The king, who was present, laughed heartily. "Yet, taking the gentlewoman aside, he moved her to recant her opinions; and by her example divers others at the same time abjured their profession."

One more anecdote of this period we are tempted to give; and we give it in the words of our author.

"1539. This year a meeting of bishops was held in the capital, when several individuals were sisted before them, charged with the crime of having given a favourable reception to the dogmas of the German theology. On this occasion nearly all the culprits were of the clerical order; a circumstance which could not fail to create alarm and resentment in the breasts of their superiors. Four priests and a layman of good family were consumed in the same fire, under the walls of the castle. It is related of one of the former, Thomas Forrest, canon of Colinsinch and vicar of Dollar, that a short time before his impeachment he

had been admonished by his ordinary, the Bishop of Dunkeld, in regard to a practice which he followed of preaching to the people on the epistle or gospel of the day. The good-natured prelate exhorted him to forbear, as his diligence in that particular would infallibly expose him to the charge of heresy; adding, however, that 'if he could find a *good gospel* or a *good epistle*, which made for the liberty of Holy Church, he might expound it to his parishioners, and let the rest alone.' Forrest replied, that 'he had read both the Old Testament and the New, and that he had never found an ill epistle or gospel in either of them.' The bishop remarked, in return, 'I thank God I have lived well these many years, and never knew either the New or the Old. I content myself with my portesse and pontifical; and if you, dear Thomas, leave not these fantasies, you will repent when you cannot mend it.' The latter answered, 'that he believed it to be his duty to do what he did, and had laid his account with any danger which might follow.'"

It was a grievous misfortune to Scotland, both in a religious and a political point of view, that James V., so far from following the example set him by Henry VIII., espoused with great zeal the cause of the establishment. For this several reasons may be assigned. In the first place James, unlike the King of England, could seek for councillors in matters of state nowhere except among the clergy. These, having monopolised whatever of learning and refinement there existed north of the Tweed, were of necessity employed in almost all offices of trust; while the nobility, a proud, ignorant, and barbarous race, looked with jealousy at the elevation of persons whom they knew to be as superior to themselves in mental acquirements, as they were inferior in birth, power, and skill in the warlike exercises. Such an order of things could not but create in the royal mind a strong leaning in favour of that portion of his subjects whom alone he found capable of aiding him with their advice, and, as a necessary consequence, induced him to give his countenance to atrocities which in his secret heart he condemned. In the next place, James, a poor prince, was not insensible to the influence of a bribe; and the pope, by making over to him a portion of the church's pro-

party, went far to secure his protection for the residue. Lastly, the intrigues of France, co-operating with his own jealousy of England, rendered him averse to the adoption of a religious system, of which one, and that an immediate, consequence must have been, to bind together the two British nations in bonds of the closest amity. All these causes combined to render James V. in practice, what in disposition he was not, an enemy to freedom of inquiry, and a cruel persecutor of such as dared to exercise it. On the other hand, the nobles, hating the priesthood, and casting greedy eyes on the church lands, took their part, in a great measure, with the reformers; and carrying the common people along with them, soon brought the question between light and darkness to the arbitrament of the sword.

We cannot afford space for an outline of the events which characterised the troublous period from 1539 to 1565. There is, indeed, the less necessity for our doing so, that our readers will find the tale well told by Dr. Russell; and his work being portable, and of very moderate cost, is perfectly within their reach. We content ourselves, therefore, by stating that it was a season of great disorder and suffering, stained at the outset by the cruelties of Cardinal Beaton, towards its termination by the excesses and crimes of the reformers; for the reformation, being conducted in defiance of the powers that were, went forward amid tumult, bloodshed, and plunder. At last the teachers of the new faith so far triumphed, that, during Mary's absence in France, the famous convention parliament held its sitting, by the votes of which Popery was abolished. The same authority pronounced the ancient clergy to be nothing better than usurpers, and the new preachers the only persons authorised to administer the sacraments. In like manner, it was decreed "that the sayers and hearers of mass should, for the first offence, forfeit all their goods, movable and immovable, and suffer a corporal punishment besides, at the discretion of the magistrate; that for a repetition of this misdemeanour they should be banished out of the kingdom; and that, if they transgressed in a similar manner a third time, they should be put to death." This was pretty well for men who took up arms, at the out-

set, under the plea of vindicating man's natural right to worship God in his own way. But it was not the only inconsistency of which the reformers were guilty.

Among other propositions brought forward in this parliament, there was one to the effect "that the revenue of the ecclesiastical establishment should be employed in supporting the reformed ministry, in maintaining schools, and in supplying the wants of the poor." Now nothing could be further from the intentions of the Lords of the Congregation than that any such arrangements should be made. So far as regarded the claims of religion, considered as a system of doctrine and pious uses, they were all that John Knox could desire; but the moment a question of property came before them, they saw with totally different eyes. In common decency, however, they could not put a direct negative on the suggestion; so they evaded it by turning the zeal of the preachers towards subjects more strictly theological, and requiring from them, first a confession of faith, and by and by a book of discipline. The former was soon completed: it received the sanction of parliament, and has never, as far as we know, been misconstrued. The latter is also on record; and proves to demonstration, that to introduce a parity of rank among the clergy formed no part of the plan of church government originally devised by Knox. This is a bold assertion, standing opposed as it does to the Claim of Right, presented to the Convention of States in 1689, wherein it is asserted, that "prelacy and the superiority of any office in the church above presbyters is and hath been a great and insupportable grievance and trouble to the nation, and contrary to the inclinations of the generality of the people, they having been reformed from Popery by presbyters." But we know that we are in a situation to justify it; and we are very glad that Dr. Russell, by condensing and bringing to one point a host of scattered evidence, enables us to do so in his own words.

"The Book of Discipline," says he, is divided into nine heads, according to the following arrangement: on doctrine; on the sacraments; on the abolishing of idolatry; concerning ministers and their lawful election; concerning the provision of ministers, and distribution of the rents

and possessions justly pertaining to the church; of the rents and patrimony of the church; concerning the censuring of offenders; concerning elders and deacons; of the censure and deposition of ministers; concerning the policy of the church.

"In regard to the clergy, the authors of this reformed scheme divided them into three orders: the superintendent, the parochial minister, and the reader. Of the first, who were intended to discharge several of the duties usually attached to the episcopal office, ten were appointed by the council to a corresponding number of dioceses. 'These men,' it is added, 'must not be suffered to live idle, as the bishops have done heretofore, neither must they remain where gladly they would, but they must be preachers themselves, and not remain in one place above three or four months; after which they must enter in visitation of their whole bounds, preach thrice a-week at least, and not to rest till the churches be wholly planted, and provided of ministers, or, at the least, readers. In their visitation, they must try the life, diligence, and behaviour of the ministers; the order of the churches, and the manners of the people; how the poor is provided; and how the youth is instructed: they must admonish where admonition needeth, and dress all things that by good counsel they are able to compose. Finally, they must take note of all heinous crimes, that the same may be corrected by the censures of the church.'

"Knox informs his readers that superintendents were nominated, not so much to meet any special emergency connected with the times in which he lived, as that 'all things in the church may be carried with order and well.' It is remarkable, too, that the compilers of the Book of Discipline were distinguished by prelatial principles to the end of their days. Winram, for example, died superintendent of Strathern; Willock was superintendent of the West; Spotswood was many years a superintendent, and, as we learn from his son, the ecclesiastical historian, continued hostile to Presbyterian parity; Douglas became Archbishop of St. Andrews; and Row was one of the three who afterwards defended the lawfulness of diocesan episcopacy at the conference appointed by the General Assembly in 1575. That Knox himself was no enemy to prelacy, considered as an ancient and apostolical institution, is rendered clear by his 'Exhortation to England for the speedy embracing of Christ's gospel.' Addressing the government of the young king, Edward VI., he says, 'Let no man be charged with preaching of Jesus Christ above that

which a man may do; I mean that your bishoprics be so divided, that every one of them (as they are now for the most part) may be made ten; and so in every city and great town there may be placed a godly learned man, with so many joined with him for preaching and instruction as shall be thought sufficient for the bounds committed to their charge.' In short, no one was more deeply convinced than the Scottish reformer, that, to use the words which he adopted from Calvin, 'parity breedeth confusion.'

"But the prelatial nature of the institution which they recommended is still more clearly unfolded in the powers they conferred on the superintendents, more especially as confirmed by the voice of succeeding assemblies. In the first place, they had authority, in certain circumstances, to depose ministers from their office, as well as to admit such as were duly elected. The same privilege extended to the translation of incumbents from one parish to another, according to their views of expediency or advantage. They had power even to take account of what books every minister had, and how he profited from time to time by the perusal of them. It is provided, too, that 'such as take upon them the office of preachers, who shall not be found qualified by the superintendent, shall by him be placed as readers;' and an inhibition is made against all those ministers who have not been presented by the people, or a part of them, to the superintendent, and whom, after examination, he had not appointed to their charge. It was moreover enacted, that if the parishioners were found negligent in electing a minister, and forty days were permitted to elapse without a choice being made, the superintendent, with his council, should present one whom they might judge apt to feed the flock. All parish ministers, on the other hand, as soon as admitted to churches, were bound to pay canonical obedience to their superintendents. Thus, in the assembly holden at Edinburgh in 1562, 'it was concluded by the whole members present, that all ministers should be subject to the superintendent in all lawful admonitions, as is prescribed as well in the Book of Discipline, as in the election of superintendents.'

"Besides the power of summoning diocesan synods, they could, with the advice of their clergy, appoint provincial fasts whenever it was thought necessary. They were also invested with the rather invidious privilege of assigning to ministers the amount of their stipends.

"Because universities, colleges, and schools are the seminaries of learning, and consequently nurseries for the mi-

nistry, the power of the superintendents over them was very considerable. 'It was, accordingly, provided by the First Book of Discipline, that, if the principal or head of any college in the University of St. Andrews should die, the members of the college, being sworn to follow their consciences, were to nominate three of the most sufficient men in the university. This done, the superintendent of Fife, by himself or his special procurators, with the rector and the rest of the principals, were to choose one of the three and constitute him principal. And when the rector, or vice-chancellor, was chosen, he was to be confirmed by the superintendent.'

"Again, all the moneys collected in every college for the upholding the fabric were 'to be counted and employed at his sight.' The assembly of 1565, in their petition to the queen, entreat 'that none might be permitted to have charge of schools and universities, but such as should be tried by the superintendents.' The revising and licensing of books were in like manner committed to the care of these ecclesiastical governors. It was fixed by an act of assembly, that 'no work be set forth in print, neither yet published in writ, touching religion or doctrine, until such time as it shall be presented to the superintendent of the diocess, and advised and approved by him, or by such as he shall call of the most learned within his bounds.' It may be added, as a further proof of the greater office and precedence of this order of men, that the living provided for the superintendent, by the First Book of Discipline, was five times as much as was allotted to any private minister. • -

"These marks of pre-eminence in the highest order of clergy, sanctioned by the first reformers of the Scottish church, have been given with the view of setting at rest any doubt which may arise in the mind of the reader as to the object and authority of that ecclesiastical appointment. The associates of Knox, it is obvious, were not Presbyterians, and had no intention of setting up a system of parity among the ministers of their new establishment. If further evidence were wanting, a reference might be made to a letter written by Erskine of Dun to the regent, dated November 1571, in which he maintains not only the expediency, but even the Divine authority of the episcopal office in the Church of Christ. Erskine, it is well known, was a fellow-labourer with the great reformer in new-modelling the constitution of the kirk, and was himself one of the original superintendents; hence it may be inferred that the opinions which he expresses, in an official communication to the head of

the government, were those entertained by the whole body to which he belonged. Alluding to the instructions and authority which St. Paul directed to his disciples Timothy and Titus, when he appointed them to the charge of Ephesus and Crete, he remarks, 'thus have we expressed plainly by Scripture, that to the office of a bishop pertain examination and admission into spiritual cure and office, and also to oversee them that are admitted, that they walk uprightly, and exercise their office faithfully and purely; to take away this power from the bishop or superintendent, is to take away the office of a bishop, that no bishop be in the kirk. There is a spiritual jurisdiction and power which God has given unto his kirk, and to them who bear office therein; and there is a temporal jurisdiction and power given of God to kings and civil magistrates. Both the powers are of God, and most agreeing to the fortifying one of the other, if they be rightly used. As to the question, If it be expedient that a superintendent be where a qualified bishop is? I understand a bishop or superintendent to be but one office, and where the one is the other is.'

"There is not, in fact, the smallest room for doubt that, in the estimation of the early reformers of the Scottish church, the office of superintendent was invested with much of the power and dignity which belong to bishops. This is very generally admitted; but it is insinuated, at the same time, that a distinction so manifestly prelatial was not meant to be permanent, being calculated only to meet the exigencies of the infant community. Calderwood, Petrie, and some other writers of later date, have taken infinite pains to represent the appointment in question as merely introductory to the more perfect system of parity by which it was at length succeeded: but an enlightened and candid historian of the Reformation, whose works have been given to the public in the course of the present century, exposes the absurdity of that opinion, and readily allows that Knox and his coadjutors had no intention of making any further change.

"'They who,' says he, 'have embraced Episcopacy, although they are not averse to maintain that the First Book of Discipline in fact sanctioned a form of prelacy, would have preferred to that form an exact resemblance to the Church of England; while the successors of the first reformers, who afterwards embraced with so much zeal the exclusive and Divine authority of the Presbyterian model, consider it as a stumbling-block which they are eager to remove. They have, accordingly, represented the

institution of superintendents as not designed by Knox to continue in the church; and thus endeavour to gain to their principles his countenance and approbation. But the ground upon which they rest this assertion is not sufficient to bear it. It is apparent from the manner in which Knox has spoken of the state of religion while superintendents were recognised, from the uniformity with which he inculcated deference and obedience to the higher ecclesiastical powers, and from the language used in the acts of the successive assemblies, in some of which superintendents are explicitly classed among the useful members of the church, that he was firmly persuaded that his plan ought to be permanent; that so far from being only a 'devout imagination,' as some of the nobility contemptuously characterised it, it was the best scheme which presented itself to his mind.*

"There are, indeed, many records still in existence, which allude to the office of superintendent as one of the permanent institutions of the Protestant establishment. For instance, there is found among the acts of the General Assembly a petition to the lord-regent, in 1574, praying that stipends be granted to superintendents in *all time coming*, in all counties destitute thereof, whether it be where there is no bishop, or where there are bishops who cannot discharge their office. Surely the expression, '*in all time coming*,' as applied to the maintenance of the first order of clergy, is altogether irreconcilable with the opinion that their office was meant to be but temporary. Even in the First Book of Discipline, rules are laid down for supplying vacancies by election, whensoever a superintendent shall depart this life, or happen to be deposed. And it is added that, 'after the church shall be established, and three years are past, no man shall be called to the office of a superintendent who hath not two years at least given a proof of his faithful labours in the ministry of some church.'"

Nothing can be better put than this; nor is there the slightest call for the sort of half apology which the author conceives himself bound to offer in bringing it forward. The question is, in itself, a very important one; and, amid the changes which are every day going on, may come to be mooted again with advantage to the whole reformed church. But the Book of Discipline, which thus expressed itself, however agreeable to the Scottish Protestant lords as an outline of religious

faith and polity, did not obtain their sanction. The distribution recommended in it of the wealth of the church fell not in with the views which had actuated some of the leading members of the aristocracy. Yet were they exceedingly zealous in other respects. When the ministers petitioned to have the remaining monuments of idolatry destroyed, the pious barons responded at once to the call; and churches, and monasteries, and tombs, and libraries, and records—every thing, in short, that had been polluted by the service of the mass—perished amid the wild shouts of the rabble.

We wish that our limits would permit us to give an abstract of "the brief review of the constitution, doctrine, and worship, established by the Reformation in Scotland," which occupies Dr. Russell's seventh chapter; for nothing can be more fair, more able, or more replete with curious information. The author shews that the constitution of the church was of a mixed and anomalous kind, recognising gradations in rank, yet taking no account either of Episcopal or Presbyterian ordination—that the clergy made use of a liturgy in their churches—that they claimed and exercised the rights of excommunication and absolution with the same effrontery as had been displayed by the Roman Catholics—that their views of the two sacraments were widely different from those imbibed by their successors—and that the Confession of Faith was quite silent on the more abstruse points of doctrine. All this is very remarkable, and to most of our readers will, we suspect, be new. Yet the evidence on which Dr. Russell grounds his statements is such as no sophistry can weaken; for he appeals to the recorded sentiments of the leading reformers themselves, as well as to the acts of the church with which they were connected.

From the year 1560 to 1689, the reformed church in Scotland was subjected to continual changes, as well in its doctrines as in the form of polity by which its affairs were administered. For twelve years, during which Knox, its great friend, survived, that bastard Episcopacy, which owed its rise to him, subsisted in full vigour. During the

* Cook's History of the Reformation in Scotland, vol. ii. p. 417.

regency of Lord Mar, indeed, the title of bishop was restored, and some steps taken towards recovering out of the grasp of the lay barons that portion of the church's property which had been claimed by the Assembly as requisite for the maintenance of the clergy. But in 1572 both Knox and Lord Mar died, and the church sustained in each event a grievous calamity. For Morton, who succeeded to the regency, was an avaricious and ungodly man, one of whose favourite schemes it was to depress and impoverish the clergy; while Andrew Melville, aiming in some sort to fill the place left vacant by Knox, forgot to keep in view the policy of his great prototype. While the former stripped the superintendents of their stipends, and prevailed upon the clergy in general to surrender two-thirds into his hands, the latter, with equal subtlety and want of candour, stirred up his brethren to denounce the Episcopal polity as a usurpation. Unhappily for Scotland, Melville's scheme obtained a temporary triumph; for its success served but to array once more man against man, and to shake to its foundation the whole fabric of society. For it is certain that, till Melville took the field, there was no indisposition on the part of the Scottish people to that order of things in church discipline which accorded best, and we may add still best accords, with the monarchical principle in civil government; and had he been silent, it is not, perhaps, going too far to say, that the rebellions and disturbances which kept his country so long in confusion might have been avoided. Providence, however, which ordaineth all things for the best, had ordered it otherwise; and accordingly, by an act of General Assembly, held at Dundee in July 1580, the Presbyterian form of church government was established, and the new Book of Discipline adopted.

We began this paper by giving it as our opinion, that he who wishes to acquire a taste for the study of church history in general, cannot make a better, because a more attractive beginning, than with that of the church in Scotland. The outline which we have already drawn of some of the many changes of fortune which the church, considered as a religious community, has there undergone, will, we think, fully bear us out in our assertion. Yet we have told but a small portion of the tale, which main-

tains its stirring character throughout; religion having been in every age a principle of enterprise and action to a people so peculiarly liable to be wrought upon by appeals to the imagination as the Scots. Thus, from 1580 to 1612, the annals of Scotland describe little else than feuds, and raids, and disputations, and popular movements,—all more or less originating in the claims of the rival forms of church government to supremacy. In like manner, after Episcopacy was established, till its final overthrow in 1688, religion either occupied, or is represented as occupying, all men's thoughts by day and their dreams by night. Nor were the disputes at issue between them discussed by any reference to Scripture or to reason. The sword and the spear, the musket and the pole-axe, were the arguments adopted on both sides; and conversions which they could not bring about in the battle-field, the dominant faction strove to effect by means of the thumb-screw and the halter.

At last the accession of William III. to the throne of these realms put an end to the contest. Presbyterianism triumphed; and the Episcopalians became as much objects of persecution as they had in their most unguarded moments been persecutors. Yet was the church very far from attaining to unity within itself. In proportion as the established clergy sobered down their views and doctrines into accordance with the spirit of the established constitution, there broke off from their communion sect after sect, each more extravagant in its opinions than another. At one period the cry of the religious was, that the civil government ought to be in subserviency to that of the church. At another, an equality of privileges was demanded. At a third, the state was required to root out with unsparring severity all schismatics and idolators, and to protect and uphold the true church, and it alone. Now a different watchword sounds in our ears, and a total separation of the church from the state is demanded. For the character which we have given of the Scottish people in times past, when their favourite church was struggling to supremacy, still holds good of them. They continue to be not only a religious, but a fanatical people,—mixing up on all occasions points of doctrine with questions of political expediency;

and so acting, or appearing to act, under all circumstances, under the guidance of religious principle.

We need not remind our readers that in Scotland the Voluntary Church principle was first openly avowed, and has been most strenuously advocated. Neither is it necessary for us to add, that in Scotland it has been most triumphantly refuted. The church, judiciously buckling on her armour, stood forth at the first alarm; and her ministers have never appeared to more advantage than as lecturers to "the Edinburgh Young Men's Association for promoting the interests of the Church of Scotland." Of these lectures there are seven now lying before us, of which it is but poor praise to say that they completely cut the ground from beneath the feet of the Voluntaries. Still, in the rancour with which the

Church of Scotland has been assailed, and in the skill and pertinacity with which her champions defend her, it is impossible not to perceive the workings of that self-same spirit which levelled with the dust the splendid monasteries of St. Andrews and Melrose, and led forth the Covenanters to the fight at Bothwell Bridge. We repeat, therefore, that he who needs excitement to lead him forward in the study of a subject so important as church history, cannot do better than make his first essay in the field of Scottish ecclesiastical record.

We have written much more than we intended to do on this subject, and must now conclude by recommending as a text-book Dr. Russell's admirable volumes, which fully sustain the high reputation of their author.

AUTHENTIC NARRATIVE OF FACTS WHICH OCCURRED DURING A MARCH IN INDIA.

FROM AN OFFICER'S SKETCH-BOOK.

OUR regiment had received orders to proceed on its route from Fort George to the city of Poonah, in the Deccan. At daybreak we embarked for Panwell, on board native boats manned by Hindoos, and, under a gentle and propitious breeze, sailed smoothly along the expansive harbour of Bombay; which is justly admired as one of the most magnificent in the world, and is interspersed with verdant woody islands, which, from their shores to the summit of their mountain-tops, are clothed with the most luxuriant foliage and perpetual verdure. As we came under the shady lea of the deep-embowered Elephanta, we shortened sail to admire the beauties of this romantic isle, celebrated from the remotest antiquity for its vast caves, excavated in the solid rock, and forming a spacious temple, supported upon colossal columns of rude architecture, and adorned with huge statues of the Hindoo deities, that seem to stand out from the walls, and in their looks and postures to menace destruction to all that dare profanely intrude upon their ancient solitary reign. Whilst we gaze with wonder at the vastness of these magnificent caverns, and think on the long period that has elapsed since their formation (for the inscription, which is

still visible over the entrance, is in a language, I believe, totally unknown, and has never been deciphered by any linguist of the present day), we cannot but admire this mighty labour of former ages; yet the reflecting mind will be filled with sorrow, when it remembers the deluded and infatuated multitudes that once worshipped within their walls—those who literally "bowed down to stocks and stones," shapened into forms the most uncouth and forbidding; proving them to be the conceptions of minds degraded and defiled, who had "changed the glory of the incorruptible God into an image made like to corruptible man, and to birds, and four-footed beasts, and creeping things." Alas! what was the consolation of these fallen sons of Adam; what their hope when they quitted these tenements of clay? Delusive all, and vain! How glorious, then, when contrasted with this sad state of delusion and sin, does the bright and certain hope of the sincere Christian appear! how sweet, how tranquillising are his consolations! though "born to sorrow as the sparks fly upwards," though "he sow in tears, yet [as surely] shall he reap in joy:" for though the latent embers of decay shall one day consume his present life,

and he shall lay down his body in the grave, how sure, how substantial is his hope of a glorious resurrection, at the appearing of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, "when he shall change this vile body, that it may be fashioned like unto his glorious body." Thus, while we sorrow over the worshippers of Elephanta, let us remember "who hath made us to differ," and rejoice with trembling; and, while we pace its gloomy caverns, lift up our hearts in prayer to God that they may never again be visited but by the antiquary, and the curious or scientific observer.

But we had no sooner left this far-famed isle of sacred caves, which to the fancy might well appear the mighty work of magic power, than our admiration was turned into sudden gloom, and the pleasures of imagination were exchanged for the sorrows of reality: for one of our poor soldiers fell overboard. Several of his comrades, and of the Hindoo sailors, instantly plunged after him, in hopes to rescue him from a watery grave; but in vain: he sunk to rise no more, till the great command shall go forth for the "sea to give up the dead that are in it."

How awfully by this incident was confirmed that truth, that "in the midst of life we are in death!" This melancholy providence deeply affected my spirits, and cast a gloomy sadness over the grandeur of the scene which now began to burst upon the sight, as we entered the mouth of the romantic river that was to conduct us in its mazy course to the end of our short but eventful voyage. At every turn of this rural stream the distant chain of lofty mountain-peaks presented a new appearance, strange and wild, resembling citadels and lofty towers, which fancy might well deem the stronghold of giants or the abodes of the fabled gods of the land; and it was not till upon our more gradual approach that this visual deception was dispelled, when we found they were in reality not the works of art, but of rude and sportive nature.

After disembarking, we continued our line of march through a most beautiful champagne country, halting at noon to avoid the sun's meridian heat, till we reached the foot of the Ghauts, a long chain of lofty mountains, clothed with ancient forests from their base to their summits which pierced the clouds, and which seemed,

on our first approach, to be impassable, and to bid defiance to the boldest traveller, saying, "Hitherto shalt thou come, and no further." It was late in the evening ere we found ourselves enshrouded in the gloomy shadows of these gigantic heights,

"Where very desolation seemed to dwell,
Mid grots and caverns shagged with
horrid shades;"

and it was not till we had proceeded some distance along a deep and rugged ravine that we were surprised to find a road, winding almost perpendicularly up the side of the steep and rugged mountain. Here the baggage-guard halted to bivouac for the night, and began to unload the heavy burdens from the weary buffaloes, camels, and elephants; while the regiment, in order to reach the village at the summit of the Ghauts that night, marched onwards, circling up the serpentine mazes of the steep defile, sometimes hid beneath the overhanging foliage, and only distinguished at intervals by the pale rays of the rising moon, reflected from their glittering arms, till totally lost to the eye. It was my tour of duty, with a brother-officer, to be on the baggage-guard, and we amused ourselves for some time by wandering about this wildly picturesque valley, admiring the rural grandeur of the mountain-forest scenery, which seemed to rest in sullen slumber beneath the silvery radiance of the moon, which now had risen some time above the opposite steep acclivity, checquering the deep ravines with vivid light and dismal shade; and often we listened to the wild and mournful notes of the birds of night, and the jackall's screaming cry. But we were suddenly aroused from our melancholy yet pleasing reverie, by seeing various fires kindling up near the spot where the camels, elephants, and other beasts of burden, had been unloaded and had taken up their quarters for the night. The conjectures which we had formed of this scene when at a little distance were realised; for, on approaching, we found the Hindoo drivers and followers preparing their supper-messes, seated in groups round the blazing fires, which cast a flickering gleam upon their shining bronze-like faces, and shot out long lengthening shadows on the rocky pass and heights around.

We stood a little while gazing upon this picturesque native scene, but as

the Hindoos have a most scrupulous aversion to any but those of their own religion ever seeing them at their meals, we left them to enjoy their scanty and humble repast. Indeed, to such an extent do they carry this superstitious feeling, that should a European step over the margin of the circle they have formed, within which they cook and eat their meals, they have been frequently known to cast their food immediately into the fire, without any hesitation, though they have at that time no prospect of procuring more; then carefully wash their vessels from the imagined impurity they had sustained: so great is their scrupulosity on this subject. Being aware of this, we retired to some distance—to a fire the soldiers had kindled—to enjoy our own frugal repast of cold viands, which we had laid in store in a hamper, and afterwards comforted ourselves with the regaling fumes of some good Bengal cheroots; amusing ourselves not a little in listening to their social merriment, and to the long and marvellous tales told by a chosen story-teller (a native of Erin's romantic and romancing isle), of banshees and fairies, not inappropriate to this wild mountain, moonlight scene, and stilly hour: to which all listened with such fixed attention, that, if we might judge from their countenances, dread superstition had taken not a little possession of them. By this, it was high time to choose some place to rest our weary limbs, being much fatigued with the duties of the day; and placing a mat upon a baggage-car, and muffling ourselves well up in our boat-cloaks, to shelter us from the heavy-falling dews, we courted the balmy influence of refreshing sleep. But, alas! our slumbers were continually interrupted throughout the night by the singing of the Hindoos, tinkling of the camel-bells, and passing and repassing of droves of oxen and buffaloes, heavily laden with rice and other grain; for this being the chief pass up into the Deccan, it is thronged all day and night throughout every season of the year.

At length, being fairly worn out, in spite of all their interruptions, I sunk into a deep sleep; in which I continued till awakened by the warm rays of the morning sun shining in my face. But vain would be the attempt to give a description of the motley dreams and visions of this night that beset my

poor brains; suffice it to say, that it teemed with camels, elephants, forests, and wild beasts, together with witches, fairies, and all the heterogeneous stuff that dreams are wont to be made of, in the circumstances under which I lay entranced. Even in this early hour, all was a scene of bustle and laborious exertion; the drivers had begun to load their animals, and the patient Coolies (those human animals of burden) to sling the heavy baggage to their poles, in order to carry it up through the mountain-passes.

The Coolies are of the lowest caste of the Hindoos, and the most laborious; and so degraded in mind and body as to be, in these respects, scarcely a degree higher than the brute creation: they are entirely without clothing, except a piece of linen twisted round their loins. The fatigue they endure is very great, especially when we consider the extreme heat of the climate in which they labour. They seldom take more than one meal in the day, and of this very sparingly: it consists chiefly of boiled rice and a little curry. Their drink is water; animal food, and spirituous liquors of any kind, they are excluded from, as not being allowed by their religion: neither do I believe that they have any inclination for either one or the other, but are perfectly satisfied with their one frugal meal, which would be very hard fare to an English labourer, and which he would not consider half-sufficient to strengthen him after his daily task. The acclivity of this mountain-pass being so steep, the ascent is rendered extremely difficult; so much so that the hackeries, or carts, which are drawn by bullocks, are obliged to be unloaded, and the baggage carried up by the poor patient Coolies; which is done by the different packages being suspended to a pole, and each end supported upon the shoulders of one of them. The labour of this is very great, and their sufferings so apparent, that the feelings of a European cannot but be much wounded at such a sight, especially when he finds himself carried up this trying steep in his palanquin by his fellow-creatures, groaning at every step they take. How degrading is this to human nature, to see it placed on an equality with the brute creation! to see man hardly earning his daily bread by groaning under the weight of his

fellow-man, you almost feel tempted to leap out and bear the weight of the palanquin for them. But this would be as impracticable as it would be to ascend the pass on foot during the heat of the day; the attempt would, in all probability, prove fatal, by producing dangerous fever, or that scourge of India, cholera morbus.

But to return. In order to introduce to the reader the principal subject of this little narrative, I had observed that it was late in the evening when the regiment reached the foot of the Ghauts, and continued its line of march, whilst a brother-officer and myself were stationed on the baggage-guard, at the entrance of this mountain-pass. Now it was at this late evening hour that a gentleman's carriage, which conveyed a young family of children and their ayahs, passed slowly down the steep and rugged road, followed by a large suite of servants and attendants; and soon after, a palanquin, which we knew to be approaching long before it appeared in sight, from the monotonous humming-song of the *Hammauls*, which they constantly use in order to step together in time. As it passed by, we perceived it bore a lady and a little infant at the breast; whilst a gentleman, in whose countenance were the marks of great grief and disquietude, walked by its side, whose horse, with his *Ghora-waller* leading it, brought up the rear. After the cavalcade had passed, I felt a deep anxiety to know (not from impertinent curiosity, but sincere sympathy) who the disconsolate-looking traveller and the lady were; and was surprised and delighted, on being informed by one of the servants that he was the chaplain of P—, with his wife and family, hastening forward on their journey to Bombay. My pleasure at this intelligence arose from my having letters of introduction to him, having been intimately acquainted in England with several of his friends and relatives; but having ascertained that he was to remain during this night at the little village at the foot of the Ghauts, whilst his domestics proceeded to the next stage (a village of the name of Choke, at the distance of about twelve miles), in order to prepare the traveller's bungalow in that place for his reception, it being his intention to be at Choke the following day, I would not intrude upon him this night, but was

determined to introduce myself to him early next morning; and accordingly went with my brother-officer to the bungalow in the village, which was a miserable old building near the pagoda. But not finding him there, as he had pitched a tent at some little distance, I pencilled a hasty note, inviting him and his family to spend the heat of the day with us in the old tenement erected for the use of travellers, as it was the only one in the place; and though roofless in some parts, yet, in my judgment, preferable to a tent as a screen from the mid-day sun. I accompanied the note with a bottle of new milk, which was a rarity I had with some difficulty procured, being persuaded it would be an acceptable beverage to the children. I soon received from him the following affectionate but affecting note, hastily written in pencil, expressive of the cause of that grief which weighed upon his heart, which I had observed the evening before so sadly depicted on his manly countenance, and which had awakened my tenderest sympathy and anxiety, and determined me to render him assistance to the best of my poor ability.

"MY DEAR SIR,

I feel very much obliged by your kind attention, but our tent is now extremely cool; an hour ago I was going to beg of you to allow us to remove to the bungalow, but I think we are better here. Our dear boy I did not expect would live the last night, but he is still lingering, and may possibly reach Bombay. This is the utmost we have now to hope. Under these circumstances you will excuse my calling on you, as I should otherwise have wished to do.

"Yours faithfully,

&c. &c.

"P.S.—We sent on our cook and servants last night, hoping to be at Choke to-day; but our dear boy was taken worse, and we are unwilling to disturb him in his last moments. We are therefore here without any thing, and if you would oblige us with a knife and fork it would be a great assistance: we have something to eat. I have taken the liberty to send the two elder children, if you will allow them to stay with you till we go in the evening."

I had scarcely finished reading his note when his two elder children arrived: they were a boy and a girl, about the ages of six and seven, and most engaging and interesting. We

endeavoured to divert and amuse them as well as we could, and gratify their curiosity by answering all their childish questions; but the afflicted parents soon arrived, and the bearers placed the palanquin, which conveyed the lady and her dying child, in a shady part of the bungalow. And now such a scene of affliction and heart-rending sorrow occurred as I never before witnessed, and cannot possibly describe; for, as Mr. — had observed in his note, they had sent on the night before all their domestics, with conveniences and comforts, to the next village, hoping to have reached that stage early the next day; not having the most distant idea at the time that the dissolution of their beloved child was so near at hand, as his form and features did not even now indicate the slightest traces of decay, much less of death: for his fine, round, black eyes, beamed full of life and expression. But the latent disease under which he lingered (water in the brain) had marked him for its prey; and though the disconsolate parents now, for the first time, began to fear the hand of death was on their child, I was ignorantly, with delusions of fond hope, endeavouring to persuade them that there was no *immediate* fear. We all sat round the young sufferer, a boy about three years of age, the loveliest flower of the flock, and evidently the mother's darling.

How agonising must such a trial as this be to the heart of a fond mother! The extent of such sorrow can only be fully known by sad experience. Did ever any one watch with careful anxiety the growth of some fair flower, tending it day by day with diligent culture—rejoicing in the success of their tender care—beholding with delight its growing strength and expanding loveliness—with eagerness scrutinising its every beauty of outward form and intrinsic worth, gradually unfolding to their delighted eye, abundantly rewarding their every care; and then behold it suddenly droop its head, its vigour decrease, its beauty fade, its leaf wither, and, in defiance of every means used to restore it to its former state, to see it die, to look upon the place where it flourished and it is no more seen? This is a very faint picture of a mother's solicitude, a mother's joy, and a mother's sorrow; and this was the case in the instance before us: for from the time the new-born infant's

first cry gladdened its parents' hearts, to that hour of sorrow when its departing spirit took its flight, the lovely child had shared their tenderest care, which was repaid to their utmost wishes by a gracious Providence, in its increasing strength of body and loveliness of form. His young mind had begun to expand itself, and promised a more than common degree of intellect; but "God's ways are not our ways," and perhaps, lest they should make an idol of his gift, he, in his infinite, unsearchable wisdom, caused it to languish in sickness for a short time, and then removed it from this vale of tears, almost ere it had tasted sorrow, to dwell with him for ever where pain and sickness are unknown. Thus did its mother learn how transitory are all things here below; how every sweet cup is embittered, and each rose bears a thorn.

The child now began to be much convulsed, and seemed to endure great pain; and, though unable to utter a word, would often open his tearful, beaming eyes, and cast so sad a look of love upon his poor distracted mother as spoke a language too much for her to bear, she being in a very delicate state of health after her recent confinement, and having her young infant at her breast. But, alas! here was another source of anguish; for the mother's grief had stopped nature's current of its nourishment, and the little creature had been the whole day without its proper food. But now the awful moment approached; the father knelt down beside the dying child, whilst the mother rested his drooping head upon her lap, bedewing it with her tears, and both wringing their hands, ejaculated aloud to the Father of mercies for support. In this posture they remained for some time in agonising suspense, watching the fluttering flame of life expiring, and the parting spirit take its everlasting flight, until a change came over the aspect of the face, and that round black eye, that lately beamed with such affection, was sealed for ever by the hand of death. At this moment the mother's grief became frantic, and her mind quite delirious; for long after the child had expired she kept fondly pressing it to her bosom, attempting to administer some medicinal cordial, and talking to it in so tender but pitiful a strain of maternal love as was enough

to break one's heart to hear. But she was so much exhausted with fatigue, anxiety, and grief, that she fell into repeated swoons; one of which was so long protracted, that it seemed like death itself: and for some minutes my friend and myself, as well as the afflicted husband, actually believed that her spirit had taken its farewell flight from all sorrow and suffering. He now, for the first time, seemed quite unmanned, and could no longer struggle against the violence of his feelings, but burst out into the most heart-rending expressions of grief and alarm addressed to his beloved wife, whom he supported, in a kneeling posture, in his arms: "O speak! speak to me, my love! speak once more! O God of mercy restore her!" &c. &c. After enduring this fearful suspense for a length of time, and using all the means he could devise to restore her to animation, she gradually began to revive and open her eyes, gazing vacantly on all around. She seemed also to be restored to reason, but it was only during short intervals; for whenever she beheld her darling child, and was conscious that *it was dead*, her grief became so violent that it brought on hysterical convulsions, and threw her back again into those death-like swoonings.

Perhaps it may be asked here, had these sorrowing parents no consolation in the midst of their overwhelming grief? Did they feel no resignation to the will of God? Could they not recognise his hand in their afflictions, and say with holy Job of old, "The Lord gave, and the Lord taketh away; blessed be the name of the Lord?" They could say so, and feel resignation to his sovereign will, although their sorrow was so overwhelming. Christ wept over Lazarus, whom he loved. But this want of calmness, and this distracted state of mind on the mother's part, may easily be accounted for, and would be instantly understood by any one acquainted with the climate of India: for, when the body and nervous system have been enervated by recent sickness (as was the case in the present instance), they frequently and instantly give way, ere the mind has had time for reflection, or the reception of religious consolation; and temporary delirium is the immediate consequence, or extreme nervous depression, which refuses to be comforted. But, as the

body gradually recovers its strength, and the mind its usual tranquillity, the soil is prepared, and receives the consolation of the Spirit with joy; and the heart and mind, that sunk under the severity of recent trial in desponding anguish, without one ray of light or comfort, are at length enabled to see and feel the hand of a merciful Father, who "doth not afflict willingly, nor grieve the children of men."

In such a scene of sorrow as that which I had now been unexpectedly called to witness, we should naturally look for a manifestation of the tenderest sympathy in all who were present; but this was not the case, for the Hindoos, the palanquin-bearers, &c., exhibited the most unfeeling and brutal conduct: they sat in a group at some little distance, chatting together, and amusing themselves, all the while, in perfect unconcern; and appeared to look down on the two distracted sufferers, as they did on the dying child, with cruel indifference and contempt. Yet these are the people so often eulogised by a certain class of writers, as possessing much natural virtue, affection, and tenderness. Alas! I can truly affirm, from experience, that I believe there is not a more inhuman, selfish, and immoral race of heathens on earth. These unfeeling men never once moved from their mats, never shewed the slightest symptom of pity, never attempted to offer the least assistance throughout the whole of this overwhelming scene of affliction. How can we sufficiently estimate the privilege of having our lot cast in a land where Christianity is generally diffused! for it is this blessed religion alone which teaches us to sympathise with our fellow-creatures; and even where the understanding only is enlightened, and that but partially, we should find it difficult, to meet with any, the tender feelings of whose hearts would not have been drawn forth on witnessing such a scene of trial as this, and would not have prompted them to use every exertion in their power to soothe the almost overwhelming sorrow of these tried parents. How blessed is that religion which teaches us to "rejoice with them that do rejoice, and weep with them that weep!" It softens the hard heart, it subdues the proud, it transforms the selfish man, who is absorbed only in his own welfare and happiness, into a man full of

compassion, and desirous to relieve the wants and the sorrows of all mankind : he, too, learns to weep at others' woes, even more than his own.

The evening had now begun to advance ; and, as there was no time to lose, my friend and myself were constrained, through cruel necessity, to call the afflicted father aside from where the poor child was lying, and reason with him on the absolute necessity of burying it immediately ; for that it was impossible to convey the body to Bombay, or even to the next stage, and equally so for them to remain where they were for the night without attendants ; and that, unless the lady were directly sent to the next village, where her female servants had all the necessary comforts and conveniences which she now so much and so speedily required, she might actually die upon the spot. He saw the propriety of this reasoning, and, summoning up all his strength and resolution, he said he would endeavour to follow our good advice ; but what was to be done, he asked, for a coffin for his child ? and who was to dig a grave ? for he knew that the Hindoos, from the principles of their inhuman creed, would not put out a hand on such an occasion, nor touch a dead body, nor even lend an implement to dig a grave for a European. However, we removed all these difficulties at once, by telling him that the soldiers on the baggage-guard would find implements, and heartily and gladly assist us. He then consented to accompany my brother-officer into the village, to try to get some substitute for a coffin, whilst I promised to remain with his dear afflicted wife, and render all the support and consolation in my power. They remained some time away on this painful duty, and were fortunate enough at last, through the assistance of the soldiers, to procure a pickaxe and a spade ; for the soldiers, being refused the loan of them, even for money, ransacked every house till they found them : and, upon the father's choosing a secluded spot, they dug a deep grave, though in a rocky soil, in a very short time. My friend and he then returned to the bungalow with a covered basket, which was the only substitute for a coffin they could find in the village.

And now the most painful process was to be gone through that ever pa-

rent had to perform in this vale of misery ; for, the basket being too short, he was obliged to send for another and cut it in half, and actually sew the half piece to the whole basket ; in which distressing task we assisted. The poor mother was all this time in a state of total absence of reason ; and in the most cool, deliberate manner, yet quite unconscious of what she was doing, she would with her own hands help us to wrap up the body of the child in the mat of her palanquin (the only thing that could be found for this purpose), and, with all tender and maternal care, place it in the fragile coffin which we had made, as if she were only preparing a bed for its repose. Alas ! it was its bed of final rest, from which no more to wake till the last trumpet shall sound on the day of doom. During this distressing scene she never shed a tear, nor uttered a word ; but I looked upon this long state of abstraction and temporary calm as only an ominous prelude to some overwhelming relapse, that might prove fatal to her life.

The evening had far advanced ere this melancholy task was accomplished, when the humane soldiers, unperceived by the distracted mother, secretly conveyed away the coffin ; and whilst I remained with her and the other children, the father, accompanied by my friend the officer, went to the place of interment, which he had chosen in a lonely, sequestered spot, on the side of a ravine, beneath a high rock, and at the foot of an old banyan-tree, that spread its branches over the grave. Oh, never before had this clergyman so sad an office to perform over the dead ! for, whilst the kind-hearted soldiers lowered the body of the child into its lowly grave, and filled it up with earth, he read from a small Bible (though nearly choked with grief) some of those affecting passages which are used in the burial-service of our church, leaning against the tree for support, being quite overpowered and faint : and as for the poor soldiers, many of them wept aloud, and sobbed like children.

After the conclusion of this tragic scene, the heart-broken father would not quit the spot, but continued gazing upon the grave of his child, quite bewildered ; and then would suddenly raise his eyes to heaven, as if engaged in fervent prayer. But as the sun had

now set, and the shadows of evening began to close in around, my friend was painfully compelled to rouse him from his long and mournful reverie, and persuade him to leave the grave; with whose entreaties, but with sorrowful reluctance, he at last complied, and, leaning on the officer's arm, he returned with him to the bungalow, where he found his beloved wife still in the same state of mental abstraction. During his absence she had been sitting on the ground, mournful, and motionless as a statue; tearless, and speechless, and quite unconscious of her misery, or of any thing that passed; gazing in vacancy around: in short, the powers of nature seemed almost extinct; for, since an early hour in the morning, I believe neither she nor her little helpless infant had tasted any nourishment: nor could she have taken any in her deep distress and distraction of mind, even had it been possible to have procured it. There was, therefore, the greater necessity that they should immediately commence their journey, and use all expedition to reach the next village, where her female servants were waiting, and the domestics had made every preparation for their reception.

The carriage was soon ready, in which the two elder children, with their ayah, were comfortably placed; whilst the mother, with her little infant, were made equally comfortable in the palanquin. We embraced the afflicted father, requesting him to let us hear from him as soon as possible; and, bidding him a heart-felt and almost heart-breaking farewell, we assisted him to mount his horse. We parted. The carriage drove on, whilst the husband rode by the side of his wife's palanquin, to watch over her as a guardian-angel during the journey. Long did we stand gazing with tearful eyes upon this melancholy procession, winding slowly along the mazy road, till dim darkness and distance stole them from our sight.

How dark and mysterious a Providence was this! How great a trial to flesh and blood, and to the exercise of resignation to the all-wise disposal of God! Here was a clergyman, who, from his situation and income, possessed all those comforts and conveniences of life necessary for himself and family; yet by adopting a plan which, in his short-sighted judgment,

appeared the wisest and best, was in an hour stripped of all conveniences and comforts, and reduced to the greatest privation and misery that any man in his sphere could be subject to; and that, too, when in a situation that placed him in the greatest possible need of that common assistance which the meanest Hindoo can never want. But though the ways of Providence (whose "paths are in the great waters, and whose footsteps are not known") are sometimes dark and trying, yet even *here*, in the midst of judgments, we find the hand of mercy and goodness; for unless we, with our men, had been providentially on the spot, what would have become of this excellent man, his suffering wife, and family? What could he have done with the dead body of his child? No native would have rendered any assistance, or dug a grave, and there were no Europeans but ourselves on the whole line of march from this place to Bombay; he himself could not have dug a grave, nor buried his child; nor could he have taken the corpse along with him, even to the next stage, much less to Bombay, for in the burning climate of India it would have been offensive in a few hours: and had he and his family remained there all that night without a bed, attendance, medicines, or any conveniences, it might have proved fatal to his wife, and perhaps to her little famishing infant. Oh, how thankful and happy ought the people of Christian countries to be, who cannot, in the nature of things, be subject to these agonising afflictions, by which the most noble and wealthy may be overwhelmed when journeying in these barbarous and heathen lands!

But to return to the narrative. The reader may naturally suppose how anxious we were to hear of this dear family's safe arrival at the next village, and at the end of their journey; and also of the poor lady's escaping from an attack of fever, or any other fatal malady which might have been brought on by such extreme suffering and privations. In a few days I had this gratification; for, after having marched to Poonah with my regiment, I was obliged immediately to return to Bombay, in order to accompany my wife by the same route back to the headquarters of the regiment; and it was during the few days when I was at

Bombay that I had the happiness of seeing these dear friends face to face, and finding the lady greatly restored to health and strength, and her little infant doing well. Soon after this, she and her children embarked for happy England, where they arrived in safety; and the clergyman returned to his station at P——, of which city he was the senior chaplain, where he was universally respected and beloved, and where we had the mutual happiness for some months (and, afterwards, at Calcutta) of being united in the closest bonds of brotherly love, and enjoying the fruits of that friendship which was sown in tears to be reaped in joy. In truth, his soul was equally formed for ardent friendship as for all the endearing ties of conjugal and parental affection; possessing, too, a mind of the finest order, highly talented, and highly educated: for he was considered to be one of the first mathematical and classical scholars in India;

yet without any of the pedant's formality, or the philosopher's pride,—

“In wit a man, simplicity a child.”

Blessed with a most happy and cheerful temper, and the most ingenuous and generous disposition, his countenance was the index of his mind and heart; for his fine dark eyes beamed with benignity and intelligence, and when in conversation, his manly face was ever lighted up with animation, wit, and good humour. Many, many were the hours and days of exquisite happiness we shared together in that heathen land, in the mutual enjoyment of that Christian friendship which sprung up beneath the tears of sacred sorrow and tender sympathy; which shall continue undiminished so long as life endures, and then be transplanted to a more congenial clime, there to blossom and to bear immortal fruit through one eternal summer in the paradise restored, at the restitution of all things, and the resurrection of the just.

ELEGY,

On revisiting the Grave of the Child mentioned in this Narrative, interred at the foot of the Ghauts.

Some lingering moons have passed away
 Since last I trod this hallowed spot,
 And yet it seems but yesterday —
 A spot too dear to be forgot.
 And now I stand unseen, alone,
 And gaze upon thy lowly bed;
 And hear the breeze, in plaintive moan,
 Sing its sad requiem o'er thy head,

Amid the mountain-heights profound,
 That 'gin to spread a dismal shade,
 For night is gathering fast around,
 And all things now begin to fade.
 Oh! 'tis as wild and dread a scene
 As ever struck the gazer's sight;
 For now prowls forth from forest screen
 The tiger, 'neath the shades of night,

Whilst screams the vulture from her nest,
 And wild wolf howls from mountain-cave:
 But nought can break thy stilly rest —
 The peaceful slumber of the grave.
 Alas! that in so rude a place,
 Mid savage beasts and birds of prey,
 Thou liest, dear child! and mid a race
 More savage and more fell than they.

The heartless savages did smile
 To see thee struggle, gasp, and die;
 And, ruthless, seemed to mock the while
 Thy parents' speechless agony.

And when the last and saddest boon,
For pity's sake, they deigned to crave,
Unmoved they saw thy mother swoon,
But still refused that boon — a grave !

Ah ! then I thought of friends and home,
And prayed I might but reach once more
My native land, no more to roam,
And die upon a Christian shore.
But some *did* feel for them and thee,
And wept — though men unused to weep —
And, moved with kind humanity,
Did dig thy lowly bed so deep.

And when beneath this aged tree
Thy father bent his drooping head,
And, sorrowing, sighed convulsively
Some holy texts above thy bed,
Down the rough soldiers' furrowed cheek
The manly tears did trickling fall ;
And they did weep like woman weak,
Subdued by Pity's sacred call.

Thou wert too fair a child of clay
To bear the weight of mortal years,
To linger here in dull decay,
A pilgrim in this vale of tears.
And He that formed thee thus so fair,
Did pluck thee in thy budding bloom : —
Thou might'st not on this desert air
Thy beauty waste, thy sweet perfume.

Well, peace be with thee, dearest child !
The turf sit lightly on thy breast ;
And hovering o'er this spot so wild,
Some angel guard thy house of rest.
But I must speed me on my way,
No more this hallowed earth to tread ;
Sweet be thy sleep, till that blest day
That wakes to life the sainted dead.

THE KING AND THE PEOPLE.

It is not wonderful that the theories which pretend to give power to the people are so triumphant. To the people they are sufficiently alluring. The heads of parties are now, what the barons and clergy were of old, the king's competitors; and they have to address themselves to popular favour. Even the impartial reflecting few are too apt to follow the cry of the interested, and mistake democratic licentiousness for national liberty.

This country has waded so far into these theories, that it is made the first principle of government to grant in essentials whatever the democratic party may demand. The system is, to surrender power to those who call themselves the people, merely to conciliate them, without regard to other consequences; because they crave a change it must be made, no matter how inconsistent it may be with equitable and wise rule. We have just been solemnly assured by the ministry that they have a right to enforce, through their representatives, obedience to their will.

It is, therefore, a matter of no trivial importance, to ascertain whether the power taken from the king and aristocracy, constituted authority and law, be really transferred to the people. It is very possible for those who act in the business to transfer the spoil into their own pockets—to be not upright agents, but false knaves, plundering the people for their own benefit. We especially press the inquiry on that part of society which exists between the higher and the lower classes.

The democratic party pretends its object is to enable the people to make their laws, and manage their affairs generally. Then it must be the greatest absurdity possible to give them a government of any kind: even a legislature of their own choice must be utterly useless, if only authorised to give legal shape to their wishes; and highly mischievous if empowered to disobey them. Their total incapacity for doing this has been unanimously confessed ever since the world began, and the democrats exhibit no proof that it has vanished.

With regard to laws in general, they are to be framed without regard to

majority or minority, aristocrat or democrat, the few or the many; and solely with reference to right, justice, and wisdom. Nearly all are intended to protect one part of the people against another, and consequently cause great difference of opinion. When we look at, not the people manufactured by orators and writers, but the men, women, and children of real life, we find, amidst those of precisely the same rank, Churchmen and Dissenters—agriculturists and traders—the inhabitants of towns and those of the country—masters and servants—Conservatives and Reformers—Catholic Dissenters and Protestant ones, involved in contention touching laws existing or projected. To these great conflicting divisions of the people numberless smaller ones may be added. On almost every law the people are divided; a new one is never sought by the whole: on the contrary, it is commonly as much opposed by one part of them as supported by another; and the difference of sentiment pervades the town as well as the country.

In this contention, the law-making, or law-changing part of the people, is generally actuated by party or individual interest; and very often seeks, knowingly, the grievous injury of some other part.

While such is the case, it is impossible to discover any law of moment, respecting which the peers stand on one side and the people on the other. On all, the peers are divided and act with the people. Putting the former wholly out of the question, we see the latter engaged in bitter conflict touching the democratic claims of the time. A large portion of the inhabitants of towns, as well as those of the country, were hostile to the Corporation-bill; a vast part of the people regarded the bill for despoiling the Irish Church with abhorrence; the ballot is hated or disregarded by the majority; household suffrage finds advocates only in the comparative few.

If the power of legislation be given to the whole of the people, they can only exercise it by a majority; and what laws will they enact? Protestants and Catholics, Churchmen and Dissenters, as numbers may be with them,

will suppress the religions of each other by law. Trade will ruin agriculture by law. One set of manufacturers, or merchants, will root up the business of another by law. Servants will destroy, if not appropriate, the property of masters by law. Conservatives and Reformers will make slaves of each other by law. As numbers may shift from side to side, the body of laws and form of government itself must continually be annihilated by law.

If such power be confined to that fraction which alone is called the people by the democrats, it declares, through one organ or another, it will compass these matters by new laws. The monarchy must be abolished in favour of a republic; the peers must lose their estates with their titles; the church must be stripped of her property and being; the public debt, wholly or in great part, must be sponged off; capital and machinery must be extinguished; all regulations for protecting religion and morals — all for placing the various kinds of capitalists and labourers on an equality — all for fairly dividing power, must be cast to the winds: men of property must be excluded from effective share in the management of public affairs. This fraction must deprive every class and party, high or low, which may differ from it, of all means of self-defence: it must enjoy despotic authority over the rest of the people, far more comprehensive and bitter than that of the absolute monarch.

In both these cases we see that one part of the people seeks to sacrifice to itself another. Nothing is said of right, justice, and the good of the whole; of tolerating equality of power, difference of opinion, and the means of self-protection: all is, in truth, robbery, violence, and tyranny. From the popular law-making a vast portion of the people are rigidly excluded: they are only its victims.

The power of legislation is consequently kept from the people, in the republic as well as the monarchy. When they erect a government they give it to certain functionaries, who, in its exercise, are to reject their wishes at discretion. In the democracy, they are only empowered to select legislators independent of them in judgment, and to make known their wants and opinions touching legislation.

All this is equally applicable to the general measures of government.

Now, if Messrs. O'Connell, Hume, Grote, Wakley, and Co., mean what they say, they, on the uniform declarations of republicanism, mean to enable a part of the people to fill the realm with robbery, bondage, and every other evil. They mean to do this on their own declarations, for they are flatly opposed to the people at large on various important questions. But their real meaning is the reverse of their professed one. While they insist so loudly on the right of the people to make laws and manage their affairs, they also insist that they must only be permitted to do so through the House of Commons, independent of them as it is in judgment. The veriest simpleton might be ashamed of such an inconsistency. You have the clearest right in the world to choose your dinner, nevertheless you shall never exercise it; you shall only be suffered to choose a man to choose it for you, and his choice you must eat, be it palatable or nauseous, food or poison. Why do these worshippers of the people exhibit this disgraceful inconsistency? Because, they say, the people are utterly incapable of managing their legal and other affairs; they are as often wrong as right; it is frequently necessary to resist them to the utmost, in order to restrain them from the most ruinous projects.

These Solons, then, only deign to prepare for us, as the perfection of popular and free government, the two changes: 1. The constituency of the House of Commons is to be greatly enlarged, purged from effective mixture, and reduced to the utmost in character. 2. This House is to be the sole lawmaker and ruler, with no other than the single restraint on it formed by the power of the people to elect it. The worth of this solitary restraint must be estimated.

We all see that the members of the House are in general elected because they belong to a party. This is the only test, and it necessarily operates to exclude men of ability, virtue, and patriotism; in consequence, the members, on the whole, rank greatly below the average of society in these essentials. In proportion as the franchise may be extended to the lower classes, general representation must virtually cease; every other class, and every

great national interest, must be in effect prohibited from sharing in electing the House. Daily experience shews, that in proportion as the franchise is so extended, the character of the representatives is lowered; penniless, unprincipled demagogues are elected, instead of upright patriots.

The representative, whatever may be said of this question or that, practically receives this solemn injunction from his electors:—You must follow, not us, but certain leaders of the House of Commons. Of course, he obeys only these leaders. Tell us that the people guide their representatives! we may as well be told that the cart guides the horse: they follow their representatives with far more alacrity than the vehicle follows the animal. What can Sir R. Peel do, which will not please the Conservatives—or Lord J. Russell, which the Whigs will condemn—or Mr. O'Connell, which the Radicals will not uproariously applaud? No doubt we hear popular clamour enough against the House, but it proceeds only from the followers of one party, and assails another alone: it is to support the representatives of its parents. Thus the House gains unlimited sway over the people, instead of being placed under their control, through their power to elect it. One of its parties may overthrow another; but this does not reduce its influence over them—it only gives it different employment. At present, the servility with which each party of them follows the corresponding party of the House, exhibits perfection which might have been thought impossible.

Were we to concede what the democrats claim on this point, what would it amount to? The people, for seven, or, according to the projected change, three years after its election, would be completely at the mercy of the House. They could not restrain it in a single measure. It would possess absolute control over the revenue, army, and laws; it could at pleasure make any change in its construction, or declare itself permanent; it would be practically an elective king, perfectly despotic in all things.

Let it be remembered that the House of Commons has, in what are called its "privileges," a power of dispensing with the laws in its own favour. It can call any man before it who may speak, write, or do what it may please

to term an attack on itself; it can extort from him evidence for his own conviction, refuse him all means of justification, and send him to prison as a condemned criminal. It is the accuser, witness, inquisitor, and judge in its own cause; and there is no appeal against its decision. By means of this monstrous power it could at once extinguish the freedom of the press, public discussion, and all censure of its proceedings, whatever they might be. The existence of a power so arbitrary—so incapable of impartial use—so capable of inflicting deadly injury on national liberty—so well calculated to destroy the influence of the people over their representatives—and so directly at variance with every principle of law, right, and equity, certainly forms no proof that the House of Commons is the guardian of popular privileges. We, however, cannot wonder at its existence, when we see it exercised by the hypocrites who rail against the Star Chamber, and declaim on the sovereignty of the people.

Now what, on their own voluntary declarations, will that House of Commons be, which Messrs. O'Connell, Hume,⁴ Grote, Wakley, and Co., are graciously labouring to create? Electors are to be greatly multiplied: well, of what description? A qualification, in property or rent, is at present exacted from the village-electors, much higher than that of the town one; is this shameful distinction to be removed? No; the village-electors are to be reduced. Multiplication is to be strictly confined to large towns, and the lowest class of rent-payers in them. The objects are, to prevent general representation—to suppress, in effect, county representation—to throw, not only the aristocracy but the Tories, the constitutional Whigs, the members of the great national interests, and all men of property, into a powerless minority, in order that the House may be elected, as far as possible, by one class and party of the inhabitants of towns. The county members are so far divided, that the effective number formed by the majority is very small; they can have no weight, if the town ones be generally ranged on one side. The low town-voters must render the vote of the man of respectable property worthless, when given against them.

Those low town-voters are practically to elect the House of Commons,

because they are the partisans of Messrs. O'Connell, Hume, Grote, Wakley, and Co., and will place it in their hands. Their power is to be strictly limited to its election; it is to be, in conduct, as independent of them as of the rest of the people; it is to retain its tremendous means of suppressing even their murmurs.

It is self-evident that the extinction of the King and House of Peers would add nothing to the direct power of the people; it would only increase that of the House of Commons. The people could only gain from it indirectly, by being enabled to lead the latter generally; or, at least, in matters of moment. If it should operate to render the House of Commons more inaccessible to popular influence, more severe in the exercise of its privileges, more anxious to extend its authority, the people must demonstrably lose as much from it in power as the king and peers.

Messrs. O'Connell, Hume, Grote, Wakley, and Co., are, through their party, to possess the House; and they are to be perfectly free to follow their own will in all things. The "omnipotence of parliament," which has been in this land of freedom so often even boasted of, is to be theirs. As they are to be absolute tyrants in power, it is of consequence to inquire from their conduct what they are likely to be in practice. They act with those they call the people, only in the schemes for altering the form of government—for destroying the throne, aristocracy, and church—for changing the possession and use of power. They are the sole parents of these schemes; they advocate them for their own benefit alone. Here their agreement with the people ends. In the general principles and policy of government, not relating to its form and authority, they differ, more than any other body of men, from their own followers. No part of parliament equals them in contemptuous disregard of such petitions of the people as clash with their opinions and profit—savage indifference to popular suffering—arbitrary practice of their theories, in despite of national feeling—and exercise of parliamentary privilege for their party gain. While they are the only set of politicians which endeavours to erect an unlimited tyranny in form, they are also the only one which labours to give us such a tyranny in practice.

If this firm of democratic despots

should suspect that an election would go against it, what would be its conduct? The king will not obey it, therefore he is to be deposed; the peers will not adopt its opinions, therefore they are to be suppressed; the more opulent classes will not vote for it, therefore they are to lose their privileges. It pretended to be satisfied with the reform of the House of Commons, until it discovered that it still could not command the House; and then it called for another reform, to enable it to do so. Every institution which stands in its way is to be demolished; every law distasteful to it is to be annulled, or regularly trampled on. What it does to acquire, it will do to retain; it will never suffer a house to gain being likely to depose it.

We certainly can discover no peculiar fitness in these despots for the power they seek. Who will render visible the disinterested integrity of Mr. O'Connell, or the wisdom of Mr. Hume, or the impartiality of Mr. Grote, or the knowledge of Mr. Wakley? Where is the proof that their principles are more true than the opposite ones? Wherever we inquire or look, we find only evidence of their utter disqualification. While they rail against bigotry, they display it in its worst form; they are comparatively the only bigots in the country. Nothing can be wrong they utter; no one can be right who differs from them; no part of society must possess any thing save their own followers; every other part must be treated like the beasts of the field. Their cause is supported by monopoly, persecution, and bondage; the single fact, that they seek proselytes only amidst the ignorant and deluded, shews its true character.

In so far as the low town-electors might be able to influence the House of Commons, they would only drag it into evil. They are selected because they contend against every great class of society—every leading division of property—the rank, wealth, and independence of the town, as well as of the village. If the founders of the ancient republics were held to display consummate wisdom in their award of description and privilege to the classes of society, those of our republic display something very different. On the French model, our classes are to be thrown into chaos; the electors are not to form even one, and they are to

tread on all. Those electors, in their efforts to place themselves under a consuming tyranny, intend to become one. They are to do what they please with, not only the government, but the rights and possessions of all the rest of the people. They are as hostile to the manufacturer, merchant, and fundholder, as to the landowner and farmer; they will deal with machinery and capital as with land.

The heads of all parties, like those of the democratic one, make the sovereign authority their first object: our party-wars are really a continuation of the old ones for the crown, or the possession of power. The king, as a ruler, and the barons, as a separate body, are extinct; the church is under the feet of the civil government. The ministry is the king; Whigs, Conservatives, and Radicals, are the rival candidates for the throne: the barons and clergy contending for rule against both king and people.

It is no merit of theirs that they no longer use the sword—it is taken from them; but other weapons they employ, as unsparingly as their predecessors of the barbarous ages. We still have in profusion intrigues and conspiracies, practical rebellion and devastation, changes of dynasty and constitution, despotic abrogation and enactment of law. In their contests for the cabinet they display such shameless selfishness, ravenous rapacity, disgraceful combinations, depraved apostacies, and moral assassinations, as have no parallel in civilised life.

What the heads of parties are, is, alas! abundantly proved by the present state of the empire. This is, practically, a state of revolution, anarchy, and civil war; the most daring efforts are made to destroy the constitution and general fabric of society, and the chances of success are in their favour. Is it owing to oppressive laws, or radical difference of opinion touching general policy? Not long since a Whig ministry existed, which, on Conservative representations, was producing public ruin; it was dismissed in favour of a Conservative one, and the country then naturally expected some great change of policy: but, lo! proclamation was made that no change of policy, foreign or domestic, was contemplated—that all would be done which the Whigs intended to do. The Whigs and Radicals were not to be

disarmed by this; they resolved on, and accomplished, the destruction of the Conservative ministry, on the sole ground, that what it wanted to do they alone had a right to do. Here is complete harmony on general policy. The same harmony is manifested touching all laws of moment, which do not relate to the form and person of government. On the Poor-law, and every other really complained of by the people as unjust and oppressive, the Whig, Radical, and Conservative leaders are brothers. The question which has brought the empire into its appalling condition is simply this: Who shall govern it?—they do not profess to seek to change the leading principles on which its affairs are managed. The heads of parties raised them all, and demonstrably for their own benefit only. Our present party-war is substantially the same in object with those formerly waged with the sword for the throne; and it equals them in destructive consequences.

The heads of the best party are as anxious to possess unlimited power as those of the worst. All, when in office, make it a regular rule that the House of Commons, the House of Peers, and the King, must obey the Ministry. Any division of them on gaining the cabinet must alter this institution, or abolish that law at pleasure; it must deal at will with national possessions. This is human nature,—and it is quite as sure of being found in the body of rulers as in the individual.

To a certain extent they are in every division men of good intentions and virtuous private life. But good intentions form no sufficient security against bad actions. The wildest visionary in politics or religion is often a conscientious believer in the truth of his opinions. Personal profit is their first object; this, no matter what they may say to the contrary, is amply proved by their eagerness to obtain office. They seek to be ministers to aggrandise themselves, though they may wish to serve the country. Their interest in office or out of it continually operates to warp their judgment and debauch their integrity. They are at least no better than other men; and we see in private life the best are led by interest to make principle bend continually to gain, and very often to think flagitious conduct innocent.

In interest the heads of parties are separated from and opposed to all other men—not excepting their own followers. They judge public matters by tests which no other men use. The question to them on every measure is, How will it affect us as ministers,—how will it operate on our means of gaining or retaining office? As the competitors for any situation concur in wishing to keep its profits as high and duties as light as possible, so these heads concur touching the situation they contend for. It is their interest to heap power on the cabinet; and as the means to multiply their followers in the House of Commons, and degrade into instruments the King, House of Peers, and people: well is it attended to by all.

The cabinet, looked at as a separate institution, which it has grown into, is comparatively a modern invention. It is of self creation,—the constitution and laws know nothing of it; and too often it deserves the name it acquired at its birth. Frequently it is no better than a cabal—a focus of conspiracy—the nest where plots are hatched against king and people alike. It has exalted itself into, not a fourth estate of the realm, but a tyranny which destroys the three legitimate ones.

It is from its nature the competitor of the king for the sceptre, and it comprehends his only means for defending himself against it. Of course, it has cast him into the dust. What single right or power of a king does he retain? At the best his choice of ministers is confined to two parties, and generally to one alone. The heads of a party compel him to make them the cabinet; and, after exercising this prerogative, they exercise every other as a matter of right. The nomination of his representatives, the delegation of his powers, the disposal of his patronage—ecclesiastical and civil,—the exercise of all his prerogatives, belong to the cabinet. Its members enter office neither to follow his wishes nor to regard his objections, but to rule as they may think fit, and to rule him as well as the people. No one speaks of his opinion on public questions; the cry of all is, What will the ministry do? He is treated as though he had no right to intermeddle or concern himself with the management of national affairs.

The cabinet is formed of the heads

of the majority in the House of Commons. This majority, and therefore the House, is generally its instruments; it has the King under its feet, and of course the House of Peers can make no regular stand against it: in truth, the doctrine is now held by all parties that it has a right to make the latter obey its will by creation. As to the people, one part of them can only think as it dictates,—the other is at its mercy. It is quite a matter of course to expect that a cabinet will carry any measure it may resolve on, no matter what the opinion of the king, peers, and people may be; and it commonly does so.

A monstrous institution like this has obtained being, because all parties have combined to raise it, and because party opinions alone are circulated. That it is utterly irreconcilable with the spirit of the constitution, and free good government, is evident, unless it can be shewn that our rulers ought to enjoy absolute power.

Our constitution, like every free form of government, intends the people to be independent of the legislature and executive in sentiment. Without this it would be absurd to speak of free institutions. They are to elect the representative, not that he may give them opinion, but that he may hold theirs. After the election it is their first duty to sit in impartial judgment on the conduct of the House of Commons as well as of the other parts of the government. In this centres their power to make free institutions a blessing instead of a curse.

Under the cabinet system a party alone can form the government; power, therefore, must be sought as well as possessed by a party. It inevitably follows that the people, in the mass, are servile adherents of one party or another. Whether we look at Whig, Conservative, or Radical, we see that, as far as possible, the heads never take but always give opinion, touching the followers; they are as anxious to keep them in subjection as to possess their support. In political as well as military matters the army is expected to yield implicit obedience to its general. The followers are commonly as ready to embrace the slavery as the leaders are to impose it; and late years supply deplorable proof that the former will sanction any enormity which the latter may perpetrate or recommend. These

are the necessary results. The people at large have no judgment of their own. They elect the representative, not that he may entertain their sentiments, or judge for himself, but that he may be, in sentiment like themselves, ruled by the heads of party. They are utterly incapacitated for judging impartially the conduct of the legislature and executive; they never attempt it. In one division they support the ministry, and in another the opposition, in whatever it may do, because it commands them to do so as its devoted instruments. No real national or popular opinion can now be discovered; opinion in every quarter is that of party, embraced by the followers without scrutiny, because it is promulgated by the heads. This slavery in judgment and conduct has nearly completed the tyranny of institution and law.

The constitution intends the legislature to be free from all connexion with the executive, calculated to bias its decisions; it intends the executive to be equally so in respect of the legislature: each is to be to the other what the judge is to the suitor in his court. Here is not only the security for their use, but the protection from their ruinous perversion. Under our absolute cabinet system the majority of the legislature which acts as the whole is practically the executive; and what this majority is it is the first object of the minority to become. In judging the executive both parts of the legislature give judgment in their own cause; in judging the legislature the executive does the same. Both combine to form a government really despotic.

The constitution knows nothing of a ministry,—it knows nothing of a prime minister; it only recognises the ministers severally, and it gives the selection of them as little to a party as to the House of Commons. It means the king to appoint them separately, on the ground of qualification, and without regard to party. Under their advice he is to select the heads of the church and his various civil representatives. The object is that public functionaries may be chosen on merit alone, and that their interest may harmonise with their duty. Under the cabinet system a prime minister practically appointed by his party selects his colleagues, and he selects such alone as are his partisans and instruments. The ministry,

therefore, instead of consisting of the most virtuous and able of public men, excludes even the chief part of the virtue and ability of its own party. It contains, perhaps, two or three men of eminence, while the rest of its members have neither powers nor principle. Almost every ministry combines great incapacity with great iniquity; through its freedom from an efficient head it is divided against itself, and the worst part destroys the better, until it becomes a mass of imbecility and guilt. The appointment of leading public functionaries, ecclesiastical as well as civil, is made a matter of private property to the ministry; and it selects them because they are relatives or partisans: if they possess ability it is accidental, and it is counterpoised by party spirit and bond. Their interest is placed over to continually withstand their duty.

The great end of all regular government is to prevent party government—to prevent the turbulence, conflicts, vicious legislation, and arbitrary sway of parties. Our cabinet system binds us to party government alone; it forces into the ranks of party the people, public functionaries, ministers of religion, and the press,—keeps party broils at the height, gives them the most dangerous character,—and places rule in the hands of an absolute party, which is much more likely to be the worst than the best.

While party alone never established free government, it has constantly overthrown it in almost every quarter. The manifold attempts made by parties in late years to raise it amidst the continental nations all failed, because the parents of each plan framed it to make themselves a tyranny. Parties did not erect the constitution of England, but they have again and again trodden it in the dust; they continually labour for its perversion, and not seldom for its destruction. The only men in the country who are dissatisfied with it, and who clamour for its alteration, are party fanatics.

•The history of the legislature shows that parties never proposed good laws, save when called to do so by interest; and that they continually proposed bad ones. An opposition rarely proposes one which is not so tainted with party object or theory, that it is rejected. A ministry seldom originates a beneficial one, except from compulsion. Our just

and wise laws were commonly opposed by a combination of parties; they were introduced by individuals more or less independent of party; and they were carried through the influence of the independent part of the legislature over the ministry. For the last ten years we have had nothing but party legislation, and what has been its character? Fundamental laws, judicial laws, municipal laws, commercial laws, religious laws, have, on the whole, been intended by their real authors to render one class, or interest, subservient to another in party politics. The throne, the church, the legislature in both branches, the aristocracy, the landed interest, the better part of the middle classes, and the labouring orders, were to be crushed, not to crush party, but to make it sport and push its fortunes. The laws not connected with party politics have been in general, for puerility, romance, absurdity, injustice, and barbarity, a disgrace to the country. Scarcely a law has been passed in this term for national objects, or which has not, after trial, received national condemnation. As the fruit, government has been brought to the brink of destruction, and the country has been filled with suffering, strife, disaffection, and convulsion. A very few strides more of this party legislation will demonstrably take us where we shall be without laws, institutions, an empire, and an organised community.

To possess free and good government, it is essential to place parties under effectual subjection. To a high point, they are of the first value; beyond it, they are ruinous. In a free land, the difficulty is, not to find, but to limit them. They are to be treated, like the House of Commons, and other institutions, as things which must be possessed, but which also must be rigidly restricted in respect of power and deed.

The people can never govern, because they are governed by parties. The more potent and mischievous a party is, the more zealously do they stimulate and serve it. It is by and through the king alone that parties can be made to yield their use, and restrained from evil. From the beginning of our history, in their endless varieties of form and name, the king's power and conduct regulated theirs. Under an able, vigorous sovereign, they were subordinate and beneficial;

under an arbitrary one, they were scarcely known; under one indolent, voluptuous, incapable, or feeble, their power rose to the highest point, and they tore the country to pieces. In proportion as the king's power may decline, theirs must increase; and if, by his own defects, or by law and custom, he be practically divested of it, they must be despotic, and a scourge to the empire.

The public officer formed by the king had his birth in necessity; and to this hour he is found as necessary in the republic as in the monarchy. Why? Is it from some peculiarity of person or acquirement—his name, trappings, and signature—his use as a mask or instrument? No; the powers given to his office are necessary—therefore he is; take them away, and the form of government is as radically defective with, as it would be without him. One of the leading uses of this public officer is,—he is to sit in judgment on the proceedings of the legislature, and reject at discretion any changes of law it may propose.

When the people in any quarter demolish their government, their first step afterwards is to erect another. In it, though the lowest democracy, they proclaim their utter incompetency to make their own laws, by appointing a body of men to do it for them. In divesting themselves of the power, they only reserve the right to select their lawgivers; these are to disregard their wishes at will.

The making of almost any law, whether it relate to form of government, distribution of power, regulation of property, religion, trade, taxation, or even a rail-road, is practically a judicial suit between one part of the people and another; it is to be decided on right, justice, and reason, without any regard to rank, power, or numbers.

The doctrine of the one side, the House of Commons, ought to be generally followed, is in effect the same with that of the other; it ought to be generally obeyed. We are entitled to call on Conservative, Whig, and Radical, for evidence that the House is qualified to exercise this absolute power. If it obey the wishes of the people, without regard to their character, it is utterly useless as a deliberative body, and it defeats the end of even a republic.

The House, however, never attends

to the genuine wishes of the people. Each division of it forms the opinions of that part of them which follows it, and wars furiously against those of the rest. Whenever a question arises between it and them on the whole, it, on regular, unanimous rule, exacts their implicit submission. The opinions ascribed to the people originate with the House in one or another of its divisions; if they do not, it never deigns to notice them.

Each division of the House proclaims the others to be in the last degree interested and partial touching the matters which come before it; the independent, virtuous part of society knows them all to be so. If the Conservative division prevail, the other divisions, and also the Whig and Radical portion of the people, declare it acts solely for its own gain. The case is similar if the Reforming division preponderate. The heads of all parties are involved in everlasting contention touching form of government and distribution of power. The questions here are, in reality, raised solely by themselves for their own benefit; they are judges in their own cause against the people. On these questions, almost every other which comes before the house bears more or less. Every division of the heads of parties labours to make itself not only the government, but one able to follow its pleasure; by this overpowering personal interest, their decision on all matters of legislation is governed.

The followers in the House are elected on tests which exclude impartial men. These tests are often, in the most powerful party, such as no honest man can subscribe to; they require him to be both a robber and a traitor. Such followers enter the House stripped of every thing which can make them impartial, upright, wise lawgivers.

At every election, it is uncertain which party will prevail. If the Conservatives do, they govern the House and legislate as they please: well, the Reformers assert they legislate in the most unjust and pernicious manner. The Conservatives assert the same of the Reformers when they prevail. Here is the testimony of both and the whole nation, that it is quite a matter of chance whether the House be utterly unfit to legislate, or the contrary. And we have constantly the evidence of one side of them, and half the nation, that it is always unfit.

It follows, even on the charges made against the House by the democrats, when they cannot rule it, that the existence of a power to watch vigilantly its legislative proceedings, and put a negative on them in case they be unjust or unwise, is essential. The people are expressly prohibited from forming this power. The House of Peers cannot alone form it, because it is largely under the influence of parties, and, with a powerless king, it could be coerced to obey any of them. It must, from necessity, be formed principally by the king. He has the deepest interest in righteous decision between the conflicting claims of his people—in just and wise legislation.

If the king leave this momentous duty to be discharged by his ministers—if he make their will his—he leaves it without discharge. No great evil can flow from his refusal to change a law, but his consent may be ruinous. If he attend to the duty conscientiously and resolutely, he does much towards keeping the legislature in the right path; if he disregard it, he encourages the latter in vicious conduct.

Another leading use of this public officer is, he is to select the ministers, and various other public functionaries.

If the legislature appoint the ministers, it is absurd to tell us that we possess either a legislature or a limited government. Oh! but the House of Commons must have a negative on their appointment. Well, in such case what will the king have? If his ministers be rejected, has he a negative on the appointment of others? No, he is stripped of both appointment and negative. This negative is equal to direct appointment; it is the mercenary invention of party; and the laws are so far unacquainted with it, that they only permit the House, in common with the humblest subject, to petition the king to change his ministers. The king may sometimes make a bad choice, but the House will commonly make a worse. In reality, the matter lies between him and, not the House, but a party. He selects on fitness, though he may err; the party puts fitness out of the question, and selects itself alone. These matters must of necessity follow, if parties, in the name of the House, make the choice: 1. Every party, and, in consequence, the whole House, is incited to make the possession of the cabinet its chief

object, and to employ the most baleful means for gaining it. 2. Ministerial responsibility, real distinction between the executive and legislature, and effective limit on the government, are lost. 3. The king is incapacitated for exercising his negative on legislation, and the most vicious laws are forced on the country.

The constitution has not left a bad choice on the part of the king without remedy. It has placed abundant power in the hands of the House of Commons to restrain the worst ministers from mischievous measures, and made the exercise its first duty. The House needs nothing more; and it cannot have more, without in effect dethroning the king and seizing his sceptre.

We will suppose this state of things. Ministers are chosen by the king, and, as each has a separate department of public affairs to manage, they are, according to the constitution, treated as equal in rank, and unconnected, saving that each consults his colleagues on matters relating to his department. They are not chosen in the body, but individually, as vacancies occur; and they are chosen from the flower of public men, without regard to party. In consequence, they are severally men of the first talent and impartiality. There is never a change of ministry; therefore, the delusion, turbulence, and convulsion it creates are unknown. The change of a single minister is commonly sufficient to remove discontent. Parties, in so far as they are pernicious, are destroyed in the legislature. No portion of it can hope to gain office in the body; its members can only seek it individually, and they must make capacity and virtue their qualifications. The legislature judges measures on merits alone. Party is destroyed to the requisite extent amidst the people, who really exercise their judgment and give sentiment to the legislature. Genuine public opinion rules the government.

Let this be contrasted with the destructive state of things before us. The present mode of selecting the ministry necessarily operates to make party omnipotent, and incapacitate the king for yielding any of his constitutional uses.

If the king, as he is intended to do by the constitution, be so far led in the choice of the heads of the church as to exclude all but the best qualified men, the clergy would be separated from

party, and made a bulwark against it in favour of the people. The case would be similar in respect of the magistracy. And it would be the same touching the nobility, if he could so lead in the disposal of coronets.

That the clergy, from the prime downwards, the magistrates of all descriptions, and the peers, ought to be selected on merit alone, strictly preserved from party bias and bond, and ranged on the side of good government, is a truth wholly above question. Instead, they are selected by party, and chained to its car; they are its instruments against the king. They are combined with the legislature and ministry to spread its delusions, aid its iniquities, and make every soul in the realm its bondsman.

This has the most powerful effect in disabling the king for the discharge of his duties.

Another leading use of this public officer is, to vigilantly superintend the conduct of all his servants and representatives: he is to be especially careful that the laws be duly executed. Never will his ministers do their duty, if he do not enforce it. The influence of the legislature and popular clamour frequently operate to seduce or intimidate them into neglect and mischief.

No man will say that he yields this use under the present system. He has power only to be the instrument of those who are called his servants.

Now, what would the king be if the legislature consisted of the House of Commons alone, or of it and a House of Peers so formed as to be its echo? A useless shadow. His first act of disobedience to its commands would bring on him the sentence already passed on the Peers, and which probably would be pronounced by his ministers. And what would the government be? A knot of party fanatics, armed with every kind of power to keep the people, law, and institution under its feet, and to plunge at will into the darkest depths of folly and crime.

The House of Peers can have no value, if it be bound to obey the House of Commons. Its use is to examine that side of every matter which the Commons are likely to disregard, to protect the interests of those parts of the people which they are likely to assail, and to originate the measures which they are likely to neglect. Here is ample necessity for it to be wholly

different from them in source, and above their control. While it is essential towards enabling the king to discharge his duties, it can do nothing without his protection.

In speaking of those uses of the king, we treat not of rights given him for his own benefit, or powers he may exercise or lay aside at pleasure, but of duties he is solemnly bound to perform for the good of the people, and particularly their lower divisions. We speak of him only as that source of liberty, privilege, right, advantage, and protection, he is intended to form to every man in the realm. Round him the battle now rages; it is not for us to know whether he will fight or fly, but we are well aware that his submission must be general ruin. Our object is to bring to the succour of that royal authority, which exists to smite the tyrant of every kind, all who set any value on their own possessions.

The Reformers confine their efforts to changes in the distribution of power and form of government. Now, the latter are only means, the end of which is to ensure the practice of right principles in the management of national affairs. It signifies nothing to the people whether the House of Commons be elected by one part of them or another, whether the government be a monarchy or a republic, whether the ruler be Lord Melbourne, Sir R. Peel, or Mr. O'Connell, if they are to be governed in the same manner. What changes, then, of general practice are to follow those of form and person, according to the promises of the Reformers? None. The Whigs have been in office several years, and they have, on the whole, followed the principles of judicial, commercial, and other policy acted on by their predecessors. Do the democrats dissent from these principles? No; in the abstract they are the offspring of both. Both assert that, in general measures, Sir R. Peel would act like them.

Do Messrs. O'Connell, Hume, Grote, Wakley, and Co. promise the people, in any class, a tittle more of power to direct and control the House of Commons than they already possess? No, they are to elect it only; then it is to follow its pleasure, and they are to be its slaves.

To every man who is not sunk to the level of the beast of burden by party servility, it must be manifest

that those changes in the distribution of power and form of government are not intended to yield the least substantial benefit to any part of the people—that their sole object is to make despotic rulers of their parents—that the broils witnessed in the legislature are carefully limited to this matter, **WHICH PARTY SHALL GOVERN?**

Such men cannot be blind to the fruits which these scandalous broils produce to all parts of the people. The House of Commons consumes nine-tenths of every session on party interests, to which those of the empire are regularly sacrificed. It is by no means certain that one-tenth of any session is devoted to matters purely national.

We ask any man, be he Whig, Conservative, or Radical, Whether he can obtain the redress of any important grievance, and whether it is not opposed by every party, if it be unconnected with or trench the least upon party interests? We ask the followers of every party, Whether they possess the slightest influence with their heads on any matter not calculated to serve these heads in their struggles for office? We especially ask the deluded and barbarously used labouring classes, Whether they can find any party to protect them in what relates to their rights and weal?

On what principle are the changes of power founded which so incessantly occupy the legislature? Disregarding the phantoms raised by the democrats, where is the aristocracy of flesh and blood which wars against the people, and where is the living House of Peers which is so irreconcilable with the House of Commons? In changing the commercial and other policy of the empire both concurred with the democrats: so far as concerns the practice of government the democrats lead both in general principle. In matters relating to the interests of the labouring orders both differ much less than the democrats from the people. The Peers took the popular side of the question touching the property of the Irish Church, and on the Corporation one they only opposed a part of the inhabitants of towns. In general sentiment and act the aristocracy and democracy are one; the party divisions of each extend through the other. No principle has been more frequently practised by the democrats than this,—when the people differ from us they

must be wholly disregarded. Why, then, is the aristocracy to be extinguished? Because it will not give absolute power to Mr. O'Connell and his brethren. On the same reason the House of Peers and Church are to be demolished, the opulent classes are to lose power, and the Conservatives are to be exterminated. Oppose the people as much as you please along with the firm of democrats, and you do quite right; oppose it with the whole population at your back, and you must lose political being.

This is the consequence: the House of Commons is so far perverted from its proper uses that it is incessantly employed in smiting leading institutions, great orders of society, vast masses of the people, fundamental laws, and vital systems of regulation, from no earthly cause in reality than this,—they will not obey the men who command it, or are obstacles in their way to arbitrary power. Redress of grievances! No, no; it teaches us to expect instead “a crisis,”—a combat between it and the King—a collision between it and the Peers—a stoppage of the supplies, until the Lords kneel at its feet to receive its fetters. Redress of grievances! No, no; fortunate we should think ourselves if it would not multiply them. Every moment we stand trembling and supplicating, lest it heap on us laws to destroy our property, and make us outcasts in right and privilege—lest it rob us of the altar at which we worship, and demolish the ancient and noble monarchy of England.

We need not enlarge on the unanimous discontent and exasperation,—the feelings manifested by the labouring classes in agriculture as well as manufactures,—the strife between the branches of government,—the open call for a republic,—and the revolution which frowns in the horizon. But it is very necessary for us to say that this terrible state of things has been produced by the mercenary struggles of the heads of parties for office; that not a single seditious and revolutionary opinion is held by the people which has not been put into their mouths by these heads; and that the most guilty part of the latter avow their principal object is to make the House of Commons a tool in their own hands, and a savage tyranny to all other men.

The ordinary operation of things

promises only the reverse of remedy; it will not destroy or starve its own offspring. A new ministry dealing in the prescriptions of the old one will prove no physician. The hopes which rest on another election will, we fear, be blasted by the Corporation-law. Never was such an error committed as that which has filled this monarchy with petty republics. It is demonstrable that, if a remedy cannot be found in and through the king, it is hopeless, because every thing else has been tried.

Suppose all honourable and patriotic men should place the king at their head, and with him thus address the leaders of every party without distinction.

You shall no longer pervert your followers and country into your private estate; you shall no longer carry on your guilty trade by filling society with change, disaffection, convulsion, and peril. We will no more be the blind followers of your will—your degraded instruments in redeeming your vicious pledges, defending your mistaken changes, and courting the favour of the turbulent and rebellious. Our connexion with you as bondsmen, as partisans, is broken for ever.

Our support shall be rigidly given on your character and measures alone. The candidates for office of all kinds must undergo thorough purification. If we tolerate two or three leaders in each body, the old hacks—the men who have whirled round the compass of principle, and advocated in office what they have opposed out of it—they whose avowed creed is expediency, must be banished for life. We care not whether the cabinet be held by the upright and consistent part of the Whigs or of the Conservatives; but its members must be throughout men of unquestioned uprightness and consistency. So far as we have power, the other parts of both parties shall sit under the ban of hopeless exclusion.

The cabinet shall lose its sovereignty; it shall no longer form an absolute cabal, acting for its own profit. It must no more offer violence to the King's judgment; interfere with the independence of the Peers, and submit against conviction to the Commons in matters of unjust and dangerous change. Acting with the king for the people, it must be as ready to restrain the Commons from betrayal of trust

and abuse of power as to submit to their lawful control over its measures. Deaf to party and faction, it must regularly consult the well-principled portions of society, and yield obedience to that genuine public opinion which flows from the intelligent, independent, and virtuous of every class.

While you all inveigh against an exclusive system, you follow one of the worst species. The only men in the empire who have placed their devotion to the constitution above question you exclude from every kind of ministry, because they have done so. All who make a determined stand against innovation are excluded from public trusts, as unfit to serve their country. The loyal and patriotic part of the people are, for their loyalty and patriotism, excluded from privilege and influence. Thus, constituted authorities, from the highest to the lowest, are made leaders of discontent and turbulence; a premium is put on insubordination and disaffection. This system must be reversed throughout.

We will support no self-appointed ministers—none appointed by party—none who enter the cabinet through fraud or storm—none who are not freely chosen by the king. We will support those alone who will treat the constitution as invaluable, the balance of power as sacred, and the efforts to change the distribution of privilege, the relative weight of the great orders of society, and the nature of public institutions, as ruinous. They must remember that they act for the community, and what they do affects the possessions of every man; consequently, that they are not to follow their own theories and speculations, but to consult at every step, as agents, the principals who employ them. The science of government is as unalterable as any other; it knows nothing of party dogma; it is not to be recast and reversed by the clamour of one body of men or the brute force of another: those who make it an enemy will find it a destroyer. By it they must be governed.

Ministers, to be supported by us, must make it a rule that party, unrecognised as it is by the constitution, has no right to ask any thing at their hands; and that faction is to be dealt with as a public enemy. Disregarding the cravings of both, they must promptly attend to the well-founded complaints and suggestions of every class, body,

and individual, without favour or prejudice. Free government is not a raw material to be manufactured, but a finished thing, to be used by all its subjects alike for benefit; it is not an instrument to be employed by one part of them for the injury of another, but one for every part, to use for its own just good alone. All are to appear before it in their proper character,—religious men as religious men,—manufacturing and commercial bodies in their trading capacity,—the individual in his true lawful calling; and in such character, but in no party-political one, all are to obtain redress of real grievance, and means of legitimate prosperity.

Such ministers, standing on the principle that the government is sufficiently perfect in form, must do their utmost to give it perfection in practice. The town domination must be smitten; the trading agitators must be put down; the loyal and orderly must be abundantly protected. Every law, not political, complained of by any part of the people, must be revised and corrected. Every new law condemned by public opinion must be modified or repealed. Above all, the causes of discontent and disaffection amidst the labouring orders must be severely examined. The savage, oppressive parts of the Poor-law, as hateful to rate-payers as to paupers, must be cut off. Church-reform must make the multiplication of places of worship and pious ministers amidst the poor its first object. These orders must be told that not the least attention will be paid to their unjust political demands; but that every thing possible shall be done for their protection, comfort, and happiness.

If all honourable and patriotic men would so act, it would have its effects. The example set by the nobility and country gentlemen would be widely followed through society. A powerful independent body might be placed in the House of Commons to hold the scale between the candidates for office; and the fruit would be nothing less than the creation of a real legislature, and the substitution of a limited for an arbitrary executive.

No impression can be made on the followers of party, if the heads be suffered to proceed in their present course. These heads in one party or another fabricate the opinion, invent

the change, and raise the commotion ; no sooner is one great source of convulsion removed than they produce another still worse. They will act as they do, so long as office is to be gained by appeals to the interests of party and faction—by courting the favour of democratic violence, usurpation, and monopoly ; they will act as they do, so long as office is to be gained, not by qualification, but by power—by not the free suffrage of the king and people, but fraud, spoliation, the brute force of numbers, and battle. Strike them from the despotic throne they have erected ; bring them under subjection to the constitution and laws ; and the followers will be easily reclaimed.

We recommend the consistent Whigs and Tories to look at their situation. They are equally excluded from office, and without influence with their nominal heads ; nothing is left them but submission to the pleasure of the latter. If they disregard every thing else, do they not need a change for self-preservation ?

Formerly this country often suffered from mal-government, because the king's ministers had no power to restrain him ; they were little better than the instruments of his will : now we have got into the opposite extreme ; he is little better than the instrument of their will. The old system left it something ; the new one threatens to

take all. Our unhappy state, however, demonstrates that the true interests of the king and the people are indivisible,—that the royal authority, in its constitutional fulness, and vigorous decided exercise, enters into the essence of the people's power to restrain the government, and cannot fall without destroying the sovereignty of legitimate public opinion over constituted authorities. A change we must have ; and if one be not made for good we shall speedily get a tremendous one for evil. This system of promising change of institution, and refusing to correct obnoxious law,—of altering the government in form, and preserving every thing vicious in practice,—of charging on the constitution the guilt of administration,—of seducing the people on the one hand, and coercing them on the other, into discontent and disaffection,—requires only a few moments more to involve all in ruin. In our judgment it will avail little to carry power from one knot of party heads to another. Enable the king to exclude all improper men from office, and to convince every candidate for it that without the qualifications of honour, integrity, pure creed, patriotism, and abhorrence of every thing factious, he can never succeed : let the king duly use the power, and we shall soon have whatever the best government can yield.

RECOLLECTIONS OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.

“HONOUR, LOVE, OBEDIENCE, TROOPS OF FRIENDS.”

IN authorship, whatever be the rank or talents of the writer, the assistance of a trading publisher is requisite. This is quite as indispensable as counsel at a trial in court, where an attempt either by plaintiff or defendant to plead his own cause is generally a wretched failure. A tradesman becomes an author's medium of communicating with the public as the counsel is betwixt the litigant and judge ; and the best book in the world without such aid will, of course, be lost like an undefended cause. From the commencement to the end, Sir Walter Scott was unfortunate in his publisher ; and it might have been well had he succeeded in breaking off the connexion altogether. There was in Constable,

along with an open countenance and specious manners, a degree of craft, cunning, and selfish ambition, which proved at last his ruin. The truth was, that his real means were always slender ; nor had he any method of increasing his store, except by living on the talents and industry of others, and overreaching them in bargains. How to do this with sufficient address was his grand object. Accordingly, he smiled, bowed, and cajoled in the presence of certain leading men, whose countenance and support he trusted would bear him through. But it happened, from his being publisher of the *Edinburgh Review*, that Constable's chief supporters were among the Whig faction, who entertained of Scott a

very bitter jealousy, and were the more incensed against him exactly as his acquirements and reputation advanced.

I doubt whether *Marmion* would have been so soon composed, or given to the world, had not the author wished to command a round sum of money, for the special purpose of assisting a friend who was then distressed. Strange to say, even this production was sent to press—I mean the printing had commenced—long before the work was finished, and before the author had clearly determined how the story should be wound up. But almost all his works were perfected in this manner. It seemed as if he delighted in that stimulus of necessity under which most writers would have infallibly broken down. Besides the excitement of being obliged to feed the press, there was, perhaps, a gratification of conscious talent in bringing his *dramatis personæ* into such a predicament that it might seem wholly impossible to extricate them, and yet making his way through the confusion as if with the power of a magician. Doubtless, every fictitious story, in whatever stage it may be, is still *plastic*; but those who have hypercriticised on the awkward terminations to some of his plots might, if they had known the attendant circumstances, have rather wondered how any thing like a rational *dénouement* could be effected at all.

Marmion, after printing had been commenced, advanced with great rapidity—most part being composed during the winter of 1808, amid the daily interruptions caused by his attendance at the Parliament House and convivial meetings; among which might be reckoned the dinner and evening parties of the late witty and pleasant Duchess of Gordon, where he was occasionally, though with great reluctance, prevailed on to read aloud some portions of his new poem. But I think Scott had by this time adopted his favourite plan of early rising, by which he acquired a command of leisure unknown to others; and he had the advantage of excellent health, with a most exuberant flow of spirits.

It is superfluous to observe that the effect of this poem on the public mind was almost magical. To a well-constructed plot it added the charm of a constant succession of most vivid and

highly finished pictures, to which none could refuse the praise of strength and originality. In short, it has the character of one of his best prose romances worked up into verse,—the sort of composition in which, above all, he was most qualified to excel. Scott had now fully discovered his own strength. With a degree of patience and *quietude* which are seldom combined with much energy, he could get through an incredible extent of literary labour; and he had secured very high reputation. Hence many new paths were opened for him. He could gain both fame and profit by mere editorship, by criticism, antiquarianism, biography, and history,—for it was obvious that whatever he chose to produce in those various departments would be eagerly grasped at, and prove a source of emolument. At the suggestion of Constable, therefore, he carefully edited the works of Dryden, in 18 vols. octavo, which appeared not long after the publication of *Marmion*. In this production he aimed, not without success, at rendering the memoirs of Dryden a history of English literature and taste during the period of that poet's life; and the annotations on his works include numberless remarks and illustrations which could not be incorporated in the biography. The command which he possessed over the world of old books, the good use he had rapidly made of his accumulating stores, and the extent of his researches, now became apparent. To most people the wading through such a mass of materials as the works of Dryden present, and enriching the pages with criticism and *memoranda*, would have supplied labour for years; but to Scott, at this period of life, it was only a pleasant diversion from employments which required more concentrated application of his faculties.

As I have said, Sir Walter Scott had no great reason to be partial to the house of Constable as a publisher; and after he had edited, along with the late Mr. Arthur Clifford, a collection of Sir Ralph Sadler's state papers, in two large quartos, and the Somers' Tracts, in six ponderous volumes, he readily listened to plans of the late Mr. John Ballantyne for establishing a new bookselling company at Edinburgh, on principles which afforded better prospects to authors than had yet existed in North Britain. The

Kelso press of Mr. James Ballantyne had been already moved to the metropolis, and was flourishing, though not without such aid from Scott as rendered him virtually a partner, and led *indirectly* and ultimately to those bill transactions with Constable which proved so destructive.

Under the high auspices of Scott, it proved an easy matter, privately, and with the aid of a few friends, to organise the scheme of the new bookselling company, with which several literary men were connected as partisans and *quasi* shareholders. After its establishment, the author of *Marmion*, greatly to the annoyance of Mr. Constable, almost wholly withdrew himself from the dingy premises of the 11th Street, and directed his steps to the cheerful and handsome drawing-room of Mr. John Ballantyne, in the new town, where there was good store of his favourite black-letter volumes, and which formed a convenient resting-place in his daily journeys to and from the Parliament House.

In order to do something effectual for the new firm of Ballantyne and Co., Scott rapidly completed the *Lady of the Lake*, to which production, as he has himself explained, he was led by the deep impressions which the beautiful scenery of the Perthshire highlands had left on his remembrance. Indeed, so vivid were his conceptions of inanimate nature, that I believe every one of his novels as well as poems took its rise partly in this way. Even when he laid the scene in a foreign country which he had never visited, he would draw in his "mind's eye" the portrait of mountains, woods, trees, houses, and gardens which he had actually beheld. The following passage from his brief autobiography is eminently characteristic:—

"I took uncommon pains to verify the accuracy of the *local* circumstances of this story. I recollect, in particular, that, to ascertain whether I was telling a probable tale, I went into Perthshire to see whether King James could actually have ridden from the banks of Loch Vennachar to Stirling Castle within the time supposed in the poem, and had the pleasure to satisfy myself that it was quite possible."

If the period of his residence at Lasswade was the happiest of his life, I believe that of the composition of the *Lady of the Lake* was incomparably

the best era in the annals of his mind as to poetical power. He then ruled as if with the full sway of a magician over a literary world which one might almost say he had created,—for he had made people judges of poetry who never even dreamed of it before, and inspired those with a love of books who heretofore were amply contented with a weekly newspaper. His health and spirits continued unbroken, and seemingly unconquerable. Like the once-renowned Lopez de Vega (to whom in other respects he has occasionally been compared), he had now formed the regular habit of composing all his works early in the morning, and before breakfast; in regard to which he used to say that he owed much to the "exemplary character and admonitions of his friend Wallace," a little wiry-haired and ill-favoured terrier, who was at this time his constant companion and prime favourite. I believe the adoption of such active habits is a sort of criterion by which it may be judged who is or is not fitted to succeed in the world. Instead of being a means to prolong life, it seems to me only a proof of health and spirits. No one will rise very early who does not feel a disposition to work or exercise, which renders much rest unnecessary.

The copyright of the *Lady of the Lake* was purchased by Messrs. Ballantyne and Co. for four thousand pounds; though whether the amount was handed over in cash to the author, by the house in which he was himself virtually a partner, or carried to his credit, is uncertain. The circulation of this poem, however, was so extraordinary, so completely unprecedented, that it must have been a most profitable speculation to all parties. Of *Marmion*, according to Sir Walter Scott's own account, the sale in sixteen years was thirty-six thousand copies, which, allowing amply for the expense of paper, printing, and advertising, must obviously have been a source of great profit to Mr. Constable, as proprietor, and well justified his payment of one thousand pounds in hard cash for the copyright. It is probable that the *Lady of the Lake*, during the first three years after her appearance, and before the house of John Ballantyne and Co. began to totter, circulated and sold to three times the amount of the sale of *Marmion* within an equal period. What-

ever fame he had formerly gained as a poet was quite outshone by this production. Amongst other proofs of the interest it excited may be mentioned the multitudes of visitors of all ranks, classes, and denominations, even from the most distant regions of the world, who flocked to the hitherto neglected and rarely trodden district of "Loch Katrine," for the sole purpose of beholding the actual scenes which were so vividly described by the "Minstrel." Till then the village of Callander (near Loch Katrine) had been so little frequented, that the descriptions of miserable inns, bad roads, and every species of discomfort which have been often drawn from imagination, might there, or in its neighbourhood, be found realised. The principles of the *clan Maclarty* (see Mrs. Hamilton's *Cottagers of Glenburnie*) were developed in their fullest perfection. Nor were changes for the better easily to be effected in a district where nothing goes on so smoothly as the consumption of whisky. By degrees, however, the road from Callander to Loch Katrine was improved, and at the barbarous (though large) inn, where, in the midst of forests full of game and lakes teeming with fish, it was scarce possible to obtain even the materials for breakfast, there arrived daily a succession of brilliant equipages, so that one could contemplate the *beau monde* quite as well at the remote village of Callander as at Brighton, Bath, or Cheltenham.

Not long after the publication of the *Lady of the Lake*, Scott, who had all his life a partiality for landscape gardening, and a wish to possess some landed property in his own right, came, during his rambles along the banks of the Tweed, to a spot which was then for sale, and of which the purchase-money was but a small sum. It was a miserable and neglected farm, of no great extent; but having this advantage, that, the adjoining country being wild, and free from inclosures, he might wander a long way before being reminded by any fence or cultivated field that he had gone beyond the bounds of his own (intended) domain. The only house was a half-ruinous cottage, rendered more gloomy of aspect by a row of scathed and stunted Scotch fir—the most unpoetic and unpicturesque of trees. The only redeeming traits in the landscape were the

meanderings of the bright and bold Tweed, and the diversity of hill and dale so well suited for ornamental planting.

At one of his first visits to Abbotsford (at that time known by the rather unprepossessing name of "Clarty Holes") Scott was accompanied by a sagacious friend, who noticed the extreme sterility of the soil, which would yield no returns by cropping.

"Cropping, indeed!" he answered; "you take it for granted, then, that I came here with the intention of growing rich as a gentleman farmer. No, truly; I leave the scientific manufacture of rich compost to Dr. Coventry and Lord Meadowbank. But the main question is, what sort of crops you wish to raise. I should in the first place think of rearing plenty of wood for ornament and shelter, and we must live as the knights did in the olden time, only without so much fighting. Depend on it we shall grow enough of oats and wheat to feed ourselves and horses. Fish and game we shall have in abundance; and if sheep and kine should be wanting, which is not likely, we must make a *raid* into Traquair, and drive away from your rich pastures as much of the stock as we think needful. But, in sober earnest, this farm-cottage might do very well to live in. It is at all events the beginning of a mansion; and I could get help in that department from William Stewart Rose. Though not yet possessed of Aladdin's lamp, we could very soon run up a "hurricane house," affording quite as much accommodation as we ourselves require, besides two or three pigeon-holes for friends to sleep in when they come to visit us. Here, if I should ever become rich, is the spot whereon I would build my castle. In that level ground to the left I would have my garden, and there should be a sweeping carriage-drive down the slope, opening from that cart-road on the hill-side. The ground is poor, you say; but it is very good for the growth of wood. I would plant a large proportion of mountain-ash, Scotch fir, and larch, for the sake of their rapid growth, near the castle; but on the hills I would prefer oak, birch, hazel, and other trees, of which the bark is suitable for the tanner;—so that every fifteen or twenty years, those who come after me might have a profitable fall of copse-wood."

In this manner he ran on, delighting his imagination with ideas which were afterwards amply and accurately realised. The purchase was completed for about five thousand pounds, I believe, and afforded far more satisfaction to Scott than any acquisition he had before made. I remember well the first sketch of ornamental improvements at Abbotsford in his own hand—a rare specimen, for he was no draughtsman. It was only a design for a kind of rustio piazza, the supporters being of trees with the bark on, and intended as a front to the original old cottage, after it had been stretched, as he termed it, into some additional rooms, and rendered merely habitable for the family. The comparison of Abbotsford House as it now exists to a "romance in stone and lime" is very good,—for there are many points of analogy. He found only a mere remnant of old materials to work upon, in which respect the cottage might fantastically be likened to the fragment of an old ballad or popular tradition, and all around was a dreary waste, which his taste and imagination gradually adorned and brightened. Moreover, having no fixed plan at the outset, he proceeded exactly as in his written compositions, falling into seemingly inextricable perplexities and incongruities, out of which his genius at last produced an interesting, and even magnificent, whole.

About this period his health and spirits were so good that he was ready for almost any undertaking in literature, and I believe fulfilled many tasks which have not been included in his acknowledged works. I might instance the historical part of the *Edinburgh Annual Register*, at least one year of which was entirely supplied by him. He owned to me that this was a most irksome trial of patience, and complained of the "heavy pages"—meaning the extent of writing required to fill double columns,—though this was, in truth, nothing compared to the labours which he cheerfully underwent in latter years, until his strength became utterly exhausted. In the *belles lettres* department of this *Register* appeared, under the title "Inferno of Altesidora," his first anonymous *jeu d'esprit*, which formed a sort of rehearsal of the amusing mystification so long kept up with regard to the *Waverley* novels. The devils of the "In-

ferno" play at battledore, and take books for shuttlecocks, which fly about in fragments, some of which are collected, and exhibit imitations of the best living poets of the day. Of the Author of *Marmion*, it might be said (*Hibernice*), "none but himself could be his parallel,"—for at one glance his friends perceived the extreme improbability that any one else could have written the stanzas entitled the "Vision (afterwards the "Bridal") of Triermain." However, he of course stoutly disowned them, and seemed greatly amused by the conjectures that were started as to who really was the author. According to his own opinion, the article must have been contributed either by his facetious publisher, John Ballantyne, who wrote as well as criticised, or by Mr. Terry, the actor; while these gentlemen declared their inability to write any thing half so good; but, knowing Scott's wish to remain incognito, said it was most probably the work of Mr. Marriott, or Mr. William Erskine.

His next poem was the *Vision of Don Roderick*, which appeared in June, 1811, and on which he bestowed more than usual pains. The profits went entirely to some charitable and public purpose, which I have forgotten. But I remember, as well as had it been yesterday, meeting Scott at the house of John Ballantyne and Co. in the month of May that year, when he proposed that I should walk home with him to dinner, and act the part of his "old woman," as he intended to read aloud the beginning of a "new ditty" which he had on the anvil, and I "must tell him, *truly*, whether it sounded like sense or nonsense." For my opinion it is not likely that he could care much; but I happened to be then in bad health, and his object was to afford diversion and encouragement to an invalid. He was always ready to share his own high spirits, his stores of information, his books, and his purse, with those who required assistance, of which last I have sometimes been an accidental witness, in instances where his princely generosity never came to the knowledge of any *fourth* party,—for on such occasions he earnestly shunned observation or notoriety.

Scott had just returned from Ashetiel, and brought with him, as usual, a renewed stock of health and spirits, be-

ing much delighted with the improvements commenced at his new territory of Abbotsford. Especially, too, he rejoiced at the immediate acquisition of some black-letter books obtained for him by Mr. Ballantyne, of which one was the *editio princeps* of Lady Juliana Berners on the noble art of Hunting, and others were on witchcraft. These he carried home with him, stuffing some of the volumes into his pockets, which he wore of a large size on purpose for books, and holding up the others, as if triumphantly, in his left hand, as we moved along. I wished to go home to dress. "If you *will* go home," said he, "be it so; though we had much better steer at once for Castle Street, where dinner waits—an object of some consideration to one who breakfasts before nine in the morning. As for dressing, when we are quite alone, it is out of the question; life is not long enough for such fiddle-faddle. Suppose we took a coach, drove down to Holyrood, and got the loan of Darnley's boots for the occasion: perhaps this might render you more welcome, if possible, in Mrs. Scott's estimation; but, be assured, the silk stockings are of no consequence,—so come along."

I produced a great roll of paper scribbled over with a plan for a narrative poem, having modestly and wisely chosen Robert Bruce for my hero; and this he had the condescension to peruse in the library before dinner, observing that it shewed a great deal of fancy. *Fantastic* enough it certainly was, in all conscience. However, he strenuously (perhaps ironically) advised its completion, on condition that I should not care a rush what people would think of the verses, but work for the sole pleasure of working.

"An author," added he, "never can be properly abstracted from outward life, or absorbed in his subject, if he racks his brains with notions what people will say of him; and on this abstraction depends the great pleasure of writing. Rely on it, a great share of the ill health and low spirits which exist in the world is neither more nor less than one inevitable consequence of having nothing to do. Labour is absolutely the *charter by which we hold existence*; and, be it in picking straws or legislating for empires, we must all work or die of ennui. Look at the rich and powerful, who never once thought

of composing even an ode or sonnet, nor could achieve such an exploit if their lives depended on it,—they toil as hard at fishing, shooting, and fox-hunting as any of their own labourers in breaking stones or trenching the ground; and they *must* do this, as the indispensable means to obtain sound sleep, and avoid blue devils. Now, in this intended poem you have, I assure you, a great advantage over me. I have tried, with very indifferent success, to make out a ground-plan and elevation for a house at Abbotsford, but never could in my life prepare the plot of a story before hand. One page—or, I should say, one line—suggests another; and on coming to a standstill, as it occasionally happens—for we are all liable to ebbs and flows—I very coolly lay it aside, and take to something else, till with the next change of the moon there begins a new tide of thought."

This day we had no company at dinner, except Mr. Macdonald Buchanan and Mr. Weber. The former was, I think, scarcely tinged by literature: he was a colleague of Scott's, as clerk of session, and in no way remarkable, except for his good-humoured, placid countenance, and pleasant conviviality. The immense importance which, at that period, I attached to any question of literature or criticism, contrasted with Mr. Buchanan's perfect indifference on the same points, seemed to afford Scott considerable amusement. By some chance our conversation turned, during dinner, on the poets and poetesses of the Della Cruscan school, with whose absurdities and affectation he was exceedingly diverted. At the pedantic style of Miss Seward's letters he laughed so heartily, that Mrs. Scott, in a playful tone of reproach, put him in mind of the very kind reception they had met with from the poetess at Litchfield, and the beautiful epitaph he had written on her.

"Yes, indeed," answered he, "I remember all this, and a great deal more. The good lady, who is now at rest, did me the unmerited honour to appoint me her literary executor, and I wrote a passable introduction, extolling her works, her beauty, amiability, and so forth; nor would I for a moment laugh, if I thought there was any chance that she could hear me, or be vexed about it. But the style of her prose letters, and even her daily con-

versation, was so extravagantly stilted, that nothing can be conceived more ludicrous, unless it were the style of my own letters, which I felt in duty bound to send in reply. Of course, I tried as well as I could to respond in similar language, though *haut passibus equis*; and my productions were such unparalleled specimens of rigmale, that it is well they also have not come to light."

Mr. Weber alluded to Sir Brooke Boothby, who then resided at Edinburgh, as a member of the Della Cruscan college.

"No, no, *mein werther herr*," answered Scott; "do not include Sir Brooke among them. What he has published, in the poetical department, is of a very different character, distinguished rather by simplicity and good taste. Had not Sir Brooke, in his younger years, been too much of a fine gentleman to give himself much trouble about book-making, he might probably have risen to considerable eminence as an author. By the by, he has given us some fragments for the *Annual Register*, which, though trifles, are such as no ordinary man could have written."

Scott was in the best spirits, and inclined to speak on subjects only which produced merriment; in which his good-natured friend Buchanan was always ready to join, though he, perhaps, did not comprehend much of the literary matters under discussion. During dinner, there was an ample fund for conversation afforded by the numberless applications which were made by *aspirants*, from all quarters, for opinions of their works, and assistance in their efforts to ascend Parnassus. He was diverted alike by the overweening confidence which most of them betrayed, and the horrors of despondency to which others were subjected on discovering that, after all their labours, they absolutely could not write verses even to satisfy themselves, far less others.

"And yet these melancholy, desponding gentlemen," said he, "still whine, and daudle, and hanker after the Muse, as they call her, and still cling to some lingering hope that I can help them. Only this morning I had a letter from a youth, who most certainly will commit suicide, or (which is more probable) find his way into a madhouse, unless John Ballantyne con-

sents to throw away money in printing his verses; and though this might satisfy him for a time, yet afterwards he would grow worse. In truth, I could never rightly understand how this idle trade of rhyming comes to be such a cause of excitement among its votaries. Surely it is a kind of disease requiring medical treatment—something more formidable than the ordinary *cacoëthes scribendi*; and the poetic malady ought to be included in the next edition of Buchan's domestic manual."

I remember well how correct Scott's impressions were of such beginners in the literary world, as had not then acquired any fixed character. Of Lord Byron he had from the first a favourable impression; therefore, by no means agreed with the critic of the *Hours of Idleness* in the *Edinburgh Review*. The attack on himself, in Lord Byron's satire, which was now published, he treated, as he did all such attacks, with the most perfect good humour, seeming unaffectedly amused by it. Of this volume, at its appearance, he observed, "There cannot be a doubt that Lord Byron has considerable power; how he may use it, or whether he will write any more, it is impossible to guess. *Facit indignatio versus*, but spleen and gall are disastrous materials to work with for any length of time." Of Wordsworth he always spoke favourably, insisting that he was a true poet, but predicting that it would be long ere his works obtained the praise which they merited from the public.

"There is nothing," he observed, "which seems to please readers now-a-days so well as a narrative; but they will not be contented with the kind of story which Wordsworth would tell them. They must have characters of all descriptions in the same plot, after the dramatic fashion; and, moreover, they insist on a great share of love and murder, cutting and slashing, mystification and suspense. In that respect I am very fortunate, never knowing how I am to get to the end of my tale; so it is, therefore, no wonder if my readers afterwards partake of the same perplexity. This reminds me, though it is *apropos des bottes*, of what happened with Coleridge one evening after he had taken a double dose of opium. He had, as usual, talked a long time, and, on coming to a full stop, asked one of his admirers whether he had made himself understood. 'Perfectly,'

said the other; 'I comprehend you in the clearest manner.' 'Then you must be a far deeper philosopher than I am,' said the poet, 'for I have not myself understood one sentence that I have uttered for the last half hour.'"

Of Maturin, who was then struggling with worldly difficulties, Scott always expressed a favourable, though qualified opinion; and that he considered him deserving of encouragement, was amply proved by the pecuniary aid which he most kindly rendered.

"It is too true," he observed, "that common sense is a wofully uncommon quality among poets; yet it would be a vile heresy to maintain that this *must* be, or *ought* to be, the case. In Maturin's writings there is always great power, so that it becomes the more provoking when, with this advantage, he fails of producing the desired effect. Far less energy than is displayed in *Montorio*, if possessed by a more discreet and experienced workman, would have made a better book. I have been trying to drill him as well as I can, and hope he will improve."

It is, perhaps, worth noticing, that if Scott for his amusement borrowed a second-rate novel, or other work of imagination (for he found leisure to read in those days), he never failed to discover the merits, if it had any; and generally returned the volumes with a note of thanks, followed up by suggestions what *might have been* made of the story with better management. Of this I remember two instances. One regarded a novel in three volumes entitled *Forman*, to the best of my recollection very stupid; but he read it quite through, and perceived that the materials had capability. Another was *Sarsfield*, which he thought an original and lively sketch, but so disfigured by instances of bad taste, that it was a pity some one did not write it over again.

After dinner, when Mrs. Scott, whom he usually styled "mamma," had retired, and a bottle of "Marmion" was placed on the table, he went to the library and brought the manuscript containing nearly half the poem of *Don Roderick*; which portion, notwithstanding the difficulties of the Spenserian stanza, had been composed in about a week. Never did any author read his own productions with less effect than Scott. He seemed actually

to proceed on the principle of trying, by his monotonous tone, whether there was any thing essentially good in the verses, which would excite interest without any emphasis of delivery. Of course, his present audience were decided in their approbation; but I was especially rejoiced, because *Don Roderick* was in a new style, and would establish his fame in defiance of those cavillers who had asserted that he could not write otherwise than in the shape of a ballad, or without a tale of mystery to lead him on.

"As to the fame to be derived from it," said he, "I care very little; the best result would be the realisation of some hard cash for the poor people who are to be benefited by the sale. I suspect, however, that the *Don* will not be over-popular; but I have derived amusement from writing this ditty, merely because it is in a kind of measure that I had not tried before, and it was pleasant to find the Spenserian stanza much more easy of execution than I had anticipated."

His dinner-hour being so early as half-past four, there was ample time for conversation, and for a few minutes I remember it turned on ghosts and apparitions.

"The most awkward circumstance about *well-authenticated* hobgoblins," said he, "is that they so often come and disappear without any intelligible object or purpose, except to frighten people, which, with all due deference, seems rather foolish. Very many persons have either seen a ghost, or something like one, and I am myself among the number; but my story is not a jot better than the others I have heard, which were for the most part extremely inept. The *good* stories are sadly devoid of evidence; the *stupid* ones only are authentic.

"There is a particular turning of the high road through the forest near Ashiestiel, at a place which affords no possible means of concealment; the grass is smooth, and always eaten bare by the sheep; there is no heather, nor underwood, nor cavern, in which any mortal being could conceal himself. Towards this very spot I was advancing one evening—please to observe it was *before* dinner, and not long after sunset, so that I ran no risk either of *seeing* double, or wanting sufficient light for

* Claret, presented to him by Constable and Co. on the publication of *Marmion*.

my observations. Before me, at the distance of about a quarter of a mile, there stood a human figure, sharply enough defined by the twilight. I advanced; it stalked about with a long staff in its hand, held like a wand of office, but only went to and fro, keeping at the same corner, till, as I came within a few yards, my friend all in an instant vanished. I was so struck with his eccentric conduct, that, although Mrs. Scott was then in delicate health, and I was anxious to get home to a late dinner, I could not help stopping to examine the ground all about—but in vain; he had either dissolved into air, or sunk into the earth, where I well knew there was no coal-pit to receive him. Had he lain down on the green sward, the colour of his drapery, which was dusky brown, would have betrayed him at once—so that there was no practicable solution of the mystery. I rode on, and had not advanced above fifty yards, when, on looking back, my friend was there again, and even more clearly visible than before. Now, said I to myself, I must certainly have you so wheeled about and spurred Finella; but the result was as before,—he vanished instantaneously. I must candidly confess that I had now got enough of the phantasmagoria; and whether it were from the love of home, or a participation in my dislike of this very stupid ghost—no matter—Finella did her best to run away, and would by no means agree to any further process of investigation. I will not deny that I felt somewhat uncomfortable, and half inclined to think that this apparition was a warning of evil to come, or indication of misfortune that had already occurred. So strong was this impression, that I almost feared to ask for Mrs. Scott when I arrived at Ashiestiel; but, as Dr. Johnson said on a similar occasion, 'nothing ever came of it.' My family were all as usual; but I did not soon forget the circumstance, because neither the state of the atmosphere nor outline of the scenery allowed of explanation by reference to any of those natural phenomena producing apparitions, which, however remarkable, are familiar, not only to James Hogg, as a poet, but to almost every shepherd in a mountainous district."

Mr. Weber, who acted as amanuensis, and made extracts for the printers, had retired to his desk directly after

dinner; and at the conclusion of the bottle of *Marmion* (which, however, was a magnum), our host inquired of Mr. Buchanan if he would have more wine: which was declined, on the plea of being obliged to adopt an abstemious regimen to avoid gout. Coffee was ready above stairs, where we found Mrs. Scott and the young people; also a lady, then employed as a teacher in the family, who played some Scotch airs on the harp, to which the poet seemed to listen with great pleasure, and expressed his hopes "that she found Sophia a good pupil." At eight o'clock, the hour when people generally sit down to dinner in London, the Author of *Marmion* had finished dinner, coffee, and *chasse*, and was again seated at his desk, proceeding with *Don Roderick*. He had advised me to remain above stairs, and pass the time with music, pictures, books, and conversation, till the supper-hour of ten; but, having a previous engagement, I took my leave soon after, and, by permission, rapped *en passant* at the library-door, to get an old book which he had promised. I found him writing, as busily as possible.

"Look here," said he; "I have just begun to copy over the rhymes that you heard to-day, and applauded so much. With all deference to your judgment there are a thousand faults, which I must try to mend; and mended they shall be—or, at least, exchanged for others. To-morrow morning, before Parliament House time, I shall have eight or ten more stanzas complete; and so will soon arrive at the extent of my tether. Return to supper, if you can; only don't be late, as you perceive we keep early hours, and Wallace will not suffer me to rest after six in the morning. Come, good dog, and help the poet!"

At this hint, Wallace seated himself upright on a chair next his master, who offered him a newspaper, which he directly seized, looking very wise, and holding it firmly and contentedly in his mouth. Scott looked at him with great satisfaction, for he was excessively fond of dogs. "Very well," said he; "now we shall get on." And so I left them abruptly, knowing that my "absence would be the best company." On this principle I was allowed to form an exception on Sundays and Mondays; when he was always much engaged, and when the stout

coachman attended the door, and in a gruff voice declared to all visitors that his master was not at home. "If I am ever so busy," said he, "I don't mind you; because you make no botheration, and seldom stay long."

There are many of his employments up to this date (1811) which I have left unnoticed. He edited and partly wrote so many volumes (not to speak of contributions to periodicals), that I doubt if a correct list has ever been made out. Of those usually noted, there were the *Somers' Tracts*, in six vols. quarto, edited for Constable; *Northern Antiquities*, made up, in partnership with Weber and R. Jamieson, for John Ballantyne and Co., though not published till long after; and a book, in two volumes, respecting the character and habits of King James I., of which I am so stupid as to forget the title: but its contents were afterwards superseded by the lively portraiture of this eccentric monarch in the *Fortunes of Nigel*. The life and works of Swift also partly occupied his attention, though the book did not appear till 1814. It was edited for Constable, who, for some time, complained bitterly that Scott had neglected him; having "made a contract for a new edition of Swift, and, instead of fulfilling it, employed himself in writing poems for other people."

Don Roderick, which proved very unpopular, was finished in May, and published in June; but at this period misfortunes occurred, which affected his mind deeply. I allude to the almost simultaneous death of Lord Melville and President Blair, two friends, whom, next to the Earl of Dalkeith, the Duke of Buccleuch, and Lord Somerville, he most loved and respected. The sudden loss of these two eminent men caused a great sensation in Scotland. I well remember being at an anniversary dinner-party with Lord Melville and Mr. Scott, only a few months before his lordship's death; and never, certainly, was there spent a more jovial and happy evening. Lord Melville was then retired from public life; his enemies had endeavoured to fix a stigma on his character as a public office-bearer, but their attempts were defeated, and he retained the *mens sibi conscia recti*, together with all that vivacity of spirit which animated his former exertions. He

was not in good health, being liable to some disorder in the circulation of the blood; on which account, his physicians advised that he should not ride on horseback, nor indulge in the pleasures of the table, nor even write and read without great caution: to all which he answered, that "caution in regard to his health he never had adopted, and never could adopt. The vessel," said he, "must go as usual to the well till it breaks. I shall ride, walk, eat, drink, and work, as formerly, till the thread snaps; and whether this will happen soon or late, God only knows, but caution would be of little service." Certainly on that evening, whatever was his state of health, he did not trouble himself with any medical rules. He joined, though moderately, in a bowl of punch, after his usual portion of wine had been finished; also joined heartily in the chorus of every song, sat to a very late hour, and looked like one who might live for at least other twenty years. His death was very sudden, owing, I believe, to some organic disease of the heart, which no medical advice nor treatment could alleviate.

* * * * *

In 1811, also, after the brief experience of about eighteen months, it appeared that the house of John Ballantyne and Co. was not likely to prove a lucrative establishment. With the sole exception of the Author of *Marmion*, Constable had secured, and contrived to keep, the assistance of every literary character of high repute in Scotland. Besides, the *Edinburgh Review* was then in its glory; and so great was the admiration bestowed on this quarterly pamphlet, that its proprietor was on that account alone looked upon as the *fulcra principis* of Edinburgh publishers. In the old-book department, too, he sold more volumes in a month than his opponent could get rid of in a year. In short, one shop was like a fashionable west-end lounge, and the other like an old-established and opulent warehouse in the city. But the genius of John Ballantyne was not easily defeated. Though always an invalid, he had the art of invariably keeping up buoyant spirits; put the best face on every thing; would talk as boldly as if he had fifty thousand pounds at command, when he was perhaps at a loss how to retire a bill of only fifty; kept his blood-horses,

and rode out every day on Leith sands, returning to a late dinner and bottle of old port: which habits, he said, were not only agreeable in themselves, but absolutely requisite, according to the advice of his physicians, for the recovery of his health. Then over a glass of wine he would, with the animation of a boy of fifteen, draw such castles in the air, founded on literary and bookselling speculations, that, if only one tower of a single edifice could have been realised, he would certainly have proved himself the first publisher in the world. Scott was greatly amused with these eccentricities in the bookseller, for whom he had a sincere and lasting regard; but looked rather grave when, on an inspection of the balance-sheet, it appeared, that although brilliant prospects shone at a distance, yet the expenditure of the house hitherto exceeded its income.

This year, the Author of *Marmion* expressed more than usual gladness when the summer session closed, and he could escape to his country-residence of Ashiestiel; where he had now the additional amusement of riding across every day to see how the improvements advanced at Abbotsford. This occupied a great share of his attention, and I do not know that he engaged much in original composition, though every autumn (his favourite season in the country) generally suggested some new plot. But he had so much of editorship, antiquarianism, and bibliography, always on hand, that his time was amply employed. In the spring of 1812, he removed with his family from Ashiestiel to Abbotsford.

Of all pursuits on earth from which one can derive pecuniary advantage, none is so precarious as that of book-making; for which there are many obvious reasons. Not merely bread and wearing-apparel, but diamond necklaces, gold snuff-boxes, and ten thousand other productions of human industry, are classed among necessities of life in civilised society; but poems and romances *never*. There is nothing put down under *this* head for indis-

pensable allowances in a household. Jack, John, or Sir John, the father of the family, has no time to read such fantastic trumpery;—not he: besides, books only bother him; and if Miss Delia, or Miss Clementina, has acquired the wicked taste for poems and novels, she must tax herself for a subscription to the nearest circulating-library, or borrow from her friends: but to suppose that a new metrical romance, price 2*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.* or 3*l.* 3*s.*, will be passed in her audit like the price of a new gown, or even a pair of diamond ear-rings, is out of the question. A poet, whose quarto volume costs a high price, is not from the first looked upon with a very favourable eye by the purchaser; and to repeat the experiment frequently, with the same sort of wares, will never do: he must contrive something entirely novel, both in style and materials, otherwise the chances are against him.*

The extraordinary success which had attended Scott's literary efforts had, by this time, involved him in actual difficulties; although to others, and perhaps to himself, he appeared prosperous. Detecting with great sagacity the weaknesses and blunders which caused the failure of other authors, he yet probably relied far too much on his already acquired empire over the "minds of the people," as a means of securing fortune as well as reputation. He therefore seldom paused to reflect on the commercial responsibility which he had incurred with the Messrs. Ballantyne, who were his friends and old schoolfellows, or on his own expenditure, which far exceeded his professional income. Moreover, land had been purchased; further purchases were intended; architects, masons, carpenters, *designers*, and *drainers*, were all at work, and must be paid. But the star of his good fortune was supposed to be still in the ascendant. He himself modestly ascribed the favour of the public to chance, rather than on his own superior merits; and on this *chance* depended the possibility of carrying through the expensive plans he

* Portrait-painters, sculptors, musicians, and actors, have, in some respects, a vast advantage over authors. There is no great importance usually attached to the possession of a new book, but there is immense gratification to vanity in having one's own picture stuck up at an exhibition; and as to concerts and theatres, they are places of meeting for purposes very different from that of merely watching the performance, and where (as in churches) people meet to see and to be seen, and carry on the business of life.

had begun, and meeting the engagements he had formed.

In 1813 appeared *Rokeby*, which cost him infinitely more trouble than any of his former poems, and was more highly finished, yet proved comparatively a failure. This may seem paradoxical, yet is easily explained. Under the heavy responsibilities above mentioned, was it possible during the composition of this poem to avoid certain disagreeable feelings of constraint, which are injurious to any author, and to Scott were particularly irksome? His previous popularity, and the engagements he had formed on the faith of its continuance, now absolutely forced him into the situation which he always deprecated and advised his friends to guard against; namely, that of being obliged to write with anxiety for the result, and to look on literary employment as a trade rather than an amusement. In the production of every line, or stanza, he felt that the public eye was upon him, and expected something super-excellent; and so painful and injurious was the impression, that on this ground alone it is easy to account for the pleasure he afterwards took in writing his romances under an assumed name and the veil of mystery. *Rokeby* has ample proofs of that power which, more or less, appeared in all his productions; but let it be compared with the three former poems, and I suspect it will be found decidedly inferior in that natural spirit and raciness which they exhibit. It was, in truth, task-work; and so he frequently confessed to me during its composition. "I must turn," said he, "the three hundredth page, and, *heu me miserum!* have only arrived at two hundred and ten. I assure you I am so sick-tired of this *grievous* tale, that I can hardly persuade myself to drag it on any further." (On a Sunday, which was always a busy time, I called on him to return an old and valuable manuscript, and apologised for my intrusion.

"Never mind," said he; "enter and welcome! When you last called I was in a hobble — very tired — and almost thought I should never see the end of *Rokeby*; but now I have got so near land, that I feel quite *lightsome* and rejoiced. By way of *finale*, I was only in the act of committing a few *murders* — an occupation in which, surely, no man has any moral right to

complain of being interrupted by a friend."

Notwithstanding the circumstances above noticed, the sale of *Rokeby* was at the outset very extensive; nor did good judges fail to express their approbation: but its publishers no longer heard the cordial praise from all, and even the most unexpected quarters, which accompanied each of his three preceding poems. However, the indomitable and inexhaustible genius of Scott was not to be daunted by one poetical failure. "It was possible," he said, "though he did not quite understand the matter, that he resembled the parson who could not preach except in his own pulpit, and had erred by laying the scene on English ground; he would therefore try, in the next instance, another Scottish campaign." With great energy and expedition, therefore, he produced the *Lord of the Isles*; the longest and most elaborate of his metrical romances, and which appeared the very next year after the failure of *Rokeby*. But the spell was now broken. I doubt if the *Lord of the Isles* brought much profit, either to author or publisher; though, as a matter of course, the quarto was immediately followed by an octavo edition. The house of Ballantyne and Co. had undertaken some heavy works of other authors; such, for example, as Dr. Jamieson's *History of the Culdees*, which brought no returns. Their capital was exhausted, and in the winter of 1814-15 it was found necessary to make an effort in order to avoid bankruptcy. On this occasion, Scott accepted the pecuniary aid which was offered by friends, and which, to the uttermost fraction, he soon afterwards repaid; and Mr. Ballantyne very judiciously sold off by auction the whole of his antiquarian and general stock, which realised a good sum; giving out, that in future he intended to confine himself exclusively to the wholesale and publishing departments. The affairs of the house were thus creditably, and without any exposure, arranged; and not long afterwards, Mr. John Ballantyne started as a book-auctioneer — an employment which, in his hands, turned out very profitable.

As a publisher, therefore, though Ballantyne did not retire from the trade, Constable now had the field almost entirely to himself; and, in the first place, obtained from Mr. Scott

the fulfilment of his existing contract with regard to the life and works of Swift, in nineteen volumes. After this appeared the *Bridal of Triermain* and *Harold the Dautless*, which were coldly received; though probably these are the poems which, next to the *Lady of the Lake* and her two precursors, a good judge would, at this date, read over with most pleasure. There prevails in them a careless yet graceful freedom of manner, and much poetic feeling; but they came into the world in little, unostentatious volumes, as works of an unknown author, obviously a good imitator of Scott, and perhaps worthy to become his rival. But this was not enough; for in hundreds of instances it has been proved, that no book speculation can be more unprofitable than an anonymous poem, unless it be a personal satire, or there are friends of the author ready to point out its merits and insure its circulation.

Waverley, in three volumes, had been announced by John Ballantyne in 1811, and a sheet or two set in types; but there the matter had stopped; and now, when Ballantyne had almost ceased to be a publisher, the main question was how to induce Constable, as a trader, to carry on with effect the speculations which his opponent had begun. I well remember the coldness with which he at first treated the novel of *Waverley*, and the judicious efforts made by Mr. James Ballantyne, the printer, in order to excite curiosity, and form a strong body of friends in its favour before publication. With this intent, some of the proof-sheets, exemplifying the style without betraying too much of the story, were, under promise of mutual confidence, put into the hands of Mr. Henry Mackenzie, Dr. Thomas Brown, Mrs. Fletcher, Mrs. Hamilton, and other *savans* or *savantess*, whose dicta on the merits of a new novel were considered unimpeachable. Opinions being unanimous in its favour, Messrs. Constable and Cadell offered a sum for the copyright, which was declined; perhaps from some disgust at the caution they had previously shewn. Yet the booksellers were in the right. *Waverley* was an anonymous novel; and had it not been for the party of influential friends secured in its favour, and the curiosity excited by the impenetrable veil of mystery assumed by its author, it is quite pos-

sible that the book, with all its merits, might have shared the fate of *Harold the Dautless* and the *Bridal of Triermain*. This, however, was guarded against. The sale at first was not rapid, but those who purchased their copies did not fail to read them, and all were delighted. The news spread like wildfire: an original novel had come out, actually better and more piquant than those of Mrs. Hamilton, Mrs. Brunton, or even Mr. Mackenzie himself, which were previously considered as displaying the *ne plus ultra* of Scottish contemporary excellence; and the plaudits were unbounded.

The web of his destiny was now woven, though he himself knew it not. The novel of *Waverley*, in a short time, became quite as successful in its way as any of the previous poems; indeed those three little volumes, which had been so easily written as a relaxation at leisure hours, actually proved more profitable than *Marmion* or the *Lady of the Lake*. One romance naturally led to another; as, in his own words, with regard to poetry, line suggested line and stanza begot stanza. Thus, before *Waverley* had arrived at a third edition, he had composed great part of *Guy Mannering*, which appeared very early in the following year. Next season was published the *Antiquary*, to which not one of the whole series is preferable; yet I remember stupid and illiterate readers who could not relish Mr. Oldbuck's peculiar humour, asserting that this novel was "written with a worn-out pen." But under an impression that the third novel, like the third poem, might prove the last which the public would favourably receive from one author, he, in the very same year (1816), brought out, under the *nomme de guerre* of Peter Pattieson, the first four volumes of *Tales of my Landlord*, which were entrusted for publication to Mr. Blackwood; with whom he never before had any dealings, except in the purchase of old books. For a little while, the *ruse* was so far successful that the public did not rightly know what to make of the matter: it seemed improbable that any one author could produce original novels with so much rapidity; and as if to prove (if proof were wanting) that anonymous merit, without a strong party in its favour, will not command success, these volumes, under Blackwood's management, did by no means

circulate with rapidity commensurate to their worth. But, ere long, the most powerful voices were raised in their favour.

Miss Edgeworth was, from the first, a zealous partisan of the novels, which she without hesitation ascribed to the real author, prefacing a long commendatory letter to Mr. Ballantyne with the *jeu de mots*, "Aut SCOTUS aut DIABOLUS." By universal suffrage, the "Landlord's Tales" were at length attributed to the Author of *Waverley*; and were so much applauded, that he had good reason to confide in having opened a vein of inexhaustible and sterling ore, from which the supply would only increase the demand *ad infinitum*.

Meanwhile, in order to thicken the mystification, Scott, instead of being always at his writing-desk, as might have been expected of so voluminous an author, seemed through the whole day and evening to have his time perfectly at command for the routine either of business or amusement. "Three hours *per diem*," as he often observed, "are quite enough for literary labour, if only one's attention is kept so long undistracted; and the best time for this is in the morning, when other people are asleep." But as a further means of concealment, he, as usual, carried on his other literary employments—went to visit the field of Waterloo in 1815—and published his observations on the Continent in an octavo volume, entitled *Paul's Letters to his Kinsfolk*. He wrote also the *Field of Waterloo*, a poem; but the effort was not a happy one. He contributed an elaborate introduction to *Border Antiquities*, in two vols. 4to.,—prepared several articles for Constable's new edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica* (one of the bookseller's great national works), and the letter-press descriptions to *Provincial Antiquities and Picturesque Scenery of Scotland*, besides contributions to reviews, magazines, &c.

I have said above that the web of Scott's destiny was woven, though he knew it not, and in these words I alluded to pecuniary difficulties, which in his case, as it has happened in numberless others, took their actual rise and commencement at the very time when he seemed to be most prosperous. The Author of *Waverley* lived on a scale of liberal, if not pro-

fuse expenditure. His family having grown up, increased his disbursements. He had begun, and was resolved to finish, his mansion of Abbotsford, besides, he wished to purchase more land; to which plans his official income was unequal. But in Constable he found a ready supporter, who at last proved his ruin. The bargains with this bookseller were now almost invariably made through Mr. James Ballantyne, the printer, who himself mainly depended on Constable's aid. I believe the latter was kept in ignorance who had actually written the *Waverley* novels till some years later, when concealment became out of the question.

By this time Constable, whom every one looked upon as exceedingly rich, was himself in difficulties—far greater, perhaps, had the truth been known, than those which induced John Ballantyne to become a book-auctioneer. But to counterbalance this, he had a host of powerful friends and ample credit; therefore, could discount bills at the Scotch banks to almost any extent. The large sums necessarily embarked in great literary undertakings—encyclopædias, statistical accounts, histories, &c. which he delighted to say were of national importance, and which brought slow, though sure returns—this alone afforded him a ready and intelligible apology for having recourse to the bill system, which, perhaps, no one, with a capital equally slender, ever carried on to so great an extent. Very soon did Constable perceive the great advantage he could derive in this branch of his operations through his connexion with Sir Walter Scott, provided only the latter would adopt (or sanction) the bill system also; and unfortunately, through the mediation of Mr. Ballantyne, who, with the most honourable intentions, was himself deceived as to the bookseller's circumstances, the Author of *Waverley* was induced to do so. The novels were very profitable; so were the earlier poems, of which new editions were constantly called for, and remuneration must be made. Constable and Co. had no great stock of hard cash, but would liberally accept Mr. Scott's draft (or that of Mr. Ballantyne, as representative of the "great unknown") for 5000*l.* at twelve months, provided the poet would only endorse another for a like amount, or, perhaps, for only 3000*l.*, which would be, *pro tempore*, of service

to the bookseller, who had a convenient opportunity to discount it at a different bank, or, perhaps, through a private friend. Meanwhile, in return for this accommodation system, Constable was a most discreet, politic, and indefatigable trumpeter of the praises both of Sir Walter Scott and the unknown Author of *Waverley*—that is to say, he gave out that the sale of their works was enormous; and, by mysterious hints, made it be understood that the purchase-money of a *Waverley* romance was never less than 8000*l.* or 10,000*l.*; at which rate, taking the lower average, the whole series must have brought to the author two hundred thousand pounds. *At best*, the trade (or amusement, whichever it is to be called) of authorship will not yield returns like this: but if people believed it, so much the better; and as to the sale of these novels being altogether unprecedented there could be no doubt. The public were mystified—bankers, and even booksellers, were mystified; and probably those who were behind the scenes, and ought to have understood the matter, were mystified also. That the author himself was so there could be no doubt, otherwise he never would have acted on principles which ultimately led to his becoming an absolute martyr.

After the publication of *Waverley*, and for the last seventeen years of his life, Scott was so constantly before the eye of the public as an author, and so watched in all his movements, that it may seem superfluous to make any remarks on his literary career. Reckoning the number of volumes that he produced in this space of time, and considering not merely their bulk, but the quality of the composition, it may be doubted if there is any individual on record who could even stand a comparison with him in point of literary energy. I shall at present name only the *seventy-four* volumes of original romances; but if the histories, biographies, poems, critiques, dissertations, and *miscellanea* of the same period, were all reckoned up, and it is remembered how much of every day was given to other employments, I believe that, on reflection, the facts of the case will appear little less than miraculous. Those readers, at least, who, in this book-making age, are themselves accustomed to literary labour, will not think this expression exaggerated. He

wrote nearly as much as any religious scribe of the dark ages, who *lived only to write*, could have accomplished, and yet *appeared* to live only for the everyday and conflicting duties of the world. Besides, in order to prove successful, the composition of novels *must* be "easy, reading;" but, alas! it is not always "easy writing." On the "*toujours perdrix*" principle, 40 complete twenty-four, or even twelve pages, of an original story *every day*, whilst many other laborious tasks are also to be fulfilled, becomes at last a very formidable engagement. When contradicting, as usual, the assertion that Scott was the author of *Waverley*, James Ballantyne used to add, "It was very strange people should insist on fathering these novels on an individual, who obviously and clearly had no time for any such employment."

In order to counteract the injurious effects of so much application, he used, when at Abbotsford, a great deal of exercise. The frequent change of air and scenery from Edinburgh to Tweedside, and *vice versâ*, was very beneficial; and the training of his young plantations alone proved a constant source of amusement out of doors. By no landed proprietor, perhaps, was the passion ever so strongly entertained to have goodly trees of his own rearing; and if he had not been able to add by purchase the neighbouring hills to his original farm, I almost believe he would have requested permission of the owners to plant the grounds, for the mere pleasure of the occupation, and to beautify the landscape. He even trenched the ground in which his trees were set, in order to quicken their growth,—coaxed, pruned, weeded, and watched them, until, with great glee, in 1815 (having begun in 1811), he observed, "I am not just arrived at the point of saying that I can *walk* under the shade of my own trees; but I could *lie* under their shade, at all events,—and this is something!"

With all these advantages, a malady was now lurking in his frame which, in 1819, gave the first severe shock to his otherwise powerful constitution. The vexatious attendance at the Parliament House, cheerfully as he bore it, ill accorded with literary pursuits. He used always at two o'clock to walk home from court to his own residence, and sometimes did complain that for

the rest of the day he was too much "jaded" either for work or exercise; yet when alone he resumed his labours, though ready at all times to bear his share in social and convivial duties, to which I often thought he made more than sufficient sacrifices. He was, it is true, particularly temperate; though, looking at his careless and jovial aspect over a glass of champagne with congenial friends, one might suppose him a *bon vivant*; yet none ever depended less for enjoyment on the mere pleasures of the table, and of no one could it be more truly said, that he "ate to live, and did not live to eat." Many times, however, when I have met him at late and crowded parties, which he thoroughly disliked, and remembered that he would, notwithstanding, be at work next morning quite as early as usual (*if in winter, kindling his own fire to spare the servants*), I have regretted the inroads thus unnecessarily made on his constitution. On such occasions, reversing the German proverb, that *umkraut vergeht nicht* ("weeds will not perish"), I have, with an involuntary foreboding, said to myself that Scott was too good to live long. To those who really knew his character, and who are aware how inestimable his life and welfare were to all his connexions, this feeling will not appear strange, though others may perhaps deem it fantastic.

The usual meaning attached to the French adage, that "no man is a hero to his valet de chambre," was completely negatived and reversed in regard to the Author of *Waverley*; for those who knew him most intimately were by far the most perplexed and puzzled by the question how he could fulfil so many conflicting duties, and acquit himself in all departments so much better than other people. His excellence in romance writing alone might be explained—it was an affair of art as well as native talent; and he himself often maintained that whoever would fix his attention firmly on a subject and work, without looking to the right or left, would accomplish as much. But one could not so easily explain his unparalleled command of temper, which it was scarcely possible to ruffle, far less to overset; or the readiness with which he submitted to multiplied tasks, which must have been excessively irksome, without even owning that they were tasks; or his uncon-

querable spirit and courage, combined with the most playful gentleness; or the methods by which he generally got over difficulties from which other minds would have shrunk in utter perplexity and dismay.

One peculiarity in his character was a considerable degree of *absence*, as it is usually termed, resembling that of his friend President Blair, who had forgotten that his clerk's name was Thomson. During the long hours spent every day in the Parliament House, his mind was often as completely abstracted from the existing scene around him as if he had been in another world; though I must admit, that this did not happen unless when he knew that his immediate attention was not required. He would never, like the late Dr. Coventry, or Professor Hamilton of Aberdeen, walk out undressed, imagining that he had his clothes on, or answer *à tort et à travers* in conversation; but he would sometimes wander out of his way, forgetting where he was, and completely absorbed in thought; so that if an unfenced coal-pit had been in the neighbourhood, the odds were fearfully against his personal safety. In writing, moreover, though having the clearest conception of what he intended to say, he would set down one word for another, sometimes the very opposite of what it ought to be—as, for example, June for January; and for names, especially Christian names, his memory, otherwise so tenacious, seemed to have actually no place—so that he would superscribe a letter with Ralph instead of Richard, even to a well-known correspondent.

On the effect of the novels, or their various merits, it would be superfluous to dwell. Each one, as they followed in rapid succession, seemed better than its precursor; and they were allowed to possess even more of intense life and natural energy than the poems. Every character was so clearly conceived and so vividly brought out, as to form a portrait of which the reader could never tire. Even the more ordinary scenes or dialogues in these early novels, such as did not from their relation to the story demand any great attention from the author, are yet touched with a hand so masterly as to remind one of the best specimens of De Hooq as a painter; and if the reader has by chance seen an original gem of that artist, he will readily grant the propriety of the allusion.

After all, the touchstone of a good novel consists in the question whether, after the mystery has been solved, it will bear a second or third reading. Apply this test, and it will soon be demonstrated that such works are of very rare occurrence. The reader who has once admired *Guy Mannering*, *Rob Roy*, the *Antiquary*, the *Bride of Lammermuir*, the *Legend of Montrose*, and *Old Mortality*, may read them again with unabated interest numberless times. In this respect,

perhaps, the *Antiquary* is best; so perfect are all its pictures, so varied and intense the interest, that one might almost make it a constant companion, as parson Adams did with *Eschylus*. Some of Fielding's and Smollett's best novels will bear the same repetition of reading; so will *Don Quixote*, and *Gulliver's Travels*, and perhaps the comic romances of the *Brown Man in Germany*. But the number, in the aggregate, is very limited.

SHIEWING HOW THE TORIES AND THE WHIGS EXTEND THEIR PATRONAGE TO SCIENCE AND LITERATURE.

WE are not among the number of those who affect to believe, that the degree of encouragement given in this country to men of literature and science is, or ever has been, discreditable to the national character. The paths of science and of literature do not, it is true, like success at the bar, or high achievements in the senate, the navy, and the army, necessarily open out a way to titles of honour or to hereditary rank. But of such distinctions we are apt to suspect, that men of real eminence, as well in science as in letters, are very little ambitious. The fame to which they aspire is something quite distinct from that to which the smiles of a court can lend lustre: they desire to live, not only in the admiration of their contemporaries, but in the respect of posterity, much more for the sake of the particular branch of philosophy to which they may have addicted themselves, than through any absurd craving after distinctions which shall go down to their children. And were the case otherwise, we are free to confess that we do not consider the departments of literature and science as the best quarries from which to dig out hereditary nobles. Neither the philosopher nor the scholar is, generally speaking, a wealthy man. And we are quite sure, that no greater calamity can befall a country than the extension of the rank and privileges of nobility to persons who are destitute of adequate resources, wherewith to support them in something more than independence.

But though the path to hereditary honours be not thrown open to scholars as freely as it is to lawyers and senators, and the leaders of trium-

phant fleets and armies, is it true that scholars are therefore without encouragement in this country? So far is this from being the case, that we do not recollect an instance of a really eminent man of letters, against whom some insurmountable objection did not lie in point of morals or manners, or both, who had just reason to complain that his success fell short of his deserts, either in regard to pecuniary compensation, or to the deference with which he was treated in society. With respect, indeed, to pecuniary matters, it has always been, except in particular cases, the policy of the British government to leave the arrangement of these to "a discerning public." The public, moreover, has, generally speaking, shewn itself no mean judge of the rightful claims of its teachers; for as the charlatan seldom retains, for any length of time, either its patronage or its respect, so the man of real genius is sure, unless the fault be his own, sooner or later to command both. And as far as society is concerned, what literary or scientific gentleman has a right to find fault with it? To be sure, the mere author will not be tolerated in circles which deal with all classes of persons as they find them. If his manners be coarse, if his conversation be offensive, if his morals be depraved, no degree of genius will insure for him the position of a gentleman; for it is characteristic of good society in this country, that a man's success as a writer is very rarely alluded to in his own presence, and that the subject of his works is never discussed, unless the conversation happen to turn incidentally into the channel. But the

mere author must not blame society for this. On the contrary, as people meet in the social circle, not to bore but to recreate one another, the literary man, however eminent in his own line, must be content either to acquire the habits that qualify him for admission, or he must be satisfied with the respect with which his talents will be treated, even by those who decline the honour of his personal acquaintance.

Such are our views of a question which has, we are aware, been very differently handled by those for whose judgment we entertain great respect. In the *Quarterly Review*, for example, there appeared, not long ago, a paper, which severely censured the English government for its constant neglect of men of genius and science; while the *Edinburgh*, as all our readers must remember, has repeatedly harped upon the same string. Now, what would the writers of these articles have? It is not the fact, that literary and scientific eminence has always gone without its reward at the hands of the English government. What occasioned, under the Commonwealth, the creation of a new office, except that Milton the poet might act as Latin-secretary? To what did Prior and Addison owe their places? Why was Newton dubbed a knight?—in his days, no mean distinction. What obtained for Johnson his pension? And though last, not least, for Walter Scott his baronetcy? We answer, the reputations which the individuals had justly earned in the field of letters or of science, together with the lofty moral tone, and the generous and polished bearing that pervaded their manners and elevated their principles: for even Johnson, though dogmatical and proud, was neither coarse nor vulgar. We hold, then, that the *Quarterly* and *Edinburgh Reviews* are not borne out by the literary history of the last two centuries, when they complain that the English government has looked coldly upon science and literature; far less that men, eminent in either department, have been slighted or thrust below their legitimate standing in English society.

In appearing to apply to the rival reviews the same degree of censure, we are, indeed, aware that we have been guilty of some injustice to one of them. The *Quarterly* draws a broad line of distinction between the cases of scien-

tific men and men of letters.^u The former, it is truly said, are for the most part occupied in pursuits the prosecution of which necessarily involves them in heavy expenses, while the results are rarely of a nature to command either immediate or remote compensation. The latter derive from their labours a greater or less degree of emolument, in proportion, not, perhaps, to the solid value, but to the popularity of the works produced. The writer in the *Quarterly* is, therefore, content to leave literary men, except under peculiar circumstances, pretty much in the situation which they fill at present; though he considers men of science as entitled to the support and countenance of the government to a far greater degree than these have yet been afforded. By no means so modest is the *Edinburgh*. That great organ of Whiggery and Liberalism considers literary merit as at least as much entitled to the honours and emoluments of the state as success in the senate, in the field, or at the bar. We are reminded of the distinctions which in France and Germany have been heaped upon poets, historians, and even writers of fiction;—and it is more than insinuated that nothing but the long continuance in power of the Tory party could have hindered the adoption of a similar system in this country. Now, we know that the Tories were a very long while in power; for nearly half a century, indeed, they enjoyed a monopoly of office; so that the Whigs and their mouthpieces have had ample opportunity to rail at the negligence of their rivals, and to protest that they would have managed things better. But times are changed at last. The Tory reign we are assured is at an end,—whether rightly assured remains to be proved; but, however this may be, the Whigs have been in possession of the Treasury benches, and the salaries and perquisites thereunto appertaining, for some time. What use have they made of their good fortune? In other words, how have they realised their implied promise of extending a share of the public patronage to science and literature? We think that the fairest way of answering this question will be, to draw a brief sketch of the comparative liberality of four separate governments in their dealings with literary and scientific men.

We begin with the Duke of Wel-

lington's administration, which lasted rather more than three years,—from the autumn of 1827 to the spring of 1830. It was not marked by any especial patronage either to science or literature,—for the duke, a plain, blunt, honest, straightforward soldier, has never affected any propensity to act the part of *Mecænas*. Probably, too, the duke thought as we did,—that eminence in the field of literature, at least, will always bring along with it its own reward. But if the duke gave little, at least he took nothing away. There had been founded, some time previous to his grace's accession to office, a society called the Royal Society of Literature, of which George the Fourth was the patron, and in which he took a lively interest. Its great merit lay in this, that the king, by attaching to it ten royal associations, each of which was endowed to the amount of a hundred a-year, devoted, through the society, the sum of one thousand pounds annually, which, being taken from the privy purse, and accounted for in the civil list, went towards the relief of ten distinguished literary men, whose private circumstances had become narrowed. The Duke of Wellington, though, by the admission of all parties, by far the most economical minister that ever sat at the head of affairs, never dreamed of interfering with this benevolent arrangement. Other salaries he cut down, other places he abolished—taking care, however, to make Dr. Brewster a knight, and to give him a hundred and fifty a-year pension; but he would not deprive of his hundred a-year Coleridge, or Jamieson, or Roscoe, or Turner, or any other veteran scholar, to whom fortune had been unkind, and who looked to this pittance as his principal means of support. No; the Duke of Wellington was too considerate for that, notwithstanding that he belonged to the old school of Toryism, and had never made a whine about the neglect with which men of science and letters are treated. But the duke passed the Catholic Relief Bill, and then resigned office,—a movement which opened out to liberalised England the blessed prospect of a Whig government, under the first Whig of his day, Earl Grey.

We are not now discussing the general merits of an administration to which we are indebted for the Reform-bill; these will be justly estimated by ages yet to come: but there is a point

to which we turn with infinite curiosity. What did Lord Grey do for literature and science? Much, undoubtedly. He gave Sydney Smith a large crown living, with a canonry of St. Paul's worth two thousand a-year; and then, being eager to improve on the economising system of his predecessor, he first of all loaded his own kindred and relatives with all manner of good things in church and state, and next earned the gratitude of the literary world by abolishing the ten royal associations which Geo. IV. had created. Yes, reader, it is as we state it. Lord Grey, the great champion of the party which for many long years had advocated the claims of science and literature to public protection, deprived Coleridge and his fellow associates of the pittance which, ever since the formation of the society in 1821, they had enjoyed, and which they were, of course, accustomed to regard as permanently secured to them. But Lord Grey, doubtless, made good the deficiency in some other way; if he plundered one set he enriched another? Not a bit of it! Earl Grey's services to the cause of literature and science have been told out when we say that he ceased to burden the civil list with ten pensions of a hundred a-year each, of which ten poor but distinguished authors had previously been in the receipt!

We pass by Lord Melbourne's first performance in the part of prime-minister. As far as the cause of literature stands affected, it is a blank; for as his lordship gave nothing, so he took nothing away. Yet there were joined with him in the cabinet my Lord Holland, my Lord Palmerston, my Lord John Russell, my Lord Brougham and Vaux, with sundry other right honourable lords and gentlemen, whose literary propensities are sufficiently known, as well as their patronising behaviour towards literary people. With one exception—Lord John Russell, who appointed Gleig to his chaplaincy in Chelsea Hospital—these highly gifted and liberal personages appeared to forget, now that power was in their own hands, how their partisans used to clamour against the Tory faction, because of the neglect with which literary distinction had been treated. They did nothing for science or for letters; and there is no reason to suppose that they ever meant to do any thing. But both the king and the country grew sick of them, and

they were dismissed—prematurely, no doubt, as the result has shewn, but peremptorily; and Sir Robert Peel, with a host of old Tories, took their places. What followed? Why, this. He who had never, as far as we know, made the slightest pretension to literary distinction, was scarcely in his seat ere he sought out, on purpose to reward them, persons whose sole claim upon his notice was the eminence to which they had attained in the branches of science or of literature which they severally cultivated. Moreover, the absolute impartiality, the perfect fairness, with which his bounty was distributed, not even the Whigs themselves could call in question. No matter what the political opinions of the individual might be,—of these no notice was taken; indeed, the sole bar to favour was that which no honest man can or ought to surmount—a decided tendency in the writings, even of an eminent person, to corrupt the principles or vitiate the moral tastes of the rising generation.

Among other bitter Whigs who received pensions from Sir Robert Peel, on the ground of scientific eminence, may be particularised Professor Airy and Dr. Dalton. We say nothing of Mrs. Somerville, for a lady's politics go for little; and the lady in question well deserves to find favour in the eyes of men of all parties. But Sir Robert Peel found it impossible, during his brief tenure of office, to complete the circle which he had begun. He was, therefore, compelled to draw up an official document, in which were inserted the names of certain persons, to whom it had been his intention to extend the royal bounty; with a particular statement of the amount of pension which had been designed for each. Among these, the name of Faraday was entered, with an intimation that he ought to be placed on an equal footing with Professor Airy, by giving him a pension of 300*l.* a-year. Indeed, we rather think that to Mr. Faraday himself a statement to this effect was made, previous to Sir Robert Peel's resignation; at all events, we know that of Sir Robert Peel's minute Lord Melbourne was formally put in possession, and that he felt himself bound to act upon it. How was this done? In a manner as truly Whiggish as it is possible to conceive.

Sir Robert Peel having set them the

example, the Whigs could not well avoid following it. They, too, must needs reward literary merit; and they bestowed a pension of 300*l.* a-year on—whom think you, good reader? On Allan Cunningham, or Miss Mitford, or even upon Dr. Bowring, or Leigh Hunt? No such thing! but upon the author of *Little's Poems*, the *Troopenny Post-Bag*, the *Fudge Family in Paris*, and the *Memoirs of Captain Rock*. Now, far be it from us to speak unkindly of Tommy Moore: a more agreeable creature does not exist; and we admit his genius to be considerable, though we think that he himself overrates it. But if ever man did evil in his generation, and almost unmixed evil, by the productions of his pen, Tommy Moore is the man. In fact, we cannot recall a single work of his, either in prose or verse, from which the most laborious inquirer would be able to pick out one sentiment—we had well-nigh said, one sentence—of which it is the tendency to elevate, to chasten, to purify, to improve. On the contrary, the entire scope and bearing of his writings is to vitiate the principles and to inflame the passions; for even the *Melodies* themselves all breathe a spirit, of which it is to speak mildly when we say, that it is voluptuous and sensual in the extreme. Yet Tommy Moore is the chosen pensioner of the Whigs, to the tune of 300*l.* per annum. Neither shall we say anything about Tommy's politics. 'To be sure he has libelled his king, and done his best to bring the institutions of his country into disrepute. And so far he might, at first sight, appear to be a very unfit object of royal bounty. But then Tommy is not, in this respect, one whit more bemired than his patrons. Still we do think, that even Lord Palmerston ought to have demurred, when the proposition was gravely made to him of conferring a pension on one who has done more, we conscientiously believe, to sap the virtue of boys and girls under twenty, than any writer of the day; not even excepting Harriet Wilson herself.

It was not, however, on their own political partisans alone that the Whigs were expected to look kindly. Sir Robert Peel, as we stated a few minutes ago, had left a list behind him; and of this some notice must be taken. So my Lord Melbourne screwed his

courage to the sticking-place, and resolved to begin with Faraday. Now Faraday could not otherwise be distasteful to the Whig premier, than that his merits had chanced to attract the notice of Sir Robert Peel; yet in that there was ground enough of displeasure. Accordingly, the Liberal prime-minister commenced operations with an attempt to put off Mr. Faraday with a pension less in point of value by one-third than that which the Tory had promised. It was rather a delicate card this to play,—so it was put into the hands of one who plays all his cards delicately. Tom Young was commissioned to sound Faraday's confidential friends, and to ascertain from them whether he would consent to accept two hundred a-year. To this the reply was prompt and peremptory. "It is not the value of the pension that is regarded, but the position which it marks for the pensioned in the ranks of science. Mr. Faraday shall not accept a pension inferior to that which has been bestowed upon Professor Airy." This was very mortifying, but it could not be helped. So Tom Young went back to his master, and a new manœuvre was tried.

After a considerable lapse of time had taken place, Faraday, returning from the country, found on his table one morning a letter from Tom Young, which announced that Lord Melbourne desired to see him. As the letter was of some days' date, he did not pause to answer it, but went immediately to Downing Street; where he was, of course, admitted to the honour of an interview with Tom. But how shall we describe what followed? Not a syllable was said concerning Sir Robert Peel's intentions—not so much as one little compliment paid to the chemist's great merits and well-earned reputation; for, sooth to say, neither Lord Melbourne nor his man were aware in what department of science Mr. Faraday excelled: but the chemist found himself involved in the strangest discussion of points connected with his opinions, not on the subject of politics alone, but of religion. At last Faraday's patience became exhausted, and some such dialogue as this ensued.

Faraday. "Pray, Mr. Young, what am I to understand by all this? I came here in consequence of a letter from you, to see Lord Melbourne. What can my religious opinions have

to do with the business that may be between us?"

Young. "Now, Mr. Faraday, with your peculiar opinions, do you feel that you would be justified in accepting a pension from the government?"

Faraday. "Now, Mr. Young, allow me to say, in the first place, that I don't choose to answer hypothetical questions; and, in the next, to ask you whether you are authorised to put such a question?"

There is a pause, broken only by a few coughs; after which, Tom Young *loquitur*:

"You had better see Lord Melbourne himself." Accordingly, into Lord Melbourne's presence Mr. Faraday is ushered, and the following scene ensues:

Lord Melbourne. "Take a seat, Mr. Faraday."

Mr. Faraday does take a seat, and Lord Melbourne sits down also. Mr. Faraday is silent; so is Lord Melbourne. Mr. Faraday does nothing; Lord Melbourne fidgets upon his chair, claps one leg over the other, plays with a letter-folder, but continues mute. Finally, Mr. Faraday opens the conference.

"I am here, my lord, by your desire. Am I to understand that it is on the business which I have partially discussed with Mr. Young?"

Lord Melbourne, with considerable emotion. "You mean the pension, don't you?"

Mr. Faraday. "Yes, my lord."

Lord Melbourne, in high excitement.

"Yes, you mean the pension, and I mean the pension too. I hate the name of the pension. I look upon the whole system of giving pensions to literary and scientific people as a piece of gross humbug. It was not done for any good purpose; it never ought to have been done. It is a gross humbug from beginning to end. It —"

Mr. Faraday, rising, and making a bow. "After all this, my lord, I perceive that my business with your lordship is ended. I wish you good morning."

Thus back to his lodgings goes Mr. Faraday, not, as may be imagined, over and above delighted with the urbanity and liberality of the Whig premier. Neither is he willing that the matter should rest here. He feels, that in his person the whole body of scientific and learned men in the kingdom

had been insulted; and he determines that Lord Melbourne shall feel it likewise. So he sits down and writes a letter somewhat to this effect. We do not vouch for the literal accuracy of our copy; but that we give in substance what Lord Melbourne received we are quite certain.

"My lord,—After the proper manner in which your lordship was pleased to express your sentiments on the subject of the pensions that have been granted to literary and scientific persons, it only remains for me to relieve you, as far as I am concerned, from all further uneasiness. I will not accept any favour at your hands, nor at the hands of any cabinet of which you are a member.

"I have the honour to be,

"My lord,

"Your lordship's most obedient
"humble servant."

Off went the letter, which was perused, with what feelings we do not take it upon us to say; but before many hours elapsed Tom Young—the indefatigable Tom Young—was again a-foot, charged with some important mission. Now Tom has his own way of doing things. Like Whigs in general, he has a great abhorrence of a straight road. He will go round-about and round-about, where a Tory would push directly to his point, and he flatters himself that in so doing he displays singular skill as a diplomatist. He does not, therefore, find out Faraday himself; but, going first to one friend, and then to another, he ascertains, by putting leading questions, that they are conversant with the whole transaction; and, after observing that "it was a most imprudent letter," that "it never ought to have been written," he winds up by asking, "Do you think that he could be prevailed upon to withdraw it?" Every where, however, he is met by the same answer: "I am sure that Faraday will not withdraw it; I am sure that he ought not to withdraw it." Nor has it been withdrawn; for, though Tom is compelled at last to open his commission to Faraday in person, the result is the same. The letter remains a striking monument of Whig liberality to men of science, and of the honourable and spirited behaviour of a gentleman who knows when to feel and how to resent an insult.

It would be a pity to add one word to this plain statement of facts. Let Lord Melbourne or Mr. Young contradict us if they dare; and let the people of England judge between the comparative claims to their respect which are set up by the Tory minister, on the one hand, who bestows pensions kindly and generously, without the slightest reference to any other point than the scientific merit of the parties, and the Whig, on the other, who, with liberality always in his mouth, grossly insults the first practical chemist of his day, for no other reason than because he chanced to have attracted the notice of Sir Robert Peel.

Just as we were going to the press, the *dénouement* of this curious play was communicated to us, and we cannot think, in justice to the principal performers, of withholding it from our readers.

Soon after the occurrence of the incidents described above, Lady Mary Fox chanced to visit Sir James South; on whose table she saw an instrument that very much excited her curiosity. It was a small electrifying machine, with a ticket appended to it; on which was inscribed a little history, to the following effect.

The machine in question is the first of which Faraday ever came into possession. It stood, when he was a youth, in an optician's window in Fleet Street, and was offered for sale at the cost of four and sixpence; yet such was the low state of Faraday's finances, that he could not purchase. Many a day he came to the window to gaze, and went away again bitterly lamenting his own poverty; not because it subjected him to bodily inconveniences, but because it threatened to exclude him for ever from the path of science and usefulness, on which he longed to enter. At last, however, by denying himself the common necessities of life, Faraday did accumulate four and sixpence; and he went in all haste to the optician's, and purchased the treasure. In all the early experiments which laid the foundation of his future eminence, that four-and-sixpenny electrifying machine was his sole assistant; and the sort of estimation in which he gradually learned to regard it may be conceived. Until he parted with it, indeed, the other day, to his friend Sir James South, it was

almost constantly in his own sight; and if you asked him why, he would probably answer you thus:

"I value that machine, sir, not only as a memorial of difficulties met and conquered, but as a means of reproving me, should I ever be tempted to forget how much I owe to a kind Providence, which, by securing to me the continued use of my faculties, has enabled me to rise from a station so humble to that which I now fill."

Lady Mary, as may be supposed, was greatly touched by this simple tale; and having heard (as all the world had done) of the affair between Lord Melbourne and the first practical chemist of the day, she begged to be put in possession of the facts of the case. These were, of course, communicated to her; and her remark, on returning Faraday's letter, was this: "It is just what it ought to have been; as a man of honour and of merit

he could not have written otherwise." But the matter did not rest here. The lady went to Brighton; the whole story was repeated to the king, including an outline of Faraday's early struggles with poverty, and the monarch was so affected by the narrative that he shed tears. "That man deserves all the pension that Peel promised," said the king; "and he shall have it, too." So Lord Melbourne is informed, that, whatever his lordship's feelings might be, those of William the Fourth are the feelings of a gentleman. And Faraday is, after all, to accept the pension; not as a gift from the Whig cabinet, but directly from the king!!

Members of the Mechanics' Institutes throughout the kingdom, what think ye of this? Are these men worthy of the support which you have heretofore given them? and will that support be afforded in future?

BOMBARDINIO ON MANNERS, WAR, AND PRINCE PUCKLER MUSKAU.

I AM a very unfortunate man—not owing, exactly, to the usual causes of human affliction, want of health, or want of wealth; for I have an appetite that an alderman might envy, pretty fair *soldado* limbs, and enough wherewith to keep things going. But I never meet with adventures; and to one who may, perhaps, be a little vain, or ambitious, desirous of attracting attention, and of cutting a figure in society, such an unadventurous fate is a cause of great and constant annoyance. In an age when every one has some doughty deed, some "moving accident by flood or field," to relate, I am obliged to sit silent, "like Patience on a monument, smiling," with complaisant politeness, at the marvels which have befallen more fortunate individuals; and have as yet acquired only the reputation of being a graceful listener—a reputation which has, I assure you, been right dearly purchased. Perhaps you will think that my military services, formerly mentioned, should help me out of my difficulties. Far from it: there is not a lancer of Donna Maria's army, not a South American horse-marine, nor Greek pelikeri, who has not performed exploits that eclipse the best actions of the soldiers of Wellington and Napoleon, as completely as Falstaff's deeds

eclipsed those of Turk Gregory himself. No, no! steer clear of military adventures, as you value your patience, or wish to have your politeness tried. The mere mention of a clergyman's marriage lately inflicted upon a large party the entire siege of Oporto and the surrender of Santarem. We were speculating about the age of a very pretty girl. Some ladies maintained that she was seven-and-twenty; the gentlemen declared that she was only seventeen. "Her father was still a bachelor at the time of the battle of Waterloo," said we, in an evil moment; "he was chaplain to our division, and we knew him right well." "The battle of Waterloo," replied my gentleman; "ah, Tom Dickson of ours was there; he had his canteen shot away at the attack of Oporto. You know Oporto, Captain Bombardinio, but these gentlemen do not; I shall, therefore, just explain it to them." And away he went, keeping us listening to his deeds of valour, till the surrender of Don Miguel released us from our sufferings.

Now, all this is bad enough already; but what will it be by the time General Evans and his auxiliaries return from Spain?—we shall be absolutely deafened with tales of glory. Let us, therefore, vote the relation of

military exploits a regular bore, before the captains and colonels of Donna Isabella invade the land; not because military adventures want interest—far from it—but because so few can relate them properly. If you have military adventures to relate, take pen in hand, and relate them in the pleasant, cheerful, and agreeable manner in which John Kincaid, the prince of adjutants and good fellows, relates his. Read his *Random Shots*, in order to give you an idea of such matters; for few there are who have seen more shots fired than the gallant captain of the Rifles: yet might you be in company with him for a month together, without knowing that he had ever seen a stricken field. But read his lively and amusing book, and then ask him to dinner, and, if you can get him—for he is absolutely overwhelmed with *invites*—you will then see how “modesty becomes a man.” I must allow, however, that English sailors and soldiers are in general very sparing of professional subjects. In this respect they have greatly the advantage over foreign officers, who are mostly a fierce and warlike set, even in profound peace. Military men have also the advantage of lawyers, who, though often pleasant company—that is, your well-bred pleader—are too fond of indulging in professional slang and bar wit, totally unintelligible to the rest of the party, and, therefore, *de très mauvais ton*. As to medical men, or non-medical men, it is enough to say, that whoever utters the words pill or physic in society, or out of the sick chamber—whoever, directly or indirectly, so much as alludes to the “ills that flesh is heir to,” should be pounded in the first mortar into which he can be crammed. All such subjects are vile and repulsive. Let no man presume, in return for the courteous salutation of “How do you do,” to inflict upon us a long and selfish account of ailments and infirmities. I purposely say selfish; for none but selfish people, very destitute of tact, ever speak on such subjects. Since the Reform-bill, you also find members of parliament who bore you with specimens of legislative wit, and attempt to point a bad jest with the imposing words, “As we say in the House.” I am not certain whether clergymen have not, after all, the best tact in general conversation—I mean the clergymen of the Church of Epg-

land. But there is no medium in the species—they must be very good, or they are good for nothing; and, of course, there are parties in which they have no business.

For the present I must, however, return to soldiers. As to Englishmen sporting military titles, on the strength of the rank conferred by Spanish, Portuguese, or South American governments, it is, to say the least of it, ridiculous, when we consider how such rank is given, and the sort of influence and station it confers in return. In nine cases out of ten, a Spanish muleteer is a better man than the colonel of a regiment; he is as much of a gentleman, just as well informed, and generally more respected. A British subject, promoted to foreign military rank, is only entitled, in England, to the consideration which his rank would obtain for him in the country where it was bestowed, and not to the consideration which similar rank in the British army would confer; because, though the titles may be the same, the station which it confers in society is totally different. British officers, of whatever rank, belong, by their profession, to the first rank in society; and they are, whether on full or on half-pay, at all times answerable to the services for their general conduct and behaviour; and the man who should keep the sort of company, with which you constantly see foreign officers associating, would be requested to leave the army immediately. If gentlemen will come and sport foreign rank among us, let its value at least be fairly understood.

This, however, is a mere digression from my own unadventurous sorrows, to which we must go back. You will, no doubt, think that, in an age of gallantry, a soldier must at times have made love, and have some pleasant *histoiette* to relate. This is the unkindest cut of all. I have been in love ever since I can recollect—often desperately so, and yet have not a single tale of gallantry to tell, for I am stiff, to my grief and sorrow be it said, a bachelor; though, as you shall hear,

“I once did wear
One little lock of auburn hair.”

Eliza and I were only ball-room acquaintances, but intimate acquaintances of the kind. We had danced together for the best part of a winter, and all

the gossips of the neighbourhood had mentioned our names in a thousand pleasant ways; for it is as pleasant to be mentioned with a pretty girl that you do love, or could love, as it is unpleasant to hear your name associated with one that is not loveable—a manner in which stupid, ill-bred, or spiteful people, too often associate names. But though we had laughed, danced, and flirted together, we both knew, without ever having mentioned the subject, that an almost impassable barrier separated us. "Hers the old faith," and on that point her father was known to be inflexible; so that no serious thoughts, as they are called, had ever entered our heads—at least, we had never spoken of them. Often did the spirit-stirring trumpet of war then resound through the land; nobler and loftier was that sound than the mean, false, and grovelling voice of agitation, which alone is now heard. Our regiment was in its turn called to the Peninsula, and we had to pass, on our first day's march, the avenue leading down to the ancient family mansion where dwelt the lady of whom I am writing. I had never been an inmate of her father's house, she had, therefore, only promised to meet and to shake hands with me, at the end of the avenue, after the corps should have passed. She was true to her word. Accompanied by a cousin, who was the very picture of female loveliness, she came to the lodge. Giving my horse to a soldier, I walked a few paces with them into the wood. Our meeting was short: we met with smiles, and parted with tears. I got a kiss from each of the girls, my first and last; and a small locket, containing a single ringlet of auburn hair, was suspended by a blue riband round my neck, to serve as a talisman in the hour of battle. It acted its part well, as long as the wearer remained worthy of protection.

We are 'midst scenes of strife. Regnier's division is marching along the frontiers of Portugal, in order to join Massena's army previous to the invasion of that ill-fated country. He is every where watched by British officers. We are one of the number; and, attended by four Portuguese dragoons, we are standing on a small eminence, in the wide and open plains of Beira, observing the progress of the foe. The road they follow leads to the

north; it skirts, for the moment, a deep and wide glen that separates us, but which, about two miles further on, takes a direct sweep to the west, leaving the hostile line of march altogether. Column after column, battery after battery, and squadron after squadron, had passed on in all the glittering array of war. The baggage had dragged its slow length along; and a few stragglers, singly or in small parties, hurrying up to join their corps before night-fall, alone interrupted the desolate stillness of the evening scene.

My duty was done, and day was closing fast, when a party of horsemen were observed to descend into the glen—for what purpose I knew not; but night and the foe rendered an immediate retreat indispensable. I was riding quietly along, pondering on what I had seen, and on the report I was to make—musing, also, as youth will muse at all times, on home, absent friends, and on her whose ringlet of hair was suspended round my neck—when one of the dragoons, who was a few yards in front, reined up his steed by a quick and sudden jerk that indicated alarm. And with good reason, too: a body of cavalry were preceding us along the very road that we were following. Doubt there could be none: it was a flanking party of the enemy that had passed behind us while we were observing the main body of their army. They noticed us not, or mistook us in the gloom for comrades. We therefore halted to let them get a-head, then turned, and as soon as we thought ourselves fairly out of hearing, we put our horses to speed; but had not gone many yards before we found ourselves front to front with an entire French squadron,—we had evidently passed in between the advanced guard and the main division. The meeting was on both sides so totally unexpected, that we halted as if by mutual accord. But well I knew that short would be our halt, and that little time would be left for deliberation; and little, indeed, was there to deliberate upon. A gallop through the underwood, that every where covered the plain, was our only resource; so, giving spurs to our steeds, away we went in the direction of the glen, in which we hoped that chance and darkness would conceal us. The foe were not slow in pursuing; with hunters' shouts and carbine shots, they followed

through bush and bramble. But numbers aided nothing in the chase; we gained the ravine before they could cut us off, and began in the closing darkness a dangerous descent. On some level sward, that led to the front, we again put our horses to speed; but "sary flashes in the van" soon told that the leading division of the enemy had also turned, and was descending upon us from that direction. Down, down, therefore, we again hurried, as fast as trees, bushes, stones, and shingles would permit. What seemed a path tempted us to the front; a barrier of rocks and trees soon brought us completely to a stand. We were in a gorge; rocks in our front and on our left; on our right, the steep descent into the very bottom of the glen, in which flowed a streamlet of water—of no great depth, indeed, but full of dangerous rocks and pools: the line by which we had entered, and by which we were followed, was alone open. But all was still—not even the falling of a stone indicated the motions of the foe; the rippling of the stream alone was heard. Had the chase closed? Pressing that little lock of auburn hair to my heart, I listened for a moment in doubt and hope. The neighing of one of the Portuguese horses broke the spell; it was answered by carbine shots, that proved the enemy to be close upon us—some had probably dismounted. What was to be done? Was I to surrender, craven-like, at the very outset of my career, and at the commencement of the campaign; or should I rush in folly on the foe, and fall ingloriously and unknown in a useless and unprofitable night skirmish? Was I to seek safety on foot, in an open country traversed by the enemy's horsemen, and far removed from the nearest English outpost; or, finally, should I dash down the banks at all hazards, trust to fortune for passing the stream and for ascending the opposite hill, and then try at least another gallop for life and liberty?

"Thoughts from the lips that slowly part,
Rush, quick as lightning, through the heart."

Nor was longer time allowed. Telling the dragoons to follow close, to strike to the left as soon as they should have gained the level ground on the opposite side, and to make for Castello Branco, we all dashed into the dark

gulf below. How the descent was effected I hardly know. A heavy fall—a plunge—a dreadful shriek, evidently from one of my companions, made my then novice head bend to the saddle-bow: flashes and reports of the enemy's carbines quickly recalled me. But the opposite bank was gained; rowels were buried in our horses' flanks, and the gallant steeds, after repeated efforts, got a footing on the slate-and-stone-covered ground. Leading them by the rein, we ascend the hill; the enemy's carbines ring after us, imperfectly directed in the darkness by the noise of the falling fragments of rock and stone that we dislodge in our efforts. We reach the level ground, and away through the night with all the remaining speed that our horses can command. It was not much; and we had not gone far when the horse of my only remaining dragoon fell, throwing, at the same time, the unhappy rider to the ground, where both lay completely exhausted. Nearly an hour elapsed before I could again get them forward. All night we journeyed, and, at dawn of day, fell in with some fugitive peasants, who gave us a little bread and cheese, and kept watch while we rested to recover from the fatigues of the night. A second Portuguese dragoon rejoined during the day; how he escaped he knew not—escaped was all he knew. The other two never appeared, nor could we ever learn what their fate had been.

Messieurs les Français played me that night an ugly prank, but I helped to play them one as frank, a couple of days afterwards. Far in advance of the rest of the army—in advance even of Castello Branco—a troop of the 13th dragoons was stationed, as a post of observation. It was commanded by our gallant and lamented friend, Captain White; the same who afterwards fell at Salamanca by the side of General Le Marchand, when that distinguished officer overthrew, at the head of his brigade of cavalry, a large and regularly formed body of French infantry. Besides his own troop, Captain White had a few Portuguese dragoons under his command; and the advance of the enemy had forced Colonel (then Major) Vandeleur, of the 30th regiment, who had been out on the reconnoitring service, to fall back upon this support. Our night-adventure had brought us to the same "tryst-

ing-place." Soon after daylight, information was brought from the advanced parties that a body of French cavalry was seen advancing over the plain. They might be called a squadron, but counted only a few men more than ourselves. The picquets gave way before them, and as the enemy saw no more troops on the open plain (a wave of the ground and a ruined hamlet concealed the rest of our force), they pursued at a good gallop. When they were so far advanced as to render escape impossible, Capt. White moved up to meet them. The *chasseurs à cheval* (for such they were) appeared, at first, nothing daunted, and formed line as if to receive us; but no sooner had we arrived within fair charging distance than they went to the right-about, by word of command, and endeavoured to get away. This was a dreadful error on their part, and would of itself have decided the victory against them: it broke their courage, and excited ours. Most of the soldiers of the 13th were Irishmen; not one of them had ever seen a Frenchman before, and now they saw these renowned foes fly without striking a single blow. Pat shouted loud in derision. We followed hard, and as our horses were not only fresh, but far superior to those of the enemy, we gained upon them fast. The French, seeing that all hope of avoiding battle was vain, that no support appeared on the horizon, determined at last to fall fighting rather than flying; and so drew up and confronted us. We slackened our speed, in order to form line and to breathe our horses. When within fifty or sixty yards, the word to charge was given; with one wild shout, and swords waved high, the soldiers plunged amidst the foe. As my spur pressed my charger's side, I pressed to my lip and heart the talisman lock of hair that was suspended round my neck: it told of victory, and told truly. The French, forgetful that they were mounted on gallant steeds, whose strength and impulse should have aided them in the fray, received us at a halt, and with pistols presented. The volley pealed, but hardly checked one bridle-rein; and in the very next instant, man and horse lay hurled on the plain. Many of the enemy were overthrown at the first shock; some fought, some fled, but none escaped: the entire party were either killed, wounded, or taken.

Various ringlets of hair, black, brown, and yellow, have come in my way since, in an evil hour, I left off wearing the talisman that shielded me through these dangers: but not the true one, for I am still a bachelor. Will not one of your ten thousand fair readers take compassion upon me? Any letter, post-paid, addressed to OLIVER YORKE, Esquire, shall, as advertisers say, meet with the most grateful attention. Now, let us have no prudery or affectation; no nonsense about virgin hearts, and single and everlasting attachments. Recollect what Southey says: "Hearts endowed with romantic sensibility have many fleeting passions before they settle into their true affection; and among such, he who frequently loves the most is not unfrequently he who has loved the oftenest." A word, however, of regular lady-killers before we proceed. They are worse, a thousand times, than the lancers of Donna Maria's horse grenadier-guards. The fire-eater is only an idiot, but the man who boasts of ladies' favours is a rascal, and the greatest of the kind, be the boast true or false. Indeed, the more truth there is in the boast, the greater the infamy; for it is then repaying love, confidence, and tenderness, by the basest ingratitude. Let not the humble station of such a man's victim delay, for a single minute, his being kicked out of society: the lower her station, the greater his villainy. Success in such cases is, nine times out of ten, due only to a direct breach of promise, that should sink a gentleman beyond redemption.

To return, however, to my own unadventurous fate. You recommend travelling, and tell me that every body meets with travelling adventures in these locomotive days. I have traversed Europe from north to south, and from east to west—from Bergen to the Gulf of Tarentum, and from Lisbon to the confines of the Slavonic countries, and, except having my pocket picked of a silk handkerchief at Naples, cannot say that I ever met with a single adventure. Imposition, and the quantity of rudeness that French, Swiss, and Italians, think they can with safety measure out to you, go, of course, for nothing. I have seen some fine scenery, but, excepting what may be found on the Alps and the Pyrennees, mostly inferior to British scenery, however exaggerated by liberal tourists; I have

seen ruins, monuments, specimens of art, and localities; all deeply interesting to historians, scholars, artists, and men of cultivated minds, but all diminishing in interest, exactly in proportion as the tourist wanted, like the generality of travellers, the taste and knowledge which could alone render them valuable.

I have often met with manners, customs, and usages, different from our own; but if I except some stateliness of deportment observable among the peasantry of Spain, I have abroad met only with low manners, customs, and usages, all resulting, like manners, from a low state of feeling. The higher we ascend in the scale of society, the more the manners become, no doubt, what is called polished, without being always much improved on that account, though certainly much better adapted to the intercourse of educated persons. The highly polished demeanour of the Russians, for instance, is only a glittering surface given to a coarse substance by the force of exterior friction; no part of the light comes, like the light of diamond, from within: it is all outside. In Spain again, manners descend as we ascend in society. You frequently meet among the Spanish peasantry a stately, graceful, and dignified deportment, that would be absolutely ridiculous in the peasantry of any other country, but which becomes them perfectly. You sometimes meet with the same thing among the poorer classes of the gentry, but never among the higher classes, whose manners are very low, nor do you ever meet with it among the military, from whom it might perhaps be expected. Philanthropists will say, that this arises from a natural dignity of character belonging to the people, which, instead of being properly fostered, is ruined by faulty institutions and imperfect education. The solution is so amiable a one, that I shall at present question its accuracy, by asking how such a people happen to be ill-educated, and to have faulty institutions; for nations are, after all, less the children of their own institutions than the institutions are the children of the nations: a truth that has been entirely overlooked in these prating days.

Speaking of manners generally, I would say that Frenchmen affect, and affect at, manners above their station, knowledge, and intellectual powers;

and are, therefore, in manners, as in most other things, an artificial people. A Frenchman is always on stilts, and appears, at first sight, much greater than he is in reality. An observer of human character perceives this at once; but the superficial are deceived. The manners of the Germans seem hardly, on the other hand, to render justice to the merits of the people. It is not exactly simplicity of manners that I would complain of, still less a want of manners, for the Germans are a kind and courteous people; but a homeliness of manners that accords too well with the greasy great-coat, pipe, and slippers, that form the constant morning costume and decoration of the people. There are, of course, exceptions, good and bad. The members of the learned professions, particularly the jurists, called *gelehrte*, *par excellence*, are ridiculously pedantic in their manners: the fine gentleman, again, falls into the foolish extreme of French mannerism, and constantly oversteps the bounds of graceful deportment. It is among the military that the best manners are to be found—a rule, however, that only holds good in Germany, where most of the officers are men of family and education; whereas, in the other continental armies—the French not excepted—you constantly find, in all ranks, men as destitute of manners as of character and conduct. You must not, however, allow the homeliness of German manners to impose upon you; nor must you always be deceived by the coarse, rough, and affected manners of the students: for in Germany you will constantly find men who, in point of knowledge and intelligence, are far above what their exterior deportment would at first denote; and real learning will at times be found even beneath the vile garb of pedantry. Taken all in all, the Austrians may perhaps be termed the most polite, cheerful, as well as the most pleasure-loving people on the Continent: the people of Vienna most particularly so. And from the gentleman at the police-office, who, after asking you whether you have had a pleasant journey, and how you like Germany, questions you as closely as a suspected criminal would be questioned in England, down to the *wagen-meister*, who, hat in hand, shuts the door of your carriage, and wishes you *Eine angenehme reise* when

you take your departure, all is courtesy and politeness. And little as you may gain by this in pocket, it is nevertheless vastly pleasant, and offers a striking contrast to the silly style of equality affected by the French, to the boorish and rapacious insolence of the Swiss, and to the ingrained brutality of the Italians. It is impossible not to like the people of Austria when you know them, and, but for the distance of their country from the shores of the channel, it would surely be pleasant to reside among them. On the other hand it must be confessed (and I make the confession with regret), that the German women are not handsome; they want the beauty of the English women, the *tournure* of the French, the strange independent look of the Roman women, and the charming gracefulness of the Spaniards. But then they surpass immeasurably all their continental neighbours in accomplishments and acquirements, and excel, not only in waltzing, but, owing to a tinge of *blueism* and sentiment for which they are distinguished, in conversation and flirtation also. In France, only married women flirt; and though they converse pleasantly enough, they are generally too ill-informed to carry on a conversation independent of the mere gossip of the day, or direct love-making: to say nothing of their frequently inflicting upon you long descriptions of frills, fivers, and flounces. Mere gossip soon becomes tedious; ailings are repulsive subjects; and frills have little interest for us lords of the creation; and though love is certainly a pleasant topic of discourse, it should form the object rather than the direct subject of conversation. This want of information tells with still greater force against Spanish and Italian women; they are, no doubt, frank enough in conversation, but, strange as it may appear, interesting subjects are constantly wanting: for, without knowledge, you cannot now talk even pleasant nonsense. No, no, there is nothing, after all, like a well-informed English or German girl, for a sofa-corner of window-recess *tête-à-tête*.

Of French parties we all know enough,—of Italian parties there is little to be known; but, to strangers, German parties are strange things. The dinner hour of counts, barons, and princes, is often at one o'clock in the day, sometimes even at twelve o'clock.

When invited, you are generally informed of the parties you are to meet—a very good precaution. The muster and march to the attack are managed pretty well, as in other countries. The placing of the dishes on the table as a sort of exhibition, and then removing them to the sideboard in order to be carved is also a good custom, and is now becoming pretty general in England; and very properly so,—for the idea of making gentlemen dissect joints of meat, and serve out eatables at dinner, to the danger of all surrounding ruffs, cuffs, and frills, is not to be endured. I protest against helping any thing beyond wine and walnuts. The mere action of eating is performed in Germany pretty much the same as in other parts of the world,—the quantity demolished being rather below the French, who take the lead of all but the Russians, and above the English standard. They fall, however, into the great error of handing round champagne, which is a dinner-wine, during the dessert, an error that should be rectified. It is also during the dessert that the principal conversation is carried on, and the moment this begins to flag the entire party start up at once, as if by signal. If it is a gentleman's party only, each man wipes his mouth, makes his bow, and instantly vanishes. If there are ladies present, you generally take your coffee in the drawing-room, and say a few civil things before you take leave. When in the country, you are probably treated to a walk round the grounds, and to a cup of weak tea, before the carriages, which have an intuitive knowledge of all these things, make their appearance. I have dined at the distance of twelve miles from Dresden, and been safely lodged in my hotel before five o'clock in the evening. And as late as the year 1829, the dinner-guests of the old king of Saxony were all feasted, off, and out of the palace by two o'clock in the day; we English not knowing which way to look or to turn at finding ourselves thrown on the world in full dress at breakfast time. In this respect, Vienna, Berlin, and Hamburgh, are now improving; the latter place, indeed, was always famous for good dinners, and those given by our excellent friend, J. J. Esq., would alone entitle the town to a high station in the empire of *Cocaigne*.

If the dinner-parties are sometimes

early, the evening parties are something odd. Balls are like others; but the *thé dansant* (actually dancing-tea) and the *ästätischer thee* are altogether original, at least in name. Your dancing-tea is an early half-dress evening party, where the young people dance to good music, and bad tea,—for it is seldom that any thing beyond the promised tea is given. At grand evening parties, not being balls, all hands, young and old, play at cards. The *ästätischer thee* is a sort of blue-stocking-meeting, where learned ladies, literary gentlemen, artists, connoisseurs, and amateurs, assemble in order to enjoy the “feast of reason and the flow of” bohea. These “*teas*” are not so formidable as from their names might be expected; and, taken all in all, are rather pleasant, and more free from restraint than your full-blown parties. Clever blues always wear long petticoats, and never shew the stocking; and I have often seen them play at forfeits, charades, proverbs, and at all kinds of laughable games. The kind, worthy, and now lamented professor H., known for his great learning and little stature, was a frequent leader in such games, when upwards of seventy years of age.

Having spoken of a German king’s dinner, let me here give an account of an Italian king’s levee,—for, as far as my own experience goes, Italian kings give no dinners, a practice in which they are most laudably followed by their loyal subjects.

We were presented to their majesties of the Two Sicilies, on the occasion of a festival, when all the municipal authorities and great dignitaries of state repaired to the palace in order to offer fruit and flowers to the king and his family. After witnessing this rather pretty ceremony in the hall of the throne, the English party, who had been joined by two or three American gentlemen, were ushered into another apartment, where they were drawn up in two ranks, facing inwards,—the ladies on one side and the gentlemen on the other. We had not waited long when the royal family entered—the king—*le Gros de Naples* as he is called—dressed in full uniform, *chapeau en tête*, led the van. Followed by the rest of the royal squadron, he went up and spoke to the first lady of the female line as she was presented by the ambassador. His manner and

address, bating always the *chapeau en tête*, were pleasing and agreeable. Next to the king came the queen, then followed the prince of Salerno, then the princess of Salerno, who was followed, in her turn, by the two little princes, lads often and twelve years of age. In this order the royal party went up one line and down the other, each of them speaking in turn to every person that was presented. It had an odd, but not ungraceful, appearance; and the incomparable beauty of the queen absolutely dazzled every person whom she addressed. There is not much of what we would call nobleness or dignity in her manner; she has even an awkward and angular way of holding her arms; and in England you see more graceful women every day; it is the beauty of her face and the splendour of her eye,—its timid, yet searching, look, which confounds the beholder. I had marked her gradual approach, and had seen her eye fixed on the tartan scarf of the Highland uniform which I wore. I have, with moderate composure, seen both strange and wild sights in my time; yet did my heart throb for very agitation when I was addressed by that lovely, half-queen, half-school girl apparition. What she said, and what I answered, I hardly know; I only recollect her voice, look, and manner, together with the absurd thoughts that rushed through my mind as she spoke. I thought I could see into her very heart,—that I discovered a vacuum in its recess; I thought of her spouse, her guards, of the scimitar that, taken in fair fight, still hung at my side; I thought of the facility of winning empires, sword in hand, for one approving smile of such peerless beauty. I thought of all the extravagant fancies for which the old romances have unjustly been ridiculed,—I say unjustly, for such fancies are, after all, only the natural air-bubbles that spring up in the folly-tossed heart of foolish man. With men of absolute wisdom it is, of course, different; they are, like blessed automata, far above all fancies.

I saw the queen of Naples at a ball some nights afterwards. She danced with great spirit; but, though her person appeared animated, the eyes retained that indescribable searching look which seemed to say, “My heart and soul are not here; something more is wanting to happiness, but what it is

I know not." Every person who was to have the honour of waltzing with her majesty in the *cotillon* had, of course, been named. Some of the gentlemen, not knowing this part of the etiquette, went up and made their bow, in order to take her out. She behaved very gracefully on the occasion, and, without allowing any interposition to take place, immediately accepted the proffered partners. The *Gros de Naples* danced like a great schoolboy, till he was completely blown.

Having exhibited a specimen of high and artificial life at Naples, let me here give a specimen of low and more natural Italian life.

An English lady, accompanied by her husband and a party of friends, was riding one day along a very rugged part of the coast. As she was only a temporary resident, she was mounted on a hired horse, the owner of the steed attending, as usual, in the capacity of groom and guide. Near a very steep part of the cliff the horse took fright, and fell with her over the precipice, where both were instantly lost to sight amidst trees and bushes. The entire party instantly dismounted, and in dread and dismay hurried after the unfortunate sufferer. The Italian, from knowing the road, was the first to reach the bottom, where the English, on arriving, found him screaming and lamenting over the dying steed; abusing all the saints in the calendar for having killed the horse of a good Catholic instead of breaking the necks of a party of arch heretics. To all inquiries about the lady he was as deaf as a post, continuing only his Italian screams, prayers, and imprecations; but no sooner had he been told that his horse should be paid for, than, thanking St. Januarius for his generosity, he very quietly turned round, and, pointing to the right, said, with all the coolness in the world, "Oh, if it is only the lady you are looking for, she is hanging in that tree," and so, indeed, it was: her dress had got entangled in the branches of a tree, by which her fall had been broken, and her life preserved, though at the expence of some severe fractures, that for many months confined her to a bed of sickness and danger.

I have, it seems, been accused of great injustice towards the Italians. If so, tell us who is that respectable man

with those three very pretty girls, his daughters, walking quietly along the *Chiaga*, where all the fashionable world are just now assembled? Well, you know, and every body knows. Now, tell us whether there is any place in England, however low and bad, in which such a man would not instantly be stoned to death by the indignant rabble? Burke and Hare only murdered strangers, and sold the dead; but this man does worse,—he murders innocence, and sells the souls of those that should be nearest and dearest to him; and walks quietly and undisturbed with the *beau monde* along the *Chiaga*. How happens it that in the most retired parts of Italy, where few travellers are ever met, no stranger can pass without being attacked by brigands? There cannot be business enough to maintain regular bands of robbers; the people must, therefore, take up the business as an easy and congenial kind of by-work, whenever the opportunity offers. The remote parts of Sicily and Calabria are thus infested with robbers; and the rest of Italy would be so too, but for the illiberality of the Austrian government, which checks this laudable branch of national industry.

I was just about to lay down my pen, when Prince Pückler Muskau's new book, *Semilasso's Weltgang*,* was put into my hands; and as his highness was always an especial favourite of mine, I hope I shall be excused for adding a few remarks respecting him and his work to this already long article. Prince Pückler Muskau is a very amusing person; his very name is amusing, and his vanity and affectation are still more so. He is, as an author, what Romeo Coates was some years ago as an actor; he exposes his folly to public gaze from mere love of public notice. But as Coates could not act an entire tragedy by himself, requiring, of course, the aid of lights, decorations, and assistant actors to fill the different parts of the drama,—so is Prince Pückler Muskau, in like manner, obliged to bring in dresses, decorations, and assistant actors, in order to fill up the scenes in which he always acts the principal part. And as he is a man of a certain rank, constantly moving about in search of objects in connexion with which he can bring

himself before the world; as he has seen a good deal of society, read a few commonplace French and German books, and is, though not a clever man, yet not an absolute dunce, his works always contain something diverting, and his present work is, perhaps, the most diverting, as it is certainly the least objectionable of those yet published. He feels that he has already acquired a sort of footing in the literary world, and can not only stand but exhibit himself on his own ground. His book on England was evidently written under the effects of mortified vanity. He was not so great a man here as he wished to be; and, finding himself unable to rise to dictatorial power in English society, he attempted to write that society down to his own level. He was, as a man, far below Brummel, who, without rank or title, acquired regal sway over the empire of fashion by the mere force of individual genius. The success of Pückler Muskau's book is easily accounted for: any work abusing England is well received on the Continent, and any work which libels our aristocracy is most liberally praised by the Liberals of our own country. But the book, it seems, contains many truths. No doubt it does so; for there are few books, however dull or false in spirit, that do not contain commonplace and self-evident truths. Bulwer's book on England and Bulwer's book on France both contained truths; but these truths redeem the mass of wretched foolery just as little as Pückler Muskau's truths redeem his silly and ignorant misrepresentations. They naturally please the low in intellect, who are always delighted to find some commonplace trifles within the reach of their comprehension. The English, for instance, read newspapers, eat breakfasts, often travel in stage-coaches, pull off their boots at night; and the servant who at the inn brings the boot-jack is called "boots." Important information of this kind may, no doubt, be found in the Prince's book; but if you look for information respecting the character and genius of our people, their manners, habits, and institutions,—if you look for any philosophical elucidation of the causes of our greatness and virtues, or of our vices and follies, you will search in vain. Neither Muskau nor Bulwer could even explain the cause of that excess

of affectation for which nearly all ranks of British society are now distinguished; objects so self-evident were yet above the reach of these men, who could, nevertheless, write truths in abundance.

Prince Pückler Muskau married, when a count, the daughter of the late Prince of Hardenberg, then the all influential minister of Prussia. He expected a large portion with his wife, a lady of the highest merit; but his father-in-law dying very poor, his elevation to the rank of prince was the only portion which she brought him. When divorced from the princess, he came to England on a matrimonial expedition, in the hopes of marrying a lady of great fortune who was supposed to be on the look-out for a high title. He failed in this laudable undertaking, owing, it is said, to the unguarded manner in which he spoke of his intended bride at some convivial meeting. It is positively asserted that he next turned his thoughts towards the sable widow of the Emperor of Hayti, who was believed to be immensely rich. What prevented this union from taking place we pretend not to know; but as his highness is now at Algiers, we hope in our next to announce his happy marriage with the queen dowager of Timbuctoo. *En attendant*, we must take a look at *Semilasso's Pilgrimage*.

The work consists of a series of letters, written during the author's journey from Carlsbad, in Bohemia, to Tarbes, in France. As the first of the letters is dated from Carlsbad, on the 30th of May, 1834, and the preface of the book from Algiers, on the 1st of January, 1835, it is evident that the writer can give only a running account of the countries which he traverses; still it is rather an entertaining account, and would have been better had the author said less of himself and more of the places which he visits.

The book begins, as might have been expected, with a description of his highness's own person. He is lounging on the box of an elegant *vis-à-vis*, the inside of which is only occupied by a parrot and an Italian greyhound. We could willingly have forgiven the prince a terrier, Newfoundland dog, or greyhound, for they are fine, clever, and respectable animals; but an Italian greyhound, the image of sickness, misery, and starvation, is our utter abhorrence, and more detestable even

than pugs, poodles, or French lap-dogs. Let me, once for all, tell the women, young and old, that we lords of the creation deem all fondling of dogs uncleanly and unpleasant, and hold not much of the good taste of the ladies who indulge in such fancies. And now let the prince paint himself:

"He was a man of middle age, of high stature, and elegant figure; but in person rather delicate than strong, and more active than robust. The formation of the pericranium shews, at once, that his intellectual faculties predominate over the mere physical ones; and a phrenologist would conclude that this mortal had been endowed with more head than heart, more imagination than feeling, and that he was altogether more rational than enthusiastic. No person, in the least acquainted with the world, could fail to perceive that the stranger belonged to the higher classes of society. His features, without being handsome or regular, are, nevertheless, fine, intellectual, and striking; so that, once seen, they are not easily forgotten. If they possess any charm, it is in their extreme pliability. With few men did the eyes offer a more perfect reflection of the transient mood and mind within: at one moment they were dull, dead, and colourless, and the next they might be seen sparkling with star-like brilliancy. The most permanent expression of his features was, however, an appearance of mental depression — a curious medium between habitual melancholy and ironical bitterness, that might well have become Dr. Faustus himself. And yet we do not believe that there was any great resemblance between him and our friend, for there was much of feminine nature mixed up in the composition of the latter, who was soft and vain, though capable of great exertion and endurance. His principal pleasures lay in the imagination and in the trifles of life — the road, not the destination, was his object; and it was when occupied in putting childish pictures together, and when playing with many-coloured air-bubbles, that he appeared to the greatest advantage in the eyes of others, and felt most happy and satisfied himself.

"While we have thus been describing the object of our attention, he has thrown himself gracefully back in the seat, and is looking through his glass into the forest, as if he there expected to discover us. His dark hair (ill-natured persons say that it is dyed) projects from under a red Fez cap, the long blue tassel of which plays freely in the wind. A coloured Cashmere shawl is wound carelessly round his neck, and the high

forehead and pale face accord well with this half-Turkish dress. A black, richly laced, military frock-coat, nankeen trousers, and highly polished boots, complete the not unpretending toilet. And it is not now our fault, if our charming female reader fails to picture to herself a just representation of the pilgrim who looks forward to the pleasure of her company."

Well, reader, what think you of Pückler Muskau? Is he not as pretty a Cockney dandy as you could wish to see on a Sunday morning? A black coat — a military coat, too — with a coloured shawl-cravat, and nankeens!

Of Bohemia and its watering-places the prince gives us too little, for the country, at least, is wild, picturesque, and highly interesting, and is well deserving the attention of tourists. The pilgrim makes a short stay at Bamberg, and describes at some length that fine old town and the Franconian Swiss. These old German towns, more particularly the old free-towns, the real cradles of European freedom and civilisation, are all deserving of more attention than is bestowed upon them by modern travellers. We want, indeed, a good guide-book for Germany. Where, for instance, is the line of the Danube from Passau to Vienna described? Above the first-named place, the river is comparatively a small and uninteresting stream, running through a flat and sandy country; but at Passau it becomes very fine indeed, and though it is navigated only on rafts that come down from Swabia, in order to be broken up at Vienna, it is beautiful to float down that beautiful river. The banks are high-wooded and variegated; the most prominent hills are crowned with ruined towers or castles, but less frequently so than those on the banks of the Rhine. From the intermediate glens and valleys, convents, hamlets, or small towns, gradually emerge as you advance, or burst upon the eye as you turn some sharp and sudden angle of the river. At times you drift along under the dark shade of high, bleak, and barren rocks; at others, under the foliage of the woods that overhang the stream. A wonderful and almost death-like stillness often reigns around, and you sometimes float along for hours without perceiving a vestige of man's doing or undoing: you can almost fancy yourself navigating the distant Niger

itself. Every turn of the winding river varies the scene: now it opens; the hills recede, and islands adorn the surface of the water: again it closes; the high opposing banks approach so near as to give to the smooth current the fall and velocity of the rapid. The very colour of the scenery is affected by its different exposure to sun and wind; the sounds of the evening breeze change with the constantly changing surface of the landscape over which it passes. But pleasant as this navigation is, the night-quarters are precarious, and sometimes indifferent; the cabin of the raft itself offers nothing but shelter.

Where shall we find any good account of the fine country situated between Vienna and Trieste? The distance may be about two hundred and sixty miles, and, except a few stages of level and uninteresting ground after leaving Vienna, and just before reaching Trieste, the entire line of country traversed is a constant succession of the most beautiful rock, mountain, glen, and woodland scenery, that it is possible to behold. Romantic ruins of towers and castles — remains of earlier, fiercer, and more warlike times — are not wanting. But, seen with a British eye, the landscape strikes us as deficient in water of sufficient expanse to correspond with the general boldness of the scenery; for the Murr, the Save, and the Drave, though respectable streams, produce neither opening nor effect enough among such masses of mountains. The towns and villages are remarkably clean, neat, and pretty. Gratz, built at the foot of a castellated hill, in the midst of a large and fertile plain, is just the sort of place in which you feel disposed to fall in love with every woman you see. Leybach is similarly situated, but much less in size, and not so pretty. A few miles beyond this town, you come to the celebrated caves of Adlersberg: they are absolutely wonderful. You almost fancy yourself in some mighty museum, formed by the hand of nature out of the petrified fragments of a ruined world. As you advance, you pass through what seem vast halls, Gothic arches, covered with the most fantastic fret-work. There are groves of trees and arcades; there are broken columns, statues, and ruins of every description, all formed of the most beautiful white and transparent sta-

lactites. These caves extend for a mile underground.

On issuing from the mountains of Illyria, you traverse some three or four leagues of stony wilderness, that, in barrenness at least, would do honour even to Dunskey. But when, on the sudden turning of the road round the projecting angle of a hill, the Adriatic, with all its recollections, Trieste, Capo d'Istria, Fium, its bays and harbours, burst at once upon the eye, the sight is absolutely splendid.

To return, however, to our prince. From Bamberg his highness proceeds, by the way of Frankfort and Mayence, to Paris; where he visits Louis-Philippe, with whom he is highly delighted. We give his introduction, and subsequent dinner at the Tuileries:

"There was hardly any appearance of etiquette at the presentation, though all surrounding objects bore the impress of royal splendour. Mourier de Brassier and myself had no sooner entered the saloon, after passing through a superb gallery, and several splendidly lighted apartments, than the king came forward to meet us: he received me, on my name being mentioned, with the greatest condescension. The queen, with several members of the royal family, sat working at a round table, which was covered with a green cloth, and on which several lamps were burning. A few gentlemen only were grouped round the table, or in the saloon: they were all in coloured clothes — even the *aids de camp* on duty. After, I had had the honour of being presented to her majesty and the princesses, the conversation became general, unconstrained, cheerful, and extremely lively. The queen belongs to the number of those women who, in any situation, are sure to command respect and attachment. Madame Adelaide, the king's sister, is full of animation and vivacity; and the young princes and princesses, educated in the most exemplary manner, are not only simple and natural, but possess, at the same time, all the dignity belonging to their exalted rank.

"The king honoured me with a good deal of private conversation. He spoke much and well about England; and almost shamed me by the flattering terms in which he mentioned my account of that country. He had afterwards the condescension to give me some very useful advice for my intended journey to America, adding, at the same time, several interesting particulars of his stay in that part of the globe. It is impossible to speak better, or to command in a higher degree the attention of all who hear him,

than does his majesty ; the greatest attachment to his person is indeed evinced by all who have the honour to approach him.

"Some days afterwards I was invited to dinner. According to my old, incorrigible fault, I was rather late ; I fear I was the last, for the queen immediately took my arm in order to be conducted into the dinner-saloon. The party was rather large, and consisted of some forty persons. As I had read a great deal in the Carlist journals about the extreme economy with which the royal establishment was supposed to be conducted, I paid more attention to subjects bearing on that point than I should otherwise have done. Every thing was, however, in direct opposition to the fables of the press ; and, except the court establishment of George IV., I have never before or since beheld one so well organised as this of the Tuileries. There were, indeed, no court dignitaries in uniform—there was no court marshal with his stick ; but there was a servant, in splendid livery, behind every guest—there was a brilliant and magnificent service of plate ; a thing which, for absolute want of cleaning, looks, at many German courts, like a mere service of tin. Wine and vianda were of the best kind, and in great profusion. The attendance was quick and orderly, and altogether in the English style, which has now become the style in all the best houses in Paris. The king and queen carved several of the dishes themselves, and joined the conversation with all the animation of real and polite hospitality.

"After dinner, the company adjourned to the open terrace which overlooks the garden of the Tuileries ; and which the evening air, loaded with the fragrance

of orange bloom, rendered altogether charming. I took the liberty of explaining to Madame Adelaide how much better a conservatory, the windows of which could be removed in summer, would suit here, particularly as there was no such thing in the palace.

"The king, who asked me a number of questions, spoke with great frankness of past times. He gave us clearly enough to understand that he had only undertaken the heavy responsibility of his present station for the good of France, to which he had alone sacrificed the happy and contented lot that he previously enjoyed. 'If this closet could speak,' said he, pointing to an adjoining door, 'and relate what I often represented to Charles X., things would have happened very differently. When I was in England,' continued he, 'George IV. commissioned me to tell the king, that unless he destroyed the French press, the press would destroy him. I replied that I should deliver the message, though I could not share in the opinion ; and with that impression I reported it to the king : for the liberty of the press is the palladium of France.' With great animation his majesty added : '*Réprimer sévèrement la licence de la presse, par les lois ; oui, mais l'abolir ? jamais ! Au reste,* said he, smiling, '*on dit qu'elle me maltraite quelquefois, mais je me garde de la lire.*'"

This last passage we deem altogether admirable ; it shews how very easy it is for Liberals to talk about liberty, as long as it suits their purpose : it further shews how much better Louis-Philippe could follow good advice than give it, and how well George IV. understood France and the French.

THE LOVER TO HIS MISTRESS' PORTRAIT.

LOVELY as life, and lively as thy love,
 Thou greet'st my sight !
 Thou seem'st to breathe, though breathless — thy lips move ;
 Thine eyes all light !
 On thy fair brow a matchless lustre dwells ;
 All thoughts, save those of love, thine aspect quells ;
 Thy features seem to play ; thy bosom swells
 In art's despite !

Each silken hair in every clustering curl
 Invites the gaze,
 And thy bright brood of locks, thou charming girl !
 Defies my lays ;
 But I can feel that which no tongue can speak —
 Where admiration triumphs, words are weak ;
 And were my language copious as the Greek,
 'Twould fail thy praise.

Absence for many lost bestows one joy,
 Presence denies.

Thou canst not bid me now, "Presumptuous boy,
 Take off thine eyes!"

The more I gaze, the more thou seem'st to smile;
 The more thou smil'st, the more I gaze the while;
 As some bright army, crowding file on file,
 Thy beauties rise!

But when I think so bright a gem is mine,
 I doubt the truth,

Or cry, enwrapt in energies divine,
 "Thrice happy youth!"

How many a day — a month — a year, has past!
 How many a fond, despairing look, I've cast!
 And shall I call thee mine — my own! — at last?
 I shall, in sooth!

Proud as the peacock of his dazzling train,
 Still let me be;

But for his hundred eyes I long, in vain,
 To gaze on thee.

And well for me in vain: such tumults fill
 My heart well nigh to bursting, at the thrill
 Of ev'ry glance, which, multiplied, must kill
 With ecstasy.

I drink a life's affection at each look
 Which cannot pass:

In thee shall be reflected my youth's book,
 As in a glass,

When, if I live, my locks are gray with years;
 And if I die I'll thank thee for thy tears,
 To water each poor flower my cold turf rears.
 Be such my mass!

Soon, when I'm far from thee, and Granta's towers
 Receive their son,

How shall this token fan the fleeting hours
 Till they are gone?

How shall it waft each absence swiftly by?

How shall its constant smile suppress each sigh?

How shall it be my guardian, till I cry
 "My plighted one!"

And when all doubts, delays, and fears, are o'er,
 In wedded life,

And thou art sever'd from my side no more,
 The inward strife

Of then pass'd years shall shadowy flit before,
 Doubting each bliss to think what pangs we bore?
 And I shall say, "Yet thus it was of yore,
 My blooming wife!"

A VISION OF THE OLD ALMANAC.

BY RIP VAN WINKLE.

In the grey depths of that unliving shade,
 The sunless world, where sleep enchains the frame
 With unfelt bonds—like the Cumæan maid,
 Through phantom-peopled vales, realms without name—
 As sibyl Fancy led, methought I strayed;
 And a dread vision round my spirit came.

In shadowy prospect near, a various crowd—
 Knights, nobles, priests—stood grouped, in strange dismay
 Cowering; as village fowl, when from his cloud
 The bird of Jove stoops high. Some knelt to pray;
 Some held vague councils—others wept aloud;
 Some tried to cheat pale Fear with mockery gay.
 But Fear prevailed; and, at the lightest sound,
 Talk, laugh, lament, to ghastliest silence rolled—
 From eye to eye contagious fear went round,
 In panic's icy chain till all stood bound.
 I gazed upon them—and my breast grew cold
 In the dark shadow of that dread untold.

Then, as the slowly gathering tempest grows
 Above the silence of the deep, there rose
 Portentous noises. Next low murmurs came
 Of lurking treasons and domestic foes,
 And rumours dark of malcontent and blame—
 Surmises fearful, without form or name.

Yet came a pause—one bright, brief interval,
 As a fleet sunburst glides o'er some black lea,
 Or dark brown mountain moor, or shadowy sea;
 I saw Hope's golden gleam, down-pouring, fall
 Upon that agitated crowd—and all
 Forgot Fear's very name: life's revelry
 Burst flower-like forth—fond follies and desires,
 And restless wishes, passions grave and gay,
 Projects and busy plans, brief loves and ires—
 Life's oft repeated tale, which never tires.

But while they thought not, Fate was on the way.
 High o'er the light strain and the laughing lay,
 Even as the revel gained its height, outbroke
 A cry, that smote like the electric stroke,
 And still'd all other sounds: I mark'd it shed
 The ashy paleness of the sheeted dead
 On lips yet severing with some reckless joke;
 And laughing eyes contract with new and sudden dread.

Conflicting counsels rose,—to fight, fly, wait;
 But each new counsel, as it came, was late.
 When, lo! appeared, red from some recent brawl,
 An uncouth rabble, making mock of state;
 With ruffian pomp, uttering such jeers as crawl
 Like scorpions to the ear on which they fall,

Withering all hope of mercy. Darkly, then,
 They spoke of laws, religions, public right ;
 And swore the golden age was come again,
 When laws should perish and the people reign,
 And freedom, justice, virtue, all unite ;
 But they, in every word, meant some fierce opposite.

By Heaven abandon'd, to themselves untrue,
 None dared resist, as once to yield none knew.
 On fate's grim verge they stood and waver'd still,
 And compromised ; while still concession drew
 Fresh claims, each mandate of a sterner will ;
 Then rose one dreadful cry, " Dethrone and kill ! "

It was a fearful and a guilty hour —
 Such human eyes have seen ; conception's power
 Ne'er dreamt, nor language uttered : yet it past,
 Leaving its awful tracks on street and bower.
 And structures piled by skill profound to outlast
 The flight of ages, in confusion vast
 Lay heap'd, the ruin of a moment's rage :
 There slept the proud, the gifted, and the sage —
 The young, brave, graceful — there the kind and just ;
 The solemn altars and their sacred page,
 All crush'd together in unhonour'd dust.

Then, as the changes of a dream appear,
 That fierce and homicidal multitude
 Gazed on each other with the eye of fear.
 Justice awoke, disguised with laugh severe,
 And darkly ruled the base-born crew that stood
 Around a block with gory garland drest,
 Avenging virtue with their own base blood :
 A rule of many tyrants all oppress,
 And each was slave or victim to the rest.

Uprose a nation's groan : then o'er the land
 A warrior phantom waved its awful hand,
 And check'd the slaughterers with their self-wrought chain.
 Another glance — and forthwith, at command,
 The trampled throne was raised, and stood again,
 With tenfold weight, o'er that perfidious crowd.
 Fast swell'd a mightier voice on sky and plain —
 And the high trumpet burst sleep's drowsy cloud,
 As the crown'd phantom raised his battle-cry aloud.

R. V. W.

THE "DISGRACEFUL" COALITION.

THE topic which we have denoted by this brief but expressive phrase is one which, far from being exhausted, has not yet met with justice, in any publication with which we are acquainted. Yet it surely deserves that justice,—not only from its intrinsic interest as a historic fact, which must occupy its place in our country's annals; but also, and still more, from its intimate and practical connexion with the real character and prospects of the present ministry,—since it is but too often found that what has been begun in disgrace is at last consummated in infamy.

This point was briefly adverted to in both the public addresses which have recently appeared,—the one delivered by perhaps the most able of all Sir Robert Peel's supporters in the House of Commons, the late solicitor-general,—the other by the ministerial leader in that assembly. And at whatever risk of alarming and repelling our readers, by presenting long extracts from the newspapers, we must beg and entreat them, if they would understand either the question itself or the comparative character of the opposing parties, to spare us so much patience as may suffice to glance over the following contrast:—

Sir W. FOLLETT, at Exeter, Oct. 21, 1835.

"The session of parliament that has just passed, although little has been done in it, will be marked as one of deep importance in the history of this country, because it has brought out, in their true colours, and in full relief, the principles of the contending parties. We met under circumstances of peculiar interest. A Conservative government had been formed; the elections had shewn that the people of England, at least, were in favour of that government—a government founded upon the avowed determination of upholding, in all their integrity, the English monarchy, the English constitution, and the Protestant church establishment; but, while maintaining on the one hand the constitution and institutions of the country, ready on the other to redress every grievance, where grievance could be shewn to exist in any class of the community, to preserve inviolate the great principles of civil and religious liberty, and to reform and to amend those institutions where time or altered circum-

stances required their reformation and amendment. Again I say, the people of England were in favour of that government. But, in the House of Commons, a union of parties—as extraordinary a coalition, as little founded on principle, as any that has darkened or disgraced the history of political party in this country—was able, by a small majority, it is true, to thwart the ministers in every measure they proposed, and ultimately to drive them from the government;—but not without a struggle—not without discussions and debates, which, I believe, have told on the public mind—and not without affording an opportunity for the full development of the high talents and great moral energy of the leader of that ministry. And it will ever be to me a source of pride and satisfaction, that I was able to take a part, however humble, in the great battle which was then fought, as I believe, for the constitution of the country, under the banners of that illustrious statesman, to whom the country did look in her hour of difficulty and peril, and to whom she will look yet again. The spirit with which the coalition to which I have alluded was animated—the lengths to which that part of it which called itself, I know not with what pretensions to the name, the Whig party—the lengths to which they were disposed to go, were shewn in the course they took in the choice of Speaker and the Address to the Throne. On the first occasion, the choice of Speaker, forgetful of the pain which his rejection must have inflicted on the distinguished gentleman who, though then selected as the victim of party warfare, had honourably and efficiently filled the office for eighteen years, elected and re-elected in successive parliaments, with the approbation of all parties in the House; and who had even been induced to give up the intention of voluntarily retiring from the chair of that House at the request of the Whig ministers of 1832, and at their solicitations consented again to fill it: they were forgetful, I say, of all this, in their anxiety to force a division, and to put the ministers in a minority, before they had an opportunity of developing to the House and the country their measures and their plans. They did not wholly succeed in the object which they had. It is true that the Conservative ministry were placed in a minority on that occasion, and on the Address to the Throne. But these were not questions of principle; and it was thought right by the mem-

bers of that government, that, until the House of Commons placed them in a minority upon a question of principle, which, as public men and men of honour, they could not get over, it would not be their duty to resign those offices which their sovereign, in the hour of difficulty, had entrusted to them.

"I need not tell you that some of their measures were proposed to that House; and I should be glad to contrast those measures brought in by that government with what has been since done by their successors in office. They were but a short time in office, but they introduced a bill to settle a question which has long been a subject of discussion and dispute in this country—they brought in a bill to effect the settlement of the tithe-question in England, on principles which were not objected to by any party in the House, and, I believe, by no part of the country; being founded, on the one hand, on the preservation of the rights of the church and the tithe-owner, while on the other it removed from the occupier those difficulties and heart-burnings which unfortunately arise under the present system. That was one of their measures. They brought in another to relieve a large class of our fellow-countrymen, the Protestant Dissenters, from the grievances under which they laboured in being obliged to perform their marriage ceremonies according to the ritual prescribed by the Church of England. That was the grievance most complained of on the part of the Dissenters; this bill was intended to redress it: but I have heard nothing of the bill from the successors of the Conservative ministry. To its principle no objection was started; the Dissenters in the House expressed approbation of it; I have heard nothing against it out of doors: but it has slept in silence. But there was one measure, in importance paramount to all others—I mean the bill for the settlement of the tithe question in Ireland. It had become almost useless to speculate on the causes of the agitations which were distracting that unhappy country. The peasantry were in a state of tumult and insurrection—the clergy of the Established Church in a state of poverty and destitution. All parties were agreed in this—no matter who holds the reins of government, it is incumbent on them, first and foremost, to effect a settlement of the tithe question in that country; and one had almost thought that, in a question of that sort, even party-warfare must have forgot its bitterness. But no, this question was selected as the one on which the first battle of principle was to be fought—the one on which the first concession was to be made by the Whig

opposition to their new associates; the concession of a principle which, if pushed to its full extent, must be destructive of the Established Church in Ireland. We were called on to vote a resolution, first, for the appropriation of the 'surplus,' as it was called, of the property of the church in Ireland; and, secondly, that no bill for the settlement of the tithe question would be satisfactory to the House that did not embody the principle of the resolution; and although no objection was urged against the mode of settling the main question recommended in the bill introduced by my gallant friend, Sir Henry Hardinge, then filling the office of chief-secretary for Ireland—although it was admitted on all hands to be unobjectionable, that bill, as it did not embody these resolutions, was virtually rejected by the House. This is a subject on which I feel strongly; it is the question on which the Conservative government resigned, and therefore I beg of you to consider for one moment the effect and bearing of these resolutions. The first resolution for the appropriation of the surplus property of the Irish Church was, I admit, in its language plausible; it was so framed as to catch the votes and concurrence of persons not disposed to look beyond the surface: but what was the object of it? It was destructive in its principle—it was not honest; for it set out on the assumption that there was a surplus revenue of the Irish church, when it was proved beyond all doubt—it was demonstrated in the House of Commons, and I am now speaking in the presence of members who heard that demonstration given, to which no answer was attempted, that if the property of the Irish church were distributed among the working clergy belonging to that establishment, there was not more than enough to provide for their bare subsistence. It was not, then, I say, honest. But neither was it intended to have any practical effect; it was not to come into operation during the lifetime of the present incumbents; it was never intended to remove what was called the grand evil of Ireland—the fact of Roman Catholics paying tithes; it never was contemplated to have, and it never could have, any practical effect or operation. Why, then, it will be asked, if it could have no practical effect, why was it so strenuously urged on the one side and resisted on the other? It was urged by the movement party, it was conceded by the Whigs, it was opposed by the Conservative party,—for the principle it embodied. The object of that resolution was this: to have a legislative declaration that the property of the Protestant church in

Ireland was not to be sacred to Protestant purposes—to declare that the state might take that property, and apply it for the benefit of the Roman Catholics. That was the principle on which it was intended to proceed; the resolution (to use the words of a distinguished statesman) was to be made the platform on which the battery was to be erected that was to sweep the Protestant church from the face of Ireland. These dangers were not imaginary, they were not conjured up by those who were opposing them; these very objects were avowed openly in the House of Commons by persons who supported that resolution. I do not mean that they were avowed by the noble lord who brought it forward; I do not mean that they were avowed by the Whig part of the opposition; but they were avowed by those who formed part of that coalition, and who supported those resolutions. Why then, I say, we were bound to oppose them. We were bound to oppose them as Protestants, from motives higher than any that are merely political; but, politically speaking, no English statesman ought ever to consent to the abandonment of the Protestants of Ireland; no English statesman ought to consent to a principle which violates the sacred rights of the property of the church. No English statesman ought ever to consent to give to the Roman Catholics the property which is held by the Protestant church in Ireland—forming, as the Protestants do, so large a part of the wealth, intelligence, and respectability of that country—attached, as they are, to England and English connexion, and standing, as they have always stood, by her in the darkest periods of her history. But these resolutions were carried, and the Conservative government resigned office. I am well aware that a difference of opinion existed as to the propriety of that resignation. But, I confess, I for one still think, looking at the nature of those resolutions, remembering the fact that in 1834 the Whig ministers had offered them the same strenuous opposition that was then offered by the Conservatives, and seeing that the Whigs and their new allies had coalesced on that point, it was evident there was nothing on which they would separate until they had forced the Conservative government to resign. They felt, therefore, that, for the sake of the tranquillity of Ireland, it was necessary to throw up the reins of government. Much and most sincerely do I grieve to say, that their quitting office has not led to the settlement of the tithe question in Ireland; for though it is true that the Whig ministers did bring in a bill almost similar to that introduced by their prede-

cessors for that purpose, yet they clogged it with those resolutions which, faithful to their compact, they embodied. In the House of Commons, we attempted in vain to separate the two distinct objects. We attempted to divide the bill into two, in order that each part might be dealt with separately, as it required: there, however, we failed. But the House of Lords, faithful to its duty, effected that object. The House of Lords stood forward here, as they were bound to stand forward, in defence of the Protestant church establishment. They separated the bill of the ministers into two, passing that part of it which related to the settlement of the tithe question in Ireland, and rejecting that which embodied those fatal resolutions. The ministers, then, if they had thought fit, might have passed the bill which was to regulate every thing practical respecting tithes. It was consented to by the House of Lords; and it had already passed the House of Commons. They might then have carried it into final operation; but the treaty they had made prevented them from doing so. They therefore abandoned the bill, leaving Ireland to another year of tumult, insurrection, and perhaps of blood. They have done all this, and for all this they are responsible, because they would not pass the bill without at the same time conceding to their associates a principle destructive to the Protestant church."

Lord JOHN RUSSELL, at Bristol,
November 10, 1835.

"There is one person in particular to whom I cannot forbear alluding, who is reported to have made certain statements in a speech at Exeter, which I own surprised me. He is a man of considerable talent, of great power of speaking, formed to rise and take a conspicuous part in the public affairs of this country,—I mean the learned member for Exeter. His charges in amount are, that we have made a compact and agreement to give up the Protestant church in Ireland to Mr. O'Connell, without having thought of the question before; that we have, if his words are correctly reported, 'made as unprincipled a coalition as ever darkened or disgraced the history of this country.' Now I must say that those gentlemen who make charges do a little vary and shift their ground, without sufficiently considering their former assertions. In November last, when nothing could be more hostile than the language of Mr. O'Connell towards Lord Melbourne's administration, we were then told, by their accredited organs and literary reviews, that I had prepared a plan for razing the church

and dismissing the ministers of the Protestant establishment in Ireland; and that that plan had caused the dissolution of the government about six months afterwards. That charge having been answered and contradicted, we find them propagating a fresh order, to the effect that I have no opinion at all with respect to any change in the Protestant church, and solely adopt one at the suggestion of others. Now one of those charges at least must be false; and it does unfortunately happen, they being very different and dissimilar, that they are both utterly false; for, while in November I had not prepared the plan which I had proposed or the cabinet agreed to, so, on the other hand, this opinion of mine with respect to the Protestant church of Ireland is no new opinion, adopted at the suggestion of any one, but, as I will shortly shew you, adopted on my own reflection and consideration, maintained at very great pain, and after no inconsiderable experience. It so happens, in the first place, that in the year 1824 I supported a motion of Mr. Hume's, the purport of which was to declare that the Protestant church of Ireland ought to be maintained with a smaller number of persons, and at less cost. That question slept for some time, until Lord Grey's administration had been formed. During the discussion on the tithe question in 1832, those who had referred to the former debates, and observed my previous votes on the question, fairly enough asked me whether I still maintained that opinion, it being well known that Lord Stanley would be opposed to it. I then stated that I thought the church of Ireland had not fulfilled the great purposes of religious and moral instruction, and that it was necessary it should be reduced, not only because it was not adequate for its own purposes, but likewise for the sake of its own stability. At that time nothing could be more hostile than Mr. O'Connell was to the government. In 1833 came the question of the temporalities of the church of Ireland. I had already stated in the House of Commons that my first impression on hearing that plan was, that as it did not contain what is now called an appropriation clause, it would become me to retire from office—a determination which I was only induced to rescind by finding that on the main point Lord Althorp and others entertained as strong an opinion as myself; but we all thought it would be inexpedient at that time to dissolve Lord Grey's government. What I stated in the House of Commons in the course of the present year cannot have escaped the notice of the learned member for Exeter. In that same year, 1833, I stated—I

think in the discussion on the 147th clause—that in my opinion the state had a full right to dispose of the revenues of the church, and that I should be prepared to assert that opinion when the proper time arrived. In the year 1834 I—prematurely as many persons thought, but certainly impelled by a strong feeling upon the subject, when the tithe question was under debate—stated that I still entertained the opinion I held in 1832, that the Irish church ought to be reduced, and that some part of its revenues should be applied to the general instruction of the people. I added that, if I were obliged to maintain that opinion by separating from my dearest friends, with whom I was associated in office, I would not hesitate to make that sacrifice, and to do what I conceived was justice to Ireland. Gentlemen, that declaration of mine may have been premature—it may have been injudicious; but with that opinion on record, creating, as it did, a considerable sensation both in the House of Commons and in the country, I do wonder that any learned gentleman of known talent and ability should rise before an audience in whose ignorance he must have had a most contemptuous confidence, and tell them that I had adopted this opinion in 1835, in order to conciliate and meet the views of Mr. O'Connell. At that time, and for some time afterwards, Mr. O'Connell, whom I did not blame for it—far be it from me to blame any Irishman for distrusting any ministry—expressed distrust in Lord Melbourne's administration. He expressed that distrust again in October; and it has been more than once stated by Sir Robert Peel, in the House of Commons, and in his speech at Tamworth, to be the ground on which he rested his hopes of the continuance of his administration. I know not, gentlemen, where is the harm, or why we are to blame, if in the assertion of these principles we meet with the support of Mr. O'Connell."

There! Have our readers done us the kindness to read these two passages? And will they once more cast their eye over them, and reflect, for a moment, that the one is the charge brought, in the face of the public, by one of the junior members only of Sir R. Peel's government, and that the other is the deliberate, long-prepared, and well-considered answer of the leader of the present ministry in the House of Commons? *Answer*—it is a misuse of the name! Would that these two brief extracts could but be placed before every honest and candid man in Eng-

land, that such might be perfectly informed of the character of the controversy! Would that they could but well observe the simple and manly statements of the charge; so succinct, so clear, so free from colouring, from unfairness, or from trickery or pettiness of any kind;—and then, on the other hand, the fencing, the quibbling, the answering *what had not been said*, the long stories of cabinet intrigues, and the careful blinking of the great question involved in the whole dispute, which mark the defence of this cabinet minister! Never was a just and straightforward case more worthily stated, on the one hand; never was a system of dirty manœuvring more *appropriately* apologised for on the other.

Throughout the speech of Sir W. Follett he adheres to main features, to broad principles, to the acts of the ministry, as such, and of the opposition, as such. Lord John replies with "*I said this,*" and "*I thought that,*" and "*I considered the other,*" when not one syllable is there throughout Sir William's speech about this all-important Lord John. Sir William speaks of the acts and declarations of the cabinet of 1833-4; and Lord John tells him, in reply, "*I voted with Mr. Hume in 1824.*" What concern had Sir William with that? Had he brought any charge against Lord John *individually*, it might have concerned him to have traced the votes given by him in years past; but as he spoke only of the Whig cabinet as a whole, it was enough for him to deal with the acts of that cabinet, as such. He found them anathematising O'Connell in one session, and conspiring with him in the next; he found them opposing Mr. Ward's resolution in 1834, being in office, and, in 1835, being *out* of office, declaring its adoption to be indispensable. *This* was the tergiversation of which he spoke; and what answer is it, to this charge, for Lord John to talk as though he were the whole cabinet in his own proper person, and to go into long details of what "*I said,*" and "*I thought,*" and the like?

But now to the main question. A coalition has taken place; that is a fact admitted on all hands. But the one party alleges that it was a fair and honourable one; the other, that it was altogether "*disgraceful.*" The question, therefore, is: Which of

these two views of the case is the true one?

Now, to understand a transaction of this kind thoroughly, it is necessary to examine into three things:

1. The *parties* coalescing, and their respective positions, with regard to each other:
2. The *principles* upon which the reunion is founded: and,
3. The *object* sought to be attained by the joint efforts of the coalescing powers.

Let us, therefore, spend a few moments in the discussion of these three points.

And, *first*, let us look at the *parties* uniting, and their respective positions and aspects towards each other.

Now, here, the first recollection that will flash across every one's mind will be, the savage and truculent abuse heaped by one of these parties in the coalition—and that at a very recent date—upon the other.

We are far from wishing to inculcate a spirit of fierce animosity towards offenders of this description; and still less, an unforgiving and tenacious recollection of injuries, or the propriety of brooding over a rude expression for years. But, in this case, we have to look at a steady and continued course of contemptuous insult, practised for a long period of time, and continued up to the very time of the coalition; and then only laid aside "*for the nonce,*" and without even the slightest public expression of regret for the past, or of the least attempt to recall a single contumelious expression. In 1831, in the House of Commons' Committee on the Brompton Vestry Bill, O'Connell exclaimed aloud, in the hearing of many, "*As for that little Lord John, he's not a man; he's a mouse!*" And in his letter of the 11th of last October, only three months before the formation of that very coalition of which we are speaking, he deliberately wrote and published his opinion, that "*Lord John Russell cherished towards Ireland feelings of proud and malignant hatred.*" This was his declared view of one of the leading characters in the ministry. Of the others he declared, that "*Lord Melbourne is utterly incompetent for the high office he holds*"—that "*Lord Lansdowne is hostile to Ireland, with a hatred the most active and persevering*"—and of the Whigs, as a whole

cabinet, that they were *base, brutal, and bloody!*

Yet, in three months after these expressions had been made public, and without the least offer at retraction on his part, we find the man who had penned them, *invited* to the Whig Lord Lichfield's, and there cordially embraced by the very persons whom he had thus characterised! Now, is this after the usual "manner of men?" We speak not now of high-minded noblemen; but we would ask whether any decent member of the middling classes, any merchant, any professional man, any respectable tradesman, would be expected to act in this manner? No man at all acquainted with society will hesitate to answer in the negative. Why, even a decent butcher or baker, of a class unaccustomed to public-house brawls, would have evinced a higher degree of self-respect than these noble and lofty Whigs. He would have repelled, rather than *invited*, the approach of his calumniator. He would have said, without the least hesitation, "You have charged me with being every thing that is base and worthless; and either you believed what you said, or you did not: if you *did* believe the charges you made, it is impossible that you can have the least confidence in me: if you *did not*, and yet degraded yourself by uttering them, it is equally impossible that I can have the least confidence in you. But if, which is the only other hypothesis, you were sincere at the time, and have since discovered your error, where is your open and candid retraction?"

Such would be the course adopted, without the least doubt or hesitation, by any one in middle ranks of society. How is it, then, that with those whom we generally expect to find sensitively jealous of their honour, and "feeling a stain like a wound," there should be manifested this recklessness of character—this, not *soaring*, but *crawling*, forgiveness of injuries. Again we say that we advocate not any fiery revenge; but there is a dignified reserve, a justly offended sense of total alienation, which is expected, as a fitting and proper manifestation of feeling under provocations of this kind. "This was looked for," naturally looked for, at their hands; "and this was balked." Shylock's example seems to have been thought the most deserving of imitation; and we may almost fancy

them addressing O'Connell in his words:

"Fair sir, you spat on me on Wednesday last;

You spurned me such a day; another time

You called me dog; and for these courtesies

I'll lend you thus much" aid.

Like the Jew, however, they had an end in view; and, therefore, like the Jew, they trafficked, *to gain their ends*, with him who had "called them dogs." Let them know, however, that, although this sort of work may pass very well in Duke's Place, it is what, in decent society, is generally called "*disgraceful*."

But it is time we proceeded to the second point, to wit,—

2. Upon what *principle* has the coalition we are considering been effected?

An union being formed between two parties who have heretofore been found in vehement opposition, no question can be more natural than this,—Upon what common ground of agreement have they met;—what is the leading characteristic of the policy on which they have agreed?

The aspect and bearing of O'Connell's line of policy is neither secret nor of dubious character. Long before the meeting at Lord Lichfield's, and long before the dissolution of Lord Melbourne's first administration, O'Connell had unequivocally declared himself (at Tom Duncombe's election-dinner, in the summer of 1834) a despiser and opposer of the hereditary peerage. He there asked, "Why men should bear with hereditary legislators, who would never tolerate an hereditary tailor or shoemaker?" Thus we see that his hostility to the House of Lords is no new feature, arising from their conduct in the late session: it was a declared and prominent article in his creed long before the Whigs courted his alliance.

Now, nothing can be more indisputable than the remark of Sir William Follett,—that every argument that can be brought to bear against an hereditary peerage, tells with tenfold force against an hereditary king. O'Connell, then, is in effect opposed to the very existence of the first two estates in the British constitution. This must be taken to be the leading feature in his policy.

That he is an inveterate foe to the national churches, both of England and of Scotland, is also equally beyond doubt: as a zealous Papist he could not be otherwise. But, further, his favourite scheme, which we must not overlook, is that which the Whigs themselves have again and again stigmatised as one "for the dismemberment of the empire,"—and which Lord Althorp declared himself ready to oppose, even to the length of a civil war. The purport of this project lies on the very surface. Looking at the power at present possessed by O'Connell himself in Ireland, there cannot be the least doubt that, with an independent legislature, and a perfectly distinct government, Ireland would be virtually *his own*. Whether England, or the King of England, would long be permitted to evince even the smallest curiosity about Irish concerns, would obviously depend wholly upon circumstances which might then arise.

Looking, then, at O'Connell as the declared antagonist and foe of the hereditary principle, whether in the crown or in the peerage; as the natural enemy of the Protestant church; and as aiming at that "independence" for Ireland which would give him the whole sway in that country, the next inquiry which naturally suggests itself is, How far, and with what sincerity, have these principles been surrendered by O'Connell; or, if not surrendered by him, on what possible ground can an honest coalition have been formed?

Now, as to the *fact*, we might first ask, *When* and *where* has any such retraction of these doctrines appeared, as might justify the Whigs in their recent union with the former promulgator of them? But the absence of all proof *negative*, though in itself abundantly sufficient, is the weakest part of the case. O'Connell has himself declared, and that again and again, that the only concession ever imagined by him was, that he was ready at all times to take six-and-eightpence in the pound when he could get it, never surrendering his right to return the very next day for the other thirteen-and-fourpence! And, in illustration of this bold and unflinching assertion, he has lately issued forth from the *Earl of Lichfield's*, at whose house he has been closeted, day by day, for weeks together, with peers and their heirs apparent, in dozens,—and has gone on a

mission throughout the whole country, to inculcate, unreservedly, the doctrine, that the hereditary peerage is a nuisance which must forthwith be abolished!

If we return, then, to the question already put, and ask, what is the principle, or system of policy, which this coalition has agreed to assert,—O'Connell is ready with his unhesitating reply; My principles and my policy are just the same that they have always been. I have made no concession. As to whether the Whigs have made any or not, *ask them!*

But what reply can we expect from that quarter? Not one of the cabinet dares confess an adherence to O'Connell's views. Will either Lord Melbourne, or the Marquess of Lansdowne, or the heir of Earl Grey, tell us that they have conceded to O'Connell "the reform of the House of Peers," or the "repeal of the union?" Dare they even confess that they have virtually surrendered the Irish church to the Papists, and promised a large slice of the English one to the Dissenters? Not a syllable of the sort dare they utter. Then what remains? What is the inevitable conclusion to be drawn? It is this: that it is a coalition of parties *without any agreement upon principle*; that, in short, it is a coalition altogether irrespective of principle! Now, this is just what, in the days and in the language of honest men, would have been called "*disgraceful*."

But we must pass on to the third and most interesting division of the question, and ask—

3. What was the *object* of the coalition we are now considering?

And not only is this the most important part of the whole subject, but it is also the most delicate,—since it touches not only on the principles which may be professed, but also on certain *motives*, which it may be more convenient to conceal. Nor is it possible, in the discussion of such a point, to avoid looking for a moment at the parties concerned, and at those circumstances which may reasonably be supposed to be mingled up with this part of the question.

When the Duke of Wellington was called to his sovereign's side, just twelve months since, he unhesitatingly expressed his readiness to lend all the aid in his power to the consolidation of a safe and stable system of

government,—declining, however, at the same time, to take the first place himself, not from the slightest reluctance to incur the risk and the responsibility, but from a sincere opinion that another individual was better fitted to serve his sovereign and his country in that capacity than he was. In consonance with these wholly unselfish views, he undertook, in his own person, the whole labour and burden of the government for several successive weeks; and then, on the arrival of Sir Robert Peel from the Continent, he at once resigned the reins into his hand, and accepted from him a minor office; not as if the rank or character of the post assigned him were of the least consequence in his eyes, but in fulfilment of the duty he had undertaken, to aid, with all his powers, in the consolidation of a Conservative ministry.

Now, in all this there was nothing but what the country was prepared to expect from the Duke of Wellington. Rank or distinction it were impossible that he could derive from any office which the crown could offer; nor could a minister's salary, to one of his revenues, and whose official expenditure has always exceeded his official emoluments, present the slightest object of desire. And the like may be said of Sir Robert Peel. With a hereditary income exceeding that of most of our highest nobles, and occupying a seat in the lower house by choice, after repeated refusals of a peerage, it is impossible to assign or to imagine any other ground than that of public spirit, which could move him to undertake the immense burden of a premier's duties and responsibilities.

But when we turn to the member for Stroud, late member for Devonshire, the case is altogether different. The younger son of a duke, whose family is large and his estates entailed, may easily be imagined to be awake to the advantages of a change from an allowance of 800*l.* a-year and a decent lodging, to an official mansion in Whitehall, with a salary of six times his previous income. Nor would one who was merely a Lord John, and who was hourly confounded among the seven-and-thirty other Lord Johns who daily perambulate Bond Street, feel very unwilling to be elevated into the Lord John who could make magistrates, answer borough addresses, and even recommend to a promotion in

the peerage. And, moreover, that individual Lord John, whom we have often heard straining his puny throat in the House of Commons, and labouring to be heard amidst a din resembling a horse-fair, would probably feel small reluctance to be placed in the favoured seat on the Speaker's right hand, and to have his every rising made the signal for a dead silence, and a breathless attention to know what were "the views of his majesty's government!"

In a word, Lord John Russell is not so situated, when out of office, as to lead any man to suppose it a matter of indifference to him whether he may be called upon "to serve his majesty" or not. He may talk by the hour about his pure and patriotic motives, and may insist upon it that love of his country, and nothing else, has seduced him from "his beloved retirement;" but the mind cannot help reverting to the Irishman's boast,—"Didn't I marry ye for love, Moll, (and a small matter of money)?"

We come, then, once more, back to the question,—what was the real *object* of this coalition? And this question evidently most concerns the leading parties in it—his Majesty's present cabinet. As for O'Connell, his motives and his policy are obvious to every eye. In a Conservative ministry he dreaded a government which might hold him in check, and effectually stop his further advance towards the darling object of his ambition, the *possession* of Ireland. On the other hand, by assisting the Whigs to form a *weak* administration—an administration wholly dependent on his support—he evidently advanced more than one considerable step towards the attainment of what he most desires. His motives, therefore, for siding with the Whigs, for the moment, without in the least committing himself, or fettering his future movements, lie too near the surface to render the least inquiry needful.

Turn we, then, to the other party to this compact, and inquire what object, that an honourable man dare confess, could have induced the Whigs thus to join hands with the man who had for months past covered them with abuse, and whose views and practices they had themselves, in the most emphatic manner, stigmatised as dangerous, and almost treasonable?

And, first, let us listen to their own

statements, in justification of their conduct. The first act of this coalition, when formed, was to oppose the re-election of Sir Charles Sutton. Sir W. Follett has justly reproached them with their "disregard of the pain which his rejection must have inflicted on that distinguished gentleman, who, though thus selected as the victim of party warfare, had honourably and efficiently filled the office for eighteen years, and who had even been induced to give up the intention of voluntarily retiring from the chair by the request of those very Whigs, only two years before." But on what ground was this step taken? First, it was said that Sir Charles had advised and assisted in the dissolution of the late parliament. That charge was at once, and entirely, refuted and destroyed. Then it was said to be desirable, and even necessary, that the Speaker should be in unison with the majority of the House. But this, it was naturally observed, was just contradicting their own doctrines and their own practice in 1832, when they invited, and even urged, this same Sir Charles to preside over an assembly still more at variance with his own principles than the present. It mattered not, however: on this battered argument, shewn and understood at once to be a mere pretext, they persevered, and committed the act of injustice upon which they had previously resolved.

The next goodly work achieved by this confederacy was an amendment to the Address. Here, again, all was pretext and manœuvre. The addition proposed was of the most thoroughly insipid character; it literally amounted to nothing. Yet upon this trumpery affair was the time of the House for successive nights consumed, and another division forced on, ending in nothing.

The main point, however, yet remains. Having, in effect, taken nothing by their first two motions, a last and final attempt was to be made, on the selected ground of the Irish church. This attack proved successful; it drove the Conservative government from office, and replaced Lord John once more in Downing Street. And were it but confessed, manfully and without disguise, that *this* was the real object in view,—the sole end of the coalition and its intrigues,—we should scarcely have taken the trouble to pen this article.

But, instead of this candid and open declaration, listen to Lord John's own statement of the reasons which prompted him to bring forward his celebrated resolution.

"The crimes in Ireland were crimes of confederacy and combination. What remedy do we propose? We propose, no doubt, with regard to the physical evils of Ireland, such measures and such remedies as may amend them; but with regard to this moral evil—this perverted sense of right and wrong—we do intend and propose to teach and diffuse the great principles of religion in that country. I contend that this is only acting upon the principles which I have seen taught by the reverend bishops of our church,—that it is the duty of the state to take care that religious and moral instruction be given to its people. With regard to this great subject, until the accession of Lord Grey's administration nothing had been done. The Established Church addressed itself only to one-eighth or one-tenth of the people; and with regard to education, it had been made so exclusive a system by the Roman Catholic clergy, that they would not allow the Roman Catholics to send their children to a Protestant place of worship. What was the first step we took to remedy the evil? To introduce a new and general system of education—a system in which all classes of religion might partake—a certain number of days being devoted to teaching the Protestants and Roman Catholics the great principles of morality and Christianity, whilst on others they might learn the particular articles of their own belief, according to the doctrines of each church. Such was the system of education proposed by Lord Stanley: but in order to render its benefits extensive and large, it required that greater funds should be given to promote it. Whence were those funds to be derived? Taking that enlarged view of what was the intention of the establishment, and what the duty of the state, which I have just expressed, I considered that while a sufficient remuneration was given to the ministers of the Protestant church where they had flocks to teach, where they had no flocks and no congregation those funds might be fairly and properly applied to the general education of the people."

Now, is this honest? Is there any thing fair, candid, or manly about it? "The people of Ireland need education," says Lord John. Granted. Is there any dispute about that? "We must give them education," says Lord John. Well,—who will object to

that? But "whence are the funds to be obtained?" says his lordship. Whence? Why where is the difficulty? If twenty, thirty, or even forty thousand pounds is shewn to be needed, is the nation so poor as to be unable to find it? Ah! but, says Lord John, if I merely propose a grant for education, I shall not be able to pick a quarrel with you, Sir Robert Peel; nor will my compact with O'Connell be fulfilled, that I would attack the Irish church. So I must insist upon taking the funds required out of the revenues of the establishment; and, as a reason for doing so, I must say that it is our duty to give education to the Irish poor, and that *we do not know where else to get the money!*

The *truth and honesty* of the whole scheme was made apparent by this,—that, after fighting for months about this pretended necessity, said to exist, of getting some thirty or fifty thousand pounds a-year out of the revenues of the church of Ireland, for the purposes of education, down comes the Irish secretary, towards the close of the session, and moves that a grant be made, after all, in the usual manner, out of the ordinary revenues of the country! But why not do this before? Simply because that would have removed the *pretext* on which the whole quarrel rested. The *object* was, as every one can see, to contrive a quarrel with the Conservative government; to get a majority against them, and so to turn them out of office, and to step into their places. The *pretence* made use of was, a desire "to do justice to Ireland."

The object has been attained; and now it is found that all the "justice" which it is expedient to do to Ireland,—i.e., a grant for the purposes of education,—can be done without filching the money from the church. Yet, even now, we see that it answers a purpose, now and then, to disinter this dead and buried *pretext*; and to argue, as in the speech at Bristol, that there was no way of giving education to the poor Irish, but by passing an "appropriation clause."

Sir W. Follett has not, nor can we, stop to particularise individuals, or to discuss the special merits or demerits of Mr. This, or my Lord That. Lord John Russell, however, would fain protect the whole cabinet from the charge of tergiversation and abandon-

ment of principle, by referring to one single vote of his own in 1824. "I agreed with Mr. Hume's motion in 1824," says he; "how, then can you charge me with taking up any new principle now?"

Had a special and particular assault been made upon Lord John, there would have been some show of reason in this answer. But Sir W. Follett had never once alluded to *him*,—feeling it to be quite sufficient to deal with the Whig cabinet as a whole, without attempting to follow the doublings and windings of all its several members.

Now, it is a thing perfectly notorious, that in 1833 the Whig cabinet deliberately cancelled and withdrew an "appropriation clause" from the Irish Church-bill; and that in 1834 they opposed and outvoted Mr. Ward's resolutions. And in both these debates Lord John Russell spoke, and in both these divisions he divided, and each time against the "appropriating" proposition. What, then, can be plainer to any man with common sense, than that a change had taken place, in Lord John Russell's *practice*, if not in Lord John Russell's *principles*, when, in 1835, he adopted and contended for that very appropriation which, for two years preceding, he had opposed.

But observe, says Lord John, that although in 1833 and 1834 I voted *against* the immediate propositions brought forward, I nevertheless declared my feelings and views to be in favour of the principle. You did so, my lord; but let it also be observed, that while you admitted the principle, you always found some plausible reason for not reducing it to practice. You admitted the principle in 1833; but then you shewed the impossibility of carrying any such proposition into effect against the opposing force of the House of Lords. And you concluded, "Let who will be for *collision*, I am for peace."

In 1835, your note is entirely altered. It no longer matters any thing whether the Lords like it or not; the Commons, disregarding all fear of collision, are to declare at once that an appropriation clause they will have, and that, without such a clause, they will pass no tithe bill. Whence this sudden change of tone? Who can overlook its origin? In 1833, snugly nestling in Downing Street, a collision with the Lords boded danger to the ministry, while it could

yield them no advantage. In 1835, excluded from that loved abode, and vowing that the land should know no peace till it was repossessed, the case was wholly changed, and with that change your tone changes also. Collision or no collision, we must have an appropriation clause. There is no living without an appropriation clause! Well, my lord, you have got your appropriation clause through the Commons, and, by so doing, you have regained your places. True, in the Lords it was instantly negated; but *that* you knew well that it would be; and for that defeat, now you have got your places, you care little enough!

My Lord John Russell, the whole affair begins now to be very well understood. No one, now, imagines for a moment, that the alleged necessity that the speaker should represent the views and feelings of the majority of the house, was any thing more than a mere *pretext*. Equally so was the desirableness, so much insisted on, of putting into the Address a few vague expressions about "reform." And it is abundantly seen that not one particle of "education," or of any thing else in the least desirable, have the poor Irish gained by the "appropriation clause," or are likely to gain. The whole three manœuvres are now clearly discerned to have had but one and the self-same view,—namely, to get Sir Robert Peel *out*, and to get yourself *in*.

This, then, is the drift and object of the coalition of which we have been speaking! This is its most lofty and noble purport—a mere scuffle for place! For *this* you have stooped to a degree of meanness heretofore unheard of among British statesmen,—to court and to embrace, in a close confederacy, the man who had covered you, publicly, with the most truculent abuse, and who had never offered, or dreamed of offering, the slightest apology or retraction. For *this*, too, you have descended yet lower in the scale of criminal submission,—namely, in shaking hands with one whose in-

tentions towards the constitution you know to be disloyal, and have declared, even in a speech from the throne, to be such as to merit the warmest "indignation." And for *this* it was that you, whose character rested not upon *talent*, nor on *vigour*, but on some supposed simplicity and straightforwardness of purpose, at once wrecked and destroyed that character by a course of conduct which, through a progress of several weeks, was marked by little else than a continual resort to deceit, hypocrisy, and *false pretences*. Yet you are sensitive, forsooth, and cannot digest the imputation, when such a confederacy as this is termed by an honourable man "dark and disgraceful." Why, had not your mind been defiled, and your moral perception weakened, by the society you have kept at Lord Lichfield's, how could you have failed to perceive, long since, that to be obliged to live, through months, upon manœuvres, and to cloak every step by a *pretence* which you yourself knew to be false, was, in itself, disgraceful? But when all this has been done, not as an indirect and awkward way of bringing about some noble object, but merely and simply to *get place*, and nothing else, one cannot but wonder that your mind and conscience should have become so indurated as to dare to make a public allusion to the charge! Rest assured of this, however, that, in all its features,—the embracing, without apology, the man who had loaded you with public insult,—the confederating, without any abandonment of his designs, with the man whose designs you had declared to be disloyal,—and the *forcing* yourself, by this confederacy, into office, specially that you *might* do that which, after all, you have not done, and which you know you cannot do,—in all and each of these great features the O'Connell coalition is known and felt by every man of honour throughout the country, to be, essentially, inherently, and incurably, a proceeding most eminently "DARK AND DISGRACEFUL."

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